

**JUST A GIRL.**  
Many a throne has had to fall  
For a girl,  
Just a girl;  
Many a king has had to crawl  
For a girl,  
Just a girl;  
When the hero goes to war,  
He may battle for the right,  
But 'tis likelier by far  
That he sallies forth to fight  
For a girl,  
Just a girl.

When the doctor turns to say:  
'It's a girl,  
Just a girl.'  
Papa murmurs with dismay:  
'What! A girl—  
Just a girl?'  
Ah, but why the sadness there?  
Why the bitterness displayed?  
Some day some strong man will  
swear  
That the great round world was  
made  
For that girl—  
Just that girl.

Why did Adam take the bite?  
For a girl,  
Just a girl.  
Why was Troy swept out of sight?  
For a girl—  
Just for a girl.

O, would heaven still be bright,  
And would any good man care  
To achieve it, if he might  
Never claim forever there  
Just a girl,  
Glorious girl?  
—Chicago Record Herald.

### AT THE WIFE RACE.

"Do you think Malabar will run?"  
The girl did not reply but her lips began to tremble. The face of the man being toward her grew dark, but it was the darkness of despair, not of purpose.

"Perhaps if he knew what you have told me," he hesitated. "Malabar is brave and strong and noble. He would not stoop to a small deed."

"I promised him with the new year that he should run for me at the green corn dance. I—I did not know then," looking pitifully into the gloomy, delicate face above her. "Malabar would not stoop to a small deed—no. But this is not small. He has let me be known that he will run for me. He would not turn from his purpose a hair's breadth—not if he saw something in front that would crush him. And—and it is right for a great warrior, Ankona, but it is hard."

"We will fly, White Egret, into the deepest fastnesses of the Everglades!" he cried hoarsely. "There are places where even Malabar's relentless arms would be powerless."

But White Egret only looked at him with sorrowful eyes.

"We are Seminoles, Ankona," she rebuked, gently. "You know our laws. You would be the last one to break them."

His arm fell back impotent. Yes, he would be the last one to break them.

"Perhaps Malabar will not be proof against the black drink this time," he suggested. "He has killed, and it will be made strong. Others have died. But no, no! Malabar is a great chief and a better man for the tribe than I. He has tasted the black drink before and will not die."

"You say well, Ankona," broke in a stern, powerful voice, and a figure, dark, towering and implacable stepped from the gathering shadows. "I shall not fall before the black draught. It would not be a fit ending for a warrior."

White Egret threw back her head and regarded him steadily. Ankona bowed his head.

"You heard all?" he questioned in a strained voice.

"All," calmly. "It was childish prattle. I shall run for the White Egret, for have I not said it, and has she not made her promise? It is only when we forget our promises that we become weak and childish. Ankona is young yet, and should be humored. I will let him run the race with me, and I will give him one-third the distance start as due to his weakness. Now, go!"

They went, with a single despairing glance toward each other. Ankona's face was bloodless and set—bloodless with pride crushed, set with foreknowledge of utter inability to cope with this man of iron will and strength. Better be crushed than allowed to exist by suzerainty.

Other forms were appearing from the forest—warriors in full headdress and leggings, carrying the guns they had purchased from white traders; squaws with camp equipage, medicine men stalking solemnly and mysteriously, with eyes bent upon the ground; children and dogs, some from the camp on White River Bay, some from Okeechobee, some from the shifting camp among the keys—all coming for the great annual green corn dance, where tribal laws were to be made, marriages celebrated, and criminals punished.

These criminals were now moving unwatched, unnoticed, in many cases unknown even, among the others. Whatever crime they had committed during the year had gone unpunished at the time, but now tribal honor brought them here to expiate their misdeeds. On the morrow they would be placed in closely shut tents and almost suffocated with steam made by pouring water upon hot stones. And after that they would drink of the black draught. If they died, they were guilty. On the other hand, if they were strong enough to survive, their innocence would be clearly established. Later the racing for wives would take place.

Malabar was known to every one—revered, feared, honored. All knew that he was to race for a wife, and

that before the race he was to drink the dreaded black draught. Ordinarily they would have scoffed at such absurdity. If a man drank and lived, it would be a notable proof of strength; but to drink and live and then race for a wife! As to his crime, it was only what any of them would have done if brave enough—he had killed a man! True, but he had been provoked. He must be punished for that was the law, but they did not wish him harm.

