

DOWN MISSOURI WAY.

Canada's Respect for Law and Order the Subject for Favorable Comment.

Those who have visited Canada are always impressed with the strict observance that is given to the laws of the country, and the order that is preserved everywhere.

"Reverence and respect for law is a dominant characteristic of the Canadian people. Wherever one goes in Canada, whether east or west, the law is supreme. The law is obeyed because it is law, seemingly, and not because violation carries a penalty.

The sale of liquor is strictly regulated. None but hotelkeepers may obtain license to vend the stuff, and before a license can be secured an applicant must prove good character and provide 20 rooms in his tavern for the accommodation of guests.

"Turning to the wheat fields of western Canada, the editor of the Laurel (Neb.) Advocate of Sept. 17, says: 'I have often thought that the reason that the characters of Charles Dickens are so impressed upon the minds of his readers is because he dwells upon them so long and describes them so minutely that by the time one has waded through his long drawn out stories they are so burned into his brain that he can never forget them.'

It is worth while to record that these fields have now been harvested, and in many cases yields as high as forty and fifty bushels per acre have been marketed, while the general average has been above twenty bushels per acre.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. W. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Thought Only of the Dynamite. Some grim stories are told of Lord Kitchener, says the United Service Gazette, and we have read one which, although we cannot vouch for the truth of it, has a decided Kitchener flavor about it.

Public Baths of Large Cities. Our present national movement to get the denizens of our congested cities next to godliness is now progressing rapidly, according to reports being received by the Federal Bureau of Labor, which show that about 40 of our big urban centers now provide public baths.

Uncle Jerry. "What they call 'honor' is a mighty curious thing," observed Uncle Jerry Peas. "I know a man who would cheerfully starve himself to pay a gambler's debt, and he still owns the preacher that married him twenty-seven years ago."

BED-BOUND FOR MONTHS.

Hope Abandoned After Physicians' Consultation. Mrs. Enos Shearer, Yew and Washington Sts., Centralia, Wash., says: "For years I was weak and run down, could not sleep, my limbs swelled and the secretions were troublesome; pains were intense. I was fast in bed for four months. Three doctors said there was no cure for me and I was given up to die."

Doan's Kidney Pills. Soon I was better, and in a few weeks was about the house, well and strong again. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Chauffeur and the Jewels

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CHAPTER X.

Some days after the Prince del Pino made his first appearance in Washington, two people were talking in the drawing room of a small house in S street at the hour which the French call, so curiously, "between the dog and the wolf."

"Of the pair in the gloaming, the man was standing up with his back to an attenuated mantelpiece, against which he leaned his huge frame, gingerly looking down from time to time at the girl opposite in the depths of a Market-Harborough chair."

"Think of it!" he was saying, in rather subdued tones, "it was actually on my way here yesterday, just coming out of the Shoreham, when the cable was handed me. You got my note telling you that I couldn't keep my appointment? What was it we were going to do? Oh, yes, go up the Monument. Yesterday seems about five hundred years ago!"

"It was very good of you to come and tell me about it," the girl said gently; "very friendly of you."

"Was it?" Gerald Buiet wheeled abruptly around and stared with sudden absorption out of the window. "It was a kind of you to let me," he said. "There's a certain relief in talking. When that cable came yesterday"—He broke off suddenly, and then continued, in an odd choked voice, "Well, that sort of unexpected shock rather knocks over a man. To lose poor old Jack—my only brother. And then this later news coming right on top of it—"

Again he could go no further. Annette left her chair impulsively and stood beside him, all the womanliness, the latest strength in her, reaching out to the poor fellow stricken in a strange land.

"It isn't certain yet," she said soothingly, stroking his rough coat sleeve with sublimely unconsciousness, "about your father; I mean—the cable—was it quite hopeless?"

There was a slight pause and Gerald turned towards her a very set face. "Quite!" he said shortly.

