LOUP CITY. . . NEBRASKA.

Agricultural Exports.

The calendar year is closing with every indication that the remarkable volume of exports will remain at the flood. A bulletin from the bureau of statistics at Washington is testimony to this effect. The bulletin deals with the exports of domestic breadstuffs, meat and dairy products, food animals, cotton and mineral oils for November and for the 11 months of the present year ended with November. The total of these exports for November was \$105,311,000 against \$99,341,000 in 1905, and for the 11 months \$788,257,000 compared with \$703,569,000 last year. The December returns are not likely to show any relative decrease, and the entire year is fairly certain to show a large advance over last. Severa! features of the bulletin showing command special interest. Though there was something of a falling off in this class of exports for the month, our shipments abroad of meat and dairy products and of food cattle were \$208,-979,000 in 1906, or more than \$20,000,-,000 in excess of these of the same 11 months of 1905. Legislation by congress and the steps taken by the administration in accordance therewith, aiming at safeguarding the purity of the output, have increased foreign confidence. The figures are of value as proving that while we sell abroad less barley, oats and corn, we are disposing the money, that man goes to the disin large quantity of what may be trict attorney with information that called the finished products from such lands you in the penitentiary, that raw material. The Americans are puts your company out of business feeding more of the grain to live stock and into bankruptcy before to-morrow and selling more cattle and meat to noon. I saved you three years ago, the old world. This is really an economic advantage, as finding a mar ket for the higher valued product always is. The bulletin accentuates the predominance of this country as a day-doesn't have to do. If we didn't source of food supply, while the com | lend money to dummy borrowers and plete returns are pretty certain to over-certify accounts, our customers prove that it has been a big year for would go where they could get accomexports of manufactures also.

## Poland's Pitiable Condition.

pitiable. Business in Warsaw has money from you, I'll get it elsewhere fallen off 50 per cent. and more; the fashionable boulevards are partly de' bank! The laws you've been violatserted; the restaurants are but half ing may be bad for the practical bankfilled, and the leading hotel is running ing business, but the're mighty good at a loss. The city swarms with for punishing ingratitude and treachtroops, but martial law brings only oppression, not security. Hardly a day passes but officials are killed or wounded by the terrorists, while susor shot to death by the authorities them. The terrorists are strong enough to general revolt, and the result is an answer? Friend or traitor?" archy. When it will end no one can tell. But some day, says G. H. Blakes lee in the Outlook, peace will surely eventually win.

## Romance of Motor Travel.

The motor car has rescued the romance of travel, freeing it from the ir ritating compulsions and contacts of such hold-up methods." have regained the wonder, the adglass and iron bulk of a huge station. highways disguised as peaceful mer-Then the villages that one missed and chants. yearned for from the windows of the train-the villages have been given the money," said he, putting on a reback to us.

Mexico winds up its year with a remarkably satisfactory financial show. notes and checks at once." ing. She reports exports of \$271,000,-000, an increase of nearly \$63,000,000 over the preceding year, and imports of \$220,651,000, a gain of over \$42,000, 000. But what is still better is the ading in peace and plenty, with the most efficient of governments under the wise directing hand of President Diaz. The day of upheavals and factional disorders, resulting in general demoralization, seems to be past forever. Mexico has learned the secret of wise self-government.

splendid compliments to the kind of he had in mind I don't know, and can't first impulse was to send word that indulging in for the last few months. mother country when they demand that the government send to Washington a man like James Russell Loweil, Joseph H. Choate or Whitelaw Reid to represent British interests. fool commits crimes that put him in with a complete wardrobe. Thus, by sign. "He's eager to keep friends They seem to think the need of the the power of others. The crimes of times is an ambassador from the Brit- the really big captains of industry and ish to the American nation rather than generals of finance are of the kind limit, I was at Delmonico's only an envoy of the British government to do business with the American state department.

Stamford, Conn., ministers have entered into an agreement to refuse in future "to marry persons both of whom are strangers." Out here it has always been the custom among the news was likely to spread. preachers and others possossing the right to perform the marriage ceremony to insist that the "contracting parties" must at least have been introduced to each other before the beginning of the sacred rites.