And they all knew Ankona, the gentle one, the dreamer and story maker, and though none of them revered or feared him they all had a tender place for him in their hearts. If he could race with White Egret and win her they would be glad. But Malabar came first, for White Egret herself had made it so.

Malabar was the first who presented himself for punishment. While he was in the closed tent the tribe stood about silent, with eyes furtively watching the point whence the condemned would walk forth innocent or be brought forth guilty.

At length the tent flap was raised and he staggered out. For a moment he stood there in the sunlight, his hand to his head, swaying blindly. Then they saw him throw his shoulders back with a mighty effort, as one whose will was strong enough to cast off the weight of all things. Slowly he turned away from them and strode into the forest to be by himself. That, too, was Malabar's way.

Not until the maidens were brought forth did Malabar reappear.

"I will race for my squaw at once," he called in a voice that all could hear, "before the White Egret grows weak through waiting, and I shall give her one-half the distance start because she is a woman. Ankona will also enter the race with me, and I will give him one-third the distance because he is but half a man. Let them be placed."

The spectators stared and gasped. Ankona, his rival, to enter the race and to be given one-third the distance, and White Egret, the fleet-footed, to be given one-half! No one could win a race thus handicapped. And yet was it not Malabar?

"I shall win," he said confidently, "because I will have it so."

Ankona had been watching him with baleful eyes. For an instant he drew back as though to spurn the concession. Then, as he saw White Egret being led forward to her place, he hurried to his own position.

And for a brief space after the signal was given and they were speeding on with straining muscles, he had a wild, insane belief that he would win.

But only for a brief space. Then came that steady, accelerating, implacable rush behind, drawing nearer and nearer, then opposite, then passing. When three-fourths of the distance had been covered, Malabar was four march paces ahead. Suddenly he turned. White Egret was almost within his reach.

"Stop, Ankona!" Malabar called. "Have I not won?"

Ankona did not answer.

"Have I not won?" sternly.

"Yes, Malabar, you have won," Ankona answered, and his voice was full of great despair.

"It is well. Now, you may go on and catch the girl. Malabar will have no squaw who does not come to him willingly."

And he turned proudly from the race and strode back into the forest.—New York Times.

### A Victim of Pride.

It has been said that the reasons of Napoleon's defeat was simply that he thought he could not be defeated. The New York Mail and Express repeats a conversation overheard on a suburban train, which tells how a Napoleon of the barn-yard was conquered.

"Pride's a terrible thing, I tell you," remarked a passenger to his seatmate.

"Yes?" said the other man, good-naturedly.

"Yes. This young fellow"—pointing to a news despatch in the evening paper—"cutting away from the other side of the world just because the girl made a fool of him reminds me of the Langsham rooster we had up at our place. He was a fine-looking bird, and he had bossed the barn-yard so long that he sort of came to think he was infallible."

"That's natural," responded the other man.

"Well, the rooster grew careless, and one day when he was putting on too many airs a cross old hen pecked his left eye out in plain view of the whole flock. You never saw such humiliation in your life."

"It wasn't the loss of the eye that hurt so much as the loss of prestige. He never was himself again. Every rooster in the yard made fun of him; the hens strutted by without paying the least attention to him, and even the chickens sauced him. He pined away, his feathers dropped and he became a regular outcast, sneaking round by himself to pick up stray grains of corn when the rest of the fowls had finished feeding."

"One day I went out to get a plump hen for dinner. I laid the hatchet on the block where I usually cut off the heads of chickens, and was moving around to pick out a fat one, when my wife called me to look. And, sir, lying flat on the block was that old rooster. He had hopped up there and put his head down close to the hatchet and was waiting for me."

**Swedish Co-operative Societies.**  
Sweden has 324 co-operative societies, with a membership of over 3,000.

### POLITENESS ALWAYS PAYS.

#### A Fresh Illustration of an Old Maxim in Business.

They were discussing the various types of people whom they encountered in their travels, relates the New York Mail and Express, and the consensus of opinion expressed by six drummers was that "white" treatment—that is, politeness—was never lost when exerted on a traveling man.

The stout man, who represented a fur house, had the floor.

"This talk," said he, "reminds me of a little incident that occurred last season. Hopkins was taken suddenly ill, and the firm sent word to me to cover a part of his route until he got in shap again. Naturally, I was strange to the country and the people; but I got along fairly well until I reached Seattle. There I found a letter of introduction from the firm. There were a lot of furs there which the firm had been informed could be had for a bargain. It seems two rival firms had gotten hold of the skins, and I was to use my judgment as to which firm I should trade with.

