THE CHILD TO THE FATHER

Father, it's your love that safely guides me,
Always it's around me, night and day,
It shelters me, and soothes, but never chides me,
Yet, father, there's a shadow in my way.

All the day, my father, I am playing
Under trees where sunbeams dance and dart—
But often just at night when I am praying
I feel this awful hunger in my heart.

Father, there is something—it has missed me—
I've felt it through my little days and years;
And even when you petted me and kissed me
I've cried myself to sleep with burning tears.

To-day I saw a child and mother walking,
I caught a gentle shining in her eye,
And music in her voice when she was talking—
Oh, father, is it that that makes me cry?

Oh, never can I put my arms around her,
Or never cuddle closer in the night;
Mother, oh, my mother!—I've not found her—
I look for her and cry from dark to light!

—Robert Bridges, in Ladies' Home Journal.

His Friend, The Enemy

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK

Author of "Rogers of Butte," "The Spur of Necessity," "Mr. Fitt, Astrologer," etc.

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CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"We are quartered across the hall. After Col. Dingle got into such a predicament we could do no less than help him out of it. While you and your fellow townsmen were wrangling in the office, I left by a rear stairway and a rear door and had the liveryman saddle and make ready the horse you rode over from Harmony last night. The animal was hitched near the building you propose to use for a courthouse. When Col. Dingle escaped from the room the coast was comparatively clear, as nearly all the inhabitants were at the hotel. For that reason he had no difficulty in getting away. In my haste I lost my bracelet and did not discover that it was gone until the angry citizens came flocking up the stairs. Then, of course, it was too late to recover it. I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Herbert, for proceeding so secretly in the matter. You had seen that bracelet before and you knew who the owner of it must be, so you had only to raise your voice and direct the whole pack against us. We're grateful, aren't we, Lois?"

"Very," said Miss Pinkney in a constrained voice.

"You are under no obligation to me," returned Guy. "The account is more than balanced by your kindness of last night, Miss Vlandingham."

At this juncture Guy heard some one coming up the stairs three steps at a time.

"Quick!" he murmured; replace your veils."

Miss Pinkney's hands trembled as she once more folded the gray covering across her face. But there was no trace of alarm in the actions of Miss Betty. She was as cool and self-possessed as though presiding at some social function in her own town of Harmony.

Barely were the fair faces covered when Sampson burst into the parlor. He stopped short on beholding the ladies and evidenced some confusion.

"What do you want, Sampson?" asked Guy.

"The Colonel wants to see you, Mr. Herbert, and in a tearing hurry."

Guy turned to give a parting salute to the ladies, but Miss Betty extended her hand. As he took the little palm in his she whispered:

"As a friend, I thank you from the bottom of my heart, Mr. Herbert; but as an enemy—I defy you! Do not be too sentimental nor overchivalrous. Remember, I am here in the interests of Harmony and that it is your duty to look out for Concord."

With that he turned away and Guy followed Sampson out of the room.

CHAPTER VI.

Col. Keever was tremendously wrought up. He was pacing the restricted limits of his office and tossing his arms and talking to himself, so wrathfully oblivious of his surroundings that he did not notice the entrace of Guy and Sampson for several moments.

Occasionally the Colonel would halt, glower at a copy hook fastened to the wall, shake his fist at it and address it by such terms as "infernal scoundrel," "contemptible cur," and so on. Finally he jerked the hook from the wall, cast it on the floor and set his heel on the sheets that were strung upon it.

"Great guns, Colonel," cried Sampson, "you're spoilin' about a dozens stickfuls of copy."

"Oh, is it you, Sampson?" said the Colonel, whirling. "Mr. Herbert, I want a word with you, sir." He picked up the hook with its attached sheets and handed it to the printer. "Go out and get to work on that," he said, shortly. Sampson vanished into the workroom forthwith. "How long have you been in this office, Mr. Herbert?" asked the Colonel.

"About two minutes," replied Guy.

