When the Time Came Her Declsion Was Quickly Made.

By SARAH BRYCE VAUGHAN.

"Why it is," said the ranchman,

"that some wimmen can't make a straight deal with a lover.
"We had a case out here onct where a gal kep' two fellers danglin' after her till she pretty nigh set both on 'em crazy. At last she had to decide all on a sudden, and it didn't take her second to show which one on 'em had her heart. Mebbe she didn't know herself before that which did have it, and mebbe she did know. Leastaways there wasn't no hesitation when

the time come to make a show down
"She was a little Mexican gal. H father had belonged to a big family in Spain, and sence most o' the big families there are down at the heel and Herrara bein' the youngest o' twelve children he went to Mexico, married and come up to this here territory to raise sheep. He had a daughter, Pacquita, born on his ranch. From the time she was able to walk she was out o' doors all the while, climbin' fences and trees, and when she was four was ridin' the horses to water.

"When Pacquita was sixteen she was a terror to her father and mother. She could shoot, ride, swing a lariat, do anything a cowboy could do. I've seen her toss her handkerchief on the ground, ride by it at full speed and with one spur hooked to her saddle reach down and pick it up. At that time she used to wear her hair flowing out like a comet's tail-same as little gals do-and it was topped by a sombrero. Her jacket and skirt were Mexican, with lots o' gold braid. Her eyes were black and her complexion eyes were black and her complexion almost as dark as a quadroon's. She got that from her mother, who had Aztec blood in her. "There was a Mexican boy whose father owned a ranch near the Her-rara property that was brought up with Pacults. He was investible same

with Pacquita. He was just the same age, and they were just like brothers.
Leastaways it seemed to me that
Pacquita was more like a brother to



THE TWO MEN WERE SINKING LOWER. Jose Serrano than a sister. But I reckon they was more like lovers from

the very first. "They was always together till one day a young Englishman come out here to be a rancher. He was the sleekest looking feller I ever see. Ed-ward Allston was his name, and he was a thoroughbred and no mistake. I didn't see him ridin' about with Pac-quita till some time after his comin' here; then I used to see 'em together often. It didn't seem to me that if the Englishman wanted her the little Mexican would stand a ghost of a chanct. But, while she was with the Britisher a good deal, she didn't drop the Mexia. She appeared to be just as fond him as ever. But what kind of fondness it was, now that Allston had come along, I didn't know. It seemed to me that sooner or later the little where and the Britisher had the right

these men. When she was with Jose he looked sullen, and I reckoned she war trying to make him believe she care nothin' at all about Allnder her spell. They was a fine conrast, them two, she a dark Spanish Britisher. It didn't appear to me that he was more interested in her than if she'd been any other gal. It war the way she slung them big black eyes about that made me think she was try

ing to lasso him. "The reason I took all this interest in the matter was that I was as fond of Pacquita as if she'd been my own little gal. One day I overtook her ridin' along the road alone. After awhile I said somethin' against the Englishman just to see how she'd take it. She fired up, you bet. Then I told her I thought Jose Herrara was worth three of Edward Allston. She looked kind o' funny, but didn't say nothin'.

"'Weil, little gal,' I said when I left her, 'better decide between 'em. It would be cruel to keep 'em on the anxious seat always.'

"'I don't know,' she said, 'that I have the privilege of decidin' between

"With that she cantered away, kind

of glum.
"I knew well enough that so far as Jose Herrara was concerned she could have him whenever she wanted him.

But I didn't know anything about her havin' the Englishman. "But as time wore on I saw Pacquita still sience from the man. Then show that we wentured, reproachfully:
"Why don't you say something?"
"My dear, you seemed to enjoy your ream so that I was afraid of waking you up." the man then replied.

ural that a fine lookin' man with swell manners should supplant a boy who didn't show up for much except that he was a very good kind of a feller Re'd been about the only person Pac-quita had ever come across for a lover, and when semethin better turned up it was natural she should gradually let go her hold on the first and get a

grip on the second.
"But the time come when it was plain enough that the Englishman had been landed and was layin' on his side gaspin'. What I mean by that is that the gal had woven a spell about him he couldn't resist, and he was dead gone on her. From that time she did not seem so stuck on him as she was before. That's the way with all of us-

when we once git a thing we don't care so much about it as we thought we did. That's what I thought was the case with Pacquita, but them as knew told me I was wrong. They said she was in love with Allston and was goin to marry him.

