

The Unfaithful Servant.

Thomas Jefferson never spoke a truer word than that the art of government consists in being honest. If one gives a little thought to the subject he will be surprised to discover that nearly all failures in government can be traced to dishonesty of one kind or another.

Respect for Old Glory.

Respect for the national flag is growing, but it is not yet so universal and deep-seated as it should be. Popular sentiment has found expression in legislation which has to do with various phases of the subject, and a great deal has been done in this way and through appeals to patriotism to discourage the improper use of the Star Spangled Banner.

The establishment of parliamentary government in countries accustomed to autocracy is not easy. Russia is having trouble over the problem. In Persia the people are, accusing the leaders of the reform movement of seeking selfish ends, and they have no confidence in the proceedings of their house of representatives.

TRADE AT HOME

Why Farmer Should Give His Support to the Local Merchant.

PRESERVES HIS OWN MARKET

Depreciation of Village Property Must Inevitably Mean Depreciation of Agricultural Property and Encouragement of Monopoly.

(Copyright, 1906, by Alfred C. Clark.) The most serious problem that confronts the rural towns and villages of this country is the competition of local enterprises by the catalogue houses of the large cities.



Give your town a chance by patronizing your local merchants and you may confidently expect its growth in business and population and a raise in real estate valuation.

to gain by sending their money to the catalogue houses, by passing by their local merchants and sending their dollars to the concerns who have absolutely no interest in their communities.

These catalogue houses do not pay taxes in your town; the local merchant does. They do not build sidewalks in your town; the local merchant does. They do not contribute to the building of roads over which the crops of the farms are hauled to market; the local merchant does.

But there are some things the catalogue houses do for you and the first and greatest of these is to assist materially in bankrupting your community. The dollars they take away never come back to you.

Let us look at the subject from the standpoint of the farmer, for it is the farmer who is the greatest patron of the catalogue houses.

The town or village one, two or three miles from his home is his market for the butter and eggs and other produce of his farm. The half dozen or more merchants of the town, each anxious to obtain his full share of the business of the community, maintain a competition that affords to the farmer at all times top prices for the products of his farm.

But the farmer persists in sending his dollars to the city. He wants a buggy, or a set of harness, or a pair of stockings, or any of the necessities or luxuries of life, and to get them he takes out his mail order catalogue and looks at the finely printed cuts, reads the well written description, and, passing the local merchant by, the merchant who has purchased his produce at the best market prices, the merchant who has helped to build the community, he sends his dollars to the catalogue house in the city and takes what they choose to send him.

What is the result?

One after another the doors of the local stores are closed, and where at one time there were half a dozen merchants, each bidding for his share of patronage by offering fair prices for that which the farmer had to sell, there is now but one merchant who has a monopoly, not only of the selling, but of the buying as well, and he pays what he pleases for the farmer's produce.

The farmer can continue to send his money to the catalogue house in the city for his supplies, but he cannot send his produce to the same place. In disposing of that he is absolutely dependent upon his local merchant, and by his patronage of the catalogue houses he has killed competition, and must now take whatever is offered for what he has to sell.

Mr. Farmer, are you helping to kill the goose that is laying your golden egg?

Are you sending your dollars to the catalogue houses and by so doing killing the local industries of your town?

Are you putting your merchant's out of business, and creating a monopoly that will pay you what it pleases for the products of your farm?

If you are doing these things it is time for you to stop and consider the future. You will have to look but a little way ahead to see the result, and

it will not be an attractive picture that greets you. The prosperous community of which you are now a part will fade like the summer flowers before the winter winds, and almost as quickly.

It is the fact that there is a market within close proximity to your farm that makes your acres valuable. The men who maintain this local market for you are the men who cause the railroad trains to stop at your town. Take them away and soon the town will be wiped off the map.

Your interests are identical with those of the merchants of your town. By sending your dollars to the city you may cause the merchants to close their establishments, but when they are forced to this they can pack their stock of goods and go elsewhere, but you cannot pack up your farm and move it; your acres must lie in the bed you have builded for them whether it be fair or foul, and it is "up to you."

