## The MARSHAI MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS AUTHOR of THE PIRFECT TRIBUTE, THE BETTER TREADURE, ETC. ILLUSTRATIONS SY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

Francois Beaupre, a pensant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal Ney figures, is made a Chevalier of France by the Emperor Napoleon, who prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Honaparte. At the sage of ten Francois visits General Baron Gaspard Gourgaud, who with Alixe, his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the Chateau. A soldler of the Empire under Napoleon he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns. The boy becomes a copyist for the general and learns of the friendship between the general and Marquis Zappi, who campaigns with the general under Napoleon. Marquis Zappi and his son. Pietro, arrive at the Chateau. The general agrees to care for the Marquis Son while the former goes to America. The Marquis sake Francois to be a friend of his son. The boy solemnly promises. Francois goes to the Chateau to live. Marquis Zappi des leaving Pietro as a ward of the general. Alixe, Pietro and Francois meet a strange boy who proves to be Prince Louis Napoleon. Francois saves his life. The general discovers Francois loves Alixe, and extracts a promise from him that he will not interfere between the girl and Pietro. Francois goes to Italy as secretary to Pietro. Queen Hortense plans the escape of her son Louis Napoleon by disguising him and Marquis Zappi as her lackeys. Francois takes Marquis Zappi splace, who is ili, in the escaps of Hortense and Louis. Dressed as Louis' brother Francois lives the Austrians from the hotel allowing the prince and his mother to escape. Francois is a prisoner of the Austrians for five years, in the castle owned by Pietro in Italy. He discovers in his guard one of Pietro's old family servants, and through him sends word to his friends of his pilicht. The general, Alixe and Pietro pinches as a suest of Harry Hampton, on the "Lovely Lucy," goes to America to mansac Pietro's extate in Virginia. Lucy Hampton fails in love with Francois, as a guest of Harry Hampton, on the "Lovely Lucy," goes to Alixe her Lovely Lucy, g

CHAPTER XXXI.-Continued. Prince Louis saw the dawning of

consternation. Rapidly he considered. Was it well to take away a man's bappiness and courage just before a fight? He remembered some words of Francois spoken three years before, words whose dramatic bareness had struck him. "When a knight of the old time went into battle," the young man had said, "he wore on his helmet the badge of his lady, and the thought of her in his heart. A man fights better so," Very well. This blind knight should have his letter, with the meaning he had read into it, for his lady's badge, and he should fight tomorrow with the thought of her in his heart. The letter suggested another meaning to sophisticated Louis Bonaparte, but there is no need to hasten the feet of unhappiness. The resonant French voice spoke at last in an unused accent of cordiality and the Prince lied, with ungrudging graciousness,

"Mistaken, my Francois! Not at all. The little billet-doux breathes love for you in each line-there is no question! But, mon ami, you have not finished your story." So Francois explained about the letter left with Lucy Hamp ton and its premature sending. "That has reached her now-she knows now that I love her, she knows what has really been my lifelong wish-she has hurried this," and his hand crushed the note tenderly-"she has hurrled this to me before the fight-that I might know her love also-that might fight better for you, my Prince -Louis-with that joy in my heart." Prince Louis, his head thrown back, his expressionless eyes watching the rings of smoke which he puffed from his mouth-ring after ring, mounting in dream-like procession to the low ceiling, considered again. Somewhere in the chain of events of this loveaffair his keen practical sense felt a link that did not fit-a link forced into connection. Vaguely he discerned how it was-something had happened to the Virginian letter-there had been a confusion somewhere. To him the four words of Alixe's postscript were final. "Pietro sends his love." A subconscious reasoning made him certain that Pietro would not have come into such a letter if it had been indeed a love-letter: that the three lines of writing just before the battle could not have held another man's name, if they had been written to the man whom she loved. Very dimly, very surely the Prince concluded these things; and then he lowered his cigar, and his gray dull eyes came down from the ceiling and rested, kindly on the radiant face. "You are right, my friend. It was an exquisite thought of your lady-love to put this other weapon, this bright sword of happiness into your hand, to fight with tomorrow. Mon Dieu, we will reward her by send ing her back a Marshal's baton by you; a Marshal's baton tomorrow Francois! How would it sound, par example, to say 'Madame la Marechale'?"