"The race was comin' to a finish, with big odds on Allston. Leastaways, it would 'a' been ridiculous for Pacquita to stick to a boy lover when she could git a man and a fine man at that. Bu

she didn't seem to want to decide.
"One day Pacquita was out on laborse, got up, as usual, in her Mexica toggery, a revolver at her side and lariat at the pommel of her saddle when she saw the two men who wa courtin' her ridin' toward each other She wondered what they was goin' do. She didn't want 'em to fight-fa-is, all along she had been keepin' Se rano from pickin' a quarrel with A! ston. Then she remembered that ther was a quicksand between 'em, an' st began to worry lest one on 'em woul git into it. She reckoned Jose Serran knew all about it, but she wasn't sur Allston did. They was a ridin' kind reckless, especially Serrano, and sh made up her mind there war goin' to be a fracas. She war bound to stop it, so she started for 'em.

it, so she started for 'em.
"Well, before she reached 'em they
met. She saw that Serrano was talkin mighty savage to Aliston, while
Aliston was a-keepin' his temper and pattin' his borse, which seemed restive to keep him quiet. Pacquita rode on as fast as she could make her beast go, dreadin' every minute to see the two men come to blows. Then she no ticed that there seemed to be some thin' the matter with both their horses. Serrano went on talkin' excitedly, but Allston stopped payin' any attention to him and was lashin' his horse. 'The horse seemed to be makin' a great ef fort to do somethin', but didn't do nothin'. Then Serrano's horse was a-makin' the same efforts.

"Pacquita turned pale, for she knew that both her lovers had struck the quicksand, and once in it there was no chanct for either of 'em to get our She made her horse do her best, usin whip and spur, but she was ridin across country, with no road, and the goin' was bad. The two men were sinkin' lower and lower and shoutin like mad for help. Pacquita was the only person to hear 'em, and there was little prospect she'd reach 'em before they sunk out o' sight. She was only

"When she rode up to 'em their horses' heads was the only part of et there criter above the sand and both men had sunk to the waist. Aliston, bein' the beaviest, had sunk a little lower than Serzene Paccatte waven. bein' the heaviest, had sunk a little lower than Serrano. Pacquita wring her hands for a moment, wild at not bein' able to help 'em, each of 'em lookin' at her pitfully. Then she remembered her lariat. Quick as a flash she unwound and poised it ready to throw. Each man was up to his armpits. Even if she had time to save one on 'em she wouldn't have time to save the other.

"This is where the time come I w tellin' you about at the beginnin' o' this where the gal had to decide which one of the two men she loved. or, rather, the love for one o' 'em that was in her decided the matter for her Swingin' the loop around three or four times, she let it go and it shot o: over the quicksand.

"Which o' them two fellers do you suppose the loop fell on? Why, the little Mexican. When it come to the pint the child love that had growed like a young twig was stronger than the new thing that had come when Par quita was growed. "The rope fell true and in a mome

was around Jose's shoulders under his arms. Pacquita had the other end fastened to the pommel of her said dle, and, startin' her horse gently, so as not to break the rope, he pulled the Mexican out. Then she fell in a faint, but Serrano didn't waste no time on He threw the lasso to Allston. o' way.

"I used to meet Pacquita ridin' fust with one and then with the other of these men. When she was with Jose these men. When she was with Jose these men with Jose they hauled Allston on to Together they hauled Allston on to tively

firm ground. "That was the end o' the rivalry be ton. When she was with Allston I tween these two men. Allston went back to England and married the on each floor. that if a gal is in doubt between two lovers she kin find out which one she rants by bavin' a chanct to save the life of only one of 'em.

> He-I had a hard time getting a good wife.