The bell in the Kremlin at Moscow I checked an exclamation of amuse weighs 432,000 pounds. It is the ment. I has been assuming that I



By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST etc

had been betrayed by some one of said I. CHAPTER XVI.-Continued. those tiny mischances that so often

"I owe a lot to you. Matt," he pleaded. "But I've done you a great many

favors, haven't I?" "That you have, Bob," I cordially

agreed. "But this isn't a favor. It's me?" husiness.' "You mustn't ask it, Blacklock," he cried. "I've loaned you more money

now than the law allows. And I can't | are." let you have any more." "Some one has been lying to you, and you've been believing him," said

I. "When I say my request isn't a favor, but business, I mean it." "I can't let you have any more," he

repeated. "I can't!" And down came his fist in a weak-violent gesture. I leaned forward and laid my hand strongly on his arm.

"In addition to the stock of this concern that I hold in my own name," said I, "I hold five shares in the name of a man whom nobody knows that I even know. If you don't let me have and got you this job against just such an emergency as this, Bob Corey, And, by God, you'll toe the mark!"

"But we haven't done anything that every bank in town doesn't do every modations."

"That's true enough," said I. "But I'm in a position for the moment where I need my friends-and they've The situation of Poland to-day is got to come to me. If I don't get the -but over the cliff with you and your

> He sat there, yellow and pinched, and shivered every now and then. He made no reply.

Presently I shook his arm impatientpected persons are arrested, clubbed ly. His eyes met mine, and I fixed

"I'm going to pull through," said I. defy the government, while the gov "But if I weren't, I'd see to it that you ernment is strong enough to crush a were protected. Come, what's your

"Can't you give me any securityany conateran:

"No more than I took from you when I saved you as you were going come for Poland is to have autonomy down with the rest in the Dumont The Poles demand it. The great ma smash. My word-that's all. I borjority of the Russian Duma has prome row on the same terms you've given ised it, and Russian liberalism must me before, the same you're giving four of your heaviest borrowers right now " He winced as I thus reminded him how minute my knowledge was of the workings of his bank.

> "I didn't think this of you, Matt." he whined. "I believed you above

the railway, the bondage to fixed "I suit my methods to the men I'm hours and the beaten track and ap dealing with," was my answer, "These proach to each town through the area fellows are trying to push me off the of ugliness and desolation created by life raft. I fight with every weapon I the railway itself. With the motor, can lay hands on. And I know as well says Edith Wharton, in Atlantic, we trouble through this loan, at least five men we could both name would have venture and the novelty which en- to step in and save the bank and cover livened the way of our posting grand- up the scandal. You'll blackmail parents: above all, the delight of tak- them, just as you've blackmailed them ing a town unawares, stealing on it before, and they you. Blackmail's a by back ways and unchronicled paths, legitimate part of the game. Nobody surprising in it some intimate aspect appreciates that better than you." It of past time, some silhouette hidden was no time for the smug hypocrisies under which we people down town mask of railway embankments and the usually conduct our business—just

> "Send round in the morning and get signed, hopeless look.

I laughed. "I'll feel easier if I take it now." I replied. "We'll fix up the

He reddened, but after a brief hesitation busied himself. When the papers were all made up and signed and I had the certified checks in my pocket, I said: "Wait here, Bob, until the National Industrial people call vance along all the lines of domestic you up. I'll ask them to do it, so they development. Mexico is literally live can get your personal assurance that everything's all right. And I'll stop on to picture the thousands on thou- have told me, if you'd changed your lowed my impulse I should have fallen there until they tell me they've talked with you."

"But it's too late," he said. "You can't deposit to-day.' "I've made special arrangements

with them," I replied. His face betrayed him. I saw that at no stage of that proceeding had I been wiser than in shutting off his London newspapers are paying last chance to evade. What scheme something, probably something foolish that would have given me trouble without saving him. A foolish man in a tight place is as foolish as ever, and Corey was a foolish man—only a suite I had a bath and dressing-room, was reading him like an illuminated that puts others in their power.

