

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

O'Rourke walked out to the front of the hotel and awaited the arrivals. When they came it was plain to his eyes that Maskelyne's depression of two or three days ago had not altogether left him, and indeed, he had seen, in the visits he had made to Butler in the interim, signs that this depression deepened. But since Maskelyne's depression obviously meant his own victory, it was not in human nature to be greatly grieved by it. The signs of the young American's dependency were not visible to all the world, but O'Rourke was a keen observer when he chose to watch with extreme closeness. Angela reached out her hand with a frankness altogether encouraging, and O'Rourke accepted it with a finely toned air of deference and respect. All three of the newcomers had alighted and entered when Farley came downstairs, and the young American saw his ready rival take an immediate place by Angela.

"It was I who brought them together," he said to himself. "I have wrecked my own chances. And I never gave him a warning word. O'Rourke isn't the man to intrude himself between a friend and his hopes if he had only known."

At this moment his late delicacy seemed overstrained and extravagant.

"I am not worthy of her," he said. "O'Rourke is a better man than I am. He's not an objectless, good-for-nothing fellow like me, with nothing but dollars to recommend him. A man with a career before him, and a good beginning behind him. A handsome fellow, too; bright, receptive, quick. A man with everything in his favor. Why shouldn't a girl like him?"

While O'Rourke talked in his gay and sympathetic fashion, and Maskelyne looking out of windows indulged these thoughts, there came a tap at the door and the landlady entered. "A telegraphic dispatch for Monsieur O'Rourke," said she, giving the name a queer-sounding foreign twist, at which everybody smiled. O'Rourke took the dispatch, asked to be excused for a moment and opened it. He read it at a glance, crushed it in his hand and stood with an expression of displeasure and irresolution in his face.

"No ill news, I hope?" said Farley, approaching him.

"For me," said O'Rourke, looking round at his friend with a sudden bright smile, "the wretchedest ill news in the world. A whip—he held the crumpled telegram up before them—"a whip of scorpions," he added, with a laugh. "It drives me from your presence." He bowed to Lucy and Angela as he said this, and went on with a sudden seriousness. "Yes, I must go. I had an idea of refusing—for a single instant—but that is a thing I mustn't do. Farley, order a carriage, and pay my bill for me." He thrust a purse into his friend's hand. "I shall miss the local train, I know, but I can catch the mail on the main line. I must go and pack, and I haven't a minute to lose. I am the unluckiest of men. Back to work again from this paradise of quiet. And to miss the tour of the world."

He made his excuses and dashed away to pack with an alacrity and eagerness which had all the vivacity of bustle, and somehow missed its vulgarity and avoided its noise. He was down again in a minute or two, portmanteau in hand.

"I leave the heavier things behind," he said, gravely. "This will suffice for a day or two. I am sorry to go, but parliamentary whips dare not be disputed."

Then he let his face cloud somewhat, and, walking to a window, began to drum with absent-seeming fingers on the sill. By and by he turned and met Angela's gaze.

"I am sorry to go," he said, softly, "very sorry."

The carriage Farley had ordered drew up to the door and the departing traveler shook hands all round. There was no chance for a private word with Angela, but he threw into his parting glance and hand-shake all he dared to express at such a time.

"Five francs if you catch the mail," he cried to the driver as he mounted. The man cracked his whip and started. O'Rourke waved his hat to the little party gathered about the door, and his last glance was for Angela.

"I disappear with an air of some importance," he said to himself, "and that is something. Poor Maskelyne looks a bit too cowed to play up with any spirit for a while, and I shall be back again in three days. That again is something."

CHAPTER VII.

O'Rourke's departure affected the various members of the party variously. Maskelyne brightened up ever so little to begin with, but seeing that Angela had suddenly grown grave, he himself grew graver than ever and dropped into a veritable abyss of despair.

Angela did not need to be told more than she learned in that parting glance and pressure, and while O'Rourke rode toward the railway station in full assurance of faith that he had already conquered, she, in thinking of him, was filled with a cold indignation that he should have dared so to presume upon her innocent freedom with him.

"I am a flirt," she told herself; "a coquette. He saw it, and took advantage of it."

The novelist, whose strong point was love-making, and who rejoiced in the dissection of the feminine heart on paper, was beautifully ignorant of the drama of which one scene was being enacted under his nose. His wife, who dissected nothing, knew all about the case, and would have loved to bring the two young people together, for, like all good women, she was a match-maker at heart. As for the major, he was a match-maker, too, but he knew no more than Noah whether or not the two young people had the faintest leaning to each other.

