



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST" and "THE BURNING" (Copyright, 1905, by the BOBBY-MERRELL COMPANY)

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

"If you will save me," I continued, "I will transfer to you, in a block, all my Coal holdings. They will be worth double my total liabilities within three months—as soon as the reorganization is announced. I leave it entirely to your sense of justice whether I shall have my part of them back when this storm blows over."

"Why didn't you go to Roebuck?" he asked without looking up.

"Because it is he that stuck the knife into me."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I suspect the Manasque properties, which I brought into the combine, have some value, which no one but Roebuck, and perhaps Langdon, knows about—and that I in some way was dangerous to them through that fact. They haven't given me time to look into it."

A grim smile flitted over the face. "You've been too busy getting married, eh?"

"Exactly," said I. "It's another case of unbuckling for the wedding-feast and getting assassinated as a penalty. Do you wish me to explain anything on that list—do you want any details of the combine—of the Coal stocks there?"

"Not necessary," he replied. As I had thought, with that enormous machine of his for drawing in information, and with that enormous memory of his for details, he probably knew more about the combine and its properties than I did.

"You have heard of the lockout?" I inquired—for I wished him to know I had no intention of deceiving him as to the present market value of those stocks.

"Roebuck has been commanded by his God," he said, "to eject the free American labor from the coal regions and to substitute importations of coolie Huns and Bohemians. Thus, the wicked American laborers will be chastened for trying to get higher wages and cut down a pious man's dividends; and the downtrodden coolies will be brought where they can enjoy the blessings of liberty and of the preaching of Roebuck's missionaries."

I laughed, though he had not smiled, but had spoken as if stating colorless facts. "And righteousness and Roebuck will prevail," said I.

He frowned slightly, a sardonic grin breaking the straight, thin, cruel line of his lips. He opened his table's one shallow drawer, and took out a pad and a pencil. He wrote a few words on the lowest part of the top sheet, folded it, tore off the part he had scribbled on, returned the pad and pencil to the drawer, handed the scrap of paper to me. "I will do it," he said. "Give this to Mr. Farquhar, second door to the left. Good morning." And in that atmosphere of vast affairs speedily dispatched his consent without argument seemed, and was, the matter-of-course.

I bowed. Though he had not saved me as a favor to me, but because it fitted in with his plans, whatever they were, my eyes dimmed. "I shan't forget this," said I, my voice not quite steady.

"I know it," said he curtly. "I know you."

I saw that his mind had already turned me out. I said no more, and withdrew. When I left the room it was precisely as it had been when I entered it—except the bit of paper torn from the pad. But what a difference to me, to the thousands, the hundreds of thousands directly and indirectly interested in the Coal combine and its strike and its products, was represented by those few, almost illegible scrawlings on that scrap of paper.

Not until I had gone over the situation with Farquhar, and we had signed and exchanged the necessary papers, did I begin to relax from the strain—how great that strain was I realized a few weeks later, when the gray appeared thick at my temples and there was in my crown what was, for such a shock as mine, a thin spot. "I am saved!" said I to myself, venturing a long breath, as I stood on the steps of Galloway's establishment, where hourly was transacted business vitally affecting the welfare of scores of millions of human beings, with James Galloway's personal interest as the sole guiding principle. "Saved!" I repeated, and not until then did it flash before me, "I must have paid a frightful price. He would never have consented to interfere with Roebuck as soon as I asked him to do it, unless there had been some powerful motive. If I had had my wits about me, I could have made far better terms." Why hadn't I my wits about me? "Anita" was my instant answer to my own question. "Anita again. I had a bad attack of family man's panic." And thus it came about that I went back to my office, feeling as if I had suffered a severe defeat, instead of jubilant over my narrow escape.

Joe followed me into my den. "What luck?" asked he, in the tone of a mother waylaid by the doctor as he issues from the sick-room.

"Luck?" said I, gazing blankly at him.

"You've seen the latest quotation, haven't you?" In his nervousness his temper was on a fine edge.

"No," replied I indifferently. I sat down at my desk and began to busy myself. Then I added: "We're out of the Coal combine. I've transferred our holdings. Look after these things, please." And I gave him the checks, notes and memoranda of agreement.

"Galloway!" he exclaimed. And then his eye fell on the totals of the stock I had been carrying. "Good

God, Matt!" he gasped. "Ruined!"

