



A HUNTING ADVENTURE.

The Dog Bingo Returns Good for Evil and Helps Wounded Hunter.

The silence of that dense northern forest, somber in its autumnal coloring, was broken by a rifle shot. Instantly following it came a dog's yelp of fear and rage. Then came the sound of men's voices and their hurried steps through the dead leaves, and some one called: "Who was it that shot?"

"Tom Marshall," answered another. "He says he was sure it was a deer he saw moving among the cedars."

It did not take them long to reach the spot from which the cries still proceeded. There, in a clump of cedars and oak shrubs, they found a boy of 12 seated on the ground and holding in his arms a small black and tan dog.



He Thrust the Bill Book into Marshall's Hand.

"It's the dog that's shot; not the boy," the first arrival shouted as the others came hurrying up.

Tom Marshall, the youth who had fired the shot, stood still. So great a sense of relief came to him that he felt faint. He threw up his head.

"That dinky little dog! What are you making such a fuss over it for, you boy?"

The lad scrambled to his feet, still holding the dog.

"Dinky dog, indeed! He knows a heap more than men who go round trespassing on other folks' property and shooting every time they see a leaf stir!"

"Marshall is sorry he shot your dog, my boy," the oldest man of the party said in kindly tone. "It's only a flesh wound in the leg, and will soon be well. What is your name?"

"Will Free, and this is my father's land that your camp is on."

They talked for a few minutes, the dog continuing his howling. Finally Will said: "I'm going home to have Bingo's leg done up."

Tom Marshall slipped a five-dollar bill into the boy's hand, saying: "Now, don't let us hear any more of that brute Bingo."

The lad's face was white with sudden anger. He thrust the bill back into Marshall's hand. "Keep your old money! I shall talk about Bingo all I please, and I guess you will hear something before to-morrow night that won't sound so pleasant to you."

Bingo was loved by all the Free family, and there was much mourning when Will arrived at the comfortable log house, where Mr. Free had established his family during the time he was cutting the timber from the immense tract of land that he had bought.

When Mr. Free reached home at

supper time he heard the whole story. The lumberman looked with disfavor upon the deer hunters, and the next morning the hunting party was ordered to move their camp off the Free land. In vain they reasoned, argued and stormed. An effort to bribe Mr. Free was also ineffectual.

"You have proved your carelessness," he said. "There are some things that money cannot buy."

"I suppose that wretched little dog is one of them," Tom Marshall cried. "You are right! The devotion and faithfulness of Bingo are invaluable to us."

The hunting party had to move. It was a great inconvenience and some of the older men soundly scolded Tom. Ill luck seemed to be their portion. There were eight in the party and at the end of a week they had killed but two deer.

Tom Marshall was disappointed at his failure. He was petulant, making himself unpopular in many ways. So it came about one afternoon, ten days after the shooting of Bingo, that he was in the woods alone. He knew he was trespassing upon Mr. Free's land, but he kept on. Suddenly he stumbled and fell. His gun was discharged and the bullet entered his leg not far below the knee. Tom was badly frightened, but he managed to bandage the wound with a part of his clothing. Then he tried to think of some way out of the unpleasant complication in which he found himself. He shouted until he was hoarse. Time went by until through a grove of pines he could see the sunset's glow. Just then he heard a dog bark. He called, and soon a little black and tan came running towards him. It was Bingo. The dog limped, and his leg was still bandaged.

"And I was such a brute about him," Tom thought, regretfully. Then he called: "Here, Bingo! Come! Come! Good fellow!"

Already Tom had scribbled a line, describing his desperate situation. This he planned to tie to the dog's neck. But no amount of persuasion, no coaxing or commanding could bring Bingo within his reach. Darkness was fast coming when, with a parting volley of barks, the dog fled.

Tom covered his face with his hands and groaned. How long would he live there, if no help came? After awhile he raised his head to listen. Footsteps and voices were approaching.

"Yes, I am coming, Bingo," Tom heard. "I know, old fellow, it's something worth while you are bringing me to see."