"Buck up, Corey," said I. "Do you think I'm the man to shut a friend in the hold of a sinking ship? Tell me. who told you I was short on textile?" "One of my men," he slowly replied, as he braced himself together.

"Which one? Who?" I persisted. For I wanted to know just how far

He seemed to be thinking out a lie. "The truth!" I commanded. "I know it couldn't have been one of your men. Who was it? I'll not give That evening, however, as I saw how "It was Tom Langdon," he finally

said.

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throw the best plans into confusion. "Tom Langdon," I said satirically. "It was he that warned you against "It was a friendly act," said Corey.

'He and I are very intimate. And he doesn't know how close you and I "Suggested that you call my loans, did he?" I went on.

"You mustn't blame him, Blacklock; really you mustn't," said Corey earnestly, for he was a pretty good friend to those he liked, as friendship goes in finance. "He happened to hear. You know the Langdons keep a sharp watch on operations in their stock. And he dropped in to warn me as a friend. You'd do the same thing in the same circumstances. He didn't say a word about my calling your loans. I-to be frank-I instantly thought of it myself. I intended to do it when you came, but"-a sickly smile-"you anticipated me."

"I understand," said I good-humoredly. "I don't blame him." And I didn't then.

After I had completed my business at the National Industrial, I went back to my office and gathered together the threads of my web of defense. Then I wrote and sent out to all my news papers and all my agents a broadside against the management of the textile trust-it would be published in the morning, in good time for the opening of the stock exchange. Before the first quotation of textile could be made thousands on thousands of investors

"You must come over to my rooms after dinner, and give me some music." I said.

"Thanks," he replied, "but I've more are coming afterward, I believe." "Then I'll go with you, and talk to

your sister-she doesn't play." He glanced at me in a way that made me pass my hand over my face. you're afraid to ask me?" learned at least part of the reason or my feeling at disadvantage before him. I had forgotten to shave, and to be looked after twice a day. "Oh, I can stop at my rooms and get my face into condition in a few minutes."

"And put on evening dress, too," he suggested. "You wouldn't want to go in a dinner jacket."

I can't say why this was the "last straw." but it was.

"Bother!" said I, my common sense smashing the spell of snobbishness that had begun to reassert itself as soon as I got into his unnatural, unhealthy atmosphere. "I'll go as I am, beard and all. I only make myself ridiculous, trying to be a sheep. I'm goat, and a goat I'll stay."

That shut him into himself. When he remerged, it was to say: "Something doing down town to-day, eh?" A sharpness in his voice and in his eyes, too, made me put my mind on him more closely, and then I saw what I should have seen before—that he

"Seen Tom Langdon this afternoon?" I asked carelessly. He colored. "Yes-had lunch with

was moody and slightly distant.

him," was his answer. I smiled-for his benefit. "Aha!" thought I. "So Tom Langdon has been fool enough to take this paroquet into his confidence." Then I said to him: "Is Tom making the rounds,

"What do you mean, Matt?" he demanded, as if I had accused him. I looked steadily at him, and I imagine my unshaven jaw did not make

my aspect alluring. 'What did Tom say about me?"

inquired. "Oh, almost nothing. We were talk



I TOOK IT AS THOUGH I WERE AFRAID THE SPELL WOULD BE

BROKEN." be believing that Matthew Blacklock usual offhand manner. had detected the textile trust in a stock-jobbing swindle, and had there?" I said. promptly turned against it, preferring with the public. As I read over my perhaps you know?" pronunciamiento aloud before sending it out, I found in it a note of confidence that cheered me mightily. "I'm I. And I felt stronger still as I went sands throughout the land rallying at | mind?" my call to give battle.