> She-Goodness: Have you been maried several times?
> "Oh, no. But I courted my present one six years."- Philadelphia Le

Usually the Way. Mamie-She is trying to keep her marriage a secret.

Maud-How do you know?

To forgive a fault in another is more than to be faultless oneself .-George Sand.

etter Dream On.
"Isn't that a perfect dream of a at?" she demanded of the man by hat?" ber side.

"I said," she repeated after some seconds of silence, "isn't that a dream of a hat?" Still silence from the man. Then

MISSING THUMB

It Was Important Evidence, but Came In Late.

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN.

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.] William Burch was graduated at the scientific school of the — university and became an assistant in an institution for original scientific research. Having a rich uncle, unmarried and childless, who was intending to make him his helr, he had laid out a career for himself by which he might devote his time to study and investigation. This uncle, a Mr. Trevor, was cashier

in a bank. One morning young Burch received a note from his uncle asking him to call that afternoon at 3 o'clock. Burch called. Half an hour later he was seen to leave his uncle's house very red in the face and muttering to him self. The only person living in the house with the uncle was an old woman who took care of it. She heard

Mr. Trevor say during Burch's visit:
"That's the best I can do for you."
Burch replied angrily: "You have placed me in a very trying position Having advised me to follow a career that pays nothing and promised to back me up, you put me off with"— Here the door was closed, and the

ousekeeper heard no more.

Mr. Trevor always went out to din ner-usually at his club-at 6 o'clock. Mrs. Morton, his housekeeper, noticed that he did not ride out during the afternoon of his nephew's call, and at 7 o'clock he had not gone to dinner. She went to his room, knocked and received no reply. Entering, she saw his dead body on the bed.

Running to the telephone, she called up William Burch and told him to come at once—something had happened to his uncle. Burch came and with Mrs. Morton went to his uncle's room He did not speak for some time, be ing evidently under strong emotion

Then he said:
"Mrs. Morton, who has been with my uncle this afternoon besides my

"I have seen no one come or go."
On the table stood a decanter whisky, a glass and a soda bottle in a silver holder. The dead man had been



41 EXAMINED THE CONTENTS CRITICALLY drinking some whisky and soda an had left a part of it in the glass. Burc

took up the glass and examined the contents critically. Then, stooping s as to get very near the holder, he ex amined it closely.

"When was it polished?" he asked. "This morning. I polished all the silver this morning." A part of the surface was blurred:

the rest was bright. "Did you handle it after polishing

"Only by the bottom." "Only by the bottom."

Burch put his mouth nearer the holder and breathed on it. Then, taking a little hand microscope from his vest pocket, he brought it to bear on

"Well?" said Mrs. Morton interroga-

"Where can I lock up this bottle holder?"

"In any of the closets. There's one "No. Every nook and cranny of the

house will be searched."

He threw binself into a chair and thought. Mrs. Morton stood waiting. The many control of the before the control of the c

The dead body lay on the bed. Finally Burch, rising, said:
"I must risk it."

The Flag of Denmark.

"Risk what?" "Before reporting my uncle's death I must remove the bottle holder Promise me that you will say nothing

For the first time Mrs. Morton cast a aspicious glance at Mr. Burch.
"If I'm questioned about it I shall be

obliged to tell." "If you are questioned, yes." Mrs. Morton gave a reluctant con-"Get me a pasteboard box that will

hold it.' She went out of the room and pres ently returned with a box. Burch cut a hole in it large enough to let through the stand of the bottle holder, by which he grasped it, using the box as a protector, so that nothing could

touch the silver surface. "Call a cab."

Mrs. Morton did as directed, and
Burch, carrying the bottle holder by
its stand part, left the house, promising to return soon. Within twenty minutes he was back. Then he went to the telephone, called up the police and reported that his uncle had died suddenly under very suspicious cir-cumstances. The coroner was not long in coming and, after carefully inspect-

ing everything in the room, went out locking the door behind him and put

locking the door behind him and put-ting a policeman on guard.

While this was in progress William Burch was locked in his own room with a detective.