The dinner passed off fairly well, and then came the mild dissipation of the evening. The large room of the Hotel de Ville was found to be artificially darkened, for the evening light still ruled outside. Hanged about the chamber were a

number of little tables, supporting little boxes which stood back to back, with a petroleum lamp between each two of them. In front of each box a pair of stereoscopic lenses, and at the side a little handle to turn the views. Scattered here and there were a few early visitors already trying their eyes at the lenses, amongst them Mr. Zeno, who bowed with great politeness on the arrival of the party from the Hotel des Postes. Master Austin went off on stealthily tiptoe to join the delightful foreigner, who took him by the hand and called his attention in laboriously chosen single words to various curiosities of the show.

"Mountain. Eh? High. Oh, so high. Not? Vite. Snow. Vase fine. Eh? Look. Van uszer."

After some five minutes of this amusement Mr. Zeno appeared to tire of it, and lending the little fellow across the chamber, raised his hat to the mother, surrendered his charge, bowed all around, and left the chamber.

It was a very simple entertainment, and yet it entertained, and the visitors went solemnly round from one little box to another for the space of half an hour, by which time all had stiff necks and aching eyes.

"My dear," said Austin, "I feel as if I had traveled far enough for a single journey."

"And I, too," returned Lucy.

"Really," said the major, "they're remarkably pretty, but one gets tired." "We must come back for another evening," said Angela. "The Swiss views are really charming."

This was to Maskelyne, who said, "Yes, very," in an absent manner.

Suddenly from the far end of the room arose a cry. "Oh, mamma, mamma, mamma! Look here!"

"Hush!" said mamma, crossing over to him. "Little gentlemen never shout in that way. What is it, darling?"

"Mr. Zeno," said the boy, clapping his hands and laughing. "Mr. Zeno."

Lucy took the seat and looked through the stereoscopic lenses, and there was Mr. Zeno, sure enough. Mr. Zeno was talking to somebody else, and he and his companion were curiously out of proportion with the rest of the picture. The photograph represented a court in the Vienna Exhibition, and it seemed probable that at the instant of time at which the artist had lifted his little shutter to catch the moving crowd Mr. Zeno and his friend had stepped into the field of view. The expression of both countenances was clearly defined and animated, and the figures were so large that they only came into the picture to the waist. The two were arm in arm, and Zeno had turned to a stretched forefinger toward the other, as if to impress him with a sense of importance in what he was saying.

"Yes," said Lucy. "It is Mr. Zeno, certainly, Austin," she said to her husband, who had followed half across the room, "this is curious. Here is an actual portrait of Mr. Zeno."

"Who is Mr. Zeno?" asked Angela, crossing over, whilst Farley stooped to look at the picture. "Is he a friend of yours?"

"No," answered Lucy; "a stranger. But he is staying at our hotel. Mr. Farley thought at one time that he was a spy, and he is not a nice person at all. He seems very fond of Austin, though, and it is certainly curious to find his portrait here."

"Here's an odd thing, Lucy," said Austin. "There's a fictional one in that, if I could only see my way to it."

Crash went something close at hand, with a sound of overturned the box, and had broken the lamp behind it. She was on her feet, and her face, dimly seen in the semi-obscurity of the chamber, wore a look of more alarm and amazement than that of a simple disaster seemed to warrant. She lifted the box from the table, and Farley instantly put out the light of the broken lamp, and extinguished with his handkerchief and foot a detached stream of burning oil which had already begun to trickle from the table to the floor.

While this was doing, Angela with the box in both hands, had walked across the room, and at the door had encountered the woman who had charge of the exhibition.

"Madame," she said, rapidly in French, "I have by accident broken a lamp. Let me pay you for it. Have you a private room here? Show me to it, if you please."

Her breathing was so quick and disturbed that these simple phrases were painted rather than spoken.

"Certainly, madame," said the woman, and led the way into a side room illuminated by a brace of tall candles. Angela set the box she carried upon the table between the candles, and turned it rapidly this way and that.

"How do you open this box, madame?" "So," said the woman, in surprise, producing a small key, and suiting the action to the word.