"Then you witnessed my ebullition of wrath, sir, and I beg your pardon. Ah, but I have a devil of a temper! I would fight at the drop of a hat—possibly, sir, I would jar the hand that held the hat. It's my southern breeding, I suppose; my southern breeding, backed by long years of slaughter in our late war. I am trying to outgrow my temper, but success comes very slowly. Some ancient philosopher said that every man has a wolf imprisoned in his breast. I believe that, Herbert, and I am trying to strangle my own particular wolf. It was the wolf that hurled scorching words at that copy hook and tore it from the wall, sir; not Keever—no, no, not Keever. But—" and the Colonel brought his right fist down in his left palm—"the wolf is going to have the upper hand until I square accounts with this man Dingle."

"I wouldn't do anything rash, Colonel," ventured Guy.

"Rash? Gad! What would you do if a man struck you twice across the face with his hat?"

"Knock him down," said Guy, promptly.

"Pre-cisely, and that's what any man with an ordinary temper would do. But that would only be a half-way measure with me. I presume you noticed that I did not knock Dingle down?"

"I did," was the dry response.

"I restrained myself, held myself in check in order that I might take a more terrible vengeance. Herbert, I am going to have Dingle's life!"

"You certainly are not—"

"There, there! Don't try to argue with me, for it is useless, utterly useless. I have made up my mind. Let me assure you that I am no stranger to the field of honor. At one time, sir, the code duello was my vade mecum. I counted that day lost, Herbert, which passed without my calling some one out."

The Colonel pulled the brim of his white "top" hat firmly down over his brow. In his estimation a stiff white hat was the acme of gentility, the crown and symbol of a gentleman. A stiff white hat, moreover, throws about its wearer a political glamour, which was something not to be ignored by the editor of that justly celebrated sheet, the Concord Blizzard. The Colonel not only pulled down the brim of his hat, but he buttoned the two lower buttons of his frock coat across his capacious stomach, rested one elbow on the top of his desk and swung his cane—swung it slowly and relentlessly. His manner plainly stating that threats, prayers and entreaties would alike be powerless to swerve him, Guy thought best not to make another attempt.

In a little while the Colonel ceased swinging his cane long enough to indicate with the point of it a letter which lay open on the top of his desk.

"Read that, Herbert," he said; "by gad, you read that."

Guy cast his eyes down and read the following:

"Archibald Keever, Colonel so-called—Sir: I have been appointed a committee of one to rid this territory of your baneful presence. You have cumbered the earth too long, and I shall be pleased to offer you a proof of my distinguished regard with a six-shooter at 20 paces, time and place to be designated by you. My only stipulation is that the place selected be equidistance from Concord and Harmony. Reply by post. If you do not meet me, I shall make it my pleasant duty to publicly chastise you and denounce you as the arrant braggart that you are.

"ISAAC DINGLE."

"That certainly has a business-like sound," commented Guy.

The Colonel laughed tragically.

"'Colonel, so-called!'" he sneered. "By gad, I didn't have to move west, like Dingle, to get a title. I won it on the field of battle, sir, spilling my blood for my country. He asks for an affectionate exchange of pow-

"QUICK, REPLACE YOUR VEILS!"

der and ball and I shall give him a heartfelt token of my esteem at the distance specified. Herbert, I want you for my second."

Guy shook his head. The cane stopped swinging with a jerk and a hard, hard look came into the Colonel's eyes.

"Do I understand you to say, sir, that you will not accommodate me?"

"I don't believe in duels, Colonel. Nature has endowed every gentleman with a pair of fists. If these weapons are powerless to protect his honor, his honor is hardly worth bothering about."

The pith of this remark escaped the Colonel entirely.

"I am not only protecting my own honor, Herbert," he said coldly, "but the honor of our town as well. Your 1,200 lots share in the general ignominy, and it is your duty to stand by me in this little affair. Do I still understand you to say that you won't?"

"You do. I want a fair and square fight for the county seat and I don't approve of any coarse or gratuitous flings like that of the weathervane. Claptrap of that kind merely intensifies the hostile feeling which is already too bitter and vengeful. It is only a step from our present situation to warfare and bloodshed. I was in grave peril, last night——"

"I was going to ask you about that," broke in the Colonel, curiosity for the moment overcoming his resentment. "You succeeded in getting in?"

