

'frog's march.' He soon got tired of this and begged to be allowed to walk. After a few paces, he suddenly stopped, looked at the escort, and then struck one of them in the face. That was the finishing touch—he was 'frog-marched' to his tent, and in due time tried by court-martial. It was a sad sight at the time of the reading of the proceedings of the court-martial. We were formed up on parade, and I. M.—, looking as white as a ghost, was marched in front between two men with drawn swords. Amid the general silence of the company, the officer read the proceedings, and then came the sentence:—'To be reduced to the ranks, and twelve months' imprisonment.' Thereupon the sergeant stepped forward and cut from off the prisoner's arm the stripes which had taken him years to gain, and then gave the command, 'Prisoner and escort, right about wheel, quick march.' So he was taken back to the guard room, thence to the military prison, and I saw him no more.

It was a sad day with us. I. M.— was a general favorite, but even his best friends could hardly help saying what a fool he had been. Perhaps the saddest part of the story was that our comrade had a poor old widowed mother in England, to whom he regularly sent a pound a month. Now, perhaps she must end her days in the workhouse, 'her gray hairs brought down with sorrow to the grave' by her son's disgrace.

'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.' 'Don't be a fool!'

### Counting One.

(By Eva Kinney Griffith.)

The W. C. T. U. at Marston decided to serve coffee and sandwiches at the polls on election day. This particular union consisted of just five women; Mrs. Utley, the wife of the man who had started the manufactory which was the 'raison d'être' of the little new town; Mrs. Wheelock, the book-keeper's wife, Mrs. Johnson, the new minister's wife, Miss Taylor, her sister, and Maud Utley, a girl of fifteen.

It was the first election the town had ever held, and the women felt that it was important that the new city should start out with a no-license policy. So far, a few temperance meetings had been held, at which nobody had said anything except the minister and Mr. Utley; a no-license ticket had been put in the field, and the women were hopeful.

Soon after nine o'clock, on election day, the women were at their post, and long before noon a neat little table was arranged with a pile of no-license tickets, and some blue ribbons on one end of it, in the new board shanty next to the little pine building where the ballot-box stood.

Now and then, a solitary man or two in company, passed the door on their way to the polls and looked curiously in, but no one entered. At noon the husbands of the married women came and took their lunch, and carried off, each, a no-license ticket and a blue ribbon, but no one else came near.

All the long afternoon the women watched and waited. Occasionally one of the more timorous ventured out upon the street and invited a man to come in and partake of their lunch, and to vote the no-license ticket for the sake of the children. But the most of the men thus addressed could not speak English, and the rest politely declined.

At last, when it was almost time for closing the polls and the women were about to withdraw from the scene in a state of utter vanquishment, a man entered of his own accord, looked around a moment as if embarrassed, then sat down to the table and solemnly ate a sandwich and drank a cup of coffee.

When offered a no-license ticket, he accepted it, submitted to have a blue ribbon tied in his button-hole, and then silently and solemnly walked out again.

The women were elated to know that they had one friend in the scornful crowd that had so ignored them all day. When the votes were counted that night there were just four no-license.

'Any way,' the women said to each other; 'there was one more than ourselves.' And in spite of Mr. Utley's teasing they continued to believe that their work was not lost.

Inquiry developed the fact that their silent friend was a Norwegian with an unpronounceable name, who had lately come to Marston to act as foreman in one of the large shops.

A few weeks later Mrs. Utley decided to start a Loyal Temperance Legion. She had the meeting announced in the church and in the one little newspaper which the town afforded, while she herself visited many of the workmen's families and invited the children to come.

The first meeting was held in the evening. About thirty noisy, untrained urchins were there, and just as Mrs. Utley had called them to order in came the solemn Norwegian, pushing before him two little tow-headed mites almost as solemn as himself. As soon as Mrs. Utley took them in charge he slipped into a back seat and silently waited until the close, then took the little ones home again.

At every public meeting or entertainment of the W. C. T. U. thereafter, whether it rained or whether it shone, this man was always present, and although he steadily refused to talk, except in monosyllables, he never failed to do his share of work when there was anything to be done that he could do. Mr. Utley dubbed him the Ever Faithful, and the women, hard pressed by opposition and discouragements, grew to depend on this silent friend more than they knew. Sometimes they urged him to speak in their social meetings, but he always shook his head.