"My uncle has been poisoned," he said, "by some one whose left thumb is missing. I wish you to find that person. If you don't I shall either be executed for murder or imprisence for executed for murder or imprisoned for life or go forth a man with a blighted reputation. I was the last person known to be with my uncle before his

death. In a few days or at most a few weeks I shall be arrested. "These are my disadvantages. On the other side, I am heir to my uncle's estate and can pay my lawyers and you well. I care nothing for them provided you succeed. Go. Find the man with the missing thumb."

In just two days from that day Wil liam Burch was arrested for the mur-der of his uncle, John Trevor. After the usual delay the case came to trial Mrs. Morton was the first witness fo the prosecution, and one of the first questions asked her was if there had been a holder for the soda bottle found in the deceased's room. She replied that there had been and when ques-tioned further testified that the accused had taken it away.

This without any other evidence was enough to convict Burch. Another feature alone was also sufficient to that Burch was his uncle's heir. third feature admitted by Burch him-self clinched the other two. Being put on the stand by his counsel and asked what had passed between him and his uncle at their last interview. Burch said: "My uncle sent for me to tell me

that he was intending to marry. This would turn his property away from me. He proposed to make my inter est in it dependent upon the will of the lady he was to marry. To this I objected.'

All wondered at this admission, which indicated plainly that in order to save an estate which was to pass to another the prisoner had murdered the owner.

A witness for the defense had bee summoned in the person of Edgar Whipple, a bookkeeper at the bank At this point Burch's counsel called Whipple to the stand. He was a pale. nervous man, who seemed to be dread ing the ordeal before him.

The examination of the witness de

veloped that he had been carrying on his books a deficit of some \$50,000 which he had lost in speculation. The next move of the defense was an attempt to prove that he had visited Mr Trevor on the afternoon of the mur-der, that Mr. Trevor was the only per-son who knew of his defalcation and that the two held a conversation on that subject. All this the witness de-nied, and as there was no proof of it the opinion of those in the courtroom was that a mistake had been made in attempting to establish it. Without dismissing the witness coun-

sel for the defense gave an order to an attendant, who disappeared and re-turned carrying a pasteboard box, which he placed on a table before the lawyer. The cover was removed, and he lifted by its base from the box a silver bottle holder.

Every person in the courtroom bent forward with eager attention. Natu-rally it was inferred that this was the missing article that Miss Morton had testified the prisoner had removed. A sensation was expected, and a sensa tion was realized. Counsel for the de fense, still holding the bottle holder by its base, carried it to the jury box. breathed on it, handed a microscope to the juryman nearest him and invited him to examine the surface. This process was repeated with every jury man. Then, carrying the holder back to the table, the lawyer set it down and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, this stand held the bottle used when the murder ed man took his last drink. The sod: was poured into the glass of whisky by some one who held it in his left hand, the thumb of which was missing. This person then dropped in the glass a dose of prussic acid, which has since been found there by experts You have examined the silver surface and have found the imprint of a hand with the thumb missing. That imprincame from the moisture of the hand that grasped the silver. It dried out but I revived it with my moist breath, that you could all see it, that you might all have proof that the person who committed the murder was a man with a missing thumb."

Then, turning to the witness, the

lawyer said:

"Hold up your left hand."

Instead of obeying the order the wit ness fell over in a faint. He was picked up and placed on a chair, and as soon as he came to himself an officer lifted the witness' hand, the thumb of which was missing.
William Burch was acquitted, the

jury not leaving their seats. He inherited a fortune from his uncle and vhom Mr. Trevor was to have

man with the missing thum!

In the year 1219 King Waldemar of Denmark, when leading his troops to battle against the Livonians, saw, or thought he saw, a bright light in the form of a cross in the sky. He held this appearance to be a promise of divine aid and pressed forward to vic From this time he had the tory. cross placed on the flag of his country and called it the Dannebrog—that is the strength of Denmark. Aside from legend there is no doubt that this flag with the cross was adopted by Den-mark in the thirteenth century and that at about the same date an order known as the order of Dannebrog, wa instituted, to which only soldiers and sailors who were distinguished for courage were allowed to belong. The flag of Denmark, a plain red banner bearing on it a white cross, is the old est flag now in existence. For 300 years both Norway and Sweden were united with Denmark under this flag

-Housekeeper. A Duke's Maxim

It was a maxim of the first Duke of Portland, who was a great lover of race horses, that there were only two places where all men are equal—on the turf and under the turf.

