

**RICHEST JAP IN AMERICA.**

He Owns Many Stores and a Large Shingle Mill in Oregon. S. Ban, the wealthiest Japanese in the United States, is in Denver for the week, says the Denver Post. Mr. Ban owns stores in Denver, Portland (Ore.), Sheridan (Wyo.), Salt Lake and two in Japan, one of these being one of the largest in Hokio. In addition he has extensive timber interests and a huge shingle mill in Oregon.

Twenty-one years ago Mr. Ban came to the United States. He was wealthy in Japan, and says that he came to the United States as a place where money could be made rapidly.

"The United States is a wonderful country for any race," said he. "I have the country of opportunities. I have worked hard since I have been in this country and I have been rewarded for my labors."

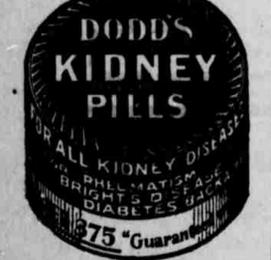
"The Japanese who come to this country come here to work. You will never find Japanese vagrants. In the last two years Japanese farmers have been coming over to this country and a great many of them have come to Colorado. There are, I am told, more than 35,000 acres in Colorado cultivated by Japanese. One owns a farm of 2,500 acres near Sterling and others own lands varying from a few acres up to 1,000 acres. These farmers paid their own way from Japan; that is, they were not brought over by any company or colonization agent.

"This immigration, however, as is all immigration, is retarded now by the Japanese government and extreme care is being exercised in my country in issuing passports."

"The seasoned Old Verger. The curate was looking over his church when he met the verger. That morning they had sung the Benedicite. The verger said: "This morning I followed the Benedicite closer than usual, and they mentioned all things but the verger."

"Surely," said the curate, smilingly, "they mention 'All green things upon the earth.'"—Illustrated Bits.

As a Germicide. Coal Merchant—Ah, well, we mustn't complain of zero weather. It kills microbes, you know. Customer (making out a check)—Yes; I notice that in your case it has killed the poverty microbes.



Over the Eggs and Bacon. He scraped with his knife a bit of butter off the sporting page. "The writer of that poem on flying is accused of plagiarism now," he said. "It's awful," she exclaimed, "the way these men go about the country marrying innocent women! Wipe your moustache, dear!" He wiped his moustache, and, with a frown, inspected the result upon his napkin. "Plagiarism," he said, "means a literary theft."

Stole some books, did he? "No, no; he stole ideas. They say a woman wrote the poem years ago."

How the Trouble Started. The hen had just crossed the road. "I had no particular reason for crossing it," she said, "but I thought I'd like to see how many fools would ask why I did it."

Only One "BROMO QUININE". That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP & by Furs & Hides. Write for catalog 100 N. W. Hyde & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

A 25c. Bottle of Kemp's Balsam Contains 40 DOSES. And each dose is more effective than four times the same quantity of any other cough remedy, however well advertised and however strongly recommended that remedy may be.

**Aunt Diana**  
The Sunshine of the Family

**CHAPTER IX.**

Miss Carrington received a letter from Alison soon after this, the conclusion of which made her smile; but that was not Alison's fault. Roger had taken possession of the half-finished sheet of note paper and had filled it after his own fashion, adding a lengthy message from Rudee, Alison protested in vain; the letter must go with Roger's appendix or else a day's post would be lost.

"We have good times now and then, and get up a laugh and astonish ourselves. One thing, I have enjoyed my breakfast for the last three weeks. No more lukewarm coffee, poured out with an acidulated smile, we have the real thing in smokes now. There, I think I have indicated enough on you, so I will subscribe myself,

"Your affectionate and grateful nephew, 'ROGER.' When Miss Carrington read this letter to Mr. Moore, on the old bench by the river, a pleased look came over the old man's face.

"I like that lad," he said, striking his iron-headed stick into the ground. "I remember his voice years ago when he was here years ago; a good honest voice it was. Mark my words, Miss Diana, our little sunbeam is fulfilling her mission."

"I think Roger is all the happier for having his sister," returned Miss Carrington, with a sigh. "Oh, well," turning his sightless face toward her quickly, "you are missing the child, and so am I. Sunny is beyond our reach just now; one can not help wishing her back sometimes. For my part, I had no idea how sorely I should miss my little pup."