It was Will Free. A moment later he was listening to Tom's story, listening as sympathetically as if the shooting of Bingo had not been and the wounded boy was carried to the Free home. There was a doctor with the hunting party, and he announced that it would be a week before Tom could be moved. Before the expiration of that time Tom had come to be as ardent an admirer of Bingo as was any member of the Free family.—Hope Daring, in Detroit Free Press.

NO SCORCHING.



Policeman Beetle (to Moth Motorist)—Now then, we can't have any "scorching" here!—Royal Magazine.

Monte Carlo's Profits.

The annual profits of Monte Carlo amount to \$5,000,000.

TRAPS FOR UNWARY

ADVERTISING TRICKS OF MAIL-ORDER HOUSES.

GOODS PRICED BELOW COST

Articles of Standard Value Frequently Sold at Cost to Create False Impression of Cheapness—Unthinking People Victims.

The theory upon which a great number of mail order concerns proceed is to select a certain number of articles, those of standard values and well-known, and mark them down to wholesale prices or lower. This is for the purpose of "baiting," as well as to give the impression that regular dealers are selling goods at prices too high. On many widely advertised goods which are in constant demand the mail order house advertises prices much lower than the actual cost of the goods to the house. This is done with a view of catching customers, killing off the trade of local dealers, and with hopes of selling other goods at enormous profits. Then the advertising part of the deal is of some value.

People like to buy goods at the lowest possible cost. They get impressions of low prices from comparison of goods of which they know the selling price. If a certain rifle is always sold in the gunstores at \$14 and the catalogue house sells the same at \$11, the average man realizes that he is getting a bargain, even though the concern may lose a half dollar in the transaction. But the man is also impressed with the idea that prices are just as low on other goods of which he has little information as to values. It is knowing this fact that causes the mail-order houses to resort to this trick. Then there is difference in quality of goods. In the different lines there are different grades. It is not long ago that a United States district court grand jury returned an indictment against a large mail-order house on three different charges of fraud. In each case there was misrepresentation. One of the charges was that "pure white lead" paint, supposed to be manufactured by the concern, did not contain a trace of white lead, and was manufactured by contract by another concern. The other charge was that jewelry was misrepresented. In the matter of jewelry there is great chance for fraud. That which is called solid gold may be not over one-tenth gold, a little better than brass. Gold always has a certain value. Whether it is in jewelry or in a coin of the realm, the value is just the same. Its purity and weight is what counts. It is curious how intelligent people who know of the fixed value of gold will take the word of a mail-order sojourner as to quality, when the article is sold at a less price than the metal which it is claimed is represented in it can be bought for in the markets.

Low prices are generally quoted upon goods which the average people understand, and are acquainted with, and the loss is made up on the classes of goods which allow the practice of deception, of the value of which the people little know. People who patronize mail-order concerns should understand that in the majority of cases they are paying more than they would be compelled to pay if they made their purchases at home. Then there is involved the principle of sending money away from the neighborhood where it is earned.

If the people who patronize mail-order houses would only buy such goods as they know are priced below cost to the concern, the mail-order houses could not continue in business a year. But these concerns know that Mr. Barnum was about right when he said that the "American people like to be humbugged." They transact their business accordingly. The home merchant must go ahead on a differ-

ent basis. He depends upon his reputation for square dealing. He knows that he must be honest, whether he is inclined to be or not, or that he will soon be compelled to get out of business for lack of patronage. The mail-order concerns look for a new crop of "suckers" every year, and they find more or less of a crop.

The Country Editor.

If conscientious effort and merit mean anything, there is no good reason why the country editor should not expect to wear a golden crown and a diamond-studded harp in the good world to come. His sphere is surely one in which his usefulness is limited only by his ability to work. It may be a debatable question whether the average editor of a small town paper does more for the town than the town does for the editor. It may be true that one of the greatest sins that can be laid at his door is that of poverty—not poverty of brain but of pocket. He may labor for the enlightenment of an unappreciative people, but is there not compensation in knowing that a duty is faithfully performed? His efforts to boom the town may not always meet with an encouraging response in the way of good advertising patronage from the local business interests. His work of showing up his town as a live and progressive place sometimes falls flat because of a lack of good snappy advertising of the stores. There are few things that are a better criterion of the life of a place than the advertising pages of the local paper. By its stranger is impressed either favorably or otherwise. If the paper is bright newsy, well filled with advertising there are in it indications that the town is progressive, the merchants prosperous, and that the people are of the class that make excellent neighbors. On the other hand, if there are only a few lines of local news, half a dozen small cards and announcements, and a few large advertisements of department stores and mail order houses in other cities, the impression is given to the reader that the town is a good place to steer clear of, and not the kind of place where one would care to build a home. D. M. CARR.

