

Forestry in Norway. Every little helps when it comes to hints about forestry. Apropos of the recent announcement of an attempt on an extended scale to raise trees with a view to securing a supply of railway ties, there comes some interesting information in the form of a report by Vice Consul Michael Alger, representing the United States at Christiania, Norway. The uninitiated might suppose that a country like Norway would have an abundance of timber, but it seems that even in that northern and arborescent region there is necessity for employing the arts of careful forestry. Vice Consul Alger writes that forestry planting has attracted much attention in recent years, and adds: "There were 6,800,000 trees planted and 748 pounds of seed sown in 1905, of which 1,487,400 trees were planted and 176 pounds of seed sown by school children and other young people. Forest planting is gradually being introduced as a subject in the public schools. Especially on the west coast the school children have taken much interest in the matter. In a single parish 100,000 trees have been planted by them during the last three or four years." The example set is admirable, and the grown-ups as well as the children of America might well take lessons from the thrifty and progressive Norwegians. If it be desirable to protect and increase the forests in that locality, subject to far less timber depredation than are the tree-covered sections of our own country, how much more should it be urged upon our people to guard their interests in like manner?

Good reports continue to be made regarding the young Filipinos now in this country and who are students at various schools and colleges. There are nearly 200 of these youths in the United States, distributed in various educational institutions. In a sense, they are wards of our government, to which reports of the work and the conduct of the young men are sent. These reports show that with very few exceptions the Filipinos are industrious and studious young fellows, who have made excellent use of their opportunities. Only one of the entire number sent here has been returned to his home on account of misconduct, and very few have failed to give good accounts of themselves in every particular. And when they go back to the Philippines with an American education, supplemented by some knowledge of American political institutions, they are likely to furnish important leaven for the mass with which they will mingle.

A Fishing Notebook. For several years it has been my custom to keep on my desk a memorandum book, devoted entirely to fishing notes and bits of useful information, gathered here and there, writes Howard James in the Outer's Book. On one page I find a list of the friends and neighbors to whom I hope to have the pleasure of sending packages of trout this season; on another I find a list of articles necessary to take on a fishing trip. This has been increased and diminished from time to time, till it represents what I consider necessary. The first time that I pack my kit for the season, I consult this, to see that my outfit is complete, and that nothing has been omitted. It is the minor details that often occasion much inconvenience, such as the tube of vaseline, the jar of mosquito dope, the tooth brush, the waterproof match box, or the housewife with needles, thread and buttons. An angler must be an orderly person or he will come to grief.

It is estimated that \$10,000,000 is invested in the outfit of golf clubs in England, and that 20,000 people were converted to the game in 1906. There are 2,000 clubs and about 300,000 players, and their total annual expenditure is estimated at over \$27,000,000, an average of \$90 for each player. At the rate of a ball a golfer each week, \$6,000,000 balls are used every year by golfers on British links.

The oldest enlisted man on the rolls of the United States army is Sergt. David Robertson, of the hospital corps, stationed on Governor's Island. He is a native Scotchman. He first enlisted May 27, 1854, and he has been in continuous service, having the extraordinary record of never having lost a day. He is 74 years old.

Mme. Alice Guibel de la Ruelle, inspector of labor in Paris, has started an agitation to obtain seats for the 300,000 women employed in the various industries of France. As the present law stands only women in shops are given seats.

Every male in Russia over 15 years old smokes about 150 cigarettes a week, according to a British consular report on Poland and Lithuania. One pound of tobacco suffices for 1,000 cigarettes.

Consul H. A. Conant writes that Windsor, Ontario, has been granted the privilege, through act, to offer bonuses as an inducement for manufacturing concerns to locate in that city. The bonuses consist of free water and light and exemption from taxation for a period of ten years.

American painters whose pictures have been skied in the Paris salon say that while they strive for high art they prefer that it shall not be so high as to strain the neck.