'No, ladies,' he would say, sometimes; 'I cannot talk for temperance, but I will always count one for your side.'

They were often mystified by this curious answer, but one evening Mrs. Utley unexpectedly learned its meaning.

The Loyal Legion had been flourishing for about a year when a sudden check came to it. A new priest came to the little Catholic church, and forbade its members to allow their children to attend the Loyal Legion. At the next meeting of the society Mrs. Utley found no one present except her own children, the two little tow-heads, and the Ever Faithful.

She was so disappointed she could hardly keep from crying, but controlling her feelings, she sat down to have a cosy chat with the little tow-heads, and was surprised to find how much they remembered of what she had taught them.

Soon she went down the aisle where Ever Faithful sat, and seated herself in front of him with the determination to make him talk if it were possible.

'What shall we do with our Loyal Legion now?' she burst out. 'Aren't you perfectly discouraged? Why did the Lord let that priest come to interfere when our work was going on so well?'

The man looked at her with an expression of dull surprise, but he said not a word. But Mrs. Utley had reached the point where she must talk, even if she got no answer.

'What has my work amounted to?' she questioned; 'here I've labored and prayed for those children, and some of them were actually growing good, and now that priest has spoiled everything.'

'You have counted one,' remarked the silent man, with a vague attempt at comfort.

'But what does that amount to? What can I do against such a tide of opposition, any way?' she went on. 'Everything is against us. Half the people can't understand English, and they are so pitifully ignorant. What can I do for them?'

'You can count one,' was the laconic answer.

Mrs. Utley did not know whether to laugh or cry at this peculiar method of comfort. Presently she decided to do neither.

'Won't you tell me,' she asked with a winning smile, 'what you mean by "counting one"?' 'What makes you say it so often?'

The Ever Faithful struggled a moment for words, and then said: 'Ten years ago, lady, I lived in a town where there were some temperance women like you. And they had what they call a consecration pledge. I had it yet. I let you read it.'

Taking from his pocket a soiled and worn paper, he handed it to Mrs. Utley, who took it and read:—

'We, the undersigned, hereby solemnly promise that from this hour we will devote our lives to temperance work. We pledge ourselves to be ready to sacrifice time, money, labor, property and, if necessary, life itself, in this cause, whenever and wherever God shall call.'

'Well?' said Mrs. Utley inquiringly, when she had finished.

'You see, lady, one dem women she asked me to sign. And I say, What use me to sign it, I cannot do anything? I have no education, no money, no property, no anything. I cannot do anything for temperance. And the lady, she say, "John, you can always count one for our side," so I tink if that be all the Lord want me to do I sign it. Ten year I keep that pledge. Wherever dere be temperance meeting or temperance voting I go and count one. What difference it make to me whether dere be big crowd or little one; don't I count one just the same when dere be only five as when dere be five hundred? Sometimes the men say, "John, you trow your vote away." I say no, the Lord count it on his side just the same when it stand all alone as when it stand with ten thousand. I no promised to be a crowd at the meetin'; I no promise to carry election; I only promise to count one. Now, lady, I hope you no more worry 'bout dat wicked priest. The Lord will settle with him, you just count one.'

The tears stood in Mrs. Utley's eyes as he finished.

'You have taught me a lesson, John,' she said, grasping his hand warmly; 'hereafter I'll trust the defeats to the Lord and see to it that I count my one, whatever happens to the work.'

It was not many weeks before the children came back to the Loyal Legion which grew so large in time that it had to be divided into two and meet on separate evenings. The little new town grew to be a prosperous, thriving city, and the W. C. T. Union multiplied its membership by ten.

Mrs. Utley branched out in the work and became in due time county president, then district president and finally a state officer. And frequently at the conventions over which she presides with sweet dignity, she tells the story of the man whom her husband still calls her Ever Faithful, and how he taught her to count one for God in darkness as well as light, in defeat as well as in victory. And captured by her enthusiasm and led on by her courage the women of her district tell the story to one another as each in her place stands to count one for God and home and native land.

The two little tow-heads have grown to be intelligent and enthusiastic young people, right hand helpers to Mrs. Utley in all good works. Other little tow-heads, their younger brothers and sisters, have come to take their places in the Loyal Legion, and Mr. Utley says that if the family of Ever Faithful keeps on it will count ten for temperance instead of one.—'Union Signal.'