"Take out the photographs, if you please." The woman obeyed, wondering more and more, and Angela, taking them from her hand, selected that which bore the portrait of Mr. Zeno. "I wish to buy this," she said, drawing forth her purse and laying a gold coin upon the table. "Will that pay you for the broken lamp and the photograph?"

"Assuredly," the woman answered. The whole thing was curious, and she would have been well content to have it explained, but her visitor chose to offer no explanation.

Angela thrust the photograph into her bosom, and, having rearranged her dress, rejoined her friends.

"I have paid for the broken lamp," she said to the major.

Half an hour later Butler demanded his carriage, bade his host and hostess adieu, and went away with Angela and Maskelyne. The girl was silent all the way home, but when the chateau was reached, she found herself alone with Maskelyne and spoke.

"Mr. Maskelyne, may I ask you to do me a very great favor?"

"I shall be delighted," said Maskelyne. "Let me explain," she said, rapidly and eagerly. "You know this face?" She held the photograph before him, and indicated Zeno with the tip of a finger.

"Yes," said Maskelyne, "I know the face. The man at the Hotel des Postes—Zeno."

"You see he is in close conversation with some one there?"

"Yes." "That man with whom he is walking and talking there, arm in arm, is Mr. Dobroski's bitterest enemy—a Pole. But a spy in the pay of the Russian government."

"You know that?" said Maskelyne, looking up at her.

"Mr. Dobroski showed me his photograph a week ago. I should know the man among a thousand."

"It is not a face about which one could easily be mistaken," Maskelyne allowed. "What must I do?"

"Do you see to what the companionship of these two men and this man's presence here point?" she asked him. "You won't think me foolish or romantic, Mr. Maskelyne?"

"I should be very much inclined to say," returned Maskelyne, "that it points in the direction of Mr. Farley's fancy, and this fellow Zeno is a spy upon Dobroski. Of course the companionship may be a chance, and Zeno's being here an accident."

"Do you think that very probable, Mr. Maskelyne?"

"It may be," said Maskelyne. "But we cannot tell. What am I to do, Miss Butler?"

"Will you—" she began, and broke off there. "Mr. Dobroski has gone to Brussels. He left this afternoon, and gave the people of the Cheval Blanc no address. He is a known figure everywhere, and it will be easy to find him."

"You wish me to find him, and to let him know of this?"

"To put it in his hands," answered Angela.

"Yes," he said, accepting the proffered photograph and bestowing it in his breast pocket. "I will take the morning mail."

CHAPTER VIII.

The driver, bearing in mind O'Rourke's promise of five francs in case the station were reached in time for the mail train, put his fat-rimmed, heavy-footed horse to the road at such a pace that O'Rourke had five minutes to wait for the train. He secured a ticket for the first stage of his journey, and walked on to the platform carrying his portmanteau. He had been thinking of Angela and Maskelyne and his own chances all the way; but now he suddenly recalled Dobroski to mind. That venerable conspirator and he would travel to England together, for Dobroski was on the train.

Nothing occurred to make the journey particularly remarkable, and the two companions were silent for the most part. A brace of early tourists recognized Dobroski and O'Rourke at Brussels, and pointed them out one to another; and at Doyet they were known again, and created a little stir as they walked up and down the platform, side by side, waiting for the train.

They arranged where to meet again, and Dobroski betook himself to the streets, whilst O'Rourke went upstairs to sleep, giving instructions to his servant to call him in four hours precisely. But after entering the bed chamber and locking the door he stood awhile in thought, and then suddenly reopening the door, descended to his private working room, and there wrote a telegram. The telegram was addressed to George Frost, Esquire, at a house in Piccadilly, and ran thus: "Call at once. Special." It did no purpose to come from Hector O'Rourke, but from one O. Johnson of Acres Buildings. Anyway, at 1 o'clock precisely a gentleman with a peaked hat, a furtive eye, a soft hat and an accent blended of the accents of Erin and Columbia, presented himself at the door of the house in which O'Rourke had chambers, and sent in a card which bore the name of Mr. George Frost in flourishing copperplate. He was shown up, and when the door was closed behind him, the occupant of the room rose with a smile of welcome and gripped him heartily by the hand.

(To be continued.)

Contract Dentistry.

