

TIME AND LOVE

My old Time took little Cupid. Tied a kerchief over his eyes; Turned him round, exclaiming, "Stupid Tell me where your true love lies."

MARY'S SOLDIER

WENTY-eight or nine years ago, during the latter part of the war, I was stationed in New York, detailed as Inspector-General to raise a brigade.

One afternoon, while I was resting in my quarters after the fatigues of a hot day, an orderly brought me the unpleasant tidings that my camp was in an uproar.

"Attention!" I commanded sharply. The man started, then straightened, seized his musket, presented, and stood at attention.

"Open that gate!" He obeyed at once, and I passed through and marched quickly forward.

"What does this mean?" I asked. "They are fleeing, General," he exclaimed, as he glanced over his shoulder.

"Impossible. Why, that's just what I've been trying; but—"

"Attention, men! Fall in!" I commanded. There was a hesitation, a momentary huddling together, and then they arrayed themselves.

"How do you dare?" I began. Then arose a growl from the ranks. "We want our right. We'll get them, too. We demand our pay. We won't stand such treatment. Our wives, our children are starving."

"Silence!" I warned them. "Not another word. If you have grievances, through the proper channel and they shall be heard and allayed, I promise you. Men, I'm ashamed of you. While your comrades are in the field facing privation and danger and death for the glory of that old flag which you have only just sworn to defend, you, for a trifling delay which the throes of our Government should excuse, dare to murmur and revolt. Out upon such soldiers! Do you know what you risk? Do you appreciate that I have but to step to that telegraph and the regulars will surround you and rake your camp with an enfilading fire? Do you long to serve your country at Dry Tortugas? Have a care, or there you shall be sent, weighed with the contempt of all loyal men. Officers, to your posts! There will be a review presently."

"Three cheers for the General!" shouted the clear voice of the blue-eyed recruit as I turned away, and they were given with a will.

So I went through that camp, speaking as I never had spoken. Inwardly overwrought with excitement, but outwardly the cold, distant personification of discipline. Within two hours I had that brigade formed in a hollow square, and from its centre I renewed my threats and my promises. They were effective. Reason returned to the men, and with it came shame. What had looked like a dangerous outbreak was quelled by moral force.

As I left the parade I met Captain Johnson. "By-the-way, Captain," I asked, "who is that bright-looking young soldier of yours who seemed to be resisting the madness of the men?" The Captain scowled quite unnecessarily.

"That's Thomas Browne," he answered moodily. "He doesn't amount to much."

"I am certain you don't, I reflected as I returned to the city. A month passed by. Discipline had done its perfect work. The mob had become a well-drilled brigade. The men had received their arrears, and were eager to wipe out disgrace and to achieve renown in action. The order for their advance was expected daily. I sat in my quarters in this city, alone and idle, for my duty had been fulfilled, and I was about to report at Washington. The door opened, and a tall, slender young woman, neatly dressed, stood before me. Her face was pallid; her large black eyes shone intensely.

"Oh, sir," she exclaimed, "save my soldier! He said that you might," and she sank in a chair by my side weeping and moaning and wringing her fragile hands in a manner most pitiable to behold.

"But, my dear madam," I expostulated sternly, "this won't do at all. If you wish my aid you must be calm and sensible. Tell me who you are, who your soldier is, and what you want."

"My severely succeeded as I intended it should. She was a stout-hearted little thing, and she gulped down her sobs, and in a moment sat upright and tranquil.

"I beg your pardon," she said gently, and I felt like a brute. "My name is Mary Graeme, and I'm engaged to Thomas Browne. He's my soldier, you know; and he's in the camp over in New Jersey."

"Thomas Browne!" Oh! I remembered. "Yes, my dear, I replied. A fine looking young fellow, with bright, blue eyes, I think."

"Oh, such bonny eyes, so tender, so true! And they speak his nature, believe me. I know him so well; we were little children together. He is to be tried before the court-martial now in session."

"For what offense?" "He was a sentry, sir, and was found asleep on his post."

"Phew! Here was a pretty mess indeed for the young recruit. "My dear child, I responded gravely, this is a most serious matter. Asleep on his post of duty in the face of the enemy! Why, it may cost him his life! And at the very time, too, when there has been a revolt in the camp and the court feels the necessity of a stern example."

"As I spoke the poor child wavered like a rare pale lily in a storm. But she remembered my warning, though her eyes streamed and her hands strained in their grasp."