"Then with a certain shy awkwardness she took her hand and held it a moment. 'Thank you,' he said huskily; 'you've been very kind to me—Miss Bancroft.' He shook himself determinedly into the commonplace. 'You were surprised, weren't you, when I turned up the other day, and asked you to take me in hand and show me the sights here? I really don't know what made me come to Washington! Can't imagine, for the life of me!'"

The girl beside him had a shrewd suspicion that she could! Even when the attracting magnet is removed, the force of habit still dominates us in a measure, drawing us all unconsciously in the old directions.

"Have you seen or heard anything of Gussie lately?" Buiet now asked, with massive carelessness, turning to go.

Annette shook her head. "No," she said, tactfully avoiding his embarrassed eye. "I saw in the Post that she'd been dining at one of the embassies last night."

"Del Pino was there, too," remarked Buiet, completing her information with surprising accuracy, "and he was at the horse show with her that afternoon. I suppose they're together all the time." Here he felt it incumbent to shrug his shoulders loftily. "That's what he's here for."

"So you think that's what he's here for," echoed the girl.

There was the faintest hint of interrogation, incredulity in her tones, that made Buiet glance curiously at the small figure, the dim, opaque shading of the June twilight accentuating the blonde fairness of her hair and childish outlines of face and figure with mellowed distinctness.

"Why," he drawled, "any one can see that the man wants to marry Gussie, and I really don't see any special reason why she should take him to go."

His air of impersonal unconcern and indifference was a sorry mask through which a pair of miserably anxious eyes questioned Annette's face.

"Woman-like, she outwardly evaded the appeal even while answering it. 'Do you really think they're in love with each other?'" she asked quietly.

"Love?" Gerald hastily assumed the blank, unrecognizing expression with which one repeats the name of an undesirable and half-forgotten acquaintance.

"What is love?" He narrowed his eyes, viewing the word through a mental microscope with scientific impersonality.

"Well, I suppose the thing exists, but it's just a sort of temporary disease that attacks one at times! Most of us have it, or think we have, which is the same thing. But if you've been through it once, you're immune, that's one great comfort—you'll never catch it again!"

He spoke with savage conviction, conscious of scars which were still painful to the touch. "No, I think Gussie and Del Pino are too entirely sane to fall in love with each other! They're simply, in cold blood, making what your papers would call a brilliant match." He has the title, and she—everything else!"

"He has the title!" repeated Annette. She was staring at the honest-faced man before her, marveling at his utter unconsciousness of his own probably equal advantage in that respect at that moment. Certainly, as far as rank and his devotees were concerned, there was little to choose between the Prince del Pino and the new Earl of Lindsay. If Gerald only realized it, chance—the eternal chance—was his to-day.

Annette's lips parted impulsively and then closed again. It seemed such a pitiful waste that a loyal, unselfish love like his should be sacrificed on ambition's altar.

The girl spoke with sudden heat. "Gussie is my cousin, Mr. Buiet," she said determinedly; "do you think, knowing her as we both do, caring for her, she would go away as she spoke—'tell me frankly—do you think that she could make a man who loved her happy, that he would be content—well! with what she has to give?'"

Gerald did not hesitate an instant. "I should rather think she could," he said, with a sincerity that was almost pathetic. "The man who loved Gussie would be thankful for anything she could give him."

Then, stiffening with the inevitable contraction that followed such uncommodated expansion, he shook hands formally with his small hostess.

"Don't you think"—she made up her mind quickly—"wouldn't it be possible for you to stop in and see Gussie if I only for a moment this afternoon? I think she'll be hurt if she finds you've been here without looking her up."

"I'm afraid I can't, fatter myself," Buiet's tone was determinedly brisk. "Besides, why should she know? You'll have to keep my secret, Miss Bancroft." He backed into the hall. "There's a great deal to be done and it's getting beastly late."

Indeed, the little hall outside was undeniably dim.