XVII. ANITA BEGINS TO BE HERSELF. I had asked Sam Ellersly to dine

"and there's no reason why I shouldn't | my, from this time on." dine with him, since I've done everything that can be done." In my office and a little puzzled, too. I thought I hurrying a little over my toilet, and by with me," thought I, "until he's abso-

twenty minutes late. Sam, who had been late also, as usual, was having a cocktail and was that I didn't see it was not hope, but ordering the dinner. I smoked a cig- fear, that made him try to placate me. arette and watched him. At business or at anything serious his mind was all but useless; but at ordering dinner est tone: and things of that sort, he shone. Those small accomplishments of his had often moved me to a sort of pitying contempt, as if one saw a man of talent devoting himself to engraving the Lord's Prayer on gold dollars. comfortable and contented he looked, with not a care in the world, since he was to have a good dinner and a good on me as I've seen religion act on

and speculators throughout the coun- ing chiefly of-of club matters," he cause I had, like a fool, dropped my try would have read my letter, would answered, in a fair imitation of his guard in the fight that is always on "When does my name come up

He flushed and shifted. "I was just to keep faith with his customers and about to tell you," he stammered. "But heralded by a faint rustling from soft

"Know what?" "That-Hasn't Tom told you? He has withdrawn-and-you'll have to how penetrated to her. For she was even stronger than I thought," said get another second-if you think- sweet and friendly-and she could not that is-unless you-I suppose you'd have hurt me worse! If I had fol-

> ested in Anita, my ambition-ambition!-to join the Travelers had all but dropped out of my mind.

"I had forgotten about it," said with me; so preoccupied was I that "But, now that you remind me, I not until ten minutes before the hour want my name withdrawn. It was a any of his family, even his sister. My of a lot of damn foolishness I've been I must dine somewhere." I reflected, 'me to the wild,' where I belong, Sam-

He looked tremendously relieved, making my chauffeur crowd the speed lutely sure there's nothing more in it for him and his people." And that guess was a pretty good one. It is not to the discredit of my shrewdness then what the Langdons had done. But Sammy was saying, in his friendli-

"What's the matter, old man?

You're sour to-night." "Never in a better humor," 1 assured him, and as I spoke the words they came true. What I had been saying about the Travelers and all it represented-all the snobbery, and smirking, and rotten pretense-my final and absolute renunciation of it all-acted cigar afterward; as I saw how much the fellows that used to go up to the been assuming that I genuine pleasure he was getting out mourners' bench at the revivals. I way.—Chicago Record-Herald.

of selecting the dishes and giving the waiter minute directions for the chef, the parlor of a dive and its stench of HIS EYES OPEN sickening perfumes, into the pure air

of God's heaven. up the avenue. Sam, as I saw with a good deal of amusement, was trying promised to go home and play bridge. to devise some subtle, tactful way of Mother's got a few in to dinner, and attaching his poor, clumsy little suction-pump to the well of my secret

> thoughts. "What is it Sammy?" said I at last. What do you want to know that

"Nothing," he said hastily. "I'm only a bit worried about-about you and textile. Matt."-this in the tone as my beard is heavy and black it has of deep emotion we reserve for the attempt to lure friends into confiding that about themselves which will give us the opportunity to pity them, and, if necessary, to sheer off from them-"Matt, I do hope you haven't been hard hit?"

"Not yet," said I easily: "Dry your tears and put away your black clothes. Your friend, Tom Langdon, was a little premature.'

"I'm afraid I've given you a false impression," Sam continued, with an overeagerness to convince me that did not attract my attention at the time. "Tom merely said, 'I hear Blacklock is loaded up with textile shorts,'that was all. A careless remark. I really didn't think of it again until 1

saw you looking so black and glum." changed the subject. As we entered his house, I said: "I'll not go up to the drawing-room.

will you? I'll turn into the little smoking-room here. Tell your sisterand say I'm going to stop only a moment.

Sam had just left me when the butler came. "Mr. Ball-I think that was the name, sir-wishes to speak to you on the telephone."

I had given Ellersly's as one of the places at which I might be found, should it be necessary to consult me. warning the rats to leave the sinking I followed the butler to the telephone closet under the main stairway. As soon as Ball made sure it was I, he began:

> "I'll use the code words. I've just seen Fearless, as you told me to." Fearless-that was Mitchell, my spy in the employ of Tavistock, who was my principal rival in the business of confidential brokerage for the high financiers. "Yes," said I. "What does he say?"