A ROMANGE.

The Story as It Was Told by Picture Postals.

By AGNES G. BROGAN. [Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

"Mike" was not his true name. It had been bestowed by the clerks at "Station D" because of the never failing good humor and ready wit which characterized the stout, red haired, postman, who had been in the service of the United States government as long as the men could remember, and so generally was the name adopted that Mike himself had almost forgotten the proper one.

The picture postals which found their way into his bag were a source of unfailing delight, and often Mike could follow the travels of some favorite by merely reading the cards as they were sent home.

As he neared the stone house with

the white rosebush growing beside the veranda the postman unconscious ly quickened his steps and searched eagerly among the letters, for he never liked to disapoint Miss She was one of the few who had not growing up. Mike ascended the steps



"I GUESS IT'S FOR THE NURSE."

looking admiringly at the picture of a green trees. Upon the opposite side of the card he read:

Dear Mother-Cousin Robert and his friend met me at the station. I am having a fine time. ISABEL. 'So she's away," Mike mused, a littie disappointedly. "Well, she'll have the good time all right." And so it seemed, judging from the many gala postals interspersed with thick letters

which were received daily at the stone Miss Isabel wrote constantly of pleas ure trips with "Cousin Robert and his friend," who later came to be desig nated as "Robert's friend Billy," and then when the long summer was draw-ing to an end the obliging Cousin Rob-ert's company seemed to be dispensed with, for the postals read simply, "Bil-

with, for the postals read simply, "Billy and I were here today."

Mike chuckled as he handed one of these cards to the maid. "She won't be coming home in a hurry," he said confidentially. But in this he was mistaken, for she came smilingly to meet him a few days afterward.
"I suppose I will have a hundle of

him a few days afterward.
"I suppose I will have a bundle of letters for you soon," he remarked.
"I hope so," she answered gayly,
He searched expectantly through his

pack next morning, and, sure enough, there it was, "I will write you to-night—yours, Billy," while a printed verse stated the fact that "absence makes the heart grow fonder."

They came thick and fast after that —letters, cards, a photograph or two and bulging little packages, all addressed in the same free, bold hand which Mike learned to recognize instantly. Isabel was always there as he came down the street, apparently absorbed in sewing or bovering about the rose bush with a great pretense of examin-g its leaves. When Mike presented als offering she would receive it with the open delight of a child.

"It's from Billy," he would say and go away laughing at her confusion The old postman was vastly interested in the unfolding love story, but ther came a time when the girl waited in vain, and he dreaded to meet ber questioning eyes, for Billy's letters had

reased abruptly.

Mike pondered deeply. The shrewd eyes could read more than postal cards, and be was sure that she been too fond of this Billy to send him away. Had the mother interfered or his face darkened savagely—was the fellow himself to blame?

One morning as Mike was preparing to start out upon his rounds the familiar bold handwriting flashed into riew as though in answer to his trou oled thoughts. The freckled hand rembled as he held the postal up to bled thoughts. the light. It was the picture of a great ocean steamer, and the message upon the addressed side danced dizzlly for a moment before his eyes. "Have engaged passage for Oct. 5." he read

"Goodby forever, little Isabel Drew.

And the old postman fought with the greatest temptation of his life—to de-stroy a part of Uncle Sam's mail. When he saw the little white lady leaning back wearly in her chair upon the veranda Mike was certain that he would have preferred to pay the full penalty due such a crime than to have been the bearer of this cruel missive. He avoided her eyes as he turned away, but there was a tremulous little catch in the voice which thanked him. To his great relief. Isabel no longer vaited his coming, and when he next

left a letter for her mother it was a white capped nurse who responded to his ring.

"Young lady sick?" Mike asked in ne which was supposed to express vereu vely;
'Yes; she is very sick indeed.'