THE GIRL IN THE PICTURE

By Elsie Carmichael

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

It stood over the mantel in the oak-paneled dining-room, a portrait by Gainsborough of a slender dark-eyed girl in a white satin gown, with a necklace of milk-white pearls about her softly rounded throat. She was pulling the petals from a red rose and smiling roguishly out of the frame. I had always been in love with her from the time I used to spend my schoolboy holidays at the manor until, as a young man I ran down to Kersey for week-ends, ostensibly to see my Aunt Elizabeth, in reality to spend most of the time before the great fireplace in the dining-room, blowing rings toward the ceiling and dreaming as I watched Marianne dropping the petals of her crimson rose.

"I am going to have a house party on the 25th of June," wrote my aunt, "and you must not fail me, my dear Reginald. I shall refuse to take no for an answer."

This was of the nature of a summons to Windsor castle, and I dared not disobey. Besides, I did not altogether object to a house party at Kersey manor in its own right. However, at the last minute I was delayed, and it was not until the evening of the 25th that I drove up the oak-lined avenue in the soft moonlight. My aunt met me in the great hall.

"They are having tableaux in the music-room," she said. "Will you come there as soon as you have changed?" The light was turned low as I softly entered and stood unobserved in the back of the music-room. There was a hush over the audience as the curtain was drawn to reveal a lovely picture. My cousin, Jeanne, smiled winsomely out of the frame as the Countess Potocka in the famous portrait that is familiar to every one. The clapping of hands drowned the little murmur of admiration as the curtain was drawn over it. My cousin, Jeanne, evidently could not endure the ordeal of keeping still to be looked at again, so the encoring died away and the low murmur of conversation was resumed.

Suddenly the conversation ceased; the curtain was about to be drawn for the next picture, and I turned perfunctorily toward the little stage.

I gave a great start and clasped the back of the chair in front of me. I could see the sheen of her white satin gown, the long necklace of pearls about her snowy throat. It was Marianne, but a living, breathing Marianne.

Suddenly the lights flared up, the buzz of conversation grew louder, everyone was talking at once about the tableaux. One or two old friends saw me and came to welcome me, so it was several minutes before I could make my way to my aunt.

"Aunt Elizabeth," I demanded, present me, I beg, to the lady of Kersey manor. Where did you find her? Did she step down from the frame to-day? How did it all happen?"

Even as I spoke Marianne came by, Marianne in her white satin gown, her shimmering pearls and the red rose still in her hand.

"Marian," cried my aunt. "Stop a moment while I present your cousin, Reginald." I bowed low. I felt that I ought to have a plumed hat to sweep the floor before this lady of an olden time.

"Why did you not come down from your frame before?" I asked. "I have waited for you for years, centuries, aeons, and I have been so lonely, though I knew you would come. At last, Marianne, lady of Kersey manor."

She smiled ravishingly and looked at my aunt questioningly.

"He is our court jester," the latter replied with a smile.

"But I am not jesting," I cried, with mock solemnity. "She is Marianne, Marianne of the portrait," I insisted. "Deny it if you dare."

"Yes, she is Marianne," my aunt acknowledged. "But, Marianne, the great-grandniece of the lady of Kersey manor and your distant cousin."

"Not at all," I begged to differ.

"She is Marianne herself, Marianne who sat to Gainsborough, Marianne who pulled a red rose and flung the petals at her feet—you are, aren't you, Marianne?"

Aunt Elizabeth smiled indulgently. "You must not mind your cousin," she said. "He is harmless, but I am convinced he is quite mad."

Then some young upstart bore off my Marianne for the cotillon. If I could not dance it with her I showered her with favors and danced with no one else. When she mischievously brought me a jester's cap and bells in one figure, I put it on reluctantly.

The next morning we walked in the garden together just as we used to do in the old days, and I gathered her roses. We fung bread crumbs to the trout that rose greedily to snatch them, and we pelted the cross old peacock with flowers, and then we leaned on the sun-dial, and Marianne's taper finger traced the letters of the carved inscription just as I had dreamed of her doing. Her hair curled riotously, bewitchingly about her face that was flushed like the petals of a pink rose, as she bent over the letters.

"Do you know, Marianne," I said, "that this is not the first time you and I have leaned on this sun-dial. Sometimes it has been in the pale moonshine when the garden was turned to silver and the roses, dew-drenched, filled the air with their perfume, and sometimes we have been here in the winter-time when the snow lay deep on the terraces and the quaint bay trees and hedges were all carved from purest Parian marble. Always we have been here together, and always we will lean together on this old dial watching the sunny hours go by, Marianne, lady of Kersey manor."

