

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. The editor of the Gazette of Fulton, Nev., recently paid a visit to western Canada. He was so impressed with the conditions that he saw everywhere that on his return home he was inspired to write as follows:

"Reverence and respect for law is a dominant characteristic of the Canadian people. Whether 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. Canada enforces the law and makes every law effective. No country is more free than Canada. In name Canada is a dependency of the British crown. In fact, it is almost a third republic. All its taxes are voted, collected and expended by the Dominion and the provinces. The nominal head of the government is the governor general, appointed by the English crown. Practically his only authority is to veto the acts of parliament, which he scarcely ever exercises. Canada gives no support to the English government or the English king. She gives England the advantage in trade regulations and tariff laws, and in return receives the protection of the British army and navy. Canada enjoys the protection without sharing in the expense.

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. The bar rooms close at 7 o'clock Saturday evening and remain closed until Monday morning. The schools and churches in western Canada excite admiration. Though new, western Canada is not Godless. The finest buildings in every town are the churches. Next come the school houses."

"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 was this way with the Canadian wheat fields. Had we only seen a few of the memory of them might have worn away in time, but a long drawn out experience such as we had is sure to leave an ineffaceable impression. Never while we live shall we forget the Canadian wheat fields. They call it the granary of the British Empire and we don't blame 'em. Nobody who has seen their wheat fields can wonder at their enthusiasm.'

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. Oats and barley have also done well, and the profits, the prices of grains being high, have paid the entire cost of the farms of many a farmer. There is now 130 acres of land given away, in addition to the 100 acres that the homesteader may purchase at \$3.00 an acre. Particulars of this as well as the lowest railway rates will be given by the Canadian government agent.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
 Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. 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 States Gazette, and we have read one which, although we cannot vouch for the truth of it, has a decided Kitchener flavor about it. A young subaltern who was in charge of some works that were in course of construction in the Punjab had the misfortune to lose some native workmen through an accident with dynamite. Fearful of a reprimand from headquarters, he telegraphed to the commander in chief: "Regret to report killing of twelve laborers by dynamite accident." Back is said to have come the laconic message: "Do you want any more dynamite?"

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. Among these Boston takes the lead with 10 public bathing beaches, 12 public floating baths and one public pool. Next to this record of 23 public baths ranks that of Greater New York with 20, and then that of Philadelphia with 15.

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., Centra, 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. Being urged, I used 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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 By Edith Morgan Willett

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, I'm sure."

"Was it?" Gerald Buist wheeled abruptly around and stared with sudden absorption out of the window. "It was a kinder 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 subliming unconcern, "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.

"With a certain shy awkwardness you took her hand and held it a moment. 'Thank you,' he said huskily; 'you've been so 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?" Buist now asked, with massive carelessness, turning to go.

Annette shook her head.

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

"Del Pino was there, too," remarked Buist, 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 Buist 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 for a partner."

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 quite evident, 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 she closed again, 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.

"The girl spoke with sudden heat. 'Gussie is my cousin, Mr. Buist,' she said determinedly; 'do you think, knowing her as we both do, caring for her, she would set 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.

"Got all my boxes to pack, you see—have to be off by the ten-thirty train so as to take to-morrow's steamer from New York. Good-by."

Annette followed him to the door.

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.

LEGAL INFORMATION

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 writ 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 that 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 lesser 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.

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, snuffling little woman—the last one to be suspected of a gift for brushing 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 distressed 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.

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 1,460 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 Cooleah 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 \$187,000,000, 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 Favorites

Mrs. Lofty and I.
 Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage,
 So do I.
 She has dapper 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 ride 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.

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
 So have I;
 She wears hers upon her bosom—
 Inside I;
 She will leave hers at Death's portal,
 By-and-by;
 I shall bear my treasure with me
 When I die;
 For I have love and she has gold;
 She counts her wealth—mine can't be told.

She has those who love her station,
 None have I;
 But I've one true heart beside me—
 Glad am I;
 I'd not change it for a kingdom,
 No, not I;
 God will weigh it in His balance,
 By-and-by;
 And the difference define
 'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.
 —Anonymous.

The Slave in the Dismal Swamp.
 In dark fens the Dismal Swamp
 The hunted negro lay;
 He saw the fire of the midnight camp—
 Heard the bloodhounds' distant bay.

Where will-o-the-wisps and glow-worms
 Shine,
 In burhull and in brake;
 Where waving mosses shroud the pine,
 And the cedar grows and the poisonous vine
 Is spotted like the snake.

Where hardly a human foot could pass,
 Or a human heart would dare,
 On the quaking turf of the green morass
 He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,
 Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame;
 Great scars deformed his face;
 On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,
 And the rags that hid his mangled frame,
 Were livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,
 All things below were glad and free;
 Little squibbels darted here and there,
 And wild birds filled the echoing air
 With songs of liberty.

On him alone was the doom of pain,
 From the morning of his birth;
 On him alone the curse of Cain,
 Fell like a hail on the garnered grain,
 And struck him to the earth.
 —Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

FOOLED BOTH WAYS.

The Experience of a Visitor in a Lunatic Asylum.

"I was staying," says a writer in the Liverpool Mercury, "with an uncle who was on very friendly terms with a doctor who kept a private asylum, and who occasionally gave a dance for the patients, while also inviting some of his friends."

"During my visit we received an invitation, and on the appointed evening we arrived to find the room crowded with people all in evening dress."

"My first man was a man, whom I thought looked decidedly queer, a restless, hunted expression in his eyes, and occasionally during the dance he stopped and glared searchingly around. Dear me, how glad I was when the dance was over, and making some excuse, I hurried away, only to run up against my hostess and to be introduced to my second partner."

"Ah, me, what a handsome man, and girl-like, I fell head over ears in love. I put out my most bewitching ways and hoped I looked my best and took care that I helped him find a cozy corner for the sit-out."

"It was delightful, and I was just lamenting that it was about time for the next dance, when, horrors, clutching hold of my hand and frantically waving his other hand, he started roaring out texts, when suddenly, to my relief and astonishment, who should come up, followed by two men, but my first partner, whom I found to be a doctor, while my handsome partner was a religious maniac!"