He stopped to inquire every day after that and then pursued his way gloomly. "Mike is getting peevish." the clerks at the office said in surprise. An air of intense anxiety seemed to pervade the atmosphere of the ston house, and the bell was muffled, for the patient had reached the crisis when Mike again appeared at the door. was awkwardly holding a parcel wrap

"She used to like white roses," he said to the nurse. "Put these in her

At length news came that Isabel was really getting better. The air of de-pression vanished. Once more Mike's whistle sounded cheerly. Then he became puzzled over a letter which un-mistakably bore Billy's handwriting and yet was not directed to the girl he had treated so cruelly. Mike finally came to the conclusion that the fellow had written to the nurse desiring information concerning Isabel's condi tion, and he fervently hoped that she

"wouldn't make it up with him."

He fingered the letter guiltily as he approached the house and saw Isabel herself standing upon the veranda. A sudden moisture filled the sympathetic postman's eye, for she was such a small, white Isabel. Her dark hair had been cut, and the short curls seemed to change her back again into the little girl who had raced to meet him upon her way from school.

"I am glad you are better," he said heartily, and she smiled. "Thank you," she answered softly "You have been very kind. Any let

ters today?" Mike drew a long breath. "There's one here," he said hesitatingly. "I guess it's for the nurse—addressed to Mrs. William D. Rhodes."

Isabel extended an eager hand.
"Why, Mike," she said, laughing happily, "don't you know—that I am Mrs

William Rhodes?"

He stared at her unbelievingly "You," he repeated dully—"you Mrs Rhodes, and it wasn't the Billy fellow

after all?" "Oh, but it was," she said rather confusingly, "for Billy is William

Rhodes. The old postman still looked bewil dered. "You married to him all the while," he said slowly, "and me think-ing when the letters stopped and he went away bidding you 'goodby for ever' on a postal card that it was all over with." She laughed merrily at his unblush

ing confession to reading her mail. "I understand now," she said, "your disappointment at having no letters to deliver, but you see when we became engaged Billy managed to be trans ferred to the company's office here, so there was no further need of correspondence. We were married quietly the very day before I was taken desperately ill with typhold fever, which had been threatening me for so long had been threatening me for so long Billy has been with me through it all and now that I am strong enough! the girl's eyes shone "we are going upon our long postponed wedding trito Europe. The card you spoke of, she explained kindly, "was sent from New York, where Billy had gone tengage our passage, and, knowing the I was to be married the next day, had goodby forever to Isabel Drew."

bade goodby forever to Isabel Drew Mike replaced his cap and sorted canother handful of letters. The inf tious smile appeared upon his fac and the Irish blue eyes twinkled. "Yo can't always take it from the postals.

he said. At the foot of the stair he doffe his cap again. "I wish you much happiness, Mrs. Rhodes," he added ceremoniously, and the girl watched him far down the street.

"Never was wish more sincere," sh murmured softly. The days followe each other uneventfully. No girlish far bent over the rosebushes or smil from the window, and then one mo-ing Mike discovered among his letter one bearing a European postmark a addressed in a small, neat hand—whi he well remembered—to Mrs. Jam Drew.

It would naturally be supposed the such a bulky letter could convey al the news necessary, but with it, als directed to Mrs. Drew, came a picture postal, the same white boat which had at one time aroused Mike's anger and beneath the boat was penned: You will be glad to know that Billy and I have arrived safely and are well and happy. ISABEL RHODES. such a bulky letter could convey s

The postman ascended the steps the stone house. "There's a letter formed, the man who opened the door, "and a posts card for me."

"You!" the girl exclaimed scornfull "Why, it's for her too."
"I am not so sure of that," Mile answered knowingly. "But you ma

The door closed with a bang, for the naid had long since ceased trying t maid had long since ceased trying understand Mike and his ways, the whistled tune, "Has Anybody Her Seen Kelly?" floated riotously dow the street.