"There has been a great deal of eavy buying for a month past."

Then my dread was well foundedtextiles were to be deliberately rocketed. "Who's been doing it?" I asked. "He found out only this afternoon. It's been kept unusually dark. It-"

"Who? Who?" I demanded. "Intrepid." he answered. Intrepid-that is, Langdon-Mowray Langdon!

"The whole thing was planned carefully," continued Ball, "and is coming off according to schedule. Fearless overheard a final message Intrepid's brother brought from him to-day." So it was no mischance—it was an ssassination. Mowbray Langdon had

stabbed me in the back and fled. Ball. "Is that you."

"Yes," I replied. "Oh," came in a relieved tone from the other end of the wire. "You were so long in answering that I thought I'd been cut off. Any instructions?"

"No," said I. "Good-by." I heard him ring off, but I sat there for several minutes, the receiver still to my ear. I was muttering: "Langdon, Langdon - why - why-why?" again and again. Why had he turned against me? Why had he plotted to destroy me-one of those plots so frequent in Wall street-where the assassin steals up, delivers the mortal blow, and steals away without ever being detected or even suspected? I saw the whole plot now-I understood Tom Langdon's activities, I recalled Mowbray Langdon's curious phrases and looks and tones. But-why-why-

why? How was I in his way? It was all dark to me-pitch-dark. I returned to the smoking-room, lighted a cigar, sat fumbling at the new situation. I was in no worse plight than before-what did it matter who was attacking me? In the circumstances, a novice could now destroy me as easily as a Langdon. Still, Ball's news seemed to take away my courage. I reminded myself that I was used to treachery of this sort, that I deserved what I was getting be every-man-for-himself. But I reminded myself in vain. Langdon's smiling treachery made me heart-sick.

Soon Anita appeared-preceded and and clinging skirts, that swept my nerves like a love-tune.

I think my torment must have some at her feet and buried my face, scorch-Since I had become so deeply inter- ing, in the folds of that pale blue, faintly-shimmering robe of hers.

"Do throw away that huge, hideous cigar," she said, laughing. And she took two cigarettes from the box. but both between her lips, lit them, held one toward me. I looked at her face, set did he come into my mind-he or passing fancy.. It was part and parcel and along her smooth, bare, outstretched arm, and at the pink, slender fingers holding the cigarette. I ambassadors America has sent to the imagine. But he had thought out I couldn't keep the engagement. "But I've come to my senses—and it's took it as if I were afraid the spell would be broken, should my fingers touch hers. Afraid-that's it! That's why I didn't nour out all that was in my heart. I deserved to lose her.

"I'm taking you away from the others," I said. We could hear the murmur of many voices and of music (To be Continued.)

All-Embracing.

The Allahabad Pioneer quotes an East Indian doctor's death certificate: in the end. I have faith in th' coun-"I am of mind that he died for want of try, an' in the people that live here. foodings, or on account of starvation. an' nobody's sick baby is a goin' to Maybe also for other things of his suffer if I kin help any.' died of drowning." It is a careful, Harlow's grocery, an' th' coal yard, will pay you as good interest as can comfortables, and most probably he omnibus opinion, and reads like a weather prediction that cannot miss and runs the whole gamut of meteorelogical possibilities.-N. Y. Tribune.

Her Advice. Miss Anteek-If you were me would

by telegraph? Miss Pert-Yes, and I'd catch the next train in order to meet him half

I signed the bill, and we went afoot Why There Are No Mail Order Catalogues in One Home.

In Time of Adversity He Got to Understand Who Were His Real Friends-Prosperity in Standing Together.

(Copyright, 1906, by Alfred C. Clark.)