"Oh, sir, but he isn't guilty, the poor boy. Think how tired he was. Up the whole night; ordered on duty again the moment he was relieved. It was inhuman. No wonder he dozed without knowing it."

"But—" "Oh, sir, I know what you would say. It couldn't be. But it was. The Orderly Sergeant has always hated him. On the day before he had ordered Tom—excuse me, sir, Thomas—when he was off duty to clean the equipments of another soldier, which Thomas refused to do."

"He was perfectly right there." "So Thomas says. Besides he was expecting to see me. But that night when he came off his post, oh, so tired, the Sergeant ordered him right on again to take the place of the soldier whose arms he wouldn't clean."

"If this is so, no court will punish him for falling asleep." "I'm so delighted. That's what Thomas said he knew you would say. But he didn't mean to—oh, no, indeed. He's so ashamed; when he has been so anxious to distinguish himself for me." And here a blush deepened through poor Mary's cheeks.

"He shall have the chance, never fear. But why didn't you go to his Captain? Does he know these facts?" Again Mary blushed and far less transiently. Her fingers picked her dress uneasily.

"Captain Johnson," she faltered. "He doesn't like Tom; he—he—likes me." "Oh ho." Here was a little drama. I recalled the Captain's repulsive face and sullen ways, and I recognized the villain's part.

"Besides," she continued, "the Orderly is his brother-in-law." "And he tells a far different story, I suspect."

"Indeed, yes; there is no hope for Thomas from either of them." "Well, my dear, save your tears and keep a stout heart. I like your soldier, and I like you. I believe the story and you shall have my aid. But be cautious and secret. The court is now in session, you say?"

"Yes, sir; all this week. But Thomas's case was only reached this afternoon just before adjournment. "Then I must act at once. Good-bye now; you may rely on me." And with a God bless you, which it seems as if I could feel even now, the girl withdrew. Yet with a sudden inspiration I called after her, "What is the name of the soldier whose place Thomas took?"

I went to a retired spot. I turned the pages with trembling fingers. Ah, fate had favored me. There was the record for the night in question, and among the reliefs I didn't find the name of Thomas Browne, but I did find that of Joseph Brant.

Then I visited the Judge Advocate, a friend of mine, a fine fellow, now a Supreme Court Judge of this State.

"What sort of a man is Captain Johnson?" I asked. My friend shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Hum!" he replied. "With all there is back of him he ought to get the single star in six months."

"Influence, hey?" "Great. But why do you ask?" "You needn't go any further, old fellow; your scruples reveal more than they conceal. But to change the subject, I am going to put a hypothetical case to you, and I want you to tell me just how you would act regarding it."

"The Judge Advocate deliberated. "A difficult and delicate matter," he said. "The man is innocent, but he would be condemned. The sentence would be commuted on review; still his career would be ruined. I think I should do this; I should lay these inside facts confidentially before the President of the court. Then, if he approved, at the next session I should announce that the main witness, the Officer of the Day, was absent—and he would be, too. And in view of the stress of other business, and of grave doubts of the defendant's culpability, I should ask that the case be dismissed."

"You would surely do this?" "Certainly. It would be the quickest and most prudent way out of a nasty rush."

"Then listen, old fellow." And I explained my parable to him. "And here's the proof," I said, in conclusion, and I showed him the Sergeant's detail book.

"The villain!" he exclaimed. "I'll stick to my word, never fear. It's the wisest course, too. At this present crisis the friends of that Captain must not be offended. His time may come. But that Sergeant should be punished in some way."

"Leave that to me. He shall lose his chevrons, I promise you." "Very well. I'm off to see the President."

The next morning came, the court convened. Mary was present, anxious yet hopeful, with her gaze fixed on the erect, manly form of her soldier. So, too, were the Captain and the Sergeant in attendance, the former exultant, the latter secretly worried. But I looked in vain for the Officer of the Day.

The Judge Advocate was faithful to his rehearsal and letter-perfect in his part. "I do, therefore, suggest," he said in conclusion, "that this charge against Private Thomas Browne be dismissed."

"This seems a proper disposition," said the President. "I think so," said each officer, from the junior to the senior; and Thomas Browne left the courtroom a free man, with the devoted Mary clinging to his arm.

I caught Captain Johnson as he was sneaking away with a white, scared face. "Captain," I said, "I learned the truth of this matter, and I am responsible for this ending. You've had a lucky escape. Now, mark my words. You will reduce that Orderly Sergeant to the ranks forthwith. He won't appeal to the Colonel, nor will the Colonel question the act."