"Yes; and I succeeded in getting out again and saving myself a rough experience only through the magnanimity of Mr. Vlandingham."

"Vlandingham is a knave, sir!"

"Mr. Vlandingham is a gentleman, Col. Keever!"

"He couldn't come of the stock he does and be a gentleman."

"Rot!" exclaimed Guy disgustedly.

"We won't quarrel, Herbert; it won't do for us to quarrel. Did you discover anything at the meeting?"

"Nothing of any consequence."

At that moment the office door opened and a man who looked like a day laborer came into the room. He had a shifty eye, and unrazored face and wore a red and sweat-stained shirt. His hands were big and seamed with toil.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded the Colonel.

"My name's Hepburn," replied the man, rolling his eyes from the Colonel to Guy, and then about the room. "Up to yesterday I was workin' on the section at Harmony. But I got fired yesterday mornin'."

"Ah, ha!" returned the Colonel, blinking. Here was a deserter from the enemy, a man with a grievance. "What do you want, Mr. Hepburn?"

"I suppose I can talk before him all right," answered Hepburn, nodding his head in Guy's direction. "He was the chap that got out of Harmony last night by the skin of his teeth."

"Certainly you can talk before him," said the Colonel.

"Is there anyone else to hear us?" Hepburn's gaze continued to travel around the sanctum, and his face became anxious.

"There's no one else to hear us," answered the Colonel impatiently. "Proceed, sir; proceed."

"Well, then I want to sell some information."

"What is it about?" queried the Colonel, warily.

"About Harmony."

"What's it worth?"

"It's worth hundreds to you, mebby thousands, and mebby it means the county seat—I don't know. I want $20 for the information. Got to have money to get to Jimtown. Ain't never going back to Harmony no more."

The Colonel laid his cane on top of his desk, removed his hat and placed it carefully beside the cane, and then began to rub his hands.

"What do you say?" asked Hepburn.

The Colonel looked toward Guy as though expecting him to foot the bill.

"I say 'No,'" said Guy. "I don't want your information, Mr. Hepburn, "and decline to hand over the price of your treachery."

Hepburn appeared startled and the Colonel's jaw dropped spasmodically.

"Are you mad?" spluttered Keever. "Let me tell you, sir, that if you try to run this county seat fight according to any Sunday-school notions we'll be beaten hands down."

"All right," returned Guy cheerfully.

"It's not all right, sir," cried the Colonel. "You with your 1,200 lots are not the only man interested. There are others. In behalf of the others"—he drew a bill from his pocket and handed it to Hepburn—"I shall pay Mr. Hepburn the price of his treachery, if you please."

"Then look to it that the money doesn't come out of the Townsite fund," warned Guy.

Col. Keever held his head very high and refused to take any notice of these words.

"Go on," said he to Hepburn.

"Well," saide Hepburn, casting a nervous glance at Guy, "one of Vlandingham's hired men is a friend of mine, and he told me what I am goin' to tell you. Cap'n Blue has formed a company of twenty men, which he calls the Harmony Invincibles. They're drilling nearly all the time."

"Is that all?"

"That's only half. The other half is the biggest part of the news. There are two spies in this town. They are at the hotel now disguised as Sisters of Charity. One of them is Vlandingham's daughter an' t'other one is a Miss Pinkney."

A cold chill swept along Guy's nerves. Had he known what was coming he would have reached out and choked the section man into silence. The Colonel let off a roar of delight and grabbed up his hat and cane.

"Are you done, Hepburn?" he cried.

"Ain't that enough?" asked the informer, wickedly, his hand on the door knob.

"It'll do, it'll do. Mind you keep this to yourself, man."

"They'd hang me if I ever went back to Harmony and they found it out."

Hepburn departed and the Colonel turned to Guy.

"Young man," said he, severely, "your notions of right and wrong are exaggerated and out of place. But for me those two items of information would never have been delivered. Vlandingham's daughter here at our mercy! Gad, think of that!"