And he sat down, and buried his face and cried like a child—it was then that I measured the full depth of the chasm I had escaped. I made no such exhibition of myself, but when I tried to relight my cigar my hand trembled so that the flame scorched my lips.

"Ruined?" I said to Joe, easily enough. "Not at all. We're back in the road, going smoothly ahead—only, at a bit less stiff a pace. Think Joe, of all those poor devils down in the mining districts. They're out—clear out—and thousands of 'em don't know where their families will get bread. And though they haven't found it out yet, they've got to leave the place where they've lived all their lives, and their fathers before them—have got to go wandering about in a world that's as strange to them as the surface of the moon, and as bare for them as the Sahara desert."

"That's so," said Joe. "It's hard luck." But I saw he was thinking only of himself and his narrow escape from having to give up his big house and all the rest of it; that, soft-hearted and generous though he was,

of that," replied I. "But I have learned not to take snub judgments too seriously. I never go to a man unless I have something to say to him, and I never leave until I have said it."

"I perceive, sir," retorted he, "you have the thick skin necessary to living up to that rule." And the twinkle in his eyes betrayed the man who delights to exercise a real or imaginary talent for caustic wit. Such men are like nettles—dangerous only to the timid touch.

"On the contrary," replied I, easy in mind now, though I did not anger him by showing it. "I am most sensitive to insults—insults to myself. But you are not insulting me. You are insulting a purely imaginary, hearsay person who is, I venture to assure you, utterly unlike me, and who doubtless deserves to be insulted."

His purple had now faded. In a far different tone he said: "If your business in any way relates to the family into which you have married, I do not wish to hear it. Spare my patience and your time, sir."

"It does not," was my answer. "It relates to my own family—to my wife and myself. As you may have heard, she is no longer a member of the Ellersleys family. And I have come to you chiefly because I happened to know your sentiment toward the Ellersleys."

"I have no sentiment toward them, sir!" he exclaimed. "They are non-existent, sir—non-existent! Your wife's mother ceased to be a Forrester when she married that scoundrel. Your wife is still less a Forrester."

"True," said I. "She is a Blacklock."

He winced, and it reminded me of the night of my marriage and Anita's expression when the preacher called her by her new name. But I held his gaze, and we looked each at the other fixedly for, it must have been,

should have recognized the man even in his caricatures of his enemies. And you brought the best possible credentials—you are well hated. To be well hated by the human race and by the creatures mounted on its back is a distinction, sir. It is the crown of the true kings of this world."

We seated ourselves on the wide veranda; he had champagne and water brought, and cigars; and we proceeded to get acquainted—nothing promoted cordiality and sympathy like an initial misunderstanding. It was a good hour before this kind-hearted, hard-soft, typical old-fashioned New Englander reverted to the subject of my visit. Said he: "And now young man, may I venture to ask some extremely personal questions?"

"In the circumstances," replied I, "you have the right to know everything. I did not come to you without first making sure what manner of man I was to find." At this he blushed, pleased as a girl at her first beau's first compliment. "And you, Mr. Forrester, can not be expected to embark in the little adventure I propose, until you have satisfied yourself."

"First, the why of your plan."

"I am in active business," replied I, "and I shall be still more active. That means financial uncertainty."

His suspicion of me started up from its doze and rubbed its eyes. "Ah! You wish to insure yourself."

"Yes," was my answer, "but not in the way you hint. It takes away a man's courage just when he needs it most, to feel that his family is involved in his venture."

"Why do you not make the settlement direct?" he asked, partly reassured.

"Because I wish her to feel that it is her own, that I have no right over it whatever."

He thought about this. His eyes were keen as he said, "Is that your real reason?"

I saw I must be unreserved with him. "Part of it," I replied. "The rest is—she would not take it from me."

The old man smiled cynically. "Have you tried?" he inquired.

"If I had tried and failed, she would have been on the alert for an indirect attempt."

"Try her, young man," said he, laughing. "In this day there are few people anywhere who'd refuse any sum from anybody for anything. And a woman—and a New York woman—and a New York fashionable woman—and a daughter of old Ellersley—she'll take it as a baby takes the breast."

"She would not take it," said I.

My tone, though I strove to keep angry protest out of it, because I needed him, caused him to draw back instantly. "I beg your pardon, said he. "I forgot for the moment that I was talking to a man young enough still to have youth's delusions about women. You'll learn that they're human, that it's from them we men inherit our weaknesses. However, let's assume that she won't take it. Why won't she take your money? What is there about it that repels Ellersley's daughter, brought up in the sewers of fashionable New York—the sewers, sir!"

