THE NIGHT BEFORE EL CANEY

An Incident of War In Cuba. By FRANCIS KIMBALL.

[Copyright, 1909, by Francis Kimball.] When the colonel of the -th cavalry summoned Captain Burden to regimental headquarters, some one at the officers' mess asked who he was, anyway, that the "old man" had picked ish rifes. Then, wheeling about, he him from among a dozen old campalgners for a consultation.

"Nephew or something to a senator," growled a grizzled fleutenant, who had seen 20 years of service and was jealous of the -th's reputation. Fresh from a desk in the war department, but all fired anxious to smell scarcely noticed them. His cars were dago powder.

Ought to have joined the rough riders," added another. "They'll be in the would send him back to Washington 52ht tomorrow; the -th's too full alhim to supper before he's seen a week of service:

fighting -th?"

arms with the surgeon, for he saw the Caney. latter had something on his mind, and Burden. "Let's go outside and leave be interests me."

department, a chura of Burden's, and

'Humph'" growled the adjutant sar eastically, "small pay and"-No." broke in the surgeon. "Bur

den has an income and"-Then what the deuce? Why didn't

he stay in Washington and leave us poor devils to do the lighting?"

If you'd been in Washington it wouldn't take much guessing," replied the surgeon. "For if you'd been there you'd have known Miss R. and boy she played Burden, to throw him over for a doughboy, so all Washington was on to it and felt sorry for the captain and didn't wonder when he threw up : fat position in the department and pe utioned the secretary for active serv

"And the doughboy?" grunted the adjutant, enlisted for all time in the new captain's behalf, "Stald in Washington with the reserves and"-

Not much. And that's what puzzles the wise heads up there. He collisted in the regulars and lit out for Santlage along with Burden, though I recket they didn't come together."

What's his name?" asked the ad

The surgeon fumbled for the letter glancing over it by the light of a neigh boring hantern, "Hardy," said he shortly "And, by thunder, he's in the What If he and Burden come to

In the meantime Captain Borden unconscious of the effect the summons from the colonel had upon his brothe flicers, stood before the commander of the regiment at headquarters.
"Captain Burden," said the latter

noting with a practiced eye the slender figure of the young officer, "you come aded for coolness and courage. Tomorrow we attack El Caney. I have been ordered to call for volunteers to do a little scouting. Will you lead the party?" "Thank you," said Burden simply

"It will be an honor, I"-The colonel removed his eyeglasses Young man," said he seriously, "the bush is full of Spaniards. You may be

killed or seriously wounded. Every caution will be required." "I will do my best, sir," replied Cap-tain Burden. "Is the start to be made

The colonel wheeled about on his camp stool. "Orderly," said he sharply, "tell Captain Clark that I wish a

volunteer of two good men from his company to undertake a dangerous errand near the enemy's line. They are to report to me at once." "Your duty will be," he continued turning to Captain Burden, "to recon

noiter as near as possible to the ene my's lines. You will skirt the base of El Caney, making a detour to the north. It is unnecessary to say the volunteers will be under orders from you and are to be governed by your Judgment."

Five minutes later the tramp of ap proachl, men was heard, and two cavalrymen entered the commander's presence. Captain Burden, noting them critically, started. The sharp rifles. tones of the colonel rang in his cars

"Corporal Joyce and Private Hardy you are under orders to proceed ac cording to Captain Burden's direction on a reconnoissance into the enemy

lines. That will do. Burden returned the men's salute mechanically. The presence of John Hardy filled him with conflicting em tions. He had fled from Washington hoping to drown in the excitement an aggressive campaign the sorrow which this man had broug't upo Had it not been for Hardy-1 clinched his bands until the nails bi

into the flesh. "What now?" an evil spirit will pered. "He is in your power. may order him whither you will, evto death by Spanish bullets. will know of it, for the Cuban bust

tells no tales." The colonel wondered at the palenupon the face of the young officer he passed from the tent into the di bess beyond. Could be be afraid? He dismissed the thought with a laugh-Captain Burden had come to the -th with the highest recommendations for work. He tried to get a job on the from the secretary of war.

Burden led his restraight into the thick, prickly brush. At times he could to "tramp." He started on the road almost feel Hardy's breath upon his as many better and worse men have face and hear the voice whispering in done before him. the ear: "To the left, to the left! He

will reach the Spaniards sooner there." fummered in the darkness—the San one in a loud and angry voice. Stopish torches about the blockhouse of El ping, he heard the individual deliver Caney. To the left the faint ring of himself much as follows:

steel told the three Americans that the nemy's sentinels were wide awake. ready to five blindly to the darkness. aptain Burden paused.

"Private Hardy," said he, so huskily ie scarcely o cognized his own voice, move cautionsly to the left, keeping well in the shadow of the brush. The orporal and I will detour to the right, approaching the slope farther on.