Mr. Farmer, to spend your money at home, and in this way you can solve the greatest problem that now confronts this country. Will you do it?

In After Years.

Father Time had been swinging his scythe for 20 years when they accidentally met again. He was a bachelor of 45, bald and slightly disfigured, but still in the ring. She a spinster, fat and 40, but not as fair as she used to be.

"Do you remember," she gurgled, "how you proposed to me the last time we met and I refused you?" "Well, I guess yes," he replied. "It is by long odds the happiest recollection of my life."

And seeing it was a hopeless case she meandered along on her lonely

His Fall.

Fred—I had a fall last night which rendered me unconscious for several hours.

Charles—Really! Where did you fall? Fred—I fell asleep.—Tit-Bits.

A CLOUD OF SMOKE

BY R. C. FITZER

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Mrs. Cree, the landlady, came out on the porch after supper, and drew a chair close to where the superintendent of the Apple-Dumpling mine was mooning.

"Did them strikers raise any rumples to-day?" she inquired.

Grafton shook his head. "Stanwood was with the committee all afternoon," he said; "they've compromised their differences, and the men come back to work to-morrow. Of course a few sore-heads are hanging off, but we can get along without them. Our five-day strike is done with."

"You don't look none too cheerful," Mrs. Cree hinted.

Grafton shrugged his shoulders. "The mine's not worrying me," he said shortly. "The owner's presence straightened out the muddle."

"And don't you think his daughter kind of helped things along?" Mrs. Cree innocently inquired.

Grafton shot a suspicious glance at her. "She mapped out her father's speeches, I suppose," he grunted.

The landlady chuckled as she settled herself more comfortably in her chair; and though it was a chuckle of amusement there seemed to run an under chord of sympathy through it.

"She's up there in her bedroom now," Mrs. Cree said, "a-sewing by her window, and a-looking out over the hills. Seems kind of down in the mouth and dispirited, poor thing, like as if the hills wasn't as pretty this year as last. Why, last summer when she was here, she was just like a kitten, playing all over everything, and not giving a graceful what she did or how she did it. You and her was always trotting up the cricks and over the rocks—don't you remember? And this summer she don't even say how-de-do hardly, especially to you."

"She is a girl of moods," Grafton said shortly.

"But sech moods ain't natural, Jimmie."

"The strike worried her," Grafton stood up.

"Now, you set down again," Mrs. Cree said with sharp decisiveness. The young superintendent meekly obeyed.

"You've been boarding with me going on six years," Mrs. Cree resumed, "and I've got a sort of hearty feeling for you, Jimmie. And Madge Stanwood's been stopping with me a few weeks every summer, going on six years, too. I've seen her growing up, just as you have, and I've seen all along just what you was calculating for later on. That later on came this winter, down in the city, didn't it? With unpleasant results?"

Grafton made a wry face. "Oh, what's the use?" he said, irritably. "Talking about it won't mend matters. She turned me down, ha, ha. But what's the use of thrashing out chaff? She dislikes me, and that's the cold fact."

"If she thought it was ended," Mrs. Cree said sagely, "she'd be down here on the veranda right now, and I'd 'a' seen her dimples all day, 'stead of them white cheeks. It ain't ended, Jimmie."

Grafton grunted again.

"Oh, you men are aggravatin'," Mrs. Cree cried in exasperation. "You can't tell a body anything. Well, don't! It ain't any of my affairs."

"But—"

"There, trot along down town and see if you can't absorb a little life. If you come back in an hour, I'll try to have her out here, settin' in the twilight and pertending she ain't waiting for you."

Grafton obediently started down the steps, but he hesitated an instant and returned.

"It was when I visited them last winter," he said quickly. "There was another fellow. I lost my head, I guess. I didn't manage mighty. He cut me out, somehow, and I got the sore-head. She's nothing but a flirt."

He turned and savagely strode toward the gate, but Mrs. Cree's benevolent chuckle followed him with something like mockery.

He was agitated and distraught, and his unpleasant reverie closed in upon him, shutting out the straggling mining town from his vision, so that he neither saw nor cared where his steps led him. Some one hailed him from over the way, and he crossed the street.