The Colonel started for the door and Guy stepped quickly in front of him.

"What do you intend to do about it?" asked Guy, quietly.

"Do?" blustered the Colonel. "Why, I'm going to have Pettibone, the sheriff, arrest 'em both. We'll hold 'em as hostages. Vlandingham will have to bargain with us for their release, by gad! We'll make it cost him the county seat!"

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Guy, a glint of steel coming into his eyes.

"What's this?" cried the Colonel. "By the eternal, it looks as though you are playing into the hands of the enemy and that we have three traitors in camp instead of two."

"It's immaterial how it looks to you. I will deal with these ladies at the hotel."

"No, by gad! Stand aside! Stand aside, I say, or I'll brain you!"

The Colonel caught his cane by the lower end and flourished the heavy handle above Guy's head. Quick as a flash the young man caught the stick, jerked it from the Colonel's grasp and flung it into a corner; then he grabbed the Colonel by both shoulders and pinned him against the partition.

"Attempt to arrest those young ladies, or say a word about their being in this town," he muttered, fiercely, "and I'll see that you have cause to regret it. I'll take care of them."

After giving the Colonel a final bump against the partition he released him and dashed from the office.

CHAPTER VII.

It was about 11 o'clock when Guy left the Colonel's office. He did not go to the hotel immediately, but hastened first across the street to the livery stable. A big strapping fellow came out and advanced toward him from the shadowy regions between the stalls. Guy was surprised, for in spite of the big fellow's turned-up coat collar and continued attempts to keep his face averted, he recognized him as Barney.

Guy had not much time to waste in useless expressions of astonishment or in any other extended chain of thought. He immediately connected Barney with that note of which he had been the bearer, and which was written on the back of a sheet of newspaper copy." The next instant he recalled Vlandingham's words about Barney's inability to read writing. If this were true, Barney certainly could not have been the author of that note. Possibly there were four spies in camp instead of two. Was the fourth man Sampson?

"Well, Barney," said Guy, cynically, "we meet again."

"You've got the best o' me," answered Barney, staring blankly at Guy.

"Don't try to play the innocent," went on Guy, drawing closer to the stableman and speaking in a low and hurried tone. "I know you're a Harmony man, but I give you my word that I won't say anything about it, providing you stop your spying operations from this on. Just now I want you to help me. Miss Vlandingham and Miss Pinkney are here in town disguised as Sisters of Charity. Col. Keever has found it out and I want to get them started back to Harmony before any harm befalls them. Put your best team to a double-seated carriage in the shortest possible order and drive to the hotel."

[To Be Continued.]

CASH ON THE NAIL.

How for the Lack of $200 a South American Republic Was Thrown Into Bankruptcy.

"I happened to get caught in one of the revolutions of the South American states," said a Boston mining engineer, according to a local exchange, "and within two hours of the outbreak I had been sentenced to be shot. The president was no friend of mine, and he was in a hurry to get me under ground.

"At midnight I was marched out under guard, and as we came to the place of execution I said to the lieutenant in charge of the party:

"'Look here, old boy. I have $200 in gold hidden away.'

"'Is it possible?' he gasped.

"'If you shoot me, it will never be found.'

"'Of course not, but if I spare you the money is mine and you disappear as quickly as possible. Great heavens, what luck!'

"'And you'll take the money and turn me loose?'

"'You bet! Why $200 would buy your life four times over. Cast him loose, boys. Now, senor, where is the gold? Bless my heart, what a president we have got! He was going to have a man shot who could give up $200!'

"Thirty days later when the revolution had failed and the late president was again a nobody, I met him one day, and he threw up his hands and exclaimed:

"'Alas, senor, what a trick you played me! For the want of the $200 you said nothing about, our cause has failed and our country is forever ruined.'"

Bring Your Own Ability.