One Editor's Advice.

A western editor in a recent number of his paper says: "We again desire to call our readers' attention to the fact that they should buy everything they use from home merchants, and not aid in building up large establishments in a distant city. Did you ever stop to think that every cent you buy at home aids the city in which you live, and all you send away drains the city of that much of the medium of exchange that should remain at home? The stability of your home institutions depends upon you and you alone. You do not believe that, but remember when you speak of other persons it is said as you, and when thus explained means you. Your trade at home will make better mercantile establishments and a better city. The next time you are possessed with a spirit of getting something away from home, gently call a halt and go to your home merchants and call for what you want and in nine cases out of ten you will find the desired article, but should you fail, ask the merchant to get it for you and see how rapidly he will accommodate you, and when the price is named and you compare it with the catalogue you will be agreeably surprised. Discard the idea that you must get something from a distance, but instead buy at home and every citizen become an advertising medium, and you will be surprised at the result. Don't say 'That article does not apply to me, for what little I get away from home does not amount to anything.' You are mistaken, for every little put together make the larger things. Be loyal and do all your trading at home."

Agreeable Conversation.

There is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.—Nicol.

Chance for the Youth.

Young men who are residents of country districts should be impressed with the fact that there are chances for every one to get along in the world if endowed with a good quality of brain matter and the desire and the ability to work, and work rightly and industriously.

For the young man starting out in life there are many pitfalls; not the ones in the category of bad habits and dissipation, but in the business world. The catchy advertisement in the want columns of the daily press or in the farm journal, "\$10 to \$20 a day," attracts the attention of many of the young men who know little about the devious methods of the sharks to catch dollars from the pockets of the "producers." Many of these concerns aim to sell to the agent a lot of goods that are almost wholly worthless, and let him fight it out the best way possible. Then again, there are legitimate concerns that employ men to sell to the trade, but they never hold out promises of such great profits. It is well to steer clear of grafts that are intended to take dollars from

your pocket under the pretense of giving you employment. If you feel that you could make a success as a salesman, there are legitimate houses in your nearest city that may afford you an opportunity. But don't think that you can demand the salary of a bank president from the start. You will get what you are worth, and no more. The more you can make your services of value to your employers, the more pay you will receive. Good men are always in demand. Chances for advancement were never better, but the field is narrowing year by year, owing to change in commercial methods, and concentration in almost every line. If you would succeed in commercial life, get the idea out of your head that getting to the front is a snap, and the path a flowery one. Work is necessary if you find an honored place among the winners.

Katzenjammer.

"The worst thing about taking a day off and having a good time," groaned Budger, bathing his aching head, "is that you need about two days to forget it!"

WAS ON THE LEVEL

WIFEY'S LINE OF TALK NOT MEANT FOR SARCASM.

Cause of the Late Dinner Considerably Puzzled Mr. Hopkins Until His Better Half Settled It with an Explanation.

Hopkins had been detained at his office an hour later than usual, and when he boarded a car for his home he was all nervous. His nervousness increased as he got nearer home. It was no wonder, either, for Hopkins had promised his wife to be home early that evening.

He tried to read his paper, but instead he found himself repeating from memory the line of talk that his wife would hand him about keeping dinner waiting upon poking around down town after he left the office, and how thoughtless he was of her wishes and a lot more like that.

He had his explanation all framed up ready for use when he let himself into the flat with his key.

Mrs. Hopkins came in smiling when she heard his shut the door.

"Dinner isn't quite ready," she remarked apologetically, as she helped him off with his overcoat.

"Isn't, hey," says Hopkins, suspiciously, wondering what sort of a game she had fixed up on him. He wished whatever it was she'd get it all over with.

"You aren't very hungry, are you?" she asked, "because I am getting up just a plain little meal this evening"—still in that tone of apology.