"That you, Mr. Stanwood?" he inquired. "Well, I won't have any more trouble in the Apple-Dumpling. That's a cinch."

Stanwood's thin, nervous face bore a worried expression. "I don't know," he cogitated. "Red Cassidy and

Dago George are still looking for trouble. It seems they have a grudge against Madge. They think she influenced the committee. One of the boys just stopped me. He said these fellows were tanking up, and might make trouble. I'm worried, Grafton."

Grafton threw the stub of his cigar away. His jaw squared itself, and his eyes grew dangerous. "Where are they?" he asked.

"I don't know. In some saloon. But, good heavens! Grafton, don't start anything. I'll get Madge out of town in the morning."

"I think I'll get somebody out of town to-night," Grafton said. "And the boys will help me, too."

He was interrupted by distant shouting at the far end of the street, accompanied by loud laughter. Running men appeared, and a mocking cheer was raised.

Grafton started toward the trouble, but Stanwood caught and whirled him in the opposite direction. "Look!" he shouted, "there's a cloud of smoke about Mrs. Cree's house. It's a riot! They've fired the house! They're trying to kill Madge. They may have dynamite there!"

Grafton gave one glance, jerked his arm away, and raced up the street. A few women and children were gathering at the gate, and a man was running with a pail. But most of the male population was evidently at the disturbance at the other end of town, for the distant laughter and cheering floated up the narrow valley. Mrs. Cree stood on the porch, wringing her hands.

"Where is she?" Grafton roared.

"Upstairs," Mrs. Cree sobbed. "In the chimney. Oh, do something, Jimmie. It may get dangerous."

Grafton dashed past, went up the stairway three steps at a time, and ran down the hall to Madge's room. The door was shut, but a blow from his foot sent it back with a crash, and he tumbled into the room. Madge was standing before an old-fashioned bureau. She turned with a cry of alarm, which shrank into an embarrassed silence when she recognized the intruder.

"Go away," she said, quickly regaining her composure. "What do you mean?"

Grafton did not stop to explain. He caught the girl in his arms, and lifted her from the floor. She screamed loudly and struggled to escape, but he turned and ran into the hall.

"Let me be!" Madge cried. "Put me down! Oh, help! help! He's crazy!"

Grafton half jumped and half fell down the stairway, and ran out upon the lawn with his burden. Madge screamed again.

"Help! help!" she cried.

"You're safe," Grafton murmured, as he set her on her feet.

Stanwood came up, puffing and breathless, and gave his daughter a enraptured hug. One hand came free over her shoulder, and he caught Grafton's arm.

"I can—never thank you enough," he gasped. "You've saved her life. Daughter, the house—fire—dynamite, no doubt. The strikers—assassination! Grafton saved your life!"

Madge turned, round-eyed. "You!" she exclaimed. "I was in danger? Oh, Mr. Grafton—Jim! I thought you were insane! A fire? Dynamite? Oh, Jim!"

Grafton felt a lightning shock strike him; she was in his arms. Looking up in an ecstasy of wondering joy he met Mrs. Cree's eye. The widow stood staring, and on the instant burst into loud laughter. Somehow the smoke overhead had diminished, and the noise of the distant mob had stopped.

A grimy-faced man came out of Mrs. Cree's boarding house. "She was a pretty neat—blaze," he remarked, "and made a most amazin' smoke for just a chimney."

"What!" Stanwood cried; "a chimney? Wasn't the house on fire?"

"But Red Cassidy and Dago George?" Grafton gasped. "Didn't they set it?"

A newcomer advanced from the gathering crowd. "We've just got done runnin' 'em out o' town," he said. "They're hikin' for the plains by now."

"I thought they were trying to kill you," Grafton said, brokenly, to Madge. "I thought you were in danger."

"I was," she whispered, as she took his arm and looked up with a trembling smile. "I was in danger of losing you."

Birds' High Temperature.

Pigeons and turkeys have each a natural temperature of 109 degrees, which is 10 degrees higher than man's natural temperature.