"I always knew what her loss would be to me," returned Miss Carrington, with some emotion; "that is the worst of isolating one's affections. I have so few who are absolutely necessary to me; only you and Greville and Allie—three out of this world full of millions; it seems wrong somehow."

"The fewer to love—the fewer to leave," replied the old man, somewhat dreamily. "Do you know," observed Miss Carrington, a little abruptly, "that Greville is very angry with me for sending Allie away?"

"Oh, he has written to you, has he?" with a half smile, for he had already received a stormy letter from his grandson on the same subject.

"Yes; he is as indignant as possible about the sacrifice, as he terms it. He calls me shabby for not letting him into the secret; he declares he shall go round by Chesterton on his way home and have it out with Alison; but I have put a stop to that."

"What! you deprived him and Sunny of that poor little pleasure? What a hard-hearted woman you are, Miss Diana! and yet you are young yourself once."

"My dear friend, it would not do at all," returned Miss Carrington, in her most resolute tone. "You spoil that boy so dreadfully that you give in to all his whims. You want me to keep you all in order."

"But where would be the harm?" persisted Mr. Moore, smiling. "Just a call and a chat; why, it would do Sunny good."

"No, no; it would only unsettle her, Greville shall go down to The Holmes some day, but not just yet. Allie will get on better if we leave her entirely to herself the first few months. Why, unless things go very wrong, I do not intend to go down myself until next spring. But Greville, no; I told him on no account to do it."

"And you expect him to obey you, I suppose?" "Oh, yes, he will obey me now. Later on, perhaps—but we shall see. I am sure it would be only cruel kindness for Greville to unsettle her. She frets enough as it is, and seeing him and hearing us more vividly before her. Besides, there are other reasons; but my good old friend, you do not often distrust my wisdom."

quench Maplewood in time. And Alison quickened her walk into a run. But the heavy drops pelted on her before she took refuge in the portico.

Before Roger could lift his hand to the knocker, the door was swung open, and Anna stood on the threshold.

"I saw you both running down the road," she exclaimed, eagerly. "I knew you would take refuge here from the rain; there is going to be such a heavy storm, and I was just beginning to feel frightened at the thought of being alone in it, but I don't mind a bit now."

"Do you mean that Mrs. Hardwick and your sister are out?" asked Roger, as he shook Alison's light mantle, which was already wet.

"Yes, they are out dining. There is to be a dance afterward, so they will be very late. Do you mind my taking you into the morning room? I have some work that I must finish, or Eva will be disappointed, but I can talk to you all the same. Oh, it is so nice to see you again."

"It is not nice to see me, too?" asked Roger, in a comical tone. "I don't think you ought to leave me out in the cold, Miss Anna."

Anna laughed and blushed at this, then she said, very prettily, in her childish way, "Oh, I am glad to see you, too, but I never thought of telling you so. Will you ring, Mr. Roger? and then Marton will bring us some tea. Please take that easy chair by the window, Miss Merle—it is Eva's favorite seat, because there is such a pretty view of the garden."

"No, indeed, I am going to help you," returned Alison, laying her hat aside, and pulling off her long gloves. "Oh, you poor child, what a task!" she inspected Alison's work and then returned to her seat. "Then they joined Roger in the hall."

"Well, Allie," he observed, as they walked briskly down the wet road, "have you had a nice time with your new friend?"

"Yes, indeed, Roger. I am so thankful for the rain. I am getting quite fond of Anna. There is so much goodness under that shy, childish manner."

"I know you would appreciate her," he returned, heartily. "Poor little girl! One is glad to do anything to help her. There is not much a fellow like me can do, except say a kind word when people snub her, or leave her to sit alone in the corners. That is almost all I have done."

"But you teach her Latin, Roger?" "Nonsense!" was the hasty reply. "A pretty sort of teaching. The poor little thing once confided to me her difficulties, and so whenever an opportunity came I gave her a quarter of an hour's construing. She used to come rather often to The Holmes once upon a time. Well, I shall leave her in your hands now, Allie. A girl friend of her own age will be far better for her."