Farmer Williams, as he kicked off his felt boots and set them carefully behind the stove to dry. "That's what your little girl is goin' t' git well." I thought it looked like, one of them to Kansas. Land sakes, I have to right there an' thanked God fer the tell till they come, an' then it's too late to send 'em back. But as I was That seemed natural enough, so I a sayin', we hain't bought nothin' out of a catylog fer a right smart o' years now, an' the way it come about I had as well tell y', cause I don't think Make my excuses to your mother, y' really remember much about it. "When we come to Kansas long in

the first of the '80's we got along right well. We was able to pay cash fer what we got, and we got the money fer everything we sold. We was payin' out on the place right along; crops was purty good an' we was a feelin' like the Lord was a smilin' on our efforts, and the happy home we dreamed about when we first got married was in sight.

But they come a change in Kansas long in the last half of the '80's. Times got hard and kep a gittin' tighter. Four straight years it was so dry y' had to soak the hogs afore they'd hold swill-though I will say they was some extry reason on account of the swill bein' so thin-wheat jest died in the ground fer want of rain, and the hot winds biled the everlastin' sap out of the corn. They wasn't no pasture, no nothing. You can know we was a feelin' purty blue about that time, but we was young and strong, and thought with the chickens an' hogs we could git through

"Then one day you got to complainin' and lookin' so thin it worried us. pindlier, till you got so'st y' wouldn't we was strong t' care fer any any of do nothin' but set in a chair by the th' smaller troubles that we come kitchen stove, wrapped in your ma's old shawl, an' you looked so pitiful "It really hain't so bad to look back that we made up our minds to have at it now after th' trouble is over, but the doctor, even if it took th' last them hard years in Kansas drove chicken on the place. Well, he come, nearly all our neighbors t' give up abbed me in the back and fled.
"Did you hear what I said?" asked an' felt your pulse, he shet his watch hopes an' pocketbook. Them of us as up with a snap, an' says, quiet like: stayed is purty well fixed now, but Better fix up a warm place fer her in the front room, don't have too much hard, too. An', O, yes, about th' catylight nor any drafts to strike her.' Then we knowed it wan't no small things begun t' take a turn fer th' sickness we had to fight, an' when we better, one night ma brought out that got you fixed up in bed I follered Doc. out on the porch an' I says: 'Well, en table an' says: 'Ezry, what do you Doc.,' sez I, 'what's the matter with

our little girl?" 'I don't want to skeer ye, Mr. Williams,' says he, 'but I'm afraid she's in for a siege of typhoid fever.'

"Well, after he was gone I went out in the kitchen an' told your ma, but she says, brave as kin be: 'Well, Ezra, if the Lord has seen fit to put that has an intrest in the country we live much more on our load we must bear in, an' in us people that live clost by. up an' fight it out doin' our duty the hest we kin leavin' the rest to him.' An' I thought so too. So we jest ken' our hearts brave an' done what seemed right t' do.

"The hardest thing was to figure out where t' git the medicine, an' fruit, an' dainty things your sickness called



"Why Cert'nlee, Mr. Williams, Jest Let Us Know What You Want."

for. We hadn't been tradin' much energetically. Even in the most trymostly from the catylog folks y' know, than digitalis, strychnine, and ice. In an' so we didn't have any credit there nearly all cases of pneumonia it is a to speak of. But I went t' Foster, th' good plan to start with quiet and rest, druggist, an' I told him how things unloading of the bowels when neceswas. I didn't have no money t' pay sary, a variety of nourishing liquid fer th' medicine an' things, an' the food, and an ice bag on the chest in poor er poorer than th' last.

tight pinch now, but if we hang t'geth- and to reduce a rapid pulse.-Medical er things is all goin' to come out right | Record.

everywhere in th' town. 'Cert'nlee, Mr. Williams, we'll see y' through on in such cases as the "Cash Buyer's this.' It made me feel mean an' small Union" failure. The home bank will some way, though I don't know why. grant you favors and mail order An' often when they'd put in a few oranges or somethin' like that, sayin' in a 'pologizin' sort of way, 'little you marry a man who proposed to you somethin' fer th' sick baby, Williams,' why somehow it made a hard lump queer feelin' in my eyes, kinder achy woman; his first language was Italian like, y' know.