The light from Francols' eyes was

like a lamp. "My Prince-Sire-there are three things I have desired all my life, all great things, but of them that onethe baton of a Marshal-is the least. If I might win her love-I have said; If I might help put you in Napoleon's place and shout 'Vive l'Empereur' for you on the throne of France; if I might fulfill the Emperor's prophecy and be not a 'Marshal some day' any longer but a Marshal of your empire-It is asking much of one lifetime, above all for a man born a peasant, is it not? Yet of those three wishes one wonderful fulfillment has come to me' -he gripped his letter closer-"and one, I believe tomorrow brings, Before tomorrow night"-his great eyes were lifted toward the ceiling of the of the child of the farm-house in the

that caught at the Prince's nerves, and made him draw a breath quickly. "Something above myself tells me," Francois said slowly, and the words came with a languid power, as if his personality were a medium, "that before tomorrow night the officers who stand about you shall hail you Em-

before you." In the silence, the Prince's watch could be heard ticking. Francois shivered violently.

peror over the body of a man who lies

"Ugh!" he said, his teeth chattering. 'It gives me a 'crise de nerfs,' that trick of vision-seeing. I do not like it, and yet at times it seizes me. Why should it come to a man happy as I am-a man who has dared ask three enormous wishes of the good fairles; who holds one of them in his hand"he lifted the letter-"who sees another in easy reach, and who," he smiled brilliantly, "who will be well content without the third, my Prince, the first two being his." He shivered again. "Is the night raw? It is as if I were in a grave, this coldness," he said, looking about with a disturbed gaze, "yet my life is just beginning."

The Prince rose and tossed his cigat to the fireplace. "It is simply that you are tired, Francois," he said in the tranquil tones which no peril disturbed. "The nerves of us all are stretched and yours are the finest strung. Go to bed, and at daylight you vill be warm enough, with the work that awaits us. Sleep well-good

night, my friend." Later, in the darkness of his chamber, Prince Louis lay awake, his imagination filled with the man whose dramatic personality appealed to him as few had ever done. He thought of his own life, according to his lights not a bad life, radically strong and radically gentle, yet complicated, abnormal from its start, with many shadows and many stains; then of the crystal clearness of this other's, with his three wishes in which he trusted as simply as a child would trust to the fairles. A smile almost tender stole across the mask-like features in the dark. "There is no doubt but the girl will marry the marquis," he reflected. "Yet I am glad I left him his hope and his happiness." A vision of Francols' beatified look rose before him.

"A man fights better so," the Prince murmured aloud, and, his own sadness forgotten in another man's joy, he fell asleep.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

The Bugle-Call. The gray dawn of a Sunday morning began to break over the sleeping city of Boulogne, yet earlier than the dawn anxious eyes opened to watch, and men's hearts beat fast to meet it. Scattered in lodging-houses and barracks Louis Napoleon's followers were walting before daylight for the part they had to play. No man among them was as quiet, as little nervous as the Prince, yet his as well as every gal- the eagle which Lieutenant de Querlant heart of them felt a throb of relief with its bound of excitement this emotion; the soldiers' eyes flashwhen a trumpet from the Austerlitz barracks, the barracks of the fourth artillery, Napoleon's own regiment, suddenly sounded.

It was the signal, and in a moment the Prince and his escort were moving down the dark street toward Colonel Vaudrey's quarters, toward that ringing note not yet died out from the pulsing air.

The city was tranquil when Prince Louis reached the barrack-gate, and failure. the soldier-blood in him rushed in a tide when he saw sixty mounted artillerymen posted at the entrance, and beyond, in the yard, statue-like, warlike, silent, the regiment formed in square. If the fourth artillery followed its colonel, if the day went well, this was the core of his army. Colonel Vaudrey was in the center of the square; the Prince marched quietly to him and as he came, with a sharp simultaneous clatter that was the mu-



"Soldiers! The Honor of Beginning a New Empire Shall Be Yours!"

sic of Heaven to his ears, the whole regiment presented arms.