"It was a novel experience for me. I had been accustomed to selling furs not buying them, and naturally I felt my importance. It was a matter of about \$25,000, too, and I mentally pictured the attack of heart disease I would give the members of one or the other firm when I placed my order. I rehearsed my entrance into the store, pictured the off-hand way in which I would examine the furs and criticize them. I even had the scene down to such a fine point that I had the words all chosen to utter between puffs of a cigar—nothing like a cigar, you know, to show nonchalance!

"Well, I started out early next day. I had the cards of the rival firms in my pocket, and as I looked them over I idly wondered which I would go to first. One was, say 'Brown & Jones,' and the other was 'Smith & Waters.' 'Brown & Jones' was the nearer to my hotel, so I walked over there, inflating my chest as I entered the place. It was a dark, cavernous sort of store, and I almost groped my way to the rear, between piles of furs. There, seated in an easy chair, with his feet cocked upon a desk, sat a young man. He wore an incipient mustache and a look of insufferable arrogance.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked.

"He placed an exasperating accent upon the 'you.' I felt my chest decrease in circumference, and at the same time my innate anger arose. Here I came to do this house a great business service and—"

"However, I smothered my anger, produced the firm's card and asked meekly as I could, 'Is this Brown & Jones?'"

"Yes," he snarled, rather than replied, 'I'm Mister Jones. What do you want?'"

"For the second time the query was insultingly put. I longed to tell him what I wanted, but I controlled my feelings.

"I don't think I want anything from you," I said simply, and walked out of the store.

"At Smith & Waters' I received better treatment. I placed the order with them and went back to my hotel with an invitation to dine with one of the firm that night.

"Before my trip ended I learned that 'Brown & Jones' had failed for a considerable sum. Perhaps my order would have tided them over through the crisis. At any rate I am vindictive enough to be glad of their failure. That little word 'you' was the greatest insult I ever received."

### Renting Stuffed Animals.

The trade in stuffed animals is getting brisker with the approach of the holiday season. "I don't mean by that," said a William Street taxidermist, "that we are selling more of them. We are not. We never do sell stuffed beasts in herds at this time of the year, but our renting list swells prodigiously. People whose business requires them to use stuffed animals and birds as advertisements generally want an extra duck or dog or bear added to their stock for a month or two preceding and following Christmas. A trade mark of this kind, of good quality, costs anywhere from \$5 to \$75, and as those that are used merely as 'supers' are needed only a few months in the year, it is cheaper to rent them than to buy them outright. Almost every merchant in town, of high or low degree, makes an extra splurge at this season by exhibiting a polar bear or some other festive animal, consequently our rental amounts to a rather nice income. Some seasons we do a pretty thriving business with theatrical companies also, but this year the drama seems to have become too realistic to rely upon stuffed art for its effects, and our orders for property fowls and quadrupeds have been few."—New York Times.

### Diplomatic Minister Wu.

On the eve of Minister Wu's departure from Washington a young woman of his acquaintance said to him that she hoped to visit China some day, as what he had told her about his native country had been so interesting.

"But you have never explained," she added, "why Chinamen take four or five wives." With a grave bow the Oriental diplomat said: "My countrymen take so many in order that they may find in all of them the beauties and accomplishments of one such young lady as you."

When the struggling poet gets all his verses back, don't wish him many happy returns.

### HOW THE DOUKHOBORS LIVE.

#### INTERESTING STORY OF THEM TOLD BY A REPRESENTATIVE.

It Was Mainly Through the Agency of J. S. Elkinton That These Simple-Hearted Russian People Settled in Canada—Easy to Impose on Them.

Joseph S. Elkinton, of Philadelphia, may be regarded as the American representative of the Russian Doukhobors. It was mainly through his agency that these simple-hearted people settled in Canada, and it was entirely through his agency that 120,000 acres of land—a free gift—were bestowed upon them by the Canadian Government. And Mr. Elkinton's son, Joseph, Jr., has studied the Doukhobors profoundly, and has written 500 photographs of them, and has written a book about them. Hence, on account of the horrible stories that have lately come from Canada, it is interesting at this time to hear what the Elkintons have to say about the Doukhobors, their wars.

Joseph S. Elkinton is a rich and philanthropic member of the Society of Friends.