"I will do so, sir," he murmured, as he hung his head and went to his quarters. I never saw him again, but after the war, at Washington, I met Mary, a happy bride, with her soldier, and on his broad shoulders shone the insignia of a Major.—New York Times.

The Chinese Cuisine. "In passing through China to was," said the Rev. A. T. Wright of Milwaukee to the writer, "the astonishingly large number of cook-shops interests and attracts the foreign passer-by. One's curiosity is often aroused to know the ingredients of the masses he sees being concocted. These places are unpleasantly pressed upon the pedestrian, for the front is invariably open to the street, and in order to tempt customers by the sight and smell of viands the cook prepares his dishes over a charcoal fire in full view, and sets samples of his materials and a bill of fare out on a showboard before him. Tables and stools are placed in the rear, and here the hungry may banquet."

"The Frenchman is not the only one who has his frogs' legs and snail soup, for the Celestial, too, revels in these dainties and many more stranger than these. Snakes and eels alike know the frying-pan, and when skinned and dressed appear very much alike. Many varieties of non-poisonous snakes are used for food. Silk-worm grubs are regarded as a choice morsel and are stewed in lard and eaten as a relish, and a multitude of other insects are deemed edible."

"It seems to be the general impression that dogs and cats form staple articles of diet. This is not true. They are eaten to a greater or less extent by the poorer classes only, and vary in popularity according to the district."

"The famous bird's-nest soup is a very rare delicacy, and can be afforded only by the rich. It is served as a first course at grand dinners usually. The nests are built by a kind of swallow on high rocks by the seashore, and the material is secreted by glands inside the bird's bill. A native recipe for making the soup reads: Take as many nests as are necessary, clean and pick out the feathers, and boil in sufficient water to make a thin jelly. Pour this over hard-boiled pigeon's eggs, and float on top shreds of ham. Serve sweetened if desired."

"The number of edibles in China is legion, and their combinations are simply distracting. The people have a regular intuition for cooking, and every man, woman and child almost can prepare a good meal out of the most meagre supply of materials."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

ADD KEROSENE TO THE STARCH.

It does not seem to be generally known that the addition of a little kerosene oil to the raw starch in which the bosoms of shirts are starched the second time will produce highly satisfactory results. The first starching should be done in hot starch in the usual way. Then to each shirt take a good half-teaspoon of starch and dissolve it in as little cold water as possible. Next fill the earthen dish in which you dissolved your starch not quite half full of cold water, and add a teaspoonful of kerosene. Stir the oil well into the starch, then dip your shirt bosom several times, rubbing in the starch thoroughly with the hands. After this fold the shirt smoothly, roll it tight and let it remain so at least an hour before ironing.—New York News.

A TIME-SAVING DEVICE.

It was once the fashion to put all remnants of dresses and other wearing apparel, whether of cotton or wool, away in a deep and annoying receptacle known as the "piece-bag." If a frock was torn and must be quickly mended, a plunge into the depths of this bag brought up fifty little rolls besides the one sought. A set of stout pasteboard boxes containing "the pieces" of each member of the family with the name and contents written and gummed to the top is the time-saving device used by one systematic housewife that I know. Cotton and wool pieces are kept in separate boxes. Feathers, flowers and bits belonging to the different members of the family are put away in the same fashion. Trunks containing bedding or dresses not in use are also labelled with their contents.—New York Post.

COCOA MATTINGS.

Cocoa mattings, which are useful and desirable for piazza mats and coverings and for covering the corridors of country houses used only part of the year, are a yard and a quarter in width, and the best quality is sold for sixty cents a square yard. One of the best patterns has an orange ground crossed by broad brown stripes; another pattern has an orange ground with red stripes. For the sitting-room of such houses blue denim is sometimes used as a border, or all over the floor as a background for rugs. Flax colored linen with a conventional fleur-de-lis or other design makes a cool and soft looking background for rugs. Or it may be laid over heavy carpets as a desirable change for summer, and is a protection to the carpets as well. In a family where there are many children who dine at the family table a pair of crumblolths made of this linen are a help in keeping the dining room in nice condition. A good quality of the linen, which is two yards wide, is sold for fifty cents per yard. A matting is shown this summer that is made in imitation hard wood floors, being like them in color and design. The mattings are jointless and of fine weave, some of them having borders. They are a yard wide.—St. Louis Republic.

