

Dere is vorse as deat', if you haf a heart in your body. 'Yes, I know. Shoot, den!'

"Gaudalupe's face jerked again, but he didn't say nothing nor do nothing.

"Oh, if I couldt dell you at you are," says Bismarck, and trailed off into a stream of Dutch. Then: 'You shall kill me if I kom vere you are, liar! Sheep's soul! I shpit on you- No Nod yet?

"He reached over, gritting his teeth and slapped Gaudalupe's jaws, twice. Gaudalupe took it like a kid getting his face washed. The next moment Bismarck had him by the collar and was dragging him out of his chair. Then the terror howled for the first time. 'For God's sake- I'll go, I'll go!'

"What happened after that I can't say exactly, nor anybody else. The minute Bismarck took him by the collar the spell broke and there was a stampede. The ranchman went at the partition door, and it shattered before him, like a circus hoop, and the rest of it went flying as the others jammed it. I was clean to the blacksmith shop before I stopped to take the strap hinge out of the back of my neck. Paul Klemman says he was wiping glasses at the bar when the procession streaked by, accompanied by the wreckage of the partition, and he was surprised; but he wasn't half as much surprised by that as to see Bismarck trail along after, holding Gaudalupe Brown by the collar, and kicking him every third step.

"At the door Bismarck put all his heart and soul of one hob-nailed miner's boot into a parting kick that sent Gaudalupe off the sidewalk with a four-foot drop into the street, and then went back and slumped as limp as a rag into a chair and begun to cry.

"When we was eating our breakfast the next morning reference was made to the happening. Juite a considerable. We went over it all a dozen times, I guess, and Lizzie seemed about as interested as any of us. Spurluck, the foreman of the Morning Glory, told about finding the lock busted off the power-house door, and allowed that it was his solemn duty to fire Bismarck, even if he had to hire him over for higher wages. Sam Hardwick was telling us what he had intended to do to Gaudalupe himself if he hadn't skipped, and what he would do to him if he ever came back. We was all so busy we hardly seen when Bismarck came in.

"He shambled up to the table, looking as sheepish as a dog caught sucking eggs, and sat down without a word. We all quit talking too, and waited. We didn't have long to wait. Clip-petty-clip. Here comes Lizzie with the tray, rosy as the dawn, and a sparkle in her eyes it would have done you good to see. Bismarck kept his head hanging while she unloaded the potatoes, graham gems, fried eggs, and the prize steak of the season at his place. But he raised it as she let her hand drop lightly on his shoulder, and the look in his face—and in hers—wasn't meant for a crowd to see.

"Good-morning, Fritz," she says.

"Goot-morning, Lizzie," says he.

"I got up and waved my hand, and the whole crowd got up like little men, and we tiptoed out and left 'em alone."

### "The Cost of High Living"

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The average man of to-day demands the best and demanding the best he has to pay for it. In former days it was a case of making a living while at the present time it is a case of living in luxury. The average man is an employer of labor and with an ever increasing burden of expense upon his shoulders, he grinds and harrasses those who are forced to travel in the under-groove in order to exact from them every ounce of labor, with the result that the poor are being forced lower and lower down the scale of poverty, while the rich are climbing steadily up the ladder of prosperity.

With the average man it is not the desire to grind those under him or to make a dishonest dollar, so much as it is the desire to place himself on a plane of independent luxury that is responsible for modern economic conditions. The manufacturer of a few years ago was content with a business whose capital stock could be quoted in terms of thousands; while the manufacturer of to-day is not content unless his capital stock can be quoted in terms of millions. The average man of a few years ago was content with a house, the cost price of which could be quoted in terms of hundreds, but the average man of to-day is only content with a house that can be quoted in terms of thousands. The average farmer of a few years ago was content to size his farm up in terms of acres, while the average farmer of to-day is content to size his farm up only in terms of sections.

It is not the "High Cost of Living" that is responsible for our present state of affairs so much as it is the "Cost of High Living" and in this case as in every other the old but true saying that "he who dances must pay the fiddler" holds good.

A doctor, returning from a professional call, found a load of hay overturned near his home, and a young Swede busy trying to reload the hay on the rack. He invited the boy to jump in the buggy, go to his home and have some refreshments before finishing his job, but the Swede said, "No! I don't tank my fadder he lak it." After some urging he was driven to lunch at the doctor's home. But every once in a while he would break out with: "I don't tank my fadder he lak it."

The doctor lost all patience with him and said: "Young man, I'd like to know what difference it makes to your father whether you are here taking lunch or down there pitching hay."

"Well," the boy replied, "you see, my fadder he be under de load of hay."

Li'e Ephra'm says—Even aftah beardin' so menmy lions in dere dens, Kernel Rozyvelt showed great bravery by lettin' an Egyphshun barber shave him.

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