When the Doukhobors got leave from the Russian Government to emigrate Mr. Elkinton took charge of the collection of the American emigration fund. He it was who obtained from the Canadian Government permission for them to settle in Canada, and he arranged the favorable terms through which they were to receive 120,000 acres of land for nothing. When they arrived at Quebec he was at the wharf to meet them. He led them to their new home, and he superintended their settlement there. And since then he has visited them a number of times each year, and he has been in constant correspondence with their head men.

He said: "The Doukhobors are being misled by a false prophet. They are unable to read and they know no English. It is easy to impose on them."

"But it is only a part of the Doukhobors that are falling into delusion. The rest keep sane. I will tell you, if you wish, just how they live."

"They came to Manitoba three years ago, and while their houses were being built they lived in tents. The houses they erected were simple and substantial—one-story houses, with white-washed walls two feet thick and with earthen floors as firm and as level as floors of board. Their stables were made with walls of turf 30 inches thick, plastered inside and out. But before they finished their houses and stables they put up the communal baths. These baths of steam, where in the bather steps himself for two or three hours at a time, ending with a douche of icy water, for the Doukhobors are the cleanest people in the world. Their dwellings, their grounds and their own persons have a neatness as extreme as that of the Dutch."

"The Doukhobors came to America through the help of the Society of Friends. They have been persecuted at home because they would not bear arms. They were sent to the Caucasus to fight the Tartars there, and their best men, because they would not fight were transported thence to Siberia. They were being harassed on all sides—1,000 of them had died—when the Dowager Empress happened in that neighborhood, and the Doukhobor women presented to her a petition—a very noble and pathetic petition wherein it was asked that they be allowed to leave Russia forever. The Dowager Empress had their wish granted, and my society, together with Count Tolstoy, raised the money for their departure."

"We had arranged with the Canadian Government that after they had dwelt on their allotted lands three years these lands—120,000 acres in all—were to be given to them. The three years are now past; they have done well in them, and they are about to receive their land as a gift from Canada. But there is danger of their false prophets spoiling everything."

"These false prophets, headed by Alexander Bodjansky, have led a fragment of the Doukhobors into foolish religious excesses. Bodjansky is a man of intelligence and education, but he is never sincere. What he does is done, as a rule, not for the Doukhobors' good but for the furtherance of some selfish end of his own. He wants the Doukhobors now to move from Canada to California."

"These good people have been living a life as simple and clean and comely as the world has ever seen. Their flocks and herds and horses have been the pride of Canada. Their crops have taken prizes for excellence. They came penniless to Manitoba, and in three years they have reached the point of owning fertile and profitable and well-stocked farms. Their good health and cleanliness and politeness and humanity have made them notable."

Joseph Elkinton, Jr., has written a book called "The Doukhobors," that gives the first authentic history of this sect. It is a sect 150 years old, and Mr. Elkinton's volume, which will appear in January, contains many illustrations and much matter that was hitherto inaccessible to students.

"The present craze and fanatical outbreak of the Doukhobors only affords a fractional part of their villages and is very unlike anything that has been known among them previously," he said.

"It will wear itself out in a short time and it should be known that the 2,000 Saskatchewan Doukhobors have had no part whatever in this delusion, which has spread only among the Yorkton colonists."

"It was my privilege to visit both

settlements last summer, and from a personal acquaintance with their representative men and women I can say their virtues are unusual."

Joseph Elkinton, Jr., is building at his own expense a school for the Doukhobors. The Society of Friends has given to these people thus far \$300,000.—Philadelphia Record.

### AN IDEAL TOWN.

#### Where the Workmen Share Profits With the Millionaires.

A successful co-operative community has been in operation for sixteen years a few miles from St. Louis.

The community is LeClaire, eight-een miles from the Missouri metropolis. Its population is made up of the employees of N. O. Nelson, the multi-millionaire plumbing manufacturer, and their families.

From the start the employees were made to share the profits of the business. For a few years these profits were paid to the workmen in cash, but now he has decided to give it to them in stock, as he is growing old and wants them to take charge of the factory when he quits the business world.

The profits in stock have already eaten a \$70,000 hole in the capital stock. He takes interest on his capital and thereafter divides the earnings on a basis of each man's wages. He lives in LeClaire and shares in the sorrows and joys of his men, takes part in their social life and helps them in their affairs. He buys every man when he starts to work at the Nelson factory a home, which can be paid for on reasonable terms from the workman's salary.