"Contract work in dentistry is entirely out of date," said the dentist. "Several years ago that was the common way of doing business. A person with poor teeth would ask us to make an estimate on the cost of putting his mouth in shape. Once a price was fixed he insisted upon sticking to that figure. Since it was possible to name only an approximate cost of the work, we frequently underestimated the value of our time and material. It was in order to secure justice all around that the rule of paying for work actually performed was established. The old way suited our patrons better, however, because it was usually more economical for them, and every day we meet persons who ask for a reversal to the old order of paying a stipulated sum for the entire job."

Making Up the Deficiency.

"Girls," said the manager of a quick-lunch joint, "I want you to look your best to-day. Add an extra ribbon or ring. Give your cheeks an extra daub of powder."

"What's the matter?" asked the fair head waiter. "Butter bad again?"

"No," said the manager; "the beef's on the bum."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Heard in the Green Room.

First Actor—Congratulate me, old man. I have been married just ten years to-day to one woman.

Second Actor—That's nothing. I've been married twice to my present wife in five years.

Could Prove an Alibi.

Doctor (to his patient, who is ill with typhoid fever)—This is probably caused by some water you have drunk. When did you last take some?

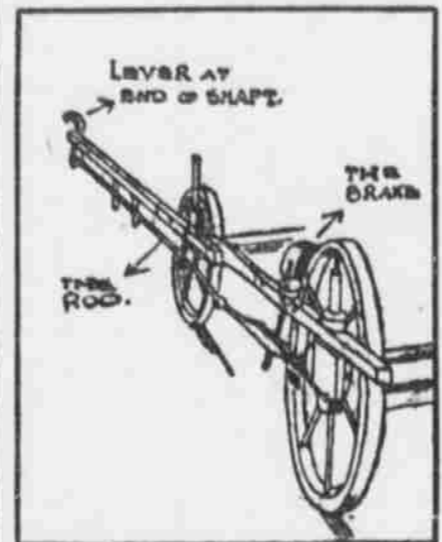
Patient—About three years ago, I think.—Simplicissimus.

Ox wagon competition makes certain short railroad lines in South Africa unprofitable.



Automatic Wagon Brake.

A wagon brake which operates automatically has been recently patented by a Mississippi man. The ordinary arrangement of attaching a foot lever beneath the driver's seat, connecting with the brake, is entirely dispensed with. The driver is not required to handle the brake in any way, the simple halting of the horses only being necessary. As shown in the illustration, the brake is pivoted so as to come in contact with the rim of the rear wheel. On the extreme outer end of the shafts is a vertical pivoted lever, one end of which connects with a rod extending to the brake. The upper end of this lever is connected by a strap or chain to the harness on the horse. As shown,



THROWS A BRAKE AUTOMATICALLY.

the top of this lever is normally in advance of the lever end. Obviously a pulling pressure exerted by a backward movement of the horses in stopping will force the brake against the rear wheel. The driver in stopping his horses in this way automatically throws on the brake.

Effect of Meat-Inspection Law.

In an address delivered before the New York State Breeders' Association, at Syracuse, G. P. McCabe, of the United States Department of Agriculture, discussed the principal provisions of the United States meat-inspection law, the manner in which the provisions are enforced, and the bearing of the law upon the production and handling of meats.

"To secure the best results, the breeders and feeders of every State in the Union should take up vigorously the question of the extension of markets and should back the Department of Agriculture in an insistent demand for an absolutely efficient, vigilant, fair and square meat inspection. * * * If a due regard be had for cleanliness, decency and honesty in the preparation and marketing of our meat products, the United States will continue to lead the world in the livestock and meat trade."

Cost of Hauling Crops.

The bureau of statistics recently sent out a special inquiry circular to ascertain the cost of hauling farm crops to shipping points, and the compiled results representing replies from nearly 2,000 counties in different parts of the United States indicate that the quantity of farm produce annually hauled amounts to 49,000,000 tons. The cost of hauling the same is estimated at approximately \$85,000,000, which is an average of 8½ cents per hundred-weight.

In general, the hauling cost is to a large extent dependent upon the value of the articles hauled, the more valuable products taken to market oftener and in smaller loads, and therefore at a greater cost. Corn, wheat, hay and potatoes are hauled at from 7 to 9 cents per 100 pounds; tobacco and hogs at 10 cents per 100 pounds; cotton, 16 cents, and wool, 44 cents.

Disease in Manure.