"Well, to be short about it, fer eight, weeks you kep' a gittin' weaker an' weaker, an' we kep' a feelin' more 'n' more hopeless. It was a sad Christmas in our home that year. Your ma was jest wore out with watchin' an' tryin' to do her work between times, an' I was so nigh sick with trouble an' discouragement 't I ust to go around by the barn an' jest cry like a baby. FARMER WILLIAMS' LESSON But I never let on to your ma though, ner she t' me. We tried t' encourage each other though we knowed in our hearts 't all our cheerful words was lies, an' each one knowed the other knowed it too.

"Well, jest th' night before New Years Doc. called us outside your room. Oh, how my heart sunk then! "What y' got there, Sis?" inquired 'I don't want to hold out any false hopes to you people,' he says, 'but I think with proper care from now on,

Elsie, it seemed jest like a ton of there Chicago catylogs, though I hain't hay had been lifted off my chest right seen one clost fer quite a few years there. As fer your ma, why she jest back. Me an' your ma ust to buy busted down an' cried as hard as she mighty nigh everthing we used out could. After Doc. was gone we went of them catylogs when we first come out to the kitchen an' kneeled down laugh now sometimes when I think of most glorious New Year's gift he ever the way we would git ketched onct in give t' anybody in th' world-the awhile. They's some cheap things in health of our baby girl. You know them catylogs, an' then agin they's a your pa ain't no ranter er shouter; lot 't ain't so cheap. Y' never kin yer ma bein' a Baptist has furnished



most of th' r'ligion fer our house, but jest then I seen how it was that they comes times in people's lives when they've jest got to have somethin' bigger an' greater than anything human t' turn to with a great joy er a great sorrer.

"Well, it was a long time vet before you was strong enough t' play out doors, an' it was a hard winter. I Your ma is a middlin' good doctor, burned every post of the fence around take it all around, but nothing she the south eighty fer firewood afore could think of done you any good. it was over. But it seemed like we Well, you kep' a gittin' pindlier and had so much t' be thankful fer that

> we fit fer everything we got, an' fit logs. Well after you was well an' Chicago book an' laid it on the kitchwant t' do with this?' An' I sez: 'Les burn it.' An' your ma sez: 'Jest what I was thinkin', too.' An' so we did burn it, an' what's more, we ain't never had one in th' house since, an' we never send away fer anything we can git at any of the stores in Huston. 'cause we want to deal with them as "Why, you needn't of put yours in

th' stove, too, Elsie, I didn't meanyes. I don't know but what it's jest as well y' done it after all." Folk Denounces Mail-Order Idea.

Addressic a meeting of retail mer-

chants in Jefferson city recently. Governor Folk, of Missouri, said: "We are proud of our splendid cities, and we want to increase wealth and population, and we also want our country towns to grow. We wish the city merchants to build up, but we also desire the country merchants to prosper. I do not believe in the mailorder citizen. If a place is good

for him to spend his money in. "No merchant can succeed without advertising in one way or another. Patronize your town papers, build them up, and they will build the town up in increased trade and greater opportunities. Do not be afraid that business is geing to be hurt by the recent exposures of wrong-doing in the commercial world."

enough for a man to live in and to-

make his money in, its good enough

Medicines in Pneumonia.

Dudley Morgan declares that there are some cases of pneumonia which require only intelligent and systematic guidance and nursing. Others need little medicine, but when it is indicated it should be given promptly and with the stores in Huston, buyin' ing cases there is little else needed prospects fer the next year was as the region of the pain and congestion and also over the precordia if neces-"'Why cert'nlee, Mr. Williams,' he sary. Trying cases are those in which says, 'jest let us know what you want the patient is a steady or hard drinker. an' we'll carry you along till times In pneumonia digitalis should be used come better fer you. We're all in a to strengthen and nourish the heart

Keep Your Money at Home. Don send money to mail order houses to deposit. Your home bank "Well, it was the same thing at is the only safe place to keep it and be had, and then you run no risk as

bouses never do.

Mixture of Many Nations. Louis N. Parker, the dramatist, was born in France; his father was an come up in my throat, an' I had a American, his mother an English and he was educated in Germany.