THE TOMATO AND HOW TO COOK IT.

Scalloped Tomatoes.—Butter a pudding dish, put in a layer of sliced fresh tomatoes or canned ones, sprinkle with salt and bits of butter, then put in a layer of bread crumbs and fill the dish with alternate layers, moistening the crumbs with a spoonful of water unless the tomatoes are very juicy; the last layer should be crumbs; bake half an hour in a quick oven, serve hot.

Panned Tomatoes.—Wipe half a dozen large ripe tomatoes, cut in two crosswise, set them in a baking tin, skin down, in a moderate oven, cook slowly so they will keep their form. When done, sprinkle salt over them and place a small piece of butter on top of each half. Lift carefully on to a platter, serve in individual dishes.

A German Dish of Tomatoes.—Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in the spider, when hot cover the bottom of the spider with small ripe tomatoes, brown them, turn over, season with salt and dredge a little flour over them, and add a cup of sweet cream, let them stew a few minutes, then serve.

Baked Tomatoes.—Select large smooth ones, wash and wipe. With a sharp knife cut a piece out of the centre at the stem end and fill with sugar. Bake on an earthen plate in a quick oven until done.

Tomato Stew.—If you wish to use fresh tomatoes, peel, slice and cook in granite iron until soft, strain through a colander, put in a heaping tablespoonful of butter for each quart of tomatoes, and one even tablespoonful of sugar, salt to the taste, then thicken with fine soft bread crumbs ten minutes before using. Canned tomatoes stewed and strained make a nice stew.

Tomato Toast.—Pour a quart of stewed tomatoes through a colander, put them in a stew pan, season with salt, one spoon of sugar and two of butter, toast thin slices of bread quickly and lay on a hot plate and butter; when ready to serve pour half a pint of sweet cream in the tomatoes and stir for a moment, then dip it on to the toast and serve immediately.

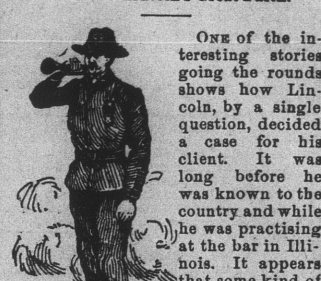
Fried Tomatoes.—Peel and cut crosswise in thick slices, sprinkle salt over them, roll cracker crumbs until they are as fine as meal, dip the slices of tomato in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs and fry in two spoonfuls of hot butter. If you wish a sauce for them put a cup of milk to scald and thicken with half a spoon of flour mixed with a spoon of cold butter.

Tomato Mayonnaise.—Peel and cut off a thin slice from the stem end of as many large tomatoes as you wish to serve. With a spoon dip out most of the seeds, chop a peeled cucumber and some water cress, season with salt, fill the cavities of the tomatoes. Prepare on a large platter, young lettuce leaves, three or four in a piece, set each tomato on a cluster of the lettuce and dip a spoonful of mayonnaise on each tomato. —M. J. Ashton, in the Housewife.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN

CAMP FIRE TALES.

How Lincoln Wrought the Truth from a Witness. Lincoln's Great Faith.



One of the interesting stories going the rounds shows how Lincoln, by a single question, decided a case for his client. It was long before he was known to the country and while he was practising at the bar in Illinois. It appears that some kind of a religious meeting had been held in one of the neighboring villages, and somebody outside threw a live duck through the open window into the church, to the consternation of the more sedate and the merriment of the more trifling of the congregation. It was a flagrant breach of the law protecting religious meetings, and suspicion fell on two young men who happened to be waiting on the same girl. One of these saw an opportunity in the incident and swore out a warrant against the other. Mr. Lincoln had satisfied himself of the situation and of the innocence of his client. When the case was called for trial Lincoln was present at the lawyer's table, but apparently paying little attention to it. When the jury was being impaneled he seemed oblivious of his relation to the case, but was hard at work writing out papers in another case. The opening speech was made to the jury and the enormity of the offense duly exhibited, but Lincoln was silent. One witness after another was called, but still he went quietly on with his writing and asked no questions. Finally the prosecuting witness was called and even this did not disturb Lincoln. The witness told his story coolly, calmly and with an assumption of candor, sometimes a little reticent when his evidence was against the defendant. At last his direct examination was concluded, and the prosecutor said, with an air of triumph, "Mr. Lincoln, take the witness."