She blushed ravishingly. "But I am not Marianne, lady of Kersey manor, stupid," she pouted. "You are in-

deed mad, madder than the maddest March hare."

"You may say you are not, but you are going to be," I said emphatically. "You have got to be. I have been in love with Marianne, lady of Kersey manor, since I went to Rugby, a little chap in knickerbockers, and I am in love with you and two things equaling the same thing equal each other."

"Not at all," she said. "It only proves you are a fickle creature. Fancy what a change of heart to admire my great-great-aunt one minute and the next to tell a girl whom you have known only 15 hours that you care for her. How could I ever trust you, Cousin Reggie?"

"As I said before you interrupted me," I went on tranquilly, "I love Marianne, lady of Kersey manor, and I love you, and two things equaling the same."

"Ah, you are getting too mathematical for me," she said, and ran swiftly



We Leaned on the Sun-Dial.

ly away down the garden path and I after her.

And then began days of uncertainty. Marianne teased me and tormented me and avoided me, choosing any little insignificant creature that was nearest her when I approached. But I was not discouraged. I had loved her too long not to feel that some day I must win out.

By great luck one day I found her alone in the library and boldly walked in.

"I want to speak to you about a little matter of business, if you will deign to listen," I said, stiffly to her back, as she sat at the desk writing.

"Oh, business," she said, coldly, though her lips trembled a bit at the corners, as though a smile were struggling through. "Well, be quick about it. I am immensely busy." A frown puckered her delicately penciled brows as she leaned her head on her hand to listen.

"It's about the succession and the property," I said, sitting down comfortably in the low chair beside her.

"Is this strictly business?" she asked suspiciously.

"Strictly," I answered. "It is very important. You see I am my aunt's heir and some day Kersey manor will belong to me, and do you know it doesn't seem to me quite fair. You have always been the Lady Marianne of the manor, and you know I feel as though I were doing you out of it."

"Oh, not at all," said Marianne politely, half turning back to her letter, as though she wished me to hasten. "I have no claim in any way, you know."

"Well," I said, reflectively, "somehow I feel that it's not fair and I have a proposition to make. I want you to keep on being the lady of Kersey manor."

"Oh, no, March hare," she said. "That would be doing you out of it. No, thanks very much, but I couldn't think of accepting such a present from you." She laughed.

"What does Mme. Grundy say? A young lady should never accept any gift from a young man, except books, flowers and bonbons, unless—"

She stopped suddenly and blushed adorably up to the little curls on her forehead and down to the collar of her frock.

"Unless what?" I demanded, but she laughed and blushed still more.

"Oh, never mind," she said.

"I know," I cried triumphantly. "Haven't I studied Mme. Grundy's rules of etiquette? Unless they are engaged or married. Isn't that, you word for word, Marianne? That's the only way out of it," I said. "Come, Marianne, sweet. I have never loved anyone else but you. I have been faithful to my dream Marianne for so long and I waited for you, oh, ages and ages. Pray keep on being the lady of Kersey."

The pink stole up into her face again, her eyes were soft and winsome as she held out both hands to me in sweet surrender.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to, March hare," she said, "since you insist upon it."

Hatching chickens by artificial means is almost as old as history. The art was known before the dawn of the Christian era, and has been practiced continuously in Egypt, China and other oriental countries down to the present day.

Author says that it is not painful to starve to death, but as he has not tried it more than three or four times we will have to accept the statement and suspend judgment.

FARMER AND PLANTER

POINTS ON FERTILIZING.

Every Farmer Should Have a Compost Heap on the Farm.

There is a point in the intensive system of farming that is overlooked by many—namely, that nitrogen exists in a free state in the atmosphere and that it is supplied gratuitously by nature as a gift. It is determined by scientists beyond dispute that certain plants have the capacity of appropriating nitrogen directly from the air through the agency of bacteria, when washed down into the soil by the rain or by changing certain substances in the soil into ammonia or nitric acid.