"She does not love me," I answered. "I have hurt you," he said quickly, in great distress at having compelled me to expose my secret wound.

"The wound does not ache the worse," said I, "for my showing it to you." And that was the truth. I looked over toward Dawn Hill whose towers could just be seen. "We live there," I pointed. "She is—like a guest in my house."

When I glanced at him again, his face betrayed a feeling of which I doubt if any one had thought him capable in many a year. "I see that you love her," he said, gently as a mother.

"Yes," I replied. And presently I went on: "The idea of any one I love being dependent on me in a sordid way is most distasteful to me. And since she does not love me, does not even like me, it is doubly necessary that she be independent."

"I confess I do not quite follow you," said he.

"How can she accept anything from me? If she should finally be compelled by necessity to do it, what hope could I have of her ever feeling toward me as a wife should feel toward her husband?"

At this explanation of mine his eyes sparkled with anger—and I could not but suspect that he had at one time in his life been faced with a problem like mine, and had settled it the other way. My suspicion was not weakened when he went on to say:

"Boysish motives again! They show you do not know women. Don't be deceived by their delicate exterior, by their pretenses of super-refinement. They affect to be what passion excludes into thinking them. But they're clay, sir, just clay, and far less sensitive than we men. Don't you see, young man, that by making her independent you're throwing away your best chance of winning her? Women are like dogs—like dogs, sir! They lick the hand that feeds 'em—lick it, and like it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"TURNED HIS BACK ON ME AND GAZED OUT TOWARD LONG ISLAND."

to those poor chaps and their wives and children he wasn't giving a thought.

"You've done a grand two hours' work," said Joe.

"Grand than you think," replied I. "I've set the tiger on to fight the bull."

"Galloway and Roebuck?"

"Just that," said I. And I laughed, started up, sat down again. "No, I'll put off the pleasure," said I. "I'll let Roebuck find out, when the claws catch in that tough old hide of his."

XXVI.

A CONSPIRACY AGAINST ANITA.

On about the hottest afternoon of that summer I had the yacht take me down the Sound to a point on the Connecticut shore within sight of Dawn Hill, but seven miles farther from New York. I landed at the private pier of Howard Forrester, the only brother of Anita's mother. As I stepped upon the pier I saw a fine-looking old man in the pavilion overlooking the water. He was dressed all in white except a sky-blue tie that harmonized with the color of his eyes. He was neither fat nor lean, and his smooth skin was protesting ruddily against the age proclaimed by his towed-white hair. He rose as I came toward him, and, while I was still several yards away, showed unmistakably that he knew who I was and that he was anything but glad to see me.

"Mr. Forrester?" I asked.

He grew purple to the line of his thick white hair. "It is, Mr. Blacklock," said he. "I have the honor to wish you good day, sir." And with that he turned his back on me and gazed out toward Long Island.

"I have come to ask a favor of you, sir," said I, as polite to that hostile back as I had been addressing a cordial face. And I waited.

He wheeled round, looked at me from head to foot. I withstood the inspection calmly; when it was ended I noted that in spite of himself he was somewhat relaxed from the opinion of me he had formed upon what he had heard and read. But he said: "I do not know you, sir, and I do not wish to know you."

"You have made me painfully aware

Country of the Cow Puncher

Life in a Little Town in the Untamed Land Out West.

On all sides of the little town lay the glorious sweep of untamed country. To find another railroad to the northward was to ride 150 miles to the Canadian Pacific, to find a railroad to the southwest meant as long a ride to the Northern Pacific, says a freighter's outfit was making ready to pull out four days to a camp near the Little Rockies. Ten horses led the string of laden wagons, behind which trailed the covered chuck-wagon, equipped for sleeping and cooking, for there were no hotels on this route.

The boss and his two helpers were wrestling with a broncho which, until this ill-fated day, had never felt a harness across his back. He was needed as an off-wheeler, and he had to go. He fought like a hero possessor of seven devils, and three men toiled for an hour to get him into the traces and to keep clear from his infernally active heels.

