

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 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-un-
consciously 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 ruined away," came boldly from under
a big soldier fur cap, almost covering the
entire face. "I'm 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 pic-
ture that met my gaze. A pair of big blue
eyes, a head of brown, 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 Ransome, 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 Run-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, actual-
ly 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 suc-
cess. 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 Bar-
low; 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 fre-
quently 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 pardon—"
"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 shout-
ed, 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, baby,
Bye-lo, baby!

THOMAS H. WILSON.

NEW SPRING GOODS

Constantly Arriving:

Boots & Shoes,
Crocery,
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.