

The American Government

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KNOW YOUR GOVERNMENT

A CIPHER TELEGRAM

By JANE PINCKNEY BENNETT

When the Russo-Japanese war broke out Anna Zarenski, who had just become betrothed to Captain Paul Mickelenieff, was obliged to part with her lover, who was ordered with his regiment to Manchuria. It was a love match between them, and Anna suffered tortures at the approaching separation.

"Paul, dear," she said to him, "can you not send me a telegram every day instead of a letter? Any letter I may receive from you will be several weeks old."

"My darling! A telegram every day! Do you suppose the government would permit the wires to be put to such a use? Suppose all the lovers in the army were to have such a privilege accorded them. There would be no time for military dispatches. Besides, a telegram is open for others to read."

"Can't you telegraph in cipher?"

"A cipher telegraph over a government wire? Such a thing would send us both to Siberia."

But Siberia was better than the deprivation of two lovers to send loving words, and the young officer said that he would try to bribe an operator and send her just one little message by telegraph. But they must have a code. So together they arranged a very simple one. If a sentence began with the letter A, it meant "I love you as ever;" if it began with B, "I am well;" C, "I am ill;" D, "Wounded;" E, "I am lonely without you;" F, "A thousand kisses;" G, "I have escaped being injured in the recent battle," and so on to the end of the alphabet.

The captain left her, promising to do all he could to get her telegrams through, though he must use a large corruption fund. Money is a potent factor among Russian officials, and he succeeded in sending a number of messages. He did not attempt to send a dispatch after a fight, when the telegraph line was crowded with government dispatches. They were all placed in the hands of the operator when no fighting was going on, to send when he could.

One day after receipt of one of Anna's most loving letters Paul decided to reply over the wires. Taking his telegram to an operator whom he had already paid large sums, he handed him his telegram, slipping 50 rubles in his hand at the same time. The operator laid the message aside till he could get rid of a number of orders being transmitted to the supply department at St. Petersburg, but before he had sent them all a skirmish commenced with the Japanese, which ended in a battle.

It was not till the light neared its termination that a rush of telegraphic messages began. While the struggle was going on the operator had found time to send Paul's message. It reached St. Petersburg just as the government was expecting news of the result of the battle. The telegraph being in the hands of the government all offices were closed. The only instrument in use was in the cabinet of the czar. While his majesty and his minister of war were eagerly awaiting news from the seat of war a message was clicked off for Anna Zarenski as follows:

A bird in the hand. Every dog has his fortune favors the brave. Keep off the grass. PAUL.

A terrible scowl gathered on the brow of the minister of war as he read the words and handed the message to the emperor.

"A telegram in cipher, your majesty," he said.

The czar read it, and he, too, scowled. "Telephone the police," he said, "to arrest Anna Zarenski and bring her here. Have her produce the key to her cipher code under pain of instant death."

When Anna was arrested she was frightened out of her senses. She made matters worse by at first refusing to give up the code and only did so when told that it was by the czar's order and the penalty for withholding it instant death. She was put into a carriage, taken to the Winter palace and brought before the emperor, and the high officials gathered about him.

"What treasonable document is this?" said the czar, handing her Paul's dispatch. Anna took it, blushing like a rose. She was very pretty and, traitor or no traitor, made an attractive picture.

"Take the key," said the emperor, "and interpret the dispatch."

"I beg your majesty to direct some one else to interpret it."

"Obey the order," said the czar sternly.

Anna began the interpretation.

"A bird in the hand." She hesitated. "I love you as ever." "Every dog has his day." "I am lonely without you." She was too mortified to go on.

"Proceed," said the czar. "Fortune favors the brave." "A thousand kisses." "Keep off the grass." "Goodby, my angel."

The czar's features relaxed. Calling for the key, he assured himself that the interpretation was correct.

"You are forgiven," he said, holding out his hand for her to kiss.

Dropping on one knee, she pressed her lips to it in gratitude for the pardon.

"And your lover is included in the boon," added the czar. "For your sake I shall order him home on government business, and I trust your reunion will be very happy. But do not again use the government wires for love messages."

With a smile, he dismissed her.

Monkey Intelligence.