Feeling for his hat with some haste in the shade, Buiet dislodged a sheet of cards, stuck in the rack, that came pelting him with light touches, and, even as he opened the door, one fell fluttering out on to the step outside, where the faint Italian script stared up at him impudently, revealed by the fading light: "Prince Rodrigo del Pino, and a curious crest."

The mark of the beast! Again the track of those alien footsteps that had invaded the room? And what possible concern was it of his—Gerald Buiet?

His mind reverting to nearer, more personal, more painful matters, the Englishman made his way thoughtfully to the S street corner. But at the lamp post he came to a sudden halt.

Standing quite still, he looked ahead of him, a very keen look in his eyes, for there, coming up the avenue toward him, was a familiar jaunty pair, was a slim, supple, unmistakable figure.

"Ah!" ejaculated Buiet. His face set in uncompromising creases, he went forward again, looking stiffly ahead of him.

"Not my friend M. Buiet?" Del Pino stopped short. "This Washington, indeed, supplies the unexpected." He scrutinized the Englishman with smiling eyes that told nothing. "What in the world are you doing here?"

Buiet ignored the cordially outstretched hand. "Very much what you are, I fancy," he returned, with such conspicuous lack of cordiality on his part that the other's smile broadened and deepened.

"Then you must be amusing yourself very successfully," he commented airily. "For me—my kind friends here provide continually some agreeable diversions. Mals a propos—you come perchance from S street?" The smile died out of the slanting eyes, which acquired a sudden metallic glint. "How is the charming Miss Bancroft?"

For an instant Buiet turned on his heel, the Italian somberly, and then, tipping the hat, "You will probably have an opportunity soon of judging for yourself," he rejoined curtly. "Good afternoon." And he strode off with a somewhat unnecessary martial tread.

"Why in the world was Del Pino hanging around here? That was a question that was agitating him as he tramped down the avenue.

Annette was an uncommon good sort; with unwonted enthusiasm the Englishman admitted that, even though his loyalty, his irrefragable pride in the woman he had loved for so long, told him that the girl's modest attractions could not be considered in the running with Gussie's.

Gerald thought he understood what foreigners of Del Pino's stamp admired in women, which made it seem all the more mysterious to him that this man—in fact that any man, whom Mrs. Waring delighted to honor, should have the opportunity, let alone the inclination, to appreciate Annette Bancroft.

What was the Italian expect to grind in S street? Was he playing a double game with two women, or—a very alert look came into Gerald's eyes—was he out of it entirely as far as one of them was concerned? Could it be possible that, even at this eleventh hour, with everything in his favor, the Prince del Pino had been turned down?

Buiet reached this overwhelming question point and Dupont Circle simultaneously, and stood a moment considering the situation; then, half mechanically, he turned into Massachusetts avenue. He walked rapidly, with an absorbed look on his grave face, his rather slow mind grappling with a problem that was bewildering enough. Why should Mrs. Waring's accepted lover have called on Annette Bancroft twice within three days—unless—was he not Mrs. Waring's accepted lover?

Gerald's steps unconsciously slackened. Half a dozen doors away from him loomed up a white exterior of ornate lines, an exterior with which, though Gerald had never crossed its threshold, he seemed oddly familiar.

"I suppose," he muttered, consulting his watch interposedly, "that it would be better form to stop in there for a few minutes! One likes to do the decent thing."

He stepped up the driveway and hesitated again in front of the imposing door of Mrs. Waring's house, as diffident and self-distrustful as if he were the humblest book agent, instead of the possessor of unquestioned rank and several millions of good English pounds sterling.

"It's ridiculous, my calling here under the circumstances!" he told himself sternly. And then, "Perhaps," the afterthought came eagerly on tiptoe, "she'll be sorry when I tell her the news from England."

And buoyed up by sudden hopefulness Gerald Buiet rang the bell.

CHAPTER XI.