That soils do recuperate from impoverishment from frequent croppings has been demonstrated by leaving lands in fallow. It is a system practiced in the South, and they style it "letting the land rest." The soil gradually becomes covered with vegetation, which is turned under and the ground is thereby gradually matured, but the atmosphere is drawn upon for nitrogen and some varieties of plants are supplied largely from such source.

On farms that pursue no such system of rotation the farmer must resort to complete manure or fertilizer, one that contains within itself phosphoric acid, nitrogen and potash, for unless he manages to aid his soil by resorting to natural sources the soil will be deficient at some period when he is not prepared for it. Mills and stock, when used on the farm, remain and the manure contains the fertilizing qualities. It is important then, that this be carefully saved and added to the soil evenly over the entire surface, which cannot be done by hand. The modern manure spreader, durable and perfect in its operation, broadcasts the manure evenly over the surface of the ground in fine particles which are easily mixed with the soil and at once become available plant food.

Every farmer should have a compost heap, which should be a receptacle for everything that goes to waste on the farm. Potash, which enters into the composition of every plant that grows, is a very soluble substance. All its compounds are soluble, but plant foods are not soluble in some substances on the farm that have not been carefully disintegrated chemically and changed, hence the necessity that manure be well decomposed. The solubility of all substances is the first consideration that should be given by the farmer when he proposes to use them. Paralyzed manure is a perfect natural fertilizer, but to be complete it must be in such a condition that before the maturity of the crop its ingredients may be dissolved by water, as plants are unable to use insoluble substances as foods.

Breeding Animals.

A feature in breeding live stock is the temptation which constantly menaces the breeder to sell his best animals. The trend of public demand is for the best, and as animals of extra quality will command nearly double that of inferior grades, the breeder is constantly tempted to sell the tops of his flocks and herds. This is particularly the case in breeding horses. The buyer when he visits the farm is attracted by the better animal and bids an attractive price for it, while the stock of common quality is neglected. Perhaps with the breeder he is compelled to lose the opportunity of sale or else part with the best horse on the farm.

In the improvement of all classes of live stock only the best animals should be retained for breeding purposes. While a good sire will impart extra quality to his progeny, it is conceded that the dam has much to do in governing the quality of the foal. It is an unwise policy to place all the burden of improvement on the sire and condemn the stallion if the foals out of ordinary mares are not of superior quality. In the era of low prices farmers made the mistake of selling their best mares for commercial use or export, and find them handicapped now when values have reached the highest level in the history of the industry.

Consumers want the best horses that methodical breeding can produce, and the farmer to supply this demand must retain his best mares for breeding purposes. It is bad economy to sell the best mare on the farm, even at a strong price, for if stunted to a good sire she will reproduce herself in her progeny and in a few years the farmer will have several good horses for sale as against none if he retains inferior animals for breeding purposes.

The average annual production of eggs in the United States is estimated to be about one and one-quarter to one and one-half billion dozen. How would you like to count them?

If you have been keeping account of the cash received from your poultry you will be aware of how many grocery and other bills have been paid by the neglected hens. If you will be diligent to study poultry and practice what you learn you will see how much more money you can get from that source than you have been getting.

If those who believe that scrub fowls are as good or profitable as pure breeds will hatch some of each in a brood and keep them running together they will learn a valuable lesson.

Now don't neglect the brood sows, and then after the damage has been done, complain about your "bad luck." Feed a little clover or alfalfa; cut down the corn ration; provide good, clean water and some stuff for bedding. Have the sows gentle enough to handle at farrowing time.

Early maturity is achieved by generous feeding of progeny descended from early maturing ancestors. Young animals intended for the shambles should be made to gain continuously and the most profits are to be realized.

EARLY CORN PLANTING BEST.

Amount Per Acre Should Be Regulated by Strength of Soil.

Plowing should be done when the ground is dry enough to work up loose and mellow. Much damage is done by plowing too wet, on some soils amounting to almost a failure. It can get too dry and cloddy to work up. For these reasons breaking with full force should be done while in condition. Clay soils plow best in winter or fall, for they are then moist and can be plowed damper than in the spring for the freezes following render the soil loose and mellow.