At length his nine comrades jumped into their collars and the rebel slowly had to go with them. He lay down and was dragged on his ear until his added wits perceived there was nothing in this sort of mutiny. He rose and slid stiff-legged until, outnumbed, outvoted and outgeneraled, he surged into the collar like a thunder bolt and thereafter tried to pull the whole load in the vain hope of tearing something out by the roots.

The long string of horses and wagons wound out into the open country, and in a little while dipped across a grassy undulation and was gone. A swirl of dust marked its progress for several miles, this plodding caravan with its tanned and bearded men, unlettered and slow of speech, used to living out under the sky, seeing few of their kind. It was thus the pioneers crossed the plains a half century ago.

Home of Precious Stones.

The island of Ceylon is the most remarkable gem depository in the world.

WHITE FROZEN PLUM PUDDING.

If This Dessert Delicacy is New, Try It at Once.

This pudding made of one cupful of sugar and one cupful of water, cooked until it threads, then poured slowly over the whites of three eggs and beaten thoroughly and is cold add one pint of whipped cream, one teaspoonful of vanilla, and one-half cupful each of seeded raisins, currants, English walnuts, and almonds, and candied cherries. The currants and raisins should be plumped in boiling water. Pour this mixture at once into a mold, cover with paraffin paper, put on the cover, seal with lard from creosoling in, pack in ice and rock salt, and leave it three or four hours to ripen; then remove from the mold, place it on a cut glass round dish and garnish with holly. If a round mold is used it will look quite like a snowball, especially if the fruit is kept well toward the center.

Serve with a sauce made of bananas as follows: Boil one cupful of granulated sugar with two of water until it threads, pour this into the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, add the mashed pulp of six ripe bananas and enough lemon juice to give flavor. This sauce may be used hot and passed after the pulp pudding has been cut and served, or it may be served cold, but is better hot.

Tiny balls of delicate white cake covered with icing, then rolled in cocoanut, is an addition to the esthetic side of this feast.

SOME HINTS ABOUT EGGS.

Popular Time for Cooking—How Their Freshness May Be Judged.

The fresher eggs are the longer time they require for boiling. In timing the boiling remember that they should be put into water already boiling in the steam very hard in order to slice them or prepare them for a mayonnaise they should cook for ten minutes. For eating the soft-boiled egg is supposed to be the most digestible, and this is boiled for from three to five minutes.

One of the best ways to judge the freshness of eggs is to place them in a pan of cold water. Those that sink soonest are the freshest. Stale or addled eggs always float on the surface. Upon breaking an egg if the white and yolk are not clearly defined and separated, no matter how carefully the shell has been broken, the egg is not good and should be discarded, for eggs the least bit off color will spoil good cooking.

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIFE.

To prevent a gas stove oven from rusting, as they do if care is not taken, rub the entire inside with a flannel cloth saturated with sweet oil.

A teaspoonful of nitrate of soda added to three quarts of water and poured upon the roots of a Boston fern will stimulate it to renewed life. Apply several times at intervals of about three weeks, but care should be taken not to touch the fronds.

A clothes hanger may be economically made by using a barrel hoop. Cut from a hoop a piece of the desired length, and, after inserting a screw eye in the middle of the hanger, tie a string in it for a loop to hang it up by. Such a hanger is easy to make and answers the purpose very well.

To clean leather upholstery wash the leather with warm water to which is added a little good vinegar. Use an absolutely clean sponge. Wipe dry with soft, clean cloths. To restore the polish, prepare the whites of two or three eggs with a teaspoonful of turpentine to each egg. This should be whisked briskly, then rubbed into the dry leather with a piece of clean flannel and dried off with a piece of clean linen cloth.

Turkey Olives.

When there are some small pieces of cold roast turkey or chicken try serving them in this way: Trim the meat into neat slices, spread each slice with a little of the stuffing, adding, if necessary, a little extra seasoning. Roll each one up, fasten with a wood-reen toothpick or a small skewer, and fry to a good brown in butter; add one or two tablespoons of cream or milk and let simmer five minutes; serve on small squares of hot buttered toast.

Cheese Pie.

The cheese for this dish may be either the cream cheese put up in tin foil or plain cottage cheese. Press it through a sieve and to a large cupful add one tablespoon of powdered sugar, a level tablespoon of butter, melted, the beaten yolks of two eggs, the juice and grated rind of half a lemon then the beaten whites of eggs; if the mixture seems too soft add a heaping teaspoon of flour. Salt to taste, and bake in one pastry crust.

Wine Cake.