Dinner at Cheryl Chase was nearing its close.

Along the broad, trellised verandas, hung with Chinese lanterns and vivid posters, were dotted the small, round tables, each surrounded by half a dozen members and their guests, whose chatter rose interperpetually.

Looking around him, his impressionable senses pleasantly thrilled by the light, the color, the movement of the gay scene, the mock Prince del Pino felt a sensation, a rich enjoyment of the present, which was not entirely due to the champagne he had drunk.

This was to be his last night—he told himself that, as he had many a time before during his Washington week, with the secret consciousness that the morrow would find him still on the stage, playing

his part to the same appreciative audience. Like most successful actors, Ludovic Sarto had become dependent on the glare of the footlights. He really could not tear himself away, could not make up his mind to give up the role which had become second nature to him.

Seated at Mrs. Waring's right, with five other chosen sitters surrounding her table, himself the bright, particular luminary of the occasion, the mock prince talked and laughed up to concert pitch, while efficient waiters kept him supplied with the delicacies which his barbaric soul craved, while on every side stretched vistas very grateful to the eye of the exiled European.

"One could almost fancy oneself at a Parisian cafe in the Bois," he acknowledged, with a reminiscent sigh.

Gussie met his glance smilingly. Indeed, her attention had been pretty obviously concentrated to him throughout the entire meal, much to the disgust of her host, a stodgy Senator, at whose right hand she sat.

"Yes, it is a bit like Paris," she assented, in answer to the other remark. "The open-air restaurant effect, and then the cosmopolitan type of the crowd!"

"The crowd!" echoed the mock prince. He shrugged his shoulders, lowering his voice significantly, then, in rapid French, "Must there always be the crowd? Can one never see you alone?" His heavy eyes met hers for the fraction of a minute. "Remember, I am to drive you back in my motor!"

Gussie's answer was drowned in the sudden rattle of chairs as the people at the table rose to their feet with a start.

"No, I shall not forget!" she smiled at him over her shoulder, moving off and leading the way towards the veranda steps.

A moment later the little party were out on the lawn, grouped under the dense shadow of a copper beech, its rustling tops blotting the night sky. Settling himself some distance from Mrs. Waring, now tete-a-tete with her host, Sarto leaned back lazily in the wide garden chair, a curiously sardonic smile on his lips, as he watched the Senator eagerly making the most of Gussie's brief attention.

How little he imagined—this man of politics and money—that, under the Prince del Pino's mask, a very humble rival had already distanced him! How little the woman opposite realized that her hopes, inclinations and ambitions were all centered on her ex-chauffeur!

During the whole course of Sarto's present perilous career never had his star seemed more in the ascendant, never had the winning cards seemed more certainly in his grasp, than at that very moment, when fate, in the person of a middle-aged Russian diplomat, was pursuing him all unconsciously over the Chevy Chase lawn.

"Ah, Meeses Waring?" At the sound of the familiar sibilant tones, Sarto leaned forward with a start, hardly able to believe his eyes and his ears. For, standing under the beech tree only a few feet away, shaking hands effusively with Gussie, was a lithe, well-known shadow.

"Well, you are a gad-about!" Mrs. Waring was ejaculating. "One minute in Newport, the next in Washington, and welcome everywhere. Prince!" she raised her voice. "Here is a joyful surprise. Your long-lost friend Count Souravieff!" (To be continued.)

VERY KIND.

The Caller, However, Was Trying on One's Sensibilities. Elizabeth, glancing out of the window, gathered up her embroidery with an instinct of flight, then sank resignedly back into her chair.

"What is the matter?" her cousin Jessie asked, curiously.

"The matter is Miss 'Liza Pettin-gill," Elizabeth replied. "I was too late—I discovered. You may enjoy the next hour, Jessie."

Miss Eliza came up at once, preceded by her own cheery voice. She was an alert, smiling little woman—the last one to be suspected of a gift for lasting susceptible feelings. She greeted the family, met Jessie with warm cordiality, and then drew a piece of embroidery from her work bag.