In the glowing light the soldiers who fronted toward him could see that the coloriess face turned grayer, but that was all, and quickly Colonel Vaudrey

spoke to his men. "Soldiers of the fourth artillery," he said loudly, "a revolution begins today under the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon. He is before you, and cers about his Highness saw that comes to lead you. He has returned to his land to give back the people the van a man had lost his head, had their rights, the army its greatness. He trusts in your courage, your devotion to accomplish this glorious mission. My soldiers, your colonel has the narrow lane at the side toward answered for you. Shout then with the city. It was a serious mistake, me 'Long live Napoleon! Long live yet not of necessity fatal, and at all

the Emperor." The terse soldierly words were hardly finished when the regiment, room, and in them was the rapt look strongly Bonapartist always, carried regiment, but for all that he might win off its feet now by the sight of the the forty-sixth. Jura, a look of a seer of visions, a look Prince, by the honor of being the first He did win the forty-sixth.

and the deep voices sent it rolling down the empty streets. Louis Bonaparte standing erect, motionless, im- in the yard they were getting ready might beat harder than his and not break. He held up his hand, and rapidly, yet with lingering shouts of enthuslasm, the tumult quieted.

"Soldiers," he said, "I have come to you first because between you and served face lightened—he knew the me there are great memories. With you the Emperor, my uncle, served as captain; with you he won glory at the siege of Toulon; you opened the gates of Grenoble to him when he came back from Elba. Soldiers, the honor of beginning a new empire shall be yours; yours shall be the honor of saluting first the eagle of Austerlitz and Wagram." He caught the standard ing sea of excitement, heard a word from an officer and held it high. "It is the sign of French glory; it has shone over every battlefield; it has passed through every capitol of Europe. Soldiers, rally to the eagle! I trust it to you-we will march today against the oppressors, crying 'Long live France."

One who has not heard a regiment gone mad can not know how it was. With deafening clatter and roar every sword was drawn and the shakos flew aloft and again and again and again the men's deep voices sent up in broken magnificent chorus the great historic cry to which armies had gone into battle.

"Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoleon!" The souls of a thousand men were on fire with memories and traditions, with a passion of consecration to a cause, and as if the spell of the name grew stronger with its repetition they shouted over and over, in tremendous unison over and over and over.

"Vive Napoleon! Vive l'Empereur! It was necessary at last for the quiet slender young man who was the storm-center to raise his hand again, and with a word, with the glimmer of a smile to speak his gratitude- to stop the storm. There was much to be done. The fourth artillery was but one of several regiments to be gained if the victory were to be complete. Colonel Lombard was dispatched to a printing office with proclamations to be struck off; Lieutenant Laity hurried away to his battalion; a detachment was sent to hold the telegraph office; the tumult once guieted, the vard was a scene of efficient business. for all this had been planned and each officer knew his work. In a very few moments the officers of the third artillery who were with the Prince had hastened to their quarters, another had on Francols. As the Prince's mesbeen sent to arouse the forty-sixth of the line, at the Place d' Alton barracks, and shortly Prince Louis himself was on his way to the same place. Through the streets of the city, no longer empty, he passed with his officers, and the people poured from their houses, and joined and answered the shouts of the soldiers.

"Vive l'Empereur!" the soldiers cried. "It is the nephew of Napoleon," and the citizens threw back, "Vive l'Empereur! It is the son of the honest king of Holland! It is the grandson of Josephine!"

They pressed so close about the small figure in its Swiss uniform of a colonel that for a moment he was separated from his officers, and Colonel Vaudrey, smiling for all his military discipline, was forced to order his unted artillerymen to clear the road. Every moment an old soldier broke out of the mass and embraced elles carried proudly high above all ed with success; the Prince's heart beat high for joy to know that he had not misread the heart of army or people. When the column passed the gendarmerie the guard turned out and presented arms, shouting, "Long live the Emperor!" So he went through the streets of Boulogne, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, eight long years before he came to his own, and marched in triumph and acclamation to a

And close by his side, his look as radiant as the Prince's look was contained and impassive, marched always Francols Beaupre. The hard-earned military knowledge, the patient toll of preparation had come into play. and in a hundred ways the man had been useful. With no exact rank as yet, but ready at any moment, eager for the hardest task, never asking for rest, quick-witted, resourceful, officers as well as Prince had developed a habit of turning to Beaupre for service after service. And always they were met with a glad consent which encouraged them to ask more until the Prince sald:

"It is the case of the willing horse I will not permit that my right-hand man be worked to death-it must

stop." Today, however, Francois had definite duty of responsibility. While the Prince marched, gathering strength at every yard, through the town toward the Place d' Alton at its farther side, Colonel Couard of the third artillery had gone to proclaim the great news to his regiment and to hold them ready. In case of success at the Place d' Alton, Beaupre was to go back and bring them to join the Prince. In case of failure they were to be his reserve. The Place d' Alton barracks lay between town and ramparts, to be reached from the town side only by a narrow lane; but the ramparts commanded with a large open space the yard where the soldiers assembled. If the Prince entered from the town side, from the street-Faubourg Pierre-only an escort could go with him. If he went by the ramparts the whole enthusiastic fourth artillery might be at his back. This

then was the route chosen But as the Prince and the regiment and the swinging shouting mass of citizens made its way toward the quarters, suddenly, too late, the offisome one had blundered. Someone in forgotten, and the compact inelastic procession had been led toward the approach from the Eaubourg Pierre, events they must make the best of it. The Prince could not make a dramatic entrance at the head of a shouting

to arouse them-another elip in the strong hold on Prince Louis. chain-and instead of being drawn up side, and he did not doubt that he had passive as always, wondered if a pulse for Sunday inspection, but they flock- decided rightly. ed to the windows at the noise, they rushed into the yard at the name of Napoleon. An old sergeant of the Imperial Guard ran forward and kissed Prince Louis' hand, and the re value of a bit of sentiment with Frenchmen; he was not wrong; in a moment the line regiment had caught up the cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" raised by the artillerymen, and the earlier scene of the Austerlitz barracks was being repeated here. Prince Louis, pale and composed in the cen ter of the roar of voices, the seeth at his ear and turned.

"Sire, it is success. I go to bring up your Majesty's other regiment." Francois said, and the Prince answered quietly:

"Yes, it is success. Go, mon ami." In a moment the messenger had thrown himself on the horse of an artilleryman and forced a way through the recoiling mass, down the lane, and out to the Faubourg Pierre. In the free street he galloped the horse, through the windings that he had learned with this moment in his mind. The third was drawn up waiting, and a shout like a clap of thunder greeted his news. Buoyant, proud, he took his place by the colonel at their head, and gaily the joyful march back began. The sun had come from behind the clouds of early morning and shone gloriously on glancing steel, on the brilliant swinging line of the regiment. Low branches of trees brushed François' shoulder as he rode and the touch thrilled him, for he knew by it peror. that this was true and not a dream, and he, Francols Beaupre, was leading a regiment of France to France's Emperor.

Suddenly a man galloped from a side street, in front of the advancing troops; he stopped, saluted, called a word. It was not a day to take anything for granted; Colonel Couard halted the regiment.

"The arsenal," the man gasped They have taken Monsleur de Persigny prisoner. Monsieur le General Voirol is on his way, but he is distant. It is a step from here. The third artillery could arrive there before him-they would surrender-Monsieur de Persigny would be released"-he stopped breathless.

The colonel turned an inquiring look



closest to the Prince's person, he deferred to him, and Francois realized that he must make, and make quickly, a momentous decision. The arsenal was immense and lightly guarded. De Persigny had been sent with a small force to take it, for the ammunition it held might at any moment be of supreme importance. It seemed that the detachment which guarded it had been underrated, for it had made prisoners of De Persigny and his men, and this aide-de-camp had alone escaped. If they were to be rescued, if the arsenal was to be gained for the Prince, this very moment must be seized. General Voirol, royalist, the commandant at Boulogne, was on his way with reinforcements and the third might well hold the arsenal against him but not gain it from him. With his whole being concentrated Francois thought. The orders were plain to lead the third artillery to join the Prince on the ramparts. But there are times in history when to obey orders is treachery. Was not this moment, heavy with the right or wrong of his decision, one of them? Was it not the part of a mind capable of greatness to know and grasp the flying second of opportunity? Would not the Prince reproach him, if he stupidly let this one chance in a thousand go by, for servile fear of disobeying orders? He had left his Highness safe with two regiments at his back; this other could do nothing at the Place d' Alton barracks but swell the ranks; here, by a turn of a hand, they might win for the cause the very blood and bones of success, a mighty arsenal, and for themselves honor and gratitude from their Emperor. In Francois' mind was a touch of innocent vanity that he should have the power to render so signal a service, yet no thought at all for himself or for the honor he might gain or lose; whole-heartedly he

weighed the reasons why or why not it would be best for the Prince. The aide-de-camp's voice broke in 'My Colonel, I beg you, I implore you, save Monsieur de Persigny. The Prince loves him-he will be very angry if he is left helpless-they threaten to execute him-I myself heard-I impore you, Monsieur le Colonel. For the rest, it is indeed the moment of fate to win the arsenal." Francols' face lit with a fire of decision. "My Colonel, it is for the the great secret of success in such Prince-it would be his will-we must

the arsenal!" And while orders rang out sharply stream toward the looming arsenal, Francois, with a quick word to De the birds regularly, and at least the Persigny's aide-de-camp, was writing

rapidly on a bit of paper. cer saluted, for he, too, knew, as most | Carolina wren, cardinal, evening gros-

to whom he came caught up the cry. thing had happened to the officer sent of them did, this man's anomalous yet Francois rode again to the colonel's

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Accolade at Last.

