

Agricultural Exports.

The calendar year is closing with every indication that the remarkable volume of exports will remain at the flood. A bulletin from the bureau of statistics at Washington is testimony to this effect. The bulletin deals with the exports of domestic foodstuffs, meat and dairy products, bread animals, cotton and mineral oils for November and for the 11 months of the present year ended with November. The total of these exports for November was \$105,311,000 against \$99,341,000 in 1905, and for the 11 months \$788,257,000 compared with \$703,569,000 last year. The December returns are not likely to show any relative decrease, and the entire year is fairly certain to show a large advance over last. Several features of the bulletin showing command special interest. Though there was something of a falling off in this class of exports for the month, our shipments abroad of meat and dairy products and of food cattle were \$208,379,000 in 1906, or more than \$20,000,000 in excess of these of the same 11 months of 1905. Legislation by congress and the steps taken by the administration in accordance therewith, aiming at safeguarding the purity of the output, have increased foreign confidence. The figures are of value as proving that while we sell abroad less barley, oats and corn, we are disposing in large quantity of what may be called the finished products from such raw material. The Americans are feeding more of the grain to live stock and selling more cattle and meat to the old world. This is really an economic advantage, as finding a market for the higher valued product always is. The bulletin accentuates the predominance of this country as a source of food supply, while the complete returns are pretty certain to prove that it has been a big year for exports of manufactures also.

Poland's Pitiable Condition.

The situation of Poland to-day is pitiable. Business in Warsaw has fallen off 50 per cent. and more; the fashionable boulevards are partly deserted; the restaurants are but half filled, and the leading hotel is running at a loss. The city swarms with troops, but martial law brings only oppression, not security. Hardly a day passes but officials are killed or wounded by the terrorists, while suspected persons are arrested, clubbed or shot to death by the authorities. The terrorists are strong enough to defy the government, while the government is strong enough to crush a general revolt, and the result is anarchy. When it will end no one can tell. But some day, says G. H. Blakeslee in the Outlook, peace will surely come, for Poland is to have autonomy. The Poles demand it. The great majority of the Russian Duma has promised it, and Russian liberalism must eventually win.

Romance of Motor Travel.

The motor car has rescued the romance of travel, freeing it from the irritating compulsions and contacts of the railway, the bondage to fixed hours and the beaten track and approach to each town through the area of ugliness and desolation created by the railway itself. With the motor, says Edith Wharton, in Atlantic, we have regained the wonder, the adventure and the novelty which enlivened the way of our posting grandparents; above all, the delight of taking a town unawares, stealing on it by back ways and unchronicled paths, surprising in it some intimate aspect of past time, some silhouette hidden for half a century or more by the ugly mask of railway embankments and the glass and iron bulk of a huge station. Then the villages that one missed and yearned for from the windows of the train—the villages have been given back to us.

Mexico winds up its year with a remarkably satisfactory financial showing. She reports exports of \$271,000,000, an increase of nearly \$63,000,000 over the preceding year, and imports of \$220,651,000, a gain of over \$42,000,000. But what is still better is the advance along all the lines of domestic development. Mexico is literally living in peace and plenty, with the most efficient of governments under the wise directing hand of President Diaz. The day of upheavals and factional disorders, resulting in general demoralization, seems to be past forever. Mexico has learned the secret of wise self-government.

London newspapers are paying splendid compliments to the kind of ambassadors America has sent to the mother country when they demand that the government send to Washington a man like James Russell Lowell, Joseph H. Choate or Whitelaw Reid to represent British interests. They seem to think the need of the times is an ambassador from the British to the American nation rather than an envoy of the British government to do business with the American state department.

Stamford, Conn., ministers have entered into an agreement to refuse in future "to marry persons both of whom are strangers." Out here it has always been the custom among preachers and others possessing the right to perform the marriage ceremony to insist that the "contracting parties" must at least have been introduced to each other before the beginning of the sacred rites.

The bell in the Kremlin at Moscow weighs 432,000 pounds. It is the world's biggest.



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST" (Copyright 1905 by the BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY)

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued. "I owe a lot to you, Matt," he pleaded. "But I've done you a great many favors, haven't I?" "That you have, Bob," I cordially agreed. "But this isn't a favor. It's business."

had been betrayed by some one of those tiny mischances that so often throw the best plans into confusion. "Tom Langdon," I said satirically. "It was he that warned you against me."

"That's true enough," said I. "But I'm in a position for the moment where I need my friends—and they've got to come to me. If I don't get the money from you, I'll get it elsewhere—but over the cliff with you and your bank! The laws you've been violating may be bad for the practical banking business, but there's mighty good for punishing ingratitude and treachery."