"It's for your birthday, Alice," she said. "You thought I'd forgotten, didn't you? But the older one gets the more I make a point of remembering the birthdays. When you were twenty-three there were plenty of beaux and all to send you things, but when a girl gets to be thirty it's different, and old friends count more."

"You are very kind," Alice replied, with diffidence.

"Oh, I like to do it," Miss 'Liza answered, cheerfully. "Elizabeth, I've been so distressed over something I said the other day. Jane Cartwright was speaking of the way you were changing in your looks lately, and I said you were growing to look like your Aunt Lydia Wadsworth. Afterwards I was afraid you'd hear it and not like it—girls are so sensitive about such things—for Lydia Wadsworth was a fine woman, but her best friend never could say she was handsome. So I wanted to tell you that it was just the Wadsworth nose and mouth. Your hair and eyes are better than hers. I've been so disturbed over it."

"You are very kind," Elizabeth echoed Alice.

Miss 'Liza was chatting on blithely. It was to Mrs. Chase now.

"I met your boy Stuart downtown yesterday, and I declare I didn't know him. I hope he didn't think I meant to pass without speaking. He had grown so sort of hollow-checked. I hate to think I've passed a boy that way, for they're real sensitive sometimes underneath. I wouldn't worry if I were you. I think he'll pick up before long. I've always said if Stuart could only grow stouter he'd be as fine a boy as I'd care to see."

"You are very kind," Mrs. Chase said, faintly.

When Miss 'Liza left at last, after numerous cheerful farewells, Jessie looked at the others commiseratingly. "You poor things, how do you stand it?" she cried.

"She is a living example of the fine art of how not to apologize," Elizabeth answered, whimsically. "We try to accept her in a chastened spirit of meekness. She is, I suppose, good for our souls. And underneath she is really very kind."—Youth's Companion.

Another Thrust.

Eva (reading novel)—She riveted her eyes.

Dick—You don't say?

Eva—And then she dropped them. Dick—My! My! Just like a woman. She can never nail or rivet anything securely.

THIS IS A FAIR FOR LOVERS.

How the Maids of Luxembourg Choose Their Future Husbands.

Every year, on the first Thursday in December, the peasants of the province of Luxembourg flock into its chief town, Arlon, in char-a-bancs, carts and every other description of vehicle in order to attend the "lovers' fair." The young people strike up acquaintance, while their parents exchange confidences as to the possibility of a match. The young men, who invariably are dressed in their best black clothes, offer presents to the girls of their choice and even go so far as to claim a formal engagement. These operations take place openly in streets, in houses of refreshment and in the public gardens.

All this, however, is only a preliminary and of but slight interest compared with what follows, says the Kansas City Star. If two young folks become mutually attracted at this "fair," the respective families apply to a marriage broker, or, as he is called, "a holy man." This person becomes the honored guest in the house of the parents of both contracting parties. He makes himself acquainted with their exact social position, their habits of life, their tastes; transmits these details to the "other side," indicates how housekeeping may be best started on the given conditions; in short, he "fixes up" the marriage. These brokers or holy men are generally counted as first-rate trenchermen and wine swallows.

All the same, they are held in considerable esteem by the two families, at whose tables they are accorded the place of honor.

A month later—that is to say, on the first Thursday in the New Year—there is a second "fair" at Arlon. Here the lovers formally plight their troth, the families give their mutual consent to the union, and the broker receives his remuneration—consisting of a commission on the amount of the dowry, and, in accordance with an ancient custom, a pair of top boots and a top hat.

By the laws in force in the Indian Territory an action at law may be instituted against a person usurping an office, either by the State or by the party entitled to the office. This is in lieu of scire facias and quo warranto or an information in the nature of a quo warranto. But according to the decision of the Court of Appeals of the Indian Territory in Re Le Bosquet v. Myers, 103 Southwestern Reporter, 770, the statutory provisions apply only to public officers, and not to proceedings for the ouster of officers of a private corporation.