For the reduction of clods, for the fling of packed soil and for loosening sods use the disk harrow liberally, cross disking. If the harrow follows the turning plow closely only a light harrowing will be needed just to level the soil. A good "A" or spike-tooth harrow is sufficient for three-fourths of the harrowing if used at the right time and in the right way. Cross harrow wherever possible; then there will be little need of a second harrowing. This usually puts the ground in good condition for the corn, but there are exceptions requiring the use of disk harrow, drag or roller. At any rate, prepare a good seed bed. This is for a better stand, better crop and better afterwork or cultivation.

As to time of planting, from experience and observation I am convinced that early planting is best. We are after quantity, and the heavy yielding main crop sorts are most satisfactory, but these require a long growing period, hence the importance of early planting. With these sorts planting in this latitude from the middle of April to the middle of May is generally practiced, although earlier plantings are very satisfactory if the ground is warm and the weather settled. As to methods of planting, there is a wide difference of opinion, and the planter must settle that; but a few remarks on this matter may be helpful. Checking means cleaner cultivation by the plow. Drilling is easier done, no thinning is needed and generally there is more corn on the ground and the stalks are more evenly distributed. Where the soil is reasonably free from weeds and where the surface lies in ridges, drilling is preferable. The lay of the land may be such as to wash badly if cross plowed. The amount per acre should be regulated by the strength of the soil and purpose for which the corn is intended. Crowding makes a larger yield and smaller ears, desirable for cattle and other animals, while larger ears are wanted for market.

For feeding it is sometimes desirable to plant a part of the crop for early feed, using early varieties planted early, but since these do not yield near as heavy as the late kinds, they should not be planted for the main crop. As before stated, plant the late sorts early so as to give them a long season. If forced to plant late use some quick maturing (early) variety. Color matters little, whether for feed or market, but if anything there is preference for the white. Select large, firm ears for seed, preferably from the top of the crib, if you have not gotten into the habit of selecting, breeding and drying your seed corn. Shell by hand if possible, using only full size, even grains, for those on the tip and butt, though of good vitality, cause irregularity of dropping when used in the drill.—E. W. Jones.

Regular Hours for Feed.

Many farmers do not realize the importance of feeding their stock at regular hours, but it is of great importance. Take a lot of hogs which have to wait after their regular time for feed and see how restless and noisy they become. And what is true of them is true in a great measure of other animals. The man who is regular in his habits, eating at a regular hour, will, other things being equal, thrive best, and be healthiest and strongest; and what is true of man in this regard is correspondingly true of the lower animals. A farmer can readily get into the habit of feeding his stock regularly and they will learn to expect it at a regular time and rest patiently until the next feeding period comes about. Experiments in this direction would soon satisfy the most doubting person of the truth of the value of regularity in feeding.

Cultivate Shallow This Year.

If the land has been well prepared as advised in these columns, and is filled with humus, only shallow cultivation will be required. If, however, you must cultivate deeply at any time, let this be done at the first cultivation before the roots of the plants have taken full possession of the land; then let each subsequent cultivation be shallower than the preceding one. This is to keep from cutting and injuring the roots. If we expect to get a maximum crop, we must take care of the root system of the plant. Again, to get a maximum crop we must encourage the roots to take complete possession of all the land so as to take up and appropriate the available plant food in the soil for plant use.

Some Don'ts.

Don't keep milk, butter or butter milk standing in your churn.

Don't keep your butter standing around in your butter bowl.

Don't half wash and scald the milk utensils and promise to do it better tomorrow.

Don't pour hot water in your cream to warm it and then when you have it melted pour cold water in to cool it. Get a dairy thermometer for a few cents. If cream is too cold put into some vessel and put warm water around it, stirring frequently.

Don't set your milk, cream or butter near decaying vegetables, kerosene or anything that will contaminate it. It's as susceptible of bad odors as a politician is of graft. Remember that cleanliness and eternal vigilance is the price of good butter, and when you put it on the market may it be like Caesar's wife.

Fowls do not require so much care as an inexperienced person might think, but the care must be intelligent and given regularly and at the right time.