"I didn't think this of you, Matt," he whined. "I believed you above such hold-up methods."

and speculators throughout the country would have read my letter, would be believing that Matthew Blacklock had detected the textile trust in a stock-jobbing swindle, and had promptly turned against it, preferring to keep faith with his customers and with the public. As I read over my pronouncements aloud before sending it out, I found in it a note of confidence that cheered me mightily.

of selecting the dishes and giving the waiter minute directions for the chef, I envied him. "You must come over to my rooms after dinner, and give me some music," I said. "Thanks," he replied, "but I've promised to go home and play bridge. Mother's got a few in to dinner, and more are coming afterward, I believe."

felt as if I had suddenly emerged from the parlor of a dive and its stench of sickening perfumes, into the pure air of God's heaven. I signed the bill, and we went afoot up the avenue. Sam, as I saw with a good deal of amusement, was trying to devise some subtle, tactful way of attaching his poor, clumsy little suction-pump to the well of my secret thoughts.

HIS EYES OPEN

Why There Are No Mail Order Catalogues in One Home.

FARMER WILLIAMS' LESSON

In Time of Adversity He Got to Understand Who Were His Real Friends—Prosperity in Standing Together.

(Copyright, 1906, by Alfred C. Clark.) "What y' got there, Sis?" inquired Farmer Williams, as he kicked off his felt boots and set them carefully behind the stove to dry. "That's what I thought it looked like, one of them there Chicago catylogs, though I ain't seen one clost fer quite a few years back. Me an' your ma ust to buy mighty nigh everthing we used out of them catylogs when we first come to Kansas. Land sakes, I have to laugh now sometimes when I think of the way we would git ketchered on in awhile. They's some cheap things in them catylogs, an' then agin they's a lot 't ain't so cheap. Y' never kin tell till they come, an' then it's too late to send 'em back. But as I was a sayin', the way it come about I had as well tell y', cause I don't think y' really remember much about it."

"Well, jest 't night before New Years Doc. called us outside your room. Oh, how my heart sunk then! 'I don't want to hold out any false hopes to you people,' he says, 'but I think with proper care from now on, your little girl is goin' t' git well.' Elsie, it seemed jest like a ton of hay had been lifted off my chest right there. As fer your ma, why she jest busted down an' cried as hard as she could. After Doc. was gone we went out to the kitchen an' kneeled down right there an' thanked God fer the most glorious New Year's gift he ever give t' anybody in t' world—the health of our baby girl. You know your pa ain't no ranter er shouter, yer ma bein' a Baptist has furnished most of th' r'ligion fer our house, but jest then I seen how it was that they comes times in people's lives when they've jest got to have somethin' bigger an' greater than anything human t' turn to with a great joy er a great sorrow."



"I don't want to skeer ye, Mr. Williams," says he, "but I'm afraid she's in for a siege of typhoid fever." "Well, after he was gone I went out in the kitchen an' told your ma, but she says, brave as kin be: 'Well, Ezra, if the Lord has seen fit to put that much more on our load we must bear up an' fight it out our duty the best we kin, leavin' t' rest to him.' An' I thought so too. So we jest kept our hearts bray an' done what seemed right t' do."

"Well, to be short about it, fer eight weeks you kep' a gittin' weaker an' weaker, an' we kep' a feelin' more n' more hopeless. It was a sad Christmas in our home that year. Your ma was jest wore out with watchin' an' tryin' to do her work between times, an' I was so nigh sick with trouble an' discouragement t' I ust to go around by the barn an' jest cry like a baby. But I never let on to your ma though, ner she t' me. We tried t' encourage each other though we knowed in our hearts t' all our cheerfull words was lies, an' each one knowed the other knowed it too."



I Sez: Les Burn It.

"Well, it was a long time yet before you was strong enough t' play out doors, an' it was a hard winter. I burned every post of the fence around the south eighty fer firewood afore it was over. But it seemed like we had so much t' be thankful fer that we was strong t' care fer any of th' smaller troubles that we come across."

Folk Denounces Mail-Order Idea. Address: A meeting of retail merchants in Jefferson city recently, Governor Folk, of Missouri, said: "We are proud of our splendid cities, and we want to increase wealth and population, and we also want our country towns to grow. We wish the city merchants to build up, but we also desire the country merchants to prosper. I do not believe in the mail-order citizen. If a place is good enough for a man to live in and to make his money in, it's good enough for him to spend his money in."

Medicines in Pneumonia. Dudley Morgan declares that there are some cases of pneumonia which require only intelligent and systematic guidance and nursing. Others need little medicine, but when it is indicated it should be given promptly and energetically. Even in the most trying cases there is little else needed than digitalis, strychnine, and ice. In nearly all cases of pneumonia it is a good plan to start with quiet and rest, unloading of the bowels when necessary, a variety of nourishing liquid food, and an ice bag on the chest in the region of the pain and congestion, and also over the precordia if necessary. Trying cases are those in which the patient is a steady or hard drinker. In pneumonia digitalis should be used to strengthen and nourish the heart and to reduce a rapid pulse.—Medical Record.

Keep Your Money at Home. Don send money to mail order houses to deposit. Your home bank is the only safe place to keep it and will pay you as good interest as any he had, and then you run no risk as in such cases as the "Cash Buyer's Union" failure. The home bank will grant you favors and mail order houses never do. Mixture of Many Nations. Louis N. Parker, the dramatist, was born in France; his father was an American, his mother an English woman; his first language was Italian and he was educated in Germany.