Mr. Lincoln stopped at once, threw his feet on the table, and looking steadfastly at the witness, who had brooded himself for a long cross-examination, said solemnly:

"Young man, is it customary in your village to get upon the witness-stand and swear to a lie?"

Instantly there was a hubbub about the bench. The witness staggered and flushed in the face. The district attorney objected, but Lincoln was restored the question was repeated: the witness choked and gasped, and when the Judge calmly insisted that he should answer it, he faintly:

He afterwards confessed that he had thrown the duck, and had trumped up his charge against his rival. He lost his case; also his girl.

The above shows the clear insight of Lincoln into human character. He had before him a young man unfamiliar with the surroundings of the courtroom, evidently a man with conscience, and yet with guilt in his soul. Taken off his guard by a sudden question calculated to reach the very centre of his emotions, he was thrown into utter confusion.

Another story of Lincoln, somewhat different in character. In the second day's fight at Gettysburg, General Sickles lost his leg and was taken to Washington. Lincoln called to see him, and asked whether he had not been greatly worried about the result of the fight, the President responded:

"Oh, no, I thought it would be all right." "But what made you feel so confident, Mr. President," said General Sickles.

"Oh, I had my reasons, but I don't care to mention them, for they would perhaps be laughed at."

He was pressed for an answer as to his reasons, and replied:

"Well, I will tell you why I felt confident we should win at Gettysburg. Before the battle I retired alone to my room in the White House and got down on my knees and prayed to Almighty God to give us victory. I said to him that this was His war, and that if He would stand by him the rest of my life. He gave us victory and I propose to keep my pledge. I arose from my knees with a feeling of deep and serene confidence, and had no doubt of the result from that hour."

And it is not amiss to say that there were many who shared this confidence solely because they had faith that a Providence which had permitted this Republic to become a beacon-light to the oppressed all over the world would not desert it when its future was to be determined upon a field like that of Gettysburg. While millions had watched the course of the war and noted the varying fortunes of the Union Army, the three days trial at Gettysburg were marked by a sense of contentment that overpread the whole North, a supreme confidence in victory that would be decisive, due to a conviction that it was a day whose fate was to be determined by the God of Battles.

A BULLDOG boycott is in progress at Fargo, N. D. The business men of the town have boycotted the Northern Pacific Railroad because the company won't build a new station and hotel there. They have issued a circular to all their business connections asking them to ship their goods over other lines.

A "STEEL-JACK" WORKING on a chimney in England was killed recently by a sheer fall of 300 feet. He slipped on a heap of stones and bricks at the feet of a crowd that was watching him and a companion.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, SEPT. 4.

"Phillip Preaching." Acts viii. 5. 26. Golden Text. Acts viii. 5. Commentary.

5. "Then Philip went down to the city of Samaria, and preached Christ unto them." By comparing verses 4, 13, 26 with this verse we obtain considerable light as to what was preached in those days; the Word, the Gospel, Christ, the things concerning the Kingdom; and if we compare chapters ii., 28, x., 36, 38, 43; xvii., 18, 32, we will find that their preaching included repentance, forgiveness, peace, resurrection and judgment.

6. "And the people with one accord gave heed." Just eleven times in this book do we find the phrase "with one accord" (i., 14; ii., 1, 46; iv., 24; v., 12; vi., 57; viii., 6; x., 27; xv., 27; xviii., 12; xix., 29); and only once elsewhere in the New Testament is the word used (Rom. xv., 6, R. V.). Seven times in the Acts it is "one accord" for good, and these seven make a most profitable study. It is the manifest power of the Holy Spirit.

7. "Many taken with palisades and that were lame were healed." These, in addition to the unclean spirits which were cast out, are a sample of the miracles wrought by God through Philip, which constrained the people to give heed to his words.

8. "And there was great joy in that city." This is always the result of receiving Jesus. Those who believe—that is, receive—Him (John i., 12) will be filled with joy, and these seven make a most profitable study. It is the manifest power of the Holy Spirit.

9. "Many taken with palisades and that were lame were healed." These, in addition to the unclean spirits which were cast out, are a sample of the miracles wrought by God through Philip, which constrained the people to give heed to his words.

10. "To whom they all gave heed, from the least to the greatest, saying, This man is the great power of God." A great following is no proof that a man is right, nor are his followers necessarily an evidence that a man is wrong. Consider Noah, Jeremiah and the prophets, and think of Jesus Himself (John vi., 66).