Manure heaps are responsible for many diseases that appear on farms. Even the well water may become contaminated, though the heap may be some distance from it. Typhoid fever and diphtheria have appeared in families living a mile or more from neighbors, and where it was apparently impossible for the families to be attacked. A French scientist, who investigated diseases on farms in France, found that there was some relation between manure heaps and epidemics of diphtheria. Statistics in Scotland and Prussia show that the rate of mortality from diphtheria is higher in rural districts. It is suggested that all manure should be kept in closed locations, having cement sides and bottoms.

Bounty on Insects.

In some parts of Germany, where the common European beetle, known as *Melolontha vulgaris*, or cockchafer, occurs in great numbers, and is a considerable pest, especially in the larvae state, the school children are paid a bounty for the collection of these insects, and enormous quantities of them have been gotten together in some localities in this manner. It is now proposed to find a commercial use for these beetles, such as a foodstuff, and in the preparation of axle greases, for all of which purposes they have been used to some extent in the past.

For Stacking Wheat.

To stack wheat before thrashing so that it will be dry when that time comes, is the desire of every farmer who raises that cereal. Mr. C. T. Pritchard, of Randolph, Clay county, Mo., has a system that he has used for a generation, and he never lost a bit of wheat by dampness in the stack. He has a great reputation in his home for this class of work, and he spends a large part of his time in showing others how to do it. He gives a description of his method as follows:

"To stack wheat or oats so stack will not take water. Commence the stack or rick any way you wish. But when you have the stack five or six feet high, just reverse the usual way of stacking, and do it from the center to the outer edge, instead of from the outer edge to the center. When you begin at the center to stack out, lay two or three bundles so as to keep the center highest, with a good slant toward the outer edge. If at any time the outer edge gets too high, stop before you get there, and go back to the center and commence again. Be sure to keep the center highest, with a good slant to the outside.

"This way is just about the same as one shock on top of the other, only more slant to the bundles.

"There is no slip or slide. It is fast and easy, and sure keeps the stack dry. If you are stacking the usual way, and the stack should begin to slip, just go to the center and work out, and see how quickly you stop the slipping. Mix it up a little—work from the center part of the time. Try it."

Prey of the Sparrow Hawk.

The sparrow hawk almost invariably catches a flying bird for its meal, even striking down birds as large as the wood pigeon, though usually going no higher than a black bird. It does not exactly swoop like the larger hawks, yet it must have conditions of chase of its own choosing. That is why the small birds usually mob it with impunity when they are numerous enough to bewilder it. Once, however, I saw a sparrow hawk that had been molested for some minutes by a perfect cloud of green finches, dart among them and secure a victim.

The other day I had one of these birds pointed out as the one which, a few days earlier, had come close to the house toward dusk and caught a bat on the wing. That, however, is a very unusual meal.—London News.

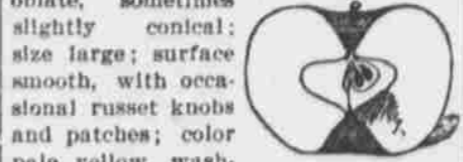
The Egg and the Chick.

That immutable law of physics that matter cannot be annihilated, or vice versa, created out of nothing, appears to have some doubters even in this day of general education. The old query, which weighs the most, the egg or the chicken that is hatched from the egg, is a very good example of this lack of faith. To settle the matter for the hundredth time, experiments were recently undertaken at one of the agricultural stations engaged in poultry studies. It was found that a fertile egg during the process of incubation lost a little over 20 per cent in weight, while the chick hatched from such an egg weighed 30 per cent less than the egg before incubation. A sterile egg receiving similar treatment lost not quite 10 per cent in weight.

The Carson Apple.

The original tree of the Carson apple was obtained from an apple seedling nursery in Ohio, owned by a family named Carson. Its excellent record for productivity, beauty and quality in northern Ohio for half a century renders it worthy of experimental planting throughout the lake region and the New England States, both for the home orchard and as a commercial variety.

In commending this variety William A. Taylor, bureau of plant industry, gives the following description: Form oblate, sometimes slightly conical; size large; surface smooth, with occasional russet knobs and patches; color pale yellow, washed and splashed and narrowly striped with bright crimson; dots rather large, conspicuous and protruding; cavity medium, regular, deep, russeted; stem of medium length and rather slender; basin very large, deep, abrupt, furrowed and sometimes russeted; calyx segments converging; eye large, closed; skin thin, tough; flesh yellowish, with satiny luster when fresh cut; texture fine, tender, juicy; core small, broad, oval, clasping, nearly closed; seeds few, plump, medium brown; flavor subacid, pleasant; quality very good. Season November to March in northern Ohio. Tree vigorous and upright in habit, very productive.