"I am sure you have been good to her, Roger, she would not be so grateful to you, but as Roger only said 'Nonsense!' rather impatiently, Alison, with her usual tact, changed the subject.

"(To be continued.)" "John Muir, in 'The Mountains of California,' describes an unusual phenomenon which is possible only under peculiar conditions. If there is a strong north wind in the Sierras, and an abundance of light, dry snow on the mountain peaks, then long banners of snow will be formed, which whip straight south, like immense flags streaming from a staff. Mr. Muir describes this magnificent sight as follows:

"You notice a strange, garish glitter in the air. The gale drives wildly overhead with a fierce, tempestuous roar, but its violence is not felt, for you are looking through a sheltered opening in the woods as through a window."

There, in the immediate foreground of your picture, rises a majestic forest of silver birch blooming in eternal freshness, the foliage yellow green, and the snow, beneath the trees strewn with their beautiful plumes, plucked by the wind. Beyond, and extending over all the middle ground, are somber swaths of pine, interrupted by huge swelling ridges and domes; and just beyond the dark forest you see the monarchs of the high Sierra waving their magnificent banners.

themselves clever. You are quite clever enough for Alison and me. By the bye, Miss Anna, how do you get on with your Latin?"

"Oh, pretty well," she answered, with one of her varying blushes, which made her almost pretty. "I have so little time and you have not given me a lesson for so long, Mr. Roger."

"The rain is over now," observed Alison, in a regretful voice, "and it is growing so dark, Roger, we ought not to stay any longer."

"Never mind, I shall see you on Thursday," replied Anna. "I am looking forward to the day so much. I have a new dress, too," she continued, as Roger left the room to find Alison's mantle; "it is not so pretty as Eva's dress—such a beautiful muslin; mine is only cream-colored cloth."

"I am sure you will look very nice, and I shall bring you some flowers," returned Alison, kindly, with a vivid recollection how well Anna had looked with the knot of flowers fastened in her gray dress.

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As the stenographer maintained her cold and haughty demeanor the country sales manager handed her a card inscribed "Keep smiling." The stenographer glanced at it and handed it back.

"It's the only way to do," urged the country sales manager. "It's the way I always do."

"Yes, you do," said the stenographer, sorrowfully. "Sure," said the country sales manager. "Every time and all the time. I'm like sunshine in the house."

"You're some kind of a shine," said the stenographer. "I'm radiant Robert," persisted the country sales manager. "When I pass by the brass signs at the door they look dull. Haven't I chased away gloom for you many a time?"

"I'd as soon you'd chase yourself just now," said the stenographer. "This is my busy time of day."

"Smile, then," pleaded the country sales manager. "I'll smile when you're gone," said the stenographer. "I can't while you're around. You give me the fan-fads. I didn't notice that you were smiling very hard when you came out of Mr. Dickott's room this morning."

"I was just resting my face a moment," said the country sales manager. "I wish you'd rest part of it now," said the stenographer. "I'm resting my eyes on you," declared the country sales manager. "It's your mouth I wish you'd rest," retorted the stenographer. "You need rest and quiet. Change of scene might be good for it, too. I wish you'd try it. I hear you've been losing money playing poker again."

"Not to amount to anything," said the country sales manager. "Not enough to keep me from smiling. You ask the fellow who told you if I didn't keep smiling."

"Funny, wasn't it?" "It did seem kind of funny. It was the best kind of joke, really. I had three aces and a pair of nines and the other fellow—"

"I don't want to hear about it," said the stenographer, tartly. "That's all right, but I was smiling," said the country sales manager. "I saw a fat party slip on the sidewalk on State street at noon," remarked the stenographer. "He smiled, too, but I think he sat down too hard for it to be genuine."

"He was a sport, nevertheless," the country sales manager maintained. "I guess he belonged to my society. 'Keep smiling' is our motto. Hide the aching heart behind a smile. Here you've been jabbing me for half an hour—ever since I spoke to you, and—"

"It seems like hours to me," interrupted the stenographer. "You've been throwing the hooks into me and dragging them through my feelings," pursued the country sales manager. "Still I've been smiling. I smile still. To give you an instance: I was sitting in the street car coming down town this morning and a girl trod on my foot."