It is a common tragedy that men being human, cannot see all sides of a question; that a decision right in one light may bring disaster in another. If events had stayed where he left them, Francois Beaupre and Colonel Couard and his regiment would have won honor and eternal gratitude from Louis Bonaparte for the quarter of an hour's work which made the arsenal theirs. Events, instead of on with a many-sided trouble. But the standing still, or going forward, took an unexpected sinister turn, not long after Francois' going.

The happy Prince, smiling the shadowy smile which made his face winning, stood in the center of triumphant turmoil; his new followers, the men of the forty-sixth, crowded about him shouting, cheering, kissing his hands, and the loyal fourth artillerymen fraternized, embraced, congratulated the men of the line regiment. The narrow courtyard was a habbub of rapturous excitement, and the Prince's officers-Montholon, Vaudrey, Voisin, Parquin. D'Hunin, Querelles-these and others whose names Frenchmen knew, surrounded the small figure which yet had so much of royalty, and laughed and chatted light-heartedly. In a few moments, when Colonel Laity's engineers and the third artillery should have arrived the Prince would have five thousand men under his command. The great game was practically won-Prince Louis was all but Em-

Suddenly, above the sea of sound, a commotion was heard at the farther end of the barrack yard. The colonel of the forty-sixth, Colonel Talandier, had arrived. Very loyal to Louis Phil lipe, very angry at the scene before him, he would not believe the news He called excitedly, and the men's voices died down as they saw him gesticulating. "Soldiers," he cried, "you are de-

ceived! This man for whom you are shouting is an adventurer, an impostor!"

In the shock of silence which followed his words, another voice rang out, clear and indignant, the voice of a staff-officer whom they all knew.

"It is not the nephew of the Em peror! It is the nephew of Colonel Vaudrey! I recognize him!" the officer cried in a strong staccato, and a gasp as if ice-water had been scattered went through the crowded place.

There is nothing more absurd in history than the instant effect of this quick-witted lie. Only with a mercurial French mob, perhaps, could it fell, too far gone to stand, at the have succeeded, but it succeeded here with hopeless swiftness. It flew from mouth to mouth-they were cheated. tricked; the Emperor's nephew, their Prince, had not come; this young man was a make-believe, a substitute, the nephew of an officer; some of the soldiers who had shown most enthusasm almost lost their minds now in

but it was impossible to start anywhere, in this confusion, for line and artillery had become mixed in an unmanageable mob. A word from either Prince or colonel and blood would have flowed.

Yet the steadfast mind kept its hope: he glanced every moment toward the ramparts. The third must appear there shortly: it could not be many minutes. They would turn the tide One glimpse of that solld swinging regiment and the day would be saved -and salvation was certain. The third was coming, would be here any second-Francois' faithfulness could

Slowly, with his officers crowding about him, he was driven toward the barracks wall, and, in a flash, from somewhere, a man was before him. thrusting a bit of paper at him. With a swift movement he had it opened and read:

"Destiny throws arsenal into our hands. Have taken third artillery to hold it. I wait to bring the news-a jewel for your crown. Vive l'Emper-Beaupre." eur!

Few men ever heard Louis Napo leon sob, yet the officers stood about him at that moment caught a sound that wrung them. It meant the end. and they knew it. Passionately he

"Fool! He has thrown away the empire," he hissed through set testh "If I could run him through!"

Then, quickly, he was himself again Serenely while the maddened soldiers pressed on him, he turned and spoke a quiet word to his friends, and then, serenely, too, with a gaze that was half contemptuous, half friendly, he

let himself be made prisoner. Yet the fight was not all over even now. On the ramparts, where the Prince and his column should have been, had gathered from the Faubourg Pierre a formidable crowd, who advanced angrily to his rescue, and pelted the line regiment with stones, and cried again and again, "Vive l'Empereur!" Colonel Talandier had to reck-



"Sire! I Bring You the Arsenal."

heart of it was in his hands, and slow ly order and the old rule were coming

The tumult of the struggle had quieted, the volatile forty-sixth regiment, returned to its allegiance, stood formed in ranks, in appearance as firm for the king as the everlasting bills, and, at the end of the court was a sad and silent, yet a stately group of men, the Prince who had almost been Emperor and those who had watched slipping with his hope, their hopes of grandeur.