Rub into a light cream two cupfuls of sugar and a cupful of half of butter; add three eggs, one at a time, beating five minutes between each; sift together two cupfuls of flour and a teaspoonful of baking powder and add to the butter and sugar mixture together with one egg of wine; mix into a medium firm batter, turn into a square, shallow pan and bake about 40 minutes in a moderate oven; frost after taking from oven.

About Repotting Plants.

Plants growing in pots in which the soil has not been changed for a year should be repotted as soon as they begin to show signs of growth. You cannot grow a good plant in wornout soil, even if you do give liberal supplies of liquid fertilizer. A good soil is to plants what bread and butter is to man. But remember to let it become established before giving it very rich food to digest.

Mixed Fruit Sherbet.

Mix one glass of raspberry or strawberry jam with a cup of hot water, and strain through a cloth; add a small cup of sugar, the juice of two lemons and four oranges, the liquid from a can of pineapple, and a wine glass of sherry. Strain all these, add a quart of cool water, and partly freeze; before finishing the freezing add a few candied cherries cut in quarters.

YOUR OBLIGATIONS

SOME OF THE THINGS YOU OWE YOUR OWN TOWN.

YOU SHOULD BUY AT HOME

The Country Town Can Be Made the Very Best Place to Live in the United States.

(Copyright, by Alfred C. Clark.)

A preacher who was a crank on doctrine wearied his congregation by constantly harping on baptism. A brother that longed for a rest handed him a text he thought safe, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

"Friends," said the preacher, "there are three things suggested by this scripture: First, the transgressor. Second, his conversion. Third, his baptism. We will pass over the first two and come at once to the third."

Many reasons why people should trade at home rather than send their money away have been given, but suppose we pass them all by and come at once to the one vital reason:

It is the right thing to do.

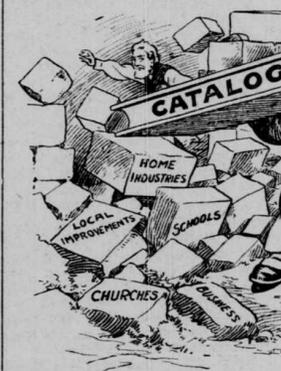
For after all the fundamental question in every transaction is whether it is right or wrong. Not will I save money, but is it just? Not is it more convenient, but is it fair? Not whether it is good business, but whether it is good morals?

For you and I know, and all the world is coming to know, that not one dollar is ever saved or made by unfair means that does not curse the possessor. And a man may be as dishonest in saving money as in getting it.

It is right to spend our money with the home town and wrong to send it away because we are under obligations to the home town, but not to the mail order house.

Financial Obligations.

In the first place the country is under financial obligations to the town. Of course the town is also indebted to the country, but the town cannot help but pay its debt, its very existence does that. Hence we are merely discussing the country side of the obligation.



Don't Let the Catalog House Batter Down the Wall of Civil and Industrial Solidity That Makes for the Safety of Your Community Interests.

Find 200 acres of good land almost anywhere that is 20 miles from town and you can buy it for \$25 an acre. The same land within ten miles will bring \$35, within five miles its value is \$60, within two miles \$85 an acre.

Thus that town has increased the land within a radius of ten miles an average of \$35 dollars an acre. As that is about the age of country towns generally, you may figure that a town, as long as it is fairly prosperous, increases the land around it an average of one dollar an acre every year.

Not considering staple articles like cattle, hogs and grain which can be shipped and sold anyway, the town as a local market is worth at least \$75 a year to the ordinary farmer.

For example: This year the peach markets were so glutted no ordinary fruit would pay the express. Around the little town in which the writer lives most farmers have a few peach trees. The 4,000 inhabitants bought nearly every bushel in the vicinity at from 40 cents to a dollar a bushel. More than \$4,000 was paid for peaches within three weeks.

That was clear gain which must be set over to the credit of the town. Plums, cherries, early vegetables, scores of little odds and ends, perishable stuff that the farmer could not or would not ship he turns into cash at the home town.

So if a man owns 200 acres within reach of town, he will receive \$275 a year direct cash value from that town, none of which he would receive from the mail order house.

To be sure, the town does not donate him that amount, the town was not built for the purpose of philanthropy, yet he receives an actual cash benefit because the town is there; and he is under actual financial obligations to return that benefit by spending his money at home.