SAMUEL IN THE TEMPLE

A STORY OF THE PERIOD OF THE JUDGES IN ISRAEL

By the "Highway and Byway" Preacher

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Scripture Authority.—I Sam. chapter 3. Also verses 18 and 19 of chapter 2.

SERMONETTE.

"The word of the Lord was precious in those days."—Not to the people of Israel, but to God. Spiritual life was at such a low ebb in the nation that the precious things of God were withheld because God could not give what the people were not ready to receive. God never wastes his revelation. He never casts his pearls before swine. Sad, is it not, to think that there is only too often a condition of life and heart which shuts tight the windows of heaven and prevents the Divine blessing from descending? The word of the Lord is precious—how precious we shall not fully realize until we come into his presence and the full knowledge of eternity. What poverty of soul is that which feels no desire for the Divine message! What fatal deadness to know not or care not for God's word!

"Speak for thy servant hear."—What if with every whispering of the Divine voice in our souls there would be the quick, glad, eager response of Samuel?

Many, many times the day comes the gentle promptings to think of God and to obey his will, but as often they go unheeded, or with the promise to listen when a more convenient season has come. But man's convenience is not the time of God's revelation. God does not deal in futures. It is a present relationship which he would bear to the human life. And when he stoops to speak, the soul must stop to listen. If it does not it is at its peril. God may not speak again. Certain it is, that the message and the blessing lost can never be regained. Other blessing and other message may come from God as in mercy and love God deals patiently with the indifferent soul, but there is a distinct and positive loss to that soul for all time which falls to take when God holds out to give. Whether during the busy rush of the day, or during the still watches of the night, let us be eager to say when God's voice is heard speaking in the soul: "Speak for thy servant hear."

"And Samuel told him every whit."—It is hard to tell the truth to our friends, sometimes. It is easy to say the flattering word, but it is quite another thing to be frank and honest and say the word which shall point the error, and sound the warning. But is this not really the test of true friendship? It may seemingly strain our relations with those whom we love and hold in special esteem, but in the end it will work to their good and to the strengthening of the ties of friendship. Deal faithfully. Give God's revelation to the heart of another, even though it is a message of condemnation and warning.

THE STORY.

SAMUEL watched with more than usual interest the preparations which were going forward for the solemn celebration of the Passover feast, for not only was he to have a part in the celebration but he knew his mother would come. It had been a long year to the young boy. His brave little heart had found comfort in the thought that he belonged to the Lord and that he was in the temple to serve him, but at times there was the hungering in his heart for the love and comfort which only a mother knows how to bestow. But she had faithfully prepared him for the separation, for from his earliest recollection she had filled his heart and thought with the place he was to take in the temple service, and when at last the time had come that he was to go up with her to Shiloh, a childish sense of the dignity and importance made him brave and willing to remain behind while his mother returned home. As she had embraced him and pressed a warm, tender kiss upon his brow at parting she had said:

"Remember, son, against another year I will come hither to see thee. See how much of good thou canst have to tell me concerning thy service in the Lord's house."

He had often thought of the words, and they had comforted him in the lonely hours and encouraged him when his heart had grown faint and weary with the monotonous routine of the simple daily tasks. He had been brave and steadfast and so apt and faithful a student had he proved that at last he had been included among those who played upon the musical instruments in the temple service, and his first thought had been of his mother and how proud and pleased she would be on her return at the time of the feast now near at hand to find him filling such a place.

So impatiently he had counted the days until the first day of the feast. He well knew that his mother would come then and scarcely did sleep come to his eyes the night before, because of the happy expectation which filled his heart. Before the light had begun to break in the east he had left his couch in the little tent which adjoined that occupied by the high priest Eli, and was waiting to extinguish the lights in the temple.

As he stood there with eyes turned towards the east, watching eagerly for the coming of the day, his mind went back over the experiences of the year. He recalled his first day in the temple service; of how strange and big it seemed, and he had wondered whether

or God knew he was there, and that he was just a wee bit lonely since his mother had gone. He had recalled the stories which his mother had told him of how Moses had been taken by his mother to the palace of the daughter of Pharaoh, when he was just about his age, and he had wondered whether he had felt as forlorn and lonely as he. And then he had comforted himself with the thought that he was better off than Moses had been for he was in God's dwelling place and Moses had been among a people who did not know or care for his God.