The United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York, in United States v. Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company, 152 Federal Reporter, 269, holds that a shipment from New York City to Buffalo by way of New Jersey and Pennsylvania is interstate commerce, and that, therefore, the giving of rebates on such shipment violated the interstate commerce act. As supporting authorities are cited Hanley v. Kansas, etc., R. Co., 187 U. S. 617, 23 Supreme Court Reporter, 214, 47 L. Ed. 333; Lord v. Steamship Co., 102 U. S. 541, 26 L. Ed. 224; Pacific Coast Steamship Co. v. Railroad Commissioners, 18 Federal Reporter, 10.

In order to protect the levees in the Desha Levee District against the well-known proclivities of hogs to root, and thus weaken the levees, the Arkansas legislature has provided for the summary destruction of hogs running at large on such levees. This law is in Ross v. Desha Levee Board, 103 Southwestern Reporter, 350, by the Arkansas Supreme Court, held to be a valid exercise of the police power of the State. The court says: "The State, where it has the power to provide for destruction of property, may authorize this to be done summarily in cases where the property is of no great value and the emergency is such as not to admit of delay."

According to the decision of the New York Supreme Court in Brooklyn Distilling Company v. Standard Distilling and Distributing Company, 105 New York Supplement, 234, the New York anti-trust law does not invalidate the sale of a distillery to a corporation organized to create a monopoly in the manufacture and sale of alcoholic and spirituous liquors, even though the lessee knew that the motive of the lessee in taking the lease was to create a monopoly. The court takes the position that the law does not prevent a person from buying or leasing property in furtherance of the creation of a monopoly. The controlling point with the court was that the lessor did not in any way become a party to the illegal combination or participate to any extent in the scheme to avoid the law.

Mule Had a Good Memory. "It was at Tampa when a negro teamster was instantly killed by an army mule, and it furnished a good illustration of the wonderful memory that a mule has.

"The negro teamster used to pound that mule unmercifully. Instead of using strategy and coaxing his mule into submission, he used to beat it hard enough to kill a horse. Well, for two months the teamster didn't drive that mule. But the mule never forgot him. He never made any attempt to injure his new driver, who knew enough to treat him decently. But one day the old teamster came back. The mule remembered him. He waited with as much docility and patience as an ox until he was harnessed, and then, when the old teamster was off his guard, he let fly with both heels, caught the negro in the pit of the stomach and stretched him out as dead as a hammer. The other teamster was standing right there by him, but that mule didn't make any attempt to kick him. He had just been laying for the fellow who walloped him two months before, and when he had finished him he was satisfied."

—Buffalo Horse World.

A farmer would rather drive twenty-five miles than write a letter.

HE GAVE AWAY HIS STORE.

But the Next Day He Decided He Would Sell It.

To a certain city there came, once upon a time, a certain man with glorious ideas of fads and fashions and the goods to represent them, says the Kansas City Star. He opened up a pretty little shop, placed some "creations" in the windows and then waited. Day after day went by and the flood of customers he confidently expected also rushed by. They didn't even hesitate at his window display, and the man waxed exceedingly sore.

"It's a jay town," said the man. "It's a—don't care what it is. They don't know the real goods when they see them. Here I've paid duty on all these fine things, just to bring them from Paris, and the women—He! They go somewhere else and buy American goods. Think of it, American goods!"

And the man stood in his doorway each day with appealing invitation in his eye to all who passed. Finally the appeal was gone from his face and he looked grave and hard set. His fine frocks and pretty hats were still in the store, and his friend found him with teeth grit as he stopped to call.