Suddenly a horse's hoofs rang down the lane from the Faubourg; a rider clattered at gallop into the yard and across the front of the soldiers, and every one in the agitated company saw that the man reeling in his saddle was wounded. With blind gaze he stared about as he reined in, and then he caught sight of the sorry group, the Prince and his officers. To Francois Beaupre, clutching to this world by one thread of duty, this was the victorious Emperor and his triumphant staff. With a choking shout he threw himself from the horse and Prince's feet.

"Sire, I bring you the arsenal," he stammered painfully, loudly. In the silence of the courtyard one heard every word. "Two wishes-good fatries-" he gasped. And then, his mouth twisting to a smile, "the third-is no matter."

Louis Bonaparte looked down at the man whose dying face stared up at Colonel Talandier began to form his him in a rapture of loyalty; whose life men; the Prince, composed as ever, had been consecrated to him; whose yet earnest, swift, tried to rally his. death was for him; who had lost him an empire. For a second a struggle ness through which he came nearest to greatness, overflowed. In the career to come was no finer moment, no higher inspiration for Prince Louis than this. He bent close to the glazing eyes.

"Courage!" he said clearly. "Courage, mon ami. Live for me and for our country. Live, my brother Francois-Chevalier Beaupre, Marshal of the Empire." And the Prince's sword flashed out and touched his shoulder. The other world closing about him

François heard-they did not doubt it who saw the eyes flame as a firefly flames out of darkness, and when his lips stirred they knew that he wished to cry once more "Vive l'Empereur!" Frenchmen all, shaken with the liv-

ing drama, the ruined men who stood about a defeated Prince cried it for him-the old magic cry of the Bonapartes. With kepis lifted, as one man, 'Vive l'Empereur!" the deep voices cried, hailing a lost cause for a lost life. But only the Prince knew that a thought came after; only he caught, on the gasp which let the soul out, a girl's name. He bent quickly again, with an eager assurance, but it was late. The accolade of a higher king had touched his servant, and the crushed the paper and threw it into knightly soul of Francois had risen. THE END.



FEEDING BIRDS IN WINTER Kindly Act to Set "Dinner Table" for

How best to feed the birds is al-

the Wild Feathered Songsters.

most an art in itself. A winter lunch counter spread with suet, nuts, hemp seed, meat and crumbs will attract nuthatches, chickadees, downy and hairy woodpeckers, creepers, bluejaya, Canary seed, buckwheat, oats etc. and hay chaff scattered on the ground beneath will provide an irresistible banquet for other feathered boarders. A feeding place of this sort can be arranged for convenient observation from a window and afford no end of diversion and instruction. But whether close to home or far afield. work is regularity. Begin to put the not let slip the gift of destiny. To food out early in November, and let always sure to find a supply of dainfollowing birds have been induced to feed from the human hand: Chicka-You will take this to the Prince at dee, white breasted nuthatch, red once," he ordered, and the young offi- breasted nuthatch, brown creeper

beak, tufted titmouse. Canada jay. Florida jay, Oregon jay, and redpoll. Even in spring untiring patience has resulted in the gratification of this supreme ambition of the bird lover, and bluebird, robin, catbird, brown thrasher and yellow threated vireo have been known to feed from the hand of a trusted friend, even with plenty of food all around.-From Boy Scouts of America.

American Benefactions.

Many a worthy but struggling charity has been placed on its feet by a timely bequest or gift from a living friend, and the whole cause of organized benevolence has frequent reason to rejoice over this tendency which, while not by any means confined to one nationality, is known in the United States on a scale never known before. Large gifts in this country amounted last year to more the birds get to know that they are than \$300,000,000, without including any of less than \$10,000. Examined and the regiment wheeled into sliding ties in a certain spot, and the news in detail the list is a long one. The lines that doubled and parted and will soon spread among them. In win- evident purpose is to benefit manflowed together again in an elastic try weather, especially, it is amazing kind in making it better equipped for what can be accomplished by feeding the duties of life, and to prevent and ameliorate human suffering. Educational institutions, hospitals and santtary work received more than half the gifts of last year. Elevated art was well remembered and responsible charities received a generous share.