It is not an obligation that the law would recognize, but it is one that appeals to those independent, clean hearted men of high honor who feel that perfect honesty demands that when benefits are received from stranger or brother, friend or foe, benefits should be returned.

It is sometimes argued that the town has forfeited its right to the farmer's patronage by selling too high. But a careful investigation will not bear out that contention. Your town is unusually prosperous if you can count more than four merchants who have cleared \$10,000 in the past ten years. That is a thousand dollars a year for time and interest on capital. You can count five or six others who have failed during that time, lost everything. The January invoice will not show a net gain of \$500 per business man. That means the ordinary merchant and his capital are not clearing \$50 a month. This does not indicate an unreasonable profit on goods sold.

Social Obligations.

It is right for the country to spend its money with the home town because of the social obligations between them.

The town is the center of your community. From it radiates your rural mail service; in it center your telephone systems. On the streets of the town you meet your neighbors Saturday afternoons and exchange news and experience. You go to it for a day of recreation when the snow comes, the fair, or on holidays.

There during the winter lecture course you hear great orators and excellent musicians. The political rallies, the church conference or association are held there.

By and by in the pretty little village church, whose spire you can see from your farm, you son will preach the gospel. In the brick building two doors from the corner, a farmer boy will open a law office, and in the little frame two blocks away another son of the soil, just back from college, will begin the practice of medicine.

There is the high school to which you send your children, and there after awhile your daughter will teach. And some day when you find the farm work too heavy for your age, and want to get near the children, you will build on that grassy corner lot two doors from the Methodist church and move to town.

Yes, the town is a mighty good thing to have, a pleasant thing; and the more you put into it the more you get out of it. For it grows according to the trade it gets and the more it grows the more it can buy and the higher will go your land.

A good town, you know, where there is plenty of work for carpenters and bricklayers, and masons and smiths, work for everybody at good wages, is worth ten times as much to the surrounding country as the little sun-buried village where the carpenter and the "storekeeper" play marbles in the streets.

The Moral Obligation.

But the last and strongest reason why it is right that the country people spend their money at home is the moral obligation.

The town is yours, yours to ruin or prosper. The same sense of obligation should prompt you to support it, as prompted our old Teutonic ancestors in the forests of Germany to stand elbow to elbow in protection of their village. The same spirit of loyalty should inspire you as fired the Highland Scot to spend his blood for the welfare of his clan.

The country town with all its faults

is the best governed, most enlightened, most moral, and happiest spot in American civilization. It is a good safe place. Not too swift, nor yet too slow. In touch with the current of progress, but not racing with greed. The place from which come nearly all the great business men, lawyers, scholars, preachers, physicians. The place where men are neighborly and helpful.

This town, my farmer friend, it yours. But the city belongs to the mail order houses and the devil. With its corrupt government, its overflow of population, and its vice, the great city is the menace of our morals and our liberties.

The city like the dragon swallows the vast throngs of country boys and girls that flock into it, and by and by when health, and virtue and hope are gone, spews them out to die in want, or wander as derelicts over the face of the earth.

And don't you see, my friend, that when you take the money from the country town, you destroy the chance of success there, and the boys and girls will follow where you have sent the money?

This town of yours was founded on faith, on the faith in the customs of men for hundreds of years to trade at the nearest town. These merchants and carpenters, masons and editors are your neighbors. They have grown up amongst you or amongst others like you.

They have put their all in a little business, money, time and hope. Around the corner there is a little cottage, and the wife and the baby—it may be your grandbaby—wait; and there is a smile of happiness when "business is good," but the troubled look comes when business is poor.

They are struggling to live, and pay for the little home, and by and by educate the children. They are your neighbors and friends, not your enemies. They work hard—you scarcely realize how hard—and are not living high. They have pinned their faith to the town—your town.

Their success or failure is in your hands. For your trade they will give you good returns, and all will prosper together. If you withdraw your trade, failure must follow. Some poor struggler must go down facing bankruptcy. The light must go out of some woman's eye, and hardship be laid up for the child.

Even if you could save a little by sending your patronage to the city, do you not think it the fair thing, the just thing, the right thing, to trade at the little home town with those you know, those whose prosperity and happiness are in your hands?

For it is written, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

WILLIAM H. HAMBLY.

The Most Appropriate.

Bridget—Should I say "Dinner is ready" or "Dinner is served?"

Mistress—Well, if it's like yesterday, I think you had better say, "Dinner is spoiled."