"Business?" he growled. "Business? There's no such thing as business. Here I've got the finest stock of dainty things and—say!" His excitement was getting the better of him. "Say! If somebody would only come in and ask for something it wouldn't be so bad, 'd—"

A fashionably dressed woman at that moment turned into the doorway, and the proprietor, wreathed in smiles, bowed his acknowledgment of her call.

"Something I can show you, madam?" he inquired.

She looked carelessly at the finery in the cases and said:

"Have you any men's overshoes?" The poor man's hands went to his head and his agonized countenance warned the customer that she had made a terrible mistake. When she had gone the man crept meekly to his friend.

"Overshoes!" he grasped. "That's what I get with a store full of—it's all over. I give everything away. Take the place—I don't want it. Overshoes! Bah!"

And he clapped his hat on his head and marched out of the store.

The next day a sign in the window read: "I'm selling out."

QUEER STORIES

New York has an area of 209,218 acres.

Irish cows yield from 300 gallons of milk to over 1,000. In one case the yield was 1,469 gallons.

American and English locomotives are to be used largely on the private railway lines in Austria, about 2,000 miles of which are to be purchased by the government next year, at a cost of about \$15,000,000.

Among the applicants at Carrick-on-Shannon (England) post office for an old-age pension form was a man named Pat Reynolds of the Cootehill District, who is 100. He is hale and hearty and in full possession of all his faculties.

Ogden Mills Reid, only son of White-law Reid, publisher of the New York Tribune, has begun work as a reporter on his father's paper. Young Mr. Reid, who is 25 years old, is a Yale graduate of the class of 1904. Subsequently he took a course at the Yale Law School.

A supply of sponges from Yucatan may be looked for ere long. There is a large growth of fine sponges left untouched so far, as the native divers do not usually take sponges at a greater depth than fifteen feet. The better class grow in the greater depths, and these are now to be gathered.

Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood was in attendance at the maneuvers of the German army in Alsace Lorraine, which came to an end Sept. 10. He speaks highly of the courtesy of the German military authorities. From Saarbrücken, Gen. Wood went to France, where he was present at the French maneuvers.

The foreign trade of Japan in the first five months of this year decreased by \$15,000,000. Imports exceed exports by about \$40,000,000, against \$30,000,000 in the first five months of 1907. Of the decrease \$12,000,000 was in exports. Imports of machinery, however, continue to increase steadily, showing that manufacturing in Japan is developing. The imports, as a whole, totaled \$109,000,000 and exports \$93,000,000, a total trade of \$178,000,000, reckoning the yen at 50 cents American.

The Congress at La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, has passed the bill which orders that hereafter the export duty paid on copper and bismuth, the chief products of the country, shall be in proportion to the price of those articles in Europe on the day they are exported from Bolivia. The Congress is discussing another bill presented by the government to the effect that the national bank should be authorized to send silver bars to European mints, and when they return, coined, the law shall prohibit the export of that money.

Old Theory Confirmed. Tommy, whose nose was out of joint, and been permitted to see the new baby in his bath.

"Where's his other leg?" he asked, eyeing the infant with strong disfavor.

"It's doubled up under him," explained the nurse.

"Yes!" he snorted. "Jos' like de blasted stork what brung 'im!"—Puck.

Mr. Busymann. "I just dropped in to kill a little time."

"Well, please drop out again. I haven't any time that needs killing."—Houston Post.

Every one is occasionally shocked when he realizes how easily he becomes reconciled to the death of a friend.

Old Favorites

Mrs. Lofly and I.

Mrs. Lofly keeps a carriage, So do I; She has dapple grays to draw it, None have I; She's no prouder with her coachman Than am I With my blue-eyed, laughing baby, Trundling by; I hide his face lest she should see The cherub boy, and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers, Mine has his bride; He could give his bride a palace— Mine a cot; Hers comes home beneath the starlight, Ne'er cares she; Mine comes in the purple twilight, Kisses me, And prays that He who turns life's sands Will hold His loved ones in His hands.