If one brings the ability, the world will provide the opportunity. Sooner or later, if we go the right way about it, the world gives us a fair rate of exchange for ourselves. But, of course, much depends on how we place our goods on the market. Gifts in themselves are not enough. We must know how to manage our gifts. More than half of success lies in the proper management of our gifts. The gifts are hardly more important. Of course, there are people who expect success, without gifts, or work, or anything; idle malcontents, who seem to think the world is in debt to them for honoring it with their presence, thriftless camp followers in the battle of life; a strange race of men and women, at whom one can only look with curious wonder.—Success.

Back Talk.

Mr. Spatz—It's not polite to yawn in the presence of company the way you did.

Mrs. Spatz—I know that, but I put my hand to my mouth and—

"That's not sufficient. You should use something that would completely conceal your mouth."—Philadelphia Press.

A Pair of Guesses.

"Do you love me still?" asked the wife.

"I do, indeed," replied the husband.

Then she thought and he thought and she wondered if he meant it as she understood it and he wondered if she understood it as he meant it.—Chicago Daily News.

OUR POSTAL SERVICE

It Indicates the Growth of the Nation's Prosperity.

United States Now Has Upward of 77,000 Postmasters—How Their Accounts Are Checked and Audited.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Very soon after his retirement from the senate, where he had been a conspicuous figure for almost 20 years, John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, delivered a lecture in this city in which he dwelt particularly on the various ways of getting on in the world. He compared himself with Jay Gould, the millionaire, saying: "We both began life with the same facilities, and about the same time. Gould was gifted with business instincts, and I had the gift of gab. We each developed our talents. Gould has become a millionaire, and I am a statesman out of a job."

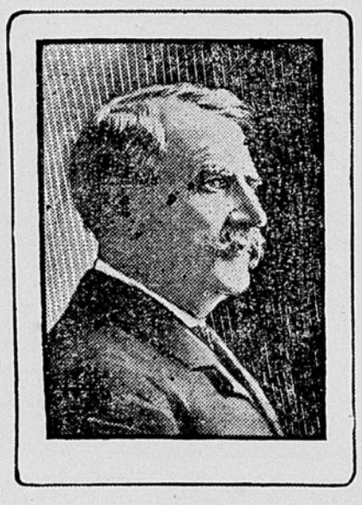
Stories concerning the developments of the lives of successful men are always interesting, and usually instructive. Not long ago Senator McMillan, of Michigan, permitted the publication of the manner in which he began life in a rented house which he bought on the installment plan; how he bought other houses, and finally purchased the entire block of ground on which he began, and built thereon his palace.

Nations grow as men grow. Men and women gifted with the reflective faculties enjoy reading the histories of the development of successful nations, and from them learn valuable lessons for the betterment and development of individuals. Samson, the strong man of Scripture, gloried in his strength, went to excesses, and finally fell into the hands of his enemies who maimed and mutilated him. The history of some ancient nation might be taken, but everybody will better understand the history of the more modern nation which compares with Samson. Spain was a mighty nation, after centuries of development. But, like the Scriptural giant, Spain went into excesses, and gradually became a pauper nation. She fell again and again before her enemies, until at last her excesses compelled the masterful enmity of this republic, and she was driven from the continent which she had disgraced.

This nation of which we are all so proud has grown into magnificent proportions, and let us all hope that righteousness and integrity may always prevail, lest we also indulge in excesses and fall. Like the senator quoted, we have grown up on the installment plan. First we were comparatively small, but we expanded into Florida and the Gulf coast. Then we we expanded by the Louisiana purchase. Next by the Mexican war we expanded to the Pacific coast. Finally, by the war with Spain we expanded into both oceans, after making Hawaii a part of our individuality.

All the nations grow in wealth as they grow in population, and mercantile development is a corollary of every avenue of success. On the day of his assassination President McKinley talked to the whole world on this subject, while he advised his countrymen how to pursue business thoroughfares which have been opening during the recent years.

All commercial transactions of the present require the facilities of national and international mails. Therefore the development of the country is indicated by the growth of the executive department in charge of that branch of the public service. Very significent of the national growth were the words of Postmaster



POSTMASTER GENERAL PAYNE.