The monkey's intelligence has never been able to arrive at a point which enables that animal to achieve the untying of a knot. You may tie a monkey with a cord, fastened with the simplest form of common knot, and unless the beast can break the string or gnaw it in two he will never get loose. To untie the knot requires observation and reasoning power, and though a monkey may possess both he has neither in a sufficient degree to enable him to overcome the difficulty.

Freezing the Hair On.

It is reported that Sir Ernest Shackleton recommended extreme cold as one of the best means of strengthening the hair. Almost all that went with him on his antarctic expedition found that their hair grew thicker and stronger as they approached the pole. It was also found that baldheaded men were almost never found among those who worked for a cold storage company, where the men work all day in a temperature of 20 degrees of frost and the cold seems to make their hair thicker.—Medical Times.

The Main Question.

Fair Girl—My father made his fortune when he was a young man. Would you like to know how he did it? Gallant Youth—Not particularly. But I would like to know if he still has it.

LOVE'S HORRORS

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

The loveliest, the most barbarous, the simplest, the strangest acts committed by human beings find their motive in love. And there is no country in which love in its greatest intensity has flourished as in Italy. It is the soul of Italian poetry. It is the motive of Italian crime.

One of the oldest families of Italy is, or, rather, was, the Contis. Medieval Italy was ruled by great families, and their power lasted with varied degree for centuries. Beatrice Conti, a beautiful girl who lived in Rome a hundred years ago, when the Conti family was still, at least in name, prominent, loved Caesar Brandini, and her love was returned. Beatrice was a superior girl, and Brandini was a prominent young man. He was very accomplished, especially in those many arts pertaining to war, being the best fencer as well as the best shot among the patrician set of Rome. But he was nothing of a bully or a braggart and had only once had occasion to punish any man. That was for abusing a deformed child.

Scipione Brescini, a man about Caesar's age, was one day seen by the latter to cuff a crippled beggar who got in his way while crossing a street. Caesar was so indignant that he cuffed Brescini. Scipione did not return the blow, and the matter seemingly ended then and there.

Scipione was a rejected lover of Beatrice. To have been struck by his successful rival turned his soul into a fiery furnace. Had he not feared the superior skill of Caesar he would have challenged him. As it was, he found himself in a contemptible position, with no way out of it. Strange to say, he not only coveted revenge on Brandini, but on Beatrice. He brooded and brooded till he conceived the idea of striking the girl through her lover.

One night as Caesar was passing through one of those medieval Roman streets, too narrow for even a sidewalk, an arm was thrust out of a window, and a knife entered his back, piercing the heart. He fell and died in a few minutes.

Beatrice, knowing that her lover had only one enemy in the world and that was Scipione, felt assured that he was the murderer, but when a stiletto was left at her house on a dark night when the person leaving it could not be recognized she knew that it was the weapon with which Caesar had been stabbed and that Scipione was his murderer.

No more fiendish revenge is to be conceived. Beatrice was at once changed by it from the gentlest of women to a deadly fury. The new Beatrice differed from the former Beatrice in proportion to the strength of her love. It did not even occur to her to punish Scipione through the courts. She had no proof that he was the guilty person, and if she had she would not have produced it. The blood of the Contis ran pure in her veins, and the Contis of the past had not been in the habit of troubling the courts with their disputes. The men relied on their swords; the women—one of them was a Borgia.

She did not meet Scipione Brescini for some time after the murder and when she did surprised him by appearing not to suspect that he had anything to do with it. She even asked him if he could not think of some one whose enmity Caesar had aroused. Moreover, she did not appear to take her lover's death to heart so much as he had expected. Scipione gained confidence. All might yet be well between him and her. True, for a time he had hated her, but her presence rekindled love.

The two met often. Scipione did not need to go to see her at her house, for at that time every one in Rome met socially at all sorts of open air festivals. Beatrice always greeted Scipione with a smile—a smile that never had and never could fail to win him. And this is an effect of love. Like liquor, it steals a man's brains.

And so Scipione drifted to his ruin. He renewed the offer of his hand to Beatrice and was accepted.