"Why don't you say your corn?" "I will if you want me to. That girl must have weighed all of a hundred and thirty pounds, and you get a hundred and thirty pounds pressure to the foot—"

"Corn." "Acher. How will that do for a compromise? Anyway, she was one of the most beautiful creatures I ever saw in my life and she was so sorry she hurt me that she tears almost stood in her eyes."

"It's nothing to have them standing. They ought to have run." "How could they when she was standing herself? Anyway, as I said, she was passing fat."

"To the conductor?" "Child! said the country sales manager, reproachfully. "I'm glad she did step on your corn," said the stenographer. "I guess she belonged to my society. We always step on the corns of selfish brutes who keep their seats while we're standing. I suppose you smiled?"

carded his old-fashioned feather bed in favor of the hair or straw or felt mattress. The feather bed has been relegated to the country, and many people that slept on it in their childhood found it unendurable in their later years.

The Germans not only sleep on a feather bed, but underneath one as well. The feather covering used in Germany, however, is not so large or thick as the one used as a mattress, and the foreigner that undertakes to sleep beneath it often finds his feet suffering from cold, while his shoulders are suffering from heat.

**A ROYAL FUNERAL.** Strange Ceremonies That Mark the Burial of a Spanish King. Strange and almost weird is the ceremonial which accompanies the burial of Spanish kings. The pantheon, or royal tomb, is at the palace of the Escorial, situated 3,000 feet above the level of the sea and some distance from the capital. Only kings, queens and mothers of kings are buried there, the coffins of the kings lying on one side, those of the queens on the other. After lying in state for several days in the throne room in Madrid an enormous procession is formed, accompanying the body to the Escorial. A halt is made on the way, and the corpse rests there for one night.

In the morning the lord high chamberlain stands at the side of the coffin and says in loud tones, "Is your majesty pleased to proceed on your journey?" After a short silence the procession moves on and winds up to the grand portal of the palace. These doors are never opened except to admit a royal personage, dead or alive. When the casket containing the remains is at last placed in the vault the chamberlain unlocks it and, kneeling down, calls with a loud voice: "Senior! Senior! Senior!"

After a solemn pause he cries again: "His majesty does not reply! Then it is true, the king is dead!" He then locks the coffin, gives the key to the prior and, taking his staff of office, breaks it in pieces and flings the same at the casket. The booming of the guns and the tolling of bells announce to the nation that the king has gone to his final resting place.

**Birds of a Feather.** There is a peculiar romance in summer hotel or boarding house life. Your neighbor may be a princess or a bank clerk. So long as the bills are paid and the two weeks' vacation lasts, all are equally lofty. A writer in the New York Times tells of two persons who had met by chance at Atlantic City. The man was convinced that the girl was a Southern of high caste, and she imagined him to be a "rich New Yorker."

"You are from New York, aren't you?" she abruptly asked, when they had paused for a moment after a stroll along the beach.

"Yes," he answered, determined to be honest, "I live in East 16th street, where I have to get along on \$10 a week. But you, you are—"

"No," she replied, coldly, "I live in East 16th street also. I, too, am a clerk."

"Anywhere near No. 258?" he faintly asked. "Yes; next door—No. 256!"

**Waterproofing Matches.** Perhaps some of your readers would be interested to know that I have found a simple, inexpensive way to waterproof matches, says the Scientific American.

Into some melted paraffin (care being taken that it was as cool as possible) I dipped a few ordinary parlor matches. After withdrawing them and allowing them to cool it was found that they scratched almost as easily as before being coated with the wax. Several were held under water for six or seven hours and all of them lighted as easily as before immersion. When the match is scratched the paraffin is first rubbed off and the match lights in the usual way.

Matches treated as above would be very useful on camping or canoeing trips, as they do not absorb moisture. Since more rubbing is required to light them than the ordinary match, it would be practically impossible to set them on fire by accidental dropping.

**Never Knew Husband's Name.** In declaring that she never knew her husband's first name, Mrs. Esther Nieman of Monroe street created laughter at the Central police court.

"I have always called him 'Pop' from the first day I married him, and, as he did not object, I never worried myself about his first name," said Mrs. Nieman, who had her husband arrested on the charge of falling to support her.

