"WHAT are you rolling them things up for?" Ma demanded as she came suddenly upon the little man busy straightening out a heterogenous assortment of old clothes plied on a couple of faded gray army blankets. "Your vacation don't commence for a week yet," she reminded him.

"I ain't said it did," T. Paer answered doggedly, "but I'm goin' to git into the tall timber just the same."

"What's the matter," Ma smiled, "is the sheriff after you?"

"Worse'n that," T. Paer said. "It's buyers' week."

"I don't know as that makes any difference to you," Ma said. "Them fellahs're like bees, if you don't fuss 'em they don't sting you."

"It ain't them that's comin' from every place I'm afraid of," T. Paer explained. "It's the Portland end of the show that's got my goat."

"I know they'd sell the ear rings off'n a cigar store Indian if they got a chance," Ma conceded, "but you ain't that 'nd you don't wear ear rings anyway."

"The good book says to flee from temptation," T. Paer insisted, "'nd I'm goin' to do it."

"I don't see where the temptation comes in," Ma objected. "You ain't in business."

"I know," T. Paer said, "but it's hard enough for me to keep from buyin' things any time but when everybody's got the habit 'nd all the Portland fellahs're trying their darndest to make 'em get it worse it ain't no place for a weak hearted man to be at."

"They's something in that," Ma smiled. "Just a ordinary clerk could sell you the smallpox if he happened to catch you with a dollar in your pocket."

"It ain't that I want to buy the stuff," T. Paer said mournfully, "but some way or 'nother they make me think I ought to have it 'nd I'm a goner before I know it."

* * *

"I thought you was getting cured," Ma said sadly, "'till you come lugging home that bear skin overcoat the other day when everybody was trying to keep from getting sunstruck."

"I got it cheap," T. Paer contended weakly, "'nd besides the fellah said it would come in handy next winter."

"Humph," Ma sniffed, "they ain't been a week all put together in the last 30 years when it was cold enough to wear it."

"Maybe not," T. Paer argued, "but if I go up to Alaska like I want to it'll be just what I need."

"You've been taking that Alaska trip for the last 10 years," Ma reminded him, "'nd you ain't started yet."

"Oh, let's forget it," T. Paer pleaded. "You can sell it to some tourist 'nd maybe make a dollar or two."

"What'd a tourist want with it?" Ma asked scornfully, "to wear as a duster?"

"Tell 'em it was made by a Indian princess," T. Paer suggested, "tourists'll buy anything if they think it's made by a Indian."

"I ain't going to say anything that ain't so even to keep you from losing your money," Ma demurred. "About the only thing I been able to save since I got married's a reputation for being honest 'nd truthful."

"It woudn't hurt the coat any for 'em to think a Indian made it," T. Paer insisted. "It'd be just as warm 'nd they'd like it better."

"Maybe," Ma answered, "but that ain't the way they do business in Portland these days."

"When I bought that gold watch," T. Paer reminded her sheepishly, "the fellah never told me it was just washed 'nd the works was brass like a alarm clock."

"They's some of 'em that ain't square," Ma conceded, "you got to expect that in a big town, but most of the time you get just what you think you're buying."

"I guess that's right in the main," T. Paer said, "but the trouble is I don't know I'm buying anything half the time till it's all wrapped up."

"Well," Ma suggested, "I should think you'd kinda hang around this week 'nd see that they didn't put it over on anybody you know from out of town the way they put it over on you."

"Not on our life," T. Paer demurred hastily, "them fellahs from outside ain't got over their sellin' habits just because they ain't in their home towns."

"Maybe," Ma suggested, "you might sell one of 'em your bearskin coat."

"Maybe," T. Paer chuckled, "but it'd be such a cold day before I could sell anything to anybody that I'd need the coat myself."

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

Peter Does Help After All

By Thornton W. Burgess

He bravest is who is afraid
Yet dares to give the helpless aid.
—Peter Rabbit.

PETER RABBIT had spent the night hidden near the young Heron caught in a trap just within the swamp near the Big River. Nothing happened and now the Black Shadows were hastening back to the Purple Hills, and jolly, round, red Mr. Sun was beginning his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky. He hadn't appeared yet, but he would very soon.

The young Heron had awakened and struggled with that terrible trap until he was quite used up. His mother, Mrs. Longlegs, had gone over to the Big Hiver to try to catch a fish or a frog for his breakfast. Peter had just made up his mind that it was foolish for him to waste his time by staying there when there was nothing he could do. He was all ready to say good-bye to the young Heron and hurry back to the dear Old Briar-patch when he caught a glimpse of something red moving further back in the swamp.