11. "He had bewitched them with sorceries." So it has been, and will be till Jesus comes. Jesus speaks of signs by false teachers in the last days that shall in no wise deceive the elect (Matt. xxiv., 24), and we read in Rev. xiii., 8, 12, of multitudes worshiping the beast, and in II. Thess. ii., 1, 2, of those who prefer a lie to the truth.

12. "But when they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized, both men and women." The reception of the truth is the cure for all deception. They not only heard, but they received the truth, or rather they received Jesus, who is the truth (John xiv., 6; I. John v., 1, 12). The entrance of the world gives light (Ps. cxix., 130).

13. "Then Simon himself believed also; and when he was baptized he continued with Philip." The power of God is able to break the hardest heart. Some doubt whether this was a real case of true conversion or not. We shall meet him again, and will observe that he believed, was baptized and continued.

14. "Peter and John prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost." Word having reached Jerusalem of the great work going on in Samaria, Peter and John were sent to help, and inasmuch as they had received the word, they lay hands on them, to pray that they may now receive the Holy Spirit.

15. "For as yet he was fallen upon none of them; only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus." Having believed and been baptized they were consequently saved (Mark xvi., 16; John i., 12; iii., 16; v., 24). But we are saved to serve and glorify unto God (I. Thess. i., 9; II. Cor. v., 15), and for this life and service we need the special gift of the Holy Spirit, which so few care for.

16. "Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost." So also at Ephesus Paul laid his hands on twelve men who had believed and been baptized, the Holy Ghost and prophesied (chapter xix., 6, 7). There is evidently a gift of the Spirit for saved people for service of which we hear comparatively little, and yet it is the plain command to "be filled with the Spirit" (Eph. v., 18). See the way in Luke xi., 13.

17. "Give me also this power, that on whomsoever I lay hands he may receive the Holy Ghost." We now return to Simon, of whom we read in verse 13 that he believed, was baptized and continued with Philip wondering at his beholding, and now he offers money that he may obtain this power to confer the Spirit. He does not seek power to serve God in humility (xx., 19), but rather seeks to be a great one and have power to give.

18. "Thy money perish with thee because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money." We do not know Isaiah vi., 1, nor Luke xi., 13, and yet he was like a great many even now who think that by doing so much or giving so much they can obtain gifts from God. Many members of churches seem not to understand the grace of God (Rom. iii., 4; Eph. i., 6, 7).

19. "I have had neither part nor lot in this matter, for thy heart is not right in the sight of God." If he had no part in Christ he was not saved; but if Peter meant that he had no part in this gift of the Holy Spirit, he was just in the condition in which most of our church members are, and in reference to serving God his heart was not right.

20. "Repent therefore of this thy wickedness, and pray God, if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee." Praise God for His forgiveness and mercy and plentiful redemption (Ps. cxxx., 4, 7, ciii., 3). He also gives repentance (chapter v., 31). Notice that thoughts must be forgiven, for the thought of foolishness is sin (Prov. xxiv., 9).

21. "For I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity." If he was truly saved it would seem that he would have peace instead of bitterness and rejoice in the high degree of his iniquities (Isa. xxxviii., 17, xliii., 25).

22. "Pray ye the Lord for me that none of these things which ye have spoken come upon me." This request of Simon's is to be prayed for gives us some encouragement, but the object of his request makes us wonder if we shall meet him. He is not a comfortable study, and alas! he has many followers. It is himself from first to last.

23. "Preached the word of the Lord, preached the Gospel." Thus did Peter and John on their way back to Jerusalem. They have no thought of themselves, but only a consuming desire to make Jesus known. This is the mark of a true disciple.—Lesson Helper.

The most recent estimate of the capital invested in the electrical industries in the United States is \$700,000,000, and of this amount \$350,000,000 represents the proportion which electric lighting and power have attained; \$150,000,000 is also the estimated investment in electrical supplies, of which the electric lighting and railway appliances constitute a large proportion.

The official reports say that the French wheat crop for the year will be 110,000,000 hectolitres—that is, much bigger than the average. As the average consumption in France is 123,000,000 hectolitres, 13,000,000 will have to be imported to meet the year's demand.

One man in Wisconsin County, Md., on the eastern shore, shipped this season nearly 23,000 quarts of huckleberries in a single week, and a near neighbor of his shipped nearly as many. Smart berry pickers earned \$3 a day picking huckleberries.