When Mr. Nelson erected his four factories he took especial care to make them large and airy. A dining-room was provided in each one, and there were ample shower baths for the workers.

One of the adornments of Manager Nelson is that his men keep clean. He has surrounded the town with parks and wide driveways, beds of flowers and running vines. These vines hide the barren walls of the factory buildings, while flower beds offset the dingy appearance that usually surrounds such a place. To enter LeClaire one gains the impression at first that it is some botanical garden where flowers are kept behind brick walls, instead of an industrial community turning out thousands of tons of lead pipe monthly.

No town governing board has ever been organized in LeClaire, nor do the citizens take trouble to vote at the county elections. Mr. Nelson has provided various forms of amusement at LeClaire, such as ball grounds, tennis courts, skating rinks, dancing halls and lecture courses, which keep the workers busy during their hours of idleness.

They do not court outside entertainment, and while the stranger who lingers within their gates will be treated with due respect, he will not receive a cordial welcome. No man, for that same reason, can work at the Nelson factories if his previous reputation has not been altogether good.

The most recent addition to the town's advantages is a training school for the children of poor people. Through the schools of the town its founder trains the child from its youth up, and places him or her in a way to become a partner in his great concern. All young men or women who have a desire to work their way through college and who want a career hewn out for them need only apply to Mr. Nelson. He will do the rest.

He claims that for young persons of this age to succeed they should be taught both in mind and body; that their hands should follow the advancing years, and in going through school they should be made to learn some trade or do some certain handiwork. Mental training is far from all sufficient, claimed Mr. Nelson, so he gave a number of schoolhouses at LeClaire to the nonsectarian church workers of St. Louis, who will carry out his ideas of securing and educating poor students. None others will be received.

### Gave the Reason.

Two villages within easy distance of one another boast of a clergyman and a curate each to minister to the spiritual needs of a slender flock. One of these curates recently proposed to the other that they should occasionally exchange pulpits. The latter consented subject to obtaining the vicar's permission.

Accordingly, at the first opportunity the subject was broached to the vicar who appeared, however, more than doubtful as to the expediency of agreeing to the proposal. The curate was anxious to know the ground of the objection.

"Well," explained the vicar, "it is just this. If Jones comes to my pulpit and preaches better than you do he will attract a portion of my congregation to his church; and if he preaches worse—well, he ought not to be allowed to preach at all!"—Tit Bits.

### One Way to Catch Fish.

In France a novel method of catching fish is being tested by anglers. A tiny mirror is attached to the line near the baited hook. The assumption is that when the fish sees itself in the glass, he will conclude that some other fish is trying to carry off the bait, and will make haste to secure the tempting morsel itself, the result being that it will speedily be caught on the relentless hook. From experiments which have been made there seems to be some foundation for this assumption. At any rate, some anglers say that they catch more fish when they use the little mirror than they ever caught before.

### THE SABBATH SCHOOL

International Lesson Comments for January 11.

Subject: Christian Living, Phil. iv, 1-13—Golden Text, Phil. iv, 4—Memory Verses 6-8 Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

Introduction.—The epistle to the Philippians was written from Rome, just before Paul's release from his first imprisonment. It is full of tender and affectionate counsel. This church was very dear to Paul. Several times they sent him money to relieve his wants. Our lesson is a vivid picture of the possibilities of Christian living. If its teachings were carried out by all Christians the millennial glory would speedily be here, and the kingdom of Christ would be victorious in the world.

This epistle reveals something of the character of the church at Philippi. Paul wrote nothing to them by way of reproof. Their great love for the apostle had caused them to send Epaphroditus to warm with gifts to support him in prison, and Paul sent this letter to them when the messenger returned. We also see the peace and joy that filled the soul of the great apostle. "The same mind." How important that those who labor together in Christian work should avoid all dissensions!

1. "Rejoice in the Lord." There is much difference of opinion as to whom the apostle here addresses. Some think Epaphroditus is meant. Others think the elder or bishop of the church is meant, and that Paul is urging him to help the afflicted, and named to a reconciliation of their differences. Still others think that the Greek word "suzugos," which means "yokefellow," should here be rendered as a proper name. "Help these women." Here Paulias and Syntyche. "They labored." From the earliest times women have rendered valuable assistance in the propagation of the gospel. The gospel opens wide the door of Christian activity to women. "Clement." Bishop of Rome shortly after the death of Peter and Paul. He wrote an epistle to the Corinthians which is still extant. "The book of the names." The name book of those whose citizenship is in heaven (Luke 10: 20; chap. 3: 20). Anciently free cities had a roll book containing the names of all those having the right of citizenship.