He didn't have to look twice to know that that was the red coat of Reddy Fox. Very carefully Peter sat up straight that he might see better. Reddy was trotting along sniffing from side to side, now running a bit this way and that way. Reddy was hunting. Peter had been hunted too often by him to make any histake on that.

Peter's first thought was that Reddy was hunting for him. Then he remembered that Reddy didn't know he was over there in the swamp. He was just hunting for anybody or anything he could find. Then right on the heels of that thought came thought of the young Heron held fast in the trap. Could it be that Reddy had heard about it? A sharp look at Reddy decided Peter that Reddy hadn't heard about the young Heron.

"He just happened over here in the swamp this morning," thought Peter. "There isn't anybody in particular on his mind. Oh, dear, what did he have to come here just now for? Why couldn't he have gone somewhere else this morning? He is heading right over this way now and if he keeps on he will be sure to find that young Heron. Mrs. Longlegs has gone fishing and there isn't anybody to do a thing. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! If only I could do something!"

"Shame," said something inside Peter. "Shame on you."

And then all in a flash an idea came to him. If Reddy should discover him it might be that he could lead Reddy away from that part of the swamp! Peter thought hard and fast. He was trying to think of a place of safety should Reddy chase him. At least he thought of a certain old log that was partly hollow with an opening at one end just big enough for him to get through, but too small for Reddy to get his head through. It lay over on the other side of the swamp. Could he get there before Reddy could catch him? He would have to run his very best to do it even then.

It was a great risk. If he sat still where he was hidden under the ferns the chances were that Reddy would not find him at all. He would find the helpless young Heron and then he would have no thought for anybody else. Why should he, Peter, risk his life for one who probably wouldn't even thank him? The fact is he probably wouldn't even know what Peter had done.

"Shame," said something inside Peter. "Shame on you." Peter slipped swiftly away under the ferns and headed so as to cross right in front of Reddy Fox. And as he ran it came to him that he was going to help after all, and he was glad.

(Copyright, 1921, by T. W. Burgess)

The next story: "Peter Just Makes It."

Sloan's Keeps Mosquitoes Away

Soak a piece of absorbent cotton, cloth or sponge with Sloan's Liniment, hang it in your bedroom or tent. It will keep the mosquitoes away and let you have a good night's rest.

Sloan's Liniment quickly takes the sting out of mosquito and other insect bites.

Good for all sorts of external pains, aches, strains and sprains.

Sloan's Liniment (Pain's enemy)

Rural Carriers of Four Washington Counties Organize

Centralia, Wash., Aug. 1.—The Mutual District Rural Letter Carriers' association was organized in Rochester by rural mail carriers of Thurston, Mason, Grays Harbor and Lewis counties. A. L. Bryning of Olympia is president, J. A. Dilyeu of Elma, secretary-treasurer, and J. H. James of Thurston, W. B. Jones of Lewis and H. O. Kuhn of Grays Harbor county form the executive committee.

An L. T. L. of the Ford Prairie W. C. T. U. has been organized.

Pasco Boy Drowned In Columbia River

Pasco, Wash., Aug. 1.—Elbert Sager, 15, lost his life in the Columbia river here shortly after noon Sunday. He was swimming with some companions when he got beyond his depth and drowned before assistance could reach him. The boy's father lives in Sioux City, Iowa, and his mother is dead. Elbert and his elder brother Clarence were both employed at Hill's garage.

TAXABLE PROPERTY GAINS

Ridgefield, Wash., Aug. 1.—The latest report of the total amount of taxable personal property shows that Ridgefield's amount is $77,680, while that of the country is $485,940. The same for the town of La Center, incorporated is $37,050. The new amounts are considerably greater than those of a year ago.

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BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office) By George McManus

LITTLE JIMMY

(Copyright, 1921, by International Feature Service, Inc.) All Figured Out

JERRY ON THE JOB

(Copyright, 1921, by International Feature Service, Inc.) Even Then He Couldn't Make It

KRAZY KAT

(Copyright, 1921, by International Feature Service, Inc.) Not Too Much Well

ABIE THE AGENT

(Copyright, 1921, by International Feature Service, Inc.) Abie Gets Into the Right Frame of Mind

US BOYS

(Copyright, 1921, by International Feature Service, Inc.) Skinny Gets Technical