

Ode To The Owing.

You may talk about the tariff, and protection and free trade,
And party panaceas for oppressing human ills,
And "improving trade conditions," and the boom that wheat has made,
But the way to stir up business is to pay your little bills.

If you owe the grocer twenty, and he owes the butcher ten,
And five more to the coal man, and 1 to the ice man five,
Your payment of the twenty helps along three business men,
And the payments they can make in turn make other people thrive

Idle money in your pockets doesn't do you any good;
Unless your bills are all paid up in full it isn't yours.
Just pay up all you're able, as you wish that others would;
That's the recipe for hard times that invariably cures.

If you pay what you owe others, others still can then pay you;
It's the circulating dollar that the pulse of business thrills.
So set your money working, and then watch what it will do.
For the way to stir up business is to pay your little bills.

—New York Sun.

How an Old Bachelor Went Bye-lo.

The trumpets had just sounded retreat when my servant came in to pull down the curtains and light the lamps in my bachelor quarters. Our regiment was stationed at Fort Spokane, many miles from a town.

"It's very cold out side, sir," said Dolan, as he gave the fire an extra poke that sent the shadows flickering and dancing on the wall. "I believe, sir, it's below freeze. Why, sir," continued Dolan, thoughtfully, "it's as cold as the night we marched to—"

His sentence was never completed, for just then we heard a faint, timid knock. Dolan opened the door and then with a half-grin he turned to me and said, "A lady to see the lieutenant."

"A lady?" I thought, and half-unconsciously rose to meet her.

"Walk in, me lady," said Dolan, rather ceremoniously, and then my eyes beheld a little figure muffled from head to toes.

"I ruuned away," came boldly from under a big soldier fur cap, almost covering the entire face. "I see cold."

A moment later Dolan and I were both on our knees taking off her overshoes, leg-gings, and what to my bachelor eyes seemed interminable wraps. It was a pretty picture that met my gaze. A pair of big blue eyes, a head of brows, wavy hair that tumbled in all directions, and a little red mouth that smiled back at me.

"Dick Ransome's kid," whispered Dolan to me; "the mother was buried yesterday."

"And the father?" I asked; but Dolan shook his head.

The child seemed not at all disconcerted and while she prattled away to both of us impartially Dolan, in a few words, told me her history. The substance of it was that her father Ransom, a dissipated private in F Company, and Betty was left motherless, as Dolan had said.

"But who's taking care of her now?" I asked.

"Nobody but Ran-om, sir. I suppose the kid was left alone and wandered off. It'll be a lesson to the villain," he concluded, under his breath.

Now as my establishment was run in a purely masculine fashion, and Dolan was cook, valet, and general factotum, the advent of a female, even of tender years, seemed likely to disturb the usual order of things.

"About dinner, sir?" asked Dolan, actually interpreting my thoughts. After some little time we gravely decided to put a place for Betty at the table, but to confine her to bread and milk.

The experiment was not a complete success. Though Betty's behavior at the table was irreproachable, she rather upset our well-laid plans by asking for whatever she wanted, and to the everlasting disgrace of

Dolan and myself, getting it. "After all the little one isn't much trouble," I thought, as I drew my rocker up in front of the fire after dinner, reached for my pipe and lay back in reverie.

"I want my mamma," and I felt the little one at my knee. "Betty wants her mamma!" I reached down and lifted her up in my lap.

"Shall I tell you a nice story?" I asked, hoping to divert her thoughts from the mother lying under the winter snow. Shall I tell Betty about the fairies?"

"Betty wants"—and then with a sudden clapping of the little hands, "Betty wants bye-lo!"

Bye-lo? What in the world was bye-lo? Probably something to eat. Dolan would know.

"Dolan!"

"Yes sir," he answered, hurrying in. "The little girl wants bye-lo."

"Sir?"

"Don't stand there saying 'Sir!'" I answered, somewhat unjustly, "but go and get it for her!"

"Get what, sir?"

"Bye-lo, you blockhead!" I thundered. "Don't you know what it is?"

"Shure I don't, sir," answered Dolan somewhat reproachfully. "Bye-lo? Bye-lo?" repeating it a number of times. "What is it, sir?"

The little one answered it for us: "Bye-lo! Betty wants to go bye-lo. Sing bye lo."

"Shure 'tis singin' she means, lieutenant," said my irish henchman.

At last we were on the right track. "Bye-lo, sing bye-lo" continued the young despot in petticoats.

There was a pause and then Dolan said, "I once knew a song called Barlow—Billy Barlow; maybe 'tis she's pronouncing wrong, sir."

"Dolan," somewhat coaxingly, "do you think you could—"

But an emphatic shake of the head was Dolan's reply.

"You might try" I continued. "I've frequently noticed that men with throats like you"—Dolan made a grab at his throat that was rather funny—"generally sing, and sing rather well, too."

After all, vanity can move us to good as well as to evil.

"If the lieutenant only thought I could," said Dolan.

"Try it," I answered, heartily. Try it, Dolan."

"Bye-low! Sing bye-lo," commanded my lady.

"I think, sir, if I turned me back, for which I ask your pardin—"

"Good idea. Turn your back and sing."

Dolan turned his back, and as I stooped to whisper something to the youngster on my knee, there came a terrific howl that rattled the very windows.

I knew a young soldier called Billee Barlow, with an accent on the "low" that was simply appalling.

"For heaven's sake, man, let up," I shouted, while Betty cried with a little sob in her voice, "Bad man, bad man."

Poor, dear old Dolan? Plainly it was not Billee Barlow the youngster meant, so back to his pots and pans he went and the trouble began again.

"You sing bye-lo for Betty," and a little hand patted my face caressingly. "Rock Betty and sing bye-lo."

"Can you sing it?" I asked.

The question was an inspiration, for she began to croon in a sweet, childish treble:

Bye-lo, baby, bye-lo, baby,
Bye-lo, baby, bye-lo, by.

Then came the request, "You sing bye-lo for Betty."

There was a lump in my throat as I held the motherless little one close to me and began:

Bye-lo, baby, bye-lo, baby,
"Pwitty, pwitty," and a pat on the cheek was my reward. "Rock Betty and sing more."

Bye-lo, baby, bye-lo, baby.
I went on and on. The big blue eyes began to close and the little hand slipped from my shoulder.

Bye-lo, baby, bye-lo, baby,
I sang slower and slower, lower and lower.
Bye-lo,—baby,—bye-lo,—baby.
Bye-lo,—shh!

THOMAS H. WILSON.

NEW SPRING GOODS

Constantly Arriving:

Boots & Shoes,
Crockery,
Hardware.

Suitings,
Clothing,
Hats, etc.

KEITH & PLUMMER

THE OLD HOME!

When you want to repair the old Home, or when you want to build a new one bear in mind

that we are Headquarters for All Kinds Of Lumber, Sheathing,

Flooring,

Mouldings

and all kinds of

CHURCH AND HOUSE FINISH.

Hartland Woodworking Company.