The accused husband, by direction of the magistrate, was induced to tell his wife his full name. "Certainly, I'm glad to do it," remarked the defendant, "but I think my wife has known right along that I am Jacob Nieman."

**Don Pedro's Little Joke.** Don Pedro I, Emperor of Brazil, was one of royalty's strong men. On the occasion of a carnival he arranged matters so that he was standing on the bow of the royal barge between two of his staliest courtiers.

Suddenly, in the midst of the festivities the King reached out, grasped a courtier with each hand, and, after holding them for a few moments squirming in the air and begging to be released, he relaxed his grip and allowed them to drop plump into the water, amid the frantic applause of the huge crowd that had assembled to view this monarch. The King joined heartily in the general hilarity, but what the drenched courtiers thought about this exquisite joke is not recorded.

**COULD NOT SHAKE IT OFF.** Kidney Trouble Contracted by Thousands in the Civil War. James W. Clay, 906 W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., says: "I was troubled with kidney complaint from the time of the Civil war. There was constant pain in the back and head and the kidney secretions were painful and showed a sediment. The first remedy to help me was Doan's Kidney Pills. Three boxes made a complete cure and during five years past I have had no return of the trouble."

Sold by all dealers. 50c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Where Swallows Go.** The swallows all spend the winter in Central America and the south part of Mexico. They appear in the southern states as early as the middle of February, but seldom get as far north as New England until the month of May. The robins winter in the southern states and in northern Mexico. They are to be seen in flocks the winter through in the gulf states.

**TOLD TO USE CUTICURA** After Specialist Failed to Cure Her Itching Eczema—Mad Been Tortured and Disfigured but Soon Cured of Dreadful Humor. "I contracted eczema and suffered intensely for about ten months. At times I thought I would scratch myself to pieces. My face and arms were covered with large red patches, so that I was ashamed to go out. I was advised to go to a doctor who was a specialist in skin diseases, but I received very little relief. I tried every known remedy, with the same results. I thought I would never get better until a friend of mine told me to try the Cuticura Remedies. So I tried them, and after four or five applications of Cuticura Ointment I was relieved of my unbearable itching. I used two sets of the Cuticura Remedies, and I am completely cured. Miss Barbara Kral, Highland, Md., Jan. 9, 1908. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. of Cuticura Remedies, Boston.

**An Easy Shave.** The other day a man walked into a barber's shop, deposited upon a table a number of articles which he took from a satchel, and arranged them with artistic care.

"I am well supplied," said the barber. "This is bear's grease." "I am full up with bear's grease." "Here is some fine bay rum." "Don't doubt it, but I make my own bay rum and put on foreign labels. Nobody knows the difference."

"Here is some patent cosmetic for the moustache." "I know it is for the moustache, also for the whiskers and, that that, but I'm thoroughly stocked and reeking with cosmetic at present."

"Here are an electric brush, a duplex elliptic hair dye, lavender water, and a patent face powder." "I don't want any of them." "I know you don't."

"Then why do you ask me to buy them?" "I did not ask you to buy them. Did I say anything to you about buying them?"

"Come to think about it, you didn't." "I did not come here to sell anything. I wish to let you know that I possess all the toilet articles that a gentleman has any business with. Now give me an easy shave without asking me to buy anything."—Everybody's Magazine.

**HER MOTHER-IN-LAW** Proved a Wise, Good Friend. A young woman out in Iowa found a wise, good friend in her mother-in-law, jokes notwithstanding. She writes: "It is two years since we began using Postum in our house. I was greatly troubled with my stomach, complexion was blotchy and yellow. After meals I often suffered sharp pains and would have to lie down. My mother often told me it was the coffee I drank at meals. But when I'd quit coffee I'd have a severe headache."

"While visiting my mother-in-law I remarked that she always made such good coffee, and asked her to tell me how. She laughed and told me it was easy to make good coffee when you use Postum."

"I began to use Postum as soon as I got home, and now we have the same good coffee (Postum) every day, and I have no more trouble. Indigestion is a thing of the past, and my complexion has cleared up beautifully."

"My grandfather suffered a great deal with his stomach. His doctor told her to leave off coffee, but she took tea, but that was just as bad."