III. Exhortations to the whole church (vs. 4-9). 4. "Rejoice in the Lord." True joy can only be found in the Lord. "Always." Even in the midst of afflictions and trials. There is a joy in the earthly things, but this is not lasting. "The believer's joy towers above all external circumstances, and may always abide, even in the most distressing conditions." (Note 1. Christians may and should rejoice.) This verse is a command. (2) Joy is one of the fruits of the Spirit (Gal. 5: 22). (3) It is the natural result of peace with God (Rom. 14: 17). 2. The nature of the Christian's joy. (1) Not in the creature. (2) In God—His love, His word, His providences. 3. The Christian's joy should be constant. (1) God is always open. (2) The way to God is always open. 4. There are many benefits to be derived.

5. "Moderation—forbearance." Mildness, patience, gentleness. "The word means forbearance, yieldingness. It is the grace which is slow to take offense and swift to forgive; which suffers wrong rather than quarrel. Those who are expecting a Saviour from whom they may expect mercy may well show all men that they are of a like character." Christian equity. 1. Does not exact all the claims of legal justice. Equity is superior to legal enactments. 2. Should be exercised in dealing with all classes. 3. Should be practiced as conscious of the near advent of Christ. It is a sorry spectacle when Christians appeal to the civil courts to settle their differences.

6. "In nothing be anxious." See Matt. 6: 25. There is a care of diligence which is our duty, and consists in a wise forecast and due concern, but there is a care of distrust, which is our sin and folly, and which only perplexes and distracts the mind. "By prayer, etc. The true antidote to that constant prayer which carries everything, great and small, with no exception, to God." "Supplication presents specific petitions to God. The thanksgiving which should accompany prayer is general, and should cover all past mercies." Prayer makes known our needs to God and casts our cares and burdens upon Him.

7. "Peace of God." This follows as a natural result. It is the rest and confidence which God gives to those who surrender all into His hands. See John 14: 27; Ps. 119: 165; Isa. 26: 3. "Shall keep guard." "As a watchman guards a city." "Heart." The heart is the seat of the affections, the desires, and the motives. "Thoughts." Even our thoughts, or purposes, are to be guarded.

8. "Finally." In order for us to be the happy recipients of God's love and favor it will be necessary for us to take heed here outlined by the apostle. "True." Ability to discern truth from error is here recognized. "Pure." Freedom from fleshly impurity which defiles body and soul. It denotes chastity in every part of life. "Good report." Whatever is spoken well of among good men. "Think." Let your thoughts dwell upon that which is virtuous and holy. In this verse we have the science of Christian ethics.

9. "These things do." The apostle is so conscious that in all these things he has followed Christ, that he does not hesitate to commend his life to them as worthy of imitation. "What they saw in him was the same as what they had heard from him."

10. "Thankfulness for the gift sent (vs. 10-13). 10. "But I rejoiced." The renewed proof of their regard in the relief sent by Epaphroditus woke in the apostle a holy joy. They were in their solicitude, like a tree putting forth fresh shoots. They had helped him before, and, indeed, had never ceased their care of him, but they had for a long time lacked an opportunity of manifesting it.

11. "I have learned," etc. The apostle does not say he had not been in want, but he had learned to meet adversity with that cheerfulness which the grace of God in the heart can give.

12. "I know how," etc. He had been in poverty and want, and again he had abounded with blessings. He knew the two extremes, and was not cast down in the one or elated in the other. He took whatever came as from the Lord.

13. "I can do," etc. St. Paul "now passes from knowledge to power." This ability came through faith in Christ.

### Followed Natural Woodman.

When President Roosevelt was on a turkey hunt in the neighborhood of Bull Run battlefield a couple of weeks ago he and a Mr. Hayden, with a guide, left the turkey run and plunged into a stretch of woodland. After they had walked some miles Mr. Hayden said to the guide: "You've lost your way." "Not a bit of it," was the reply. "Oh, yes, you have. The sun is in the southwest at this time of day and we should be going due east." Mr. Roosevelt said: "I always follow a man who steers in the woods by the sun or stars. I'll follow your leadership, Mr. Hayden." He did so and reached his destination in a bee line, to the guide's deep discomfiture.

Some Parisian restaurateurs charge a shilling extra for the use of the table cloth.