General Payne before leaving this city recently: "This department is seriously embarrassed for want of office room. We have rented buildings, but cannot go on renting year after year. The only businesslike thing to do is to provide further regular accommodations for the post office department. It seems to me that the government ought to condemn the entire square south of the department building and erect thereon a substantial annex."

With the purpose of making ample and permanent provision for the post office department, the congress caused to be erected on Pennsylvania avenue a nine-story granite building covering an entire block of ground, and the department was moved into that building in September, 1899, less than three years ago. Just think of it! In that brief space of time the department has grown so that now five divisions of the department are in rented quarters at an annual rental of more than $28,000. There is a constant growth of the work of the department and a corresponding increase in the number of clerks. The rural free delivery occupies two floors of a large office building opposite the department proper; the division of post office supplies is half a mile from headquarters; the railway mail service is more than a quarter of a mile away; and the mailbag repair shop is also separated from the department proper. All of these divisions are connected by the departmental telephone, but of course business cannot always be transacted satisfactorily in that manner.

There are now upwards of 70,000 post offices, 4,470 of them being presidential, the remainder being fourth class; all of them, however, are doing a gradually increased business, which must be supervised in this capital.

PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON.
(The First Man to Reform the Post Office Department.)

By the time the proposed annex can be completed it is estimated that there will be upwards of 80,000 post offices. By the way, while this development of the postal service indicates national prosperity, it must not be overlooked that the other executive departments are likewise showing increased business, alhough not to such a marked extent as in the postal service.

The auditor for the post office department, although an official of the treasury department, must have his offices in the same building with the post office department, for convenience in the transaction of public business. This official has under his direction in round numbers 600 employes, and they require a great deal of space.

In all ages of the world there has been a disposition to dishonesty on the part of government employes. Ananias and Sapphira were not the first, nor was Cassius the only Roman "reputed to have an itching palm." Previous to 1836 all postal accounts were received, recorded and settled in the post office department. Under this practice scandals arose and president Jackson requested the congress to investigate them. The congressional investigations resulted in a law establishing an auditor's bureau, as a separate institution, free from the influences of the postal service. In accordance with that law President Jackson appointed C. K. Gardner, of New Jersey, on July 2, 1836, and the postal accounts have ever since been audited by treasury officials, the present auditor being Henry A. Castle, of Minnesota, who has occupied the position since may 17, 1897. Previous to assuming the duties of this great office, Capt. Castle had been postmaster at St. Paul, Minn., where he made a careful study of postal laws and regulations.

In 1836 the total transactions of the office were less than $6,000,000 annually. For the last fiscal year the aggregate transactions amounted to $803,259,506. Isn't that a tremendous business? The sale of every stamp and postal card is watched by the auditor's office. Not a penny must be misdirected in all of the more than 36,000,000 domestic money orders which are issued every year. Every money order ultimately comes to the auditor's office as a voucher, where it is handled five times and checked twice, by different officials. Without counting them, the total weight of money orders received here has been upwards of 9,000 pounds in one month.

In his official report the auditor says: "Not only are we obliged to keep correct accounts of all branches of the postal service, for the purpose of our own settlements with postmasters, but we are almost daily called upon for information by the post office department which is used as a foundation for proceedings against postmasters and other employes, or for determining their status and efficiency. The official tenure and even the personal liberty of the postmaster may depend upon the statement of his accounts at a specified date, furnished by this office."

Previous to 1890 there were always thousands of delinquent accounts of postmasters every year. In 1892 a new system of auditing was inaugurated. In the third quarter of 1894 there were only 358 delinquents. For the quarter ended June 30, 1901, when there were 76,000 postmasters, there were only nine delinquent postmasters in the United States proper, two in Alaska and three in Hawaii. This is regarded as the best bookkeeping in the wold.

The postmaster general is very much in earnest in the matter of securing an additional building for the transaction of the work of his department. It is believed by the auditor and the officials that the secretary of the treasury will also desire the erection of additional quarters. In that event, with two members of the cabinet recommending the same thing, as a necessary business proposition, it is fair to presume that within another year we shall see the beginning of another handsome departmental building in this city.

SMITH D. FRY.