Before their marriage Beatrice insisted on making a trip to India. She had heard of something in that country she wanted. Scipione was loath to part with her and could not understand her going. She told him she wished a flower that grew there and was nowhere else to be found with which to decorate her bridal veil. What a singular woman's whim—to go all the way to India for a flower!

Beatrice was gone a long while on her journey. When she returned she fixed a date for her wedding, but preferred that it should be in private.

After the ceremony she sat in her wedding dress, decked in the fresh, plucked flowers of a plant she had brought from India. Her husband sat beside her.

"For my sake, inhale the perfume of the flowers I was at so much pains to get for our bridal," she said.

She held one of them to his nostrils, and he drew in its perfume. When he was about to turn away she put her arm about his neck and pressed the flower to his nose. Presently he made another effort to turn away. He could not—he was paralyzed. Then where he had seen his loving wife he saw a demon. As his senses faded the face before him grew more terrible till death came to his relief. He had inhaled the odor of the poisonous flower of India.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

FLYING.

IT seems as though summer had started Only. And here we are shooting down the decline with August. Oh, my, how summer does fly! It's here To cheer us for a little while With its genial smile. To wrap us in a neat blanket of heat, To cling as a friend Who would make no end To his stay. And then it must away. It beats the well scrubbed Dutch How time does fly! It Never loafs around Or tries to be a steady boarder. In order To catch a fleeting moment We must arise, Rub our eyes And take a quick glance Or it will dance Into the vast And well filled past. That is what summer Is doing just now. It is on the roller coaster And is going some. Hear the hum Of the wheels? It comes, And goodness knows It goes. Hardly do we feel its hot breath On our necks Than we have to clear the decks For autumn.

Not on Him.

"Your face seems familiar, but I can't recall ever meeting you before."

"I don't think you ever met me."

"But I can't get over thinking I have seen you before. Maybe I have seen your picture somewhere."

"But I assure you I never have been cured of anything."



Handing Him On.

"This is leap year," said the gay bachelor tentatively.

"Ah!" responded the beautiful girl, without any infection.

"You know what leap year is for, don't you?" pursued he of the lax liberty and flirtatious disposition.

"Certainly," was the response.

"Well," he persisted, bound to have it come to him, "what is it for?"

"To give the girls a chance to show their independence," responded the beautiful girl as she turned on her heel and pursued her solitary way.

Modern.

"The Youngloves certainly have an up to date baby."

"Have they?"

"Yes. They can't put it to sleep by rocking it."

"They just lay it on a bed, give it a copy of Browning, and it reads itself to sleep, I suppose."

"By no means. It refuses to slumber at all unless they take it auto riding."

No Hope There.

"What are you looking over the fashion plates for, hubby?"

"I was just noticing that it doesn't take much to make a woman's dress this season."

"Much?"

"No."

"Oh, as to material, no. But the money!"

Wasted Effort.

My luck is just like this, you see: Whenever from a watery grave A maiden fair and young I save She's sure to have a family, And so she cannot marry me.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

It is more fun to talk about the artistic temperament than it is to live with it.

Nobody should nurse a grouch unless he is paid wages for it.

A good excuse should be trained to stay around where it is needed. It is embarrassing not to find it when it is wanted.

The excessive humidity keeps the weather man from suffering from the charge of having joined the dregs.

Why should men be permitted to criticize women's dress when they don't know how to attire themselves either beautifully or comfortably?

If the cost of living would consent to come down from its pedestal the act would be popular and provocative of great applause.

Implement houses will have to get busy if every political ring is going to need a steam roller.

Of course a rolling stone must at all times have at least a slight downward tendency.

It may be that the unusual noise we hear is a landslide to one of the numerous presidential candidates.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAIL

Mails Close.
For EAST on No. 4 7:30 a. m.
For EAST on No. 3 5:15 p. m.
For WEST on No. 27 10:40 p. m.
For WEST on No. 1 6:45 p. m.
Mails Arrive.
From EAST on No. 27 . . . 11:10 a. m.
From EAST on No. 1 . . . 7:00 a. m.
From WEST on No. 4 . . . 8:05 a. m.
From WEST on No. 2 . . . 5:50 p. m.

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Hackett, M. V.
Henderson Bros.
Hanson, Clifford
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