(Conducted by the National Woman) Christian Temperance Union.)

WHAT A WRITER SAW. A short time ago I noticed him u

he came into town, with his wagon full of vegetables, and chickens, and eggs. He found a ready market for his produce, and I thought how happy his little ones would be when he is turned home in the evening with top, and dresses, and shoes, and food for the morrow, and some clear money is his purse. I thought I could see his wife standing in the doorway to gla him a cordial greeting on his retun, so desirous was I that he should make the home ones happy and contented ! could almost see his cheerful face u he returned to his family after a day's absence. So I thought, and returned to my work. But evening came, and he passed by my window again, He had nothing I thought he would have The bed of the wagon was bare. No little shoes, nor food for the morrow, nor money in his purse, I dare say, The man was drunk. He had changed, and this changed my thoughts of his home. I could see the children shrisking from his approach, and the wife so care-worn and sorrowful. Sus could not meet him with the tender smile with which she had intended greeting him. He was breaking he heart, and preparing to make a desplate home for his wife and children-W. H. Engler.

COST OF A BOY.

(By MRS. ELLA A. BORLE, Prestign New York State W. C. T. L.) If I were to place a money value of what that mother does for the bo from the time he is born until he's twenty-one years of age, I am not pay ting it too high when I assert it b worth say two dollars a week-y could not hire it done for that which means that the mother has invested in the boy from the time he was born until he is twenty-one years of an more than twenty-one hundred dollar

in hard work. What has the father done for its boy? He has provided the home, its food and lodging, paid the doctors bills, paid for his books, his clother his schooling, and his bills when I went to college, so that when I make the average amount expended by the father \$100 per year my estimate b low. This means that when the b has reached twenty-one years of u his father and mother have expended upon him in cash and hard labor men

than \$4,000. If I had a house valued at H.M. and some one were to destroy it fire, I would have the man arrest and sent to the penitentiary, but had a boy, and a house, I would thousand times rather some one wo set fire to my house and born it the ground than have the saloon a hold of my boy and ruin him body and soul. Wouldn't you?

SMALL PROFIT TO FARMER.

The manufacturers of intoxic liquors quite frequently rep themselves as indispensable to farmers, on account of the m they afford him for his graininvestigation shows that only small part of the farmers' ucts are taken by the brewer distilleries. For instance, dur fiscal year ending June 30, 1911 509,855 bushels of barley, when corn and oats were used in multicoholic liquors. But the far raised, during the year 1910, a of 5,143,187,000 bushels of them grains and this shows that the traffic uses less than two and a per cent, of the five leading crops of the land. For every b of grain used by the breweri distilleries more than forty-for three-fifths bushels are used for mate food purposes.-Prof. John

JUSTICE TO WIFE AND CHILDREN The court was hearing a ca "drunk, third arrest." turned to the woman who stood whose worn, sorrowful face touched his heart, and said sorry, but I must lock up your hand," The injured wife, victing the legalized liquor traffic, one of many who "take the consewhile the husband takes the dr had no thought of touching deep ! or economic problems, but only plain, every-day, common sense. she replied: "Your honor, wo it be better for me and the child if you locked up the saloon and lst ! husband go to work?"

COMMON SENSE IN NORTHER WISCONSIN.

There are a hundred miles road through northern Wisconsi but one saloon town on the route. This station retained its ness" at the last election by a mi ity of only four votes. And yet a ern Wisconsin is the home of the eign emigrant, the lumberman the copper and fron workers!

TWO INVESTMENTS.

Part of the exhibit in a (Mass.) shop window during poster campaign was a little of with the announcement that:

"Henry saved one dollar per which he invested in a building " At the end of 25 years he had to ! this little home all paid for."

Close to the cottage was a pl miniature barrels with the legest John spent one dollar per for beer. At the end of 25 years had this pile of empty barrels to and even these he did not own

BAN ON LIQUOR DEALERS. "One of the peculiar develop which have faced the liquor me

only in Pennsylvania, but is 9 states, this year," said a Johns surety company agent the other "has been the sudden refusal of companies to go on the bond saloonkeeper or other person al in the liquor business.

Does your town advertise, its chamber of commerce and com ganizations, the number of sales operation?