"Huh, uh," says Hopkins, "any old thing'll do me, just so its some sort of food product." He looked at her in a subdued manner that said, "Yes, I'll be 'it' for whatever the game is, but let's get started." It was all too deep for Hopkins. He never was much of a hand at working out mysteries and rebuses and the like, and whatever the plot was it was getting on his nerves.

"That's just like you," went on Mrs. Hopkins, "you never complain. Here, I think this is the best light right over here if you want to look over your paper. I'll hurry up dinner just as fast as I can. I'm almost ashamed of what a little I've got. Oh, wait! I'll get you a clean towel if you're going to wash your hands."

And so her talk ran. "Going to be a nice evening of it, isn't it," thought Hopkins to himself. "Yes, it isn't wonder how long she's going to keep it up. I guess women aren't the plotters or anything! The idea of puttin' on so much sarcastic stuff just because a man's a little bit late getting home."

At the dinner table the missus laid down her hand. The game had really been on the level all the time. "I'll not let this happen again," she began in that same apologetic tone. "You see, I went shopping after we left the club meeting, and I just got home a few minutes before you did. I didn't realize how late it was. You're just a dear not to complain of such a skimpy little meal. I know how hungry you are when you get home. It's a perfect shame. You're not going to scold me, though, are you?"

The Farmer's Version.

"Hiram," exclaimed Mrs. Hardapple, in great agitation, "the bank that you put the \$200 in the last time you went to town has gone up higher than a kite."

"What?" roared Mr. Hardapple, dancing around with rage. "Them that thieving high financiers should be strung up to a telegraph pole, every mother's son of them."

"And Hiram?"

"Well?"

"Do you know that \$1,000 you put in the old stocking? Well, the rats ate it up."

"Did? Well, the ways of Providence are mysterious. 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away.'"

May Cure Turtle Flesh.

There is talk in Queensland, Australia, on whose coast turtles are plentiful, of curing the flesh for export. Three kinds of turtle are found off the coral reefs—the loggerhead, the hawksbill and the green turtle. The two latter are edible, and the hawksbill furnishes the tortoise shell of commerce. Travelers relate that the aborigines light fires on the backs of the turtles to make the shell peel off easily, after which painful ordeal the animal is allowed its freedom and grows another shell. This is, of course, a Munchausen yarn. The fact is that after killing the turtle the aborigines put it over a fire to facilitate the removal of the plates. The professional tortoise shell getters bury the beast in clean sand, and when the flesh is decomposed it is easily taken from the shell. The plentiful green turtle is of most value for food.

World's Largest Clock.

The largest clock in the world is at St. Rombold's cathedral, Mechlin, Belgium, if the size of the dial is the criterion.

THE DISCONTENTED TREE.

Story of the Good Fairy and the Pretty Little Pine Tree.

There was once a pretty little pine tree in the forest. Its long needles were green all the year round, but the tree was discontented.

"I wish I could be like other trees," it sighed. "I should like to have leaves of shining silver, so that I'd be the prettiest of all the trees in the world."

A passing fairy heard the sigh, and waving her wand turned all the needles into silver leaves.

"Oh, how lovely!" cried the Pine. "No other tree is as beautiful as I."

But not long after a man walking through the forest saw the silver foliage and plucked the leaves, leaving the tree quite bare.

"Ah! I see it is not well to have silver leaves. I should like some that people would not take from me. I'd like leaves of glass. I would still glisten in the sun."

The next day the tree awoke to find itself covered with leaves of glass.

"This is better," said the tree. "Now I'm content."

But when the wind began to blow the leaves of glass knocked against each other and were soon broken. When night came the little pine was as bare as before.

"I see now that I was unwise in my selection," whined the tree. "I'd love to have leaves of green like other trees have."

The following morning the little pine tree awoke to find that the fairy had again favored it.

"After all, green leaves are the best! Now I'm like other trees, only more beautiful."

Soon, however, a goat came by, and, seeing the green leaves growing near the ground, began to eat them, and the pine stood bare as before.

"Alas!" cried the tree. "Silver leaves are fine, glass leaves are pretty and green leaves are good for other trees; as for me, my needles were best. How I wish I could have them back again!"

The fairy overheard and granted its wish.