As an illustration of the efficiency of a good cow, as a machine for the manufacture of milk and butter from grain, the record is given of a Holstein cow at the age of 3 years, which, during one year produced milk amounting to 18,573 pounds, or over nine tons of milk containing 620 pounds of butter. The net profit figured in maintaining such a cow is stated to be about \$158 per annum.

Peaches and Plums.

The peach will not thrive on low ground, but prefers an elevated situation always; plums prefer a stiff, damp soil to a light one. Therefore, plum stocks are often used for an orchard of peaches where the latter are to be planted in low ground.

The Cow as a Machine.

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Odds and Ends.

There are 284,000 telephones in New York City.

Light-haired people live longer than dark-haired ones.

The largest vineyard in the world is near San Gabriel, Cal.

The Baptist women of the world are supporting 300 missionaries.

The government runs the pawnshops of Italy, and no interest is required on loans.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



We are to thank the backward spring for the destruction of the locusts, which were about to hatch out in uncountable numbers. The same frost that laid its freight fingers on the apple blossoms and the lilacs also gave a tweak to the locust eggs. At least this is what rural personages who are posted on such things say. But the locusts probably wouldn't have hatched out, anyway. There are two things that never happen when people say they will; one is the coming of the end of the world and the other is the appearance of the locusts. We have long given up the end of the world as practically hopeless and have resigned ourselves to being deprived of that matchless spectacle which some more favored generation may possibly witness; and we have been so often disappointed in the locust prognostications that we now rank them along with weather bureau indications. We have heard stories by our grandfathers that once the "17 year" locusts filled the woods with roaring like the sound of Niagara and that the bark of the trees was split asunder by the insects, and that the surface of the earth was made to look like a pepper box by the holes whence they had issued. And we have waited expectantly for a repetition of this wonder of nature; but, like the end of the world, it is always being postponed. The locusts appear to be great procrastinators, or else their human prophets are great prevaricators.

It may be, of course, that the locusts are mixed up in their calendar and not being able to decide whether the seventeen years of their "hibernation" has expired have decided to remain in seclusion until the matter is straightened out, rather than appear at a time that would ruin their arithmetical reputation. It is perilous to be premature, to arrive on the scene before the curtain is up or the audience seated, especially when your performance is so rarely given that the only thing that ranks with it is the Oberammergau passion play which is presented only once in ten years. One can understand the deep mortification a seventeen-year locust would feel in appearing at the end of thirteen years or ten years, or any number of years except exactly seventeen. A miscalculation never could be forgiven. It would be as humiliating as Mark Twain's experience in Switzerland when wrapped in a blanket he sought to witness the glorious spectacle of the rising sun and did not realize until he saw the smiles of promenading ladies and gentlemen in afternoon costume that the sun was setting. Punctuality is of the utmost importance. Every properly reared locust knows this. If the time set for the great periodical convulse is every seventeen years, then let it be observed to the instant. Tardiness is not to be extenuated. If they prove false to their name and appear any old year, they should be consigned to the ranks of the locusts which appear annually and have no ancient ancestry or traditions.

COCOA OUSTING TEA AND COFFEE

Imports of cocoa in the eight months ending with February, 1907, is 61,299,427 pounds, valued at \$8,344,426, against 2,730,050 pounds, valued at \$1,930,831, in the corresponding months of 1897.

The total quantity of cocoa imported in the eight months of the fiscal year 1907 is 647,206,151 pounds, valued at \$91,869,152, against 496,204,372 pounds, valued at \$53,320,608, in the eight months of 1897.

The quantity of tea imported in the eight months of 1907 is 72,475,440, valued at \$11,900,058, against 81,220,822 pounds, valued at \$10,247,506 in the corresponding months of 1897.

Taking the value alone there has been an increase of about \$5,500,000 in the importations of cocoa, a decline of \$1,500,000 in the importations of coffee and an increase of \$1,333,333 in tea importations.

The average valuation of the cocoa imported in the eight months ending with February, 1907, is 13.6 cents per pound, against 9.3 cents in the corresponding period of 1897, that of tea 16 cents, against 12.6 cents a decade ago, while coffee shows a fall averaging 8 cents per pound in the eight months of 1907, against 11.4 cents in the corresponding months of 1897.

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