BERTILLON STUDIES HAIR. Thinks He Has New Criminal Identi-

fication Plan. M. Bertillon, well known for his fin-gerprint system of identification for criminals, is collecting samples of hair from all over the world. He believes he has hit on a new method which will make still easier the identification

of any one sought by the police.

Every nation, says M. Bertillon, has a different way of expressing a definite shade of hair, the Swedes, for instance, calling chestnut what the French describe as blond. All sam-ples are classed and graduated minutely according to shade in a large catalogue, and every shade will have a special name which M. Bertillon hopes will be adopted as an international

standard. British Railways Clear \$219,000,000 The British railways earned \$584,000,000 gross and \$219,000,000 net in 1909 on a mileage of 23,264. Freight carried was 559,000,000 tons, an increase of 9,000,000 tons. Exclusive of season ticket holders 1,264,857,000 pas JOHN HIXSON sengers were carried, a decrease of 13,-275,000 from 1908.

BOOM CORN CROP

Announces Exposition to Encourage Movement.

THINK GRAIN BELT INFERIOR.

Down East Farmer Winner of Greatest Yield to Acre Prize In 1908, and Sweetest Species In World Grows In Massachusetts and Connecticut le Boast of Fair Promotors.

************************ NEW ENGLAND BOASTS OF

Corn is a native of New Eng-

higher than in the states of the corn belt."

A New England farmer in 1908

won the prize for the greatest yield of corn to the acre. The finest sweet corn in the world is produced in the New England states.

•••••••••• Recognition of the surprising facts cited above has brought about the incorporation of the New England Corn exposition, to be held in Worcester, Mass., in November. The object of the exposition is to demonstrate that New England can grow corn and to impress upon the farmers the value of corn as a product.

the value of corn as a product. There will be informative exhibits by the six New England agricultural colleges and seven experiment stations. Daily lectures on corn improvement will be given, as well as demonstra-tions of seed testing and corn and grain judging. The United States department of agriculture is expected to furnish interesting and valuable exhibits.

Want More Corn Raised.

"One of the weaknesses of farming in New England," says J. Lewis Ells-worth, secretary of the Massachusetts state board of agriculture and one of the charter members of the new corporation, "is the failure of the farmers

to raise their own corn."
"Very little corn is raised in Massa-"Very little corn is raised in Massa-chusetts. We want to get the farmer interested in this so that he will raise his own corn. Formerly a farmer would buy his corn, since that was cheaper than raising it. Now the price of corn has increased by 100 per cent since 1896, and he is not buying

so much.' The officers of the exposition, in urg-ing a more general production of corn, explain that Massachusetts is exceeded in value of product per acre by only one state—Connecticut. Despite the fact that the cost of production is probably higher in Massachusetts than in the corn belt of the Mississippi value, there is no doubt they are that ley, there is no doubt, they say, that corn can be raised with a profit in this state, for the average price per bushel

is higher than in most states.

In 1905 the average farm prices of corn were as follows: In the United States as a whole, 28 cents; in Iowa, 34 cents; in Illinois, 38 cents; in Indiana, 33 cents; in Massachusetts, 70

cents. Much Fertilizer Needed

Although fertilizers must be used in-greater quantity than in the states named, Professor William P. Brooks. director of the Massachusetts agricultural experiment station, points out that "on many soils in Massachusetts an average expenditure of about \$20 an acre for fertilizers will insure an annual product of sixty to seventy

"This is at the rate of only about 30 cents a bushel for corn produced, but in Massachusetts the stover is worth more as forage than in the

Chinese Eusiness Honesty.
With due respect for others, the
Chinaman is perhaps the most honorable and upright business man in the-world today. His business principles are founded entirely upon honesty. and he adheres to the policy with the insistence of a leech. The chase after dollars stops if he has to resort to low tricks to get them. Of course a little ally does not bother him so much, but when it comes to plotting and scheming to defraud some one the task be-comes distasteful. The equal of the Japanese is initiative and foresight, he is much their superior when integnot think twice before deciding to get the best of you. He calculates that you are liable to change your mind or get out of reach if he indulges in a little mental debate as to the propriety of cheating vou .- Bookkeeper

SOMETHING

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