"And I'll try and be as faithful as Moses was and learn all I can so as to be fitted for God's service," he had thought to himself with a wisdom far beyond his years. And often since that first definite experience in the temple this thought had come to him to quicken him in his studies and duties. Each day he had had his task to do and his lessons to learn, and eagerly he listened as the aged priest Eli had gone over the history of Israel and had told of God's dealings with Israel. He had been deeply interested in those parts of the stories where it was told that God had spoken to his people and their leaders, and had asked Eli, with childish eagerness:

"Does God speak to you?" And then when the aged priest had hesitated in evident confusion and embarrassment, he had followed up his first question with:

"How can we hear God speak?" But he had had no satisfactory response from Eli, and this was one of the questions which he was anxious to ask his mother when she should come.

Then there were some things about the temple service which he knew his mother could explain to him as he had not been explained to him by Eli or his sons. Nay, Samuel had early learned that it was quite useless to ply the latter with questions. In fact he had felt in his childish heart an aversion for Hophni and Phinehas which had led him to avoid them all he could. Here was something else he wanted to ask his mother:

How it was that if they were servants of the Lord they should take the best of the sacrifices for themselves, as he had seen them do repeatedly when the people had come to make their offerings to the Lord.

These were some of the things which were troubling his tender heart, and there was the brighter side, as he thought of the part he was taking in the temple service and how his mother would feel proud of her boy as she saw him among the musicians doing his part to make a joyful noise unto the Lord. In this way his mind kept busy while he waited for the breaking of the dawn, and so absorbed did he become in his meditations that the sun was all but bursting above the horizon when he aroused himself.

"I shall be late," he exclaimed, hastening towards the gate of the temple court. "But what is that?" he added, noting the dust in the distance and moving figures. "Who can be coming so early to the celebration? Can it be mother?" he asked himself, and the first impulse was to rush off down the pathway to meet the approaching company, but he checked himself, and remembering his duties in the temple, he hurried on and was soon busy extinguishing the lights and performing the duties preparatory to the services of the day. Already the Levites were arriving and putting things in order for the offering of the sacrifices, and many a little duty fell to the lot of Samuel to perform: everything was ready. Almost impatiently he waited for the chance to get away to find his mother.

Now, the last task was completed and he would be able to get away, but just as he was passing out of the outer court one of the Levites summoned him and requested him that he find Eli.

A look of disappointment swept over his face, and he was just on the point of saying: "My tasks are all done now and I must go," when the thought came to him: "What would mother think if I should come to her with a service left undone?" and so swallowing his disappointment he started off to do the bidding of the Levite.

And when he had come into the presence of Eli the high priest and had delivered his message, who should he find waiting to receive him in an adjoining apartment with his mother, and what was his delight to find that she had brought him a little coat, the work of her loving hands.

AMAZING LIFE JOURNEY.

Champion Long Distance Traveler an English Engine Driver.

Between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 miles is the amazing distance said to have been traveled by Mr. James Guest, the doyen of Great Northern express drivers, who has just retired after half a century of honorable service. If this estimate is at all accurate, Mr. Guest is probably entitled to rank as the champion long-distance traveler of the world, although he has had a formidable rival in Mr. Benjamin Jeans, who, during his 54 years' service as guard on the London & Birkenhead express, is credited with having traveled 4,000,000 miles, or more than the equivalent of 160 journeys round the equator.

Mr. John Higginbottom, a veteran engine driver on the Midland railway, completed 2,000,000 miles on the foot-plate a few years ago; and Mr. Robert Maybank, who served 50 years as engine driver on the London & South-western railway, and who was fireman on the train which brought the prince of Wales to London 44 years ago to meet his bride, Princess Alexandra of Denmark, was credited with a similar record.—Tit-Bits.

Oil Bottled in New England.

A large part of the real olive oil consumed in New York comes to the city by way of New England. The olive oil men of California have formed themselves into an association, the members of which produce the greater part of the 250,000 gallons of oil now the output of this country yearly. For the eastern trade they have established a big bottling plant in New England, to which the oil