Hardy's hand came to a quick salute. Very good, sir," replied he stendily, though he must have known he would run against the very muzzles of Spandisappeared in the tangled thicket. Captain Burden paused Irresolutely,

white to the very lips. "Come!" said he sharply. "To the right, corporal." A myriad of insects buzzed about their faces. The corporal cursed and brushed them off, but his companion strained to catch the shots from the

slope of El Caney, the fusillade which

A minute passed-five-ten. It seem ready, and here's the old man asking ed as many hours. The heat and blackness of the brush stiffed the Americans; the sharp thorns tore their "Tut?" interposed the regimental sur-clothes and facerated their bodies. geon. "Burden's not a greenhorn, and Corporal Joyce swore and cursed the the colonel knows it. Reckon you don't fate which had sent him to Cuba. know what sent him out of Washing Captain Burden moved forward as one ton into this fever stricken climate, bereft of feeling. He had become a Do you think a doughboy'd join the machine a thing devoid of sense and feeling, a human sounding board, wait-Come." said the adjutant, tocking ing to catch a rifle crack from El

Suddenly the buzz of insects, the under the feet of the moving men, the the fellows to their growlings;" then, noise made by the passage of their when they had passed beyond the con-bodies through the bush, were drowned times of the mess tent-"What was it. by the echoing report of a Manser rife, no woman two of them will make for Johnson? The chap's no coward, and then another, a third and fourth and the table naturally. The third one will "Well," said the surgeon soberly, "it clutched his officer's arm, "God?" he up in despuir and join the others. The isn't my business, but I don't mind whispered. "They've riddled him, and source of this magnetism is the friction relling you; I've a cousin in the war a braver fellow never wore a salier;" he wrote me to keep an eye on him. It the bullets from the Mansers had that they only pollah tables because was hard buck drove him out of Wash-ington."

plerced his body. A cry sounded in the stillness following the echo of the voice was Hardy's.

For an instant Burden wavered. Then, before the corporal could re strain him, he dashed through the mat-



ed cimparral to the slope of El Caney upon whose summit danced a hundred Spanish torches, awakened into life by the fire of the sentinels.

With Joyce panting at his heels, he oushed forward, drawing his revolver as be ran and shouting aloud to Har dy to answer him. that he might gall he private's side in the darkness.

Breaking through the bush, he can upon an open space unsheltered from the Spanish guns above, to stumble over Hardy, who, resting on one el

ures with his revolvet Perhaps the Spaniards feared an at tack from the entire American army At sight of Burden and the corpora they wavered, forgetting, the Mauset in their hands, that they were five to three with one of the latter sorely crit

"Corporal," said Burden sharply, no ing with quick perception the confus of the Spanlards, "to the rear w Private Hardy. I will cover you

A flash of admiration filled the co oral's eyes. "God, sir!" he muttered They'll shoot you like a dog. I" "To the rear, sir!" shouted Capta

Burden. "He's light and"-Then, as the bulky corporal lifted th wounded cavalryman, slinging bit neroes his shoulder like a bag of mea Burden faced the astonished Span

"No!" cried Hardy, struggling in the arms which would bear him into safe "Stop, for God's sake, corporal! Then in an appeal of agony: "Say yourself, Burden. She will not marri mer it's you"

The sharp crack of the captain's c volver cut short the sentence. "Ran he shouted. "I'll hold them off."

Four times the revolver cracked of the Spaniards, realizing 'twos but on man who confronted them, raised the

Corporal Joyce, tearing through chaparral, heard the widmine erack a the dreaded Mausers: then once to the sharp report of the captain's volver. Afterward came silence, say for the groaning of Private Hardy and the rustle of the parting branches

On the morning of July 3, after the charge upon El Caney, an orderly haltad before the quarters of the nighting

"A letter for Captain Burden," replied he to the sentry's query, "franked at the war department and from a lady reckon he won't want to wait for it." The colonel pushed aside his tent flap. "Surgeon," said he, turning to the officer who followed him, "rell that fellow Captain Burden's dead; killed in an ambuscade. And, surgeon, you'd better take the letter and forward it to Washington

Read Wrote the Letter.

Ople Read some years ago was in incinnati and broke. He in vain apdied to the various newspaper offices mechanical end of some paper, so hard Out beyond the shelter of the camp up was he, but in this, too, he failed, There was nothing left for him but

Tired and dust stained, he reached a suburb of Cincinnati. As he was pass Far up the height a dozen tiny lights ing a lumber yard he heard a man talk

Rejected the whole carby because there was one The -: I just wish I ould write a letter-one that would or if the very limit off his head, the

I Can write, that is my business. I Bend, stepping up.

theet," earl the lumberman "You right down and write a regular feller. And he explained more illy the executistances of the case. Read, although he knew nothing of man to whom he was writing. lipped his pan in gall" and wrote. Then he had the letter, which was wil about as caustic a one as could

The landerman was delighted "That's splendid?" he exclaimed. How more do you want?"

"I'll have that with you," said Rend The hunderson handed the author a in hill, and Rend was tided over his

Why We sit on Inbles.

mouth distances.

and literature women are exasper ited every day by men sitting on to pay for the formitmee and H is note getr business how it is used. The It of their sitting on tables has led the bivilion of the cushloued bitand table and will no doubt ultimate 5 result in other elever notions Atne three it was supposed that men hose to sit on tables because they until get exercise without exertion to

The scientific fact is that tables are more magnetic than chairs. If three sen walk into a room where there is braver fellow never wore a satter? Unit women evente by polishing tables. Capitaln Burden staggered as though so frequently. Of course women say shots-an appeal for help, and the ly elever men six on chairs. They use and things on also their feet.

Chairs are notoriously immoral. You (ii) notice that a well tred man, when be finds inmeditiosing his temper. In variably gets up from his chair and makes a direct line for the nearest table. This emildes him to keep his temper and to argue reasonably. Crite

When Elephants Die,

The aparton is widely held in turn that elephanis, when they feel that leathers near, retire to secret places in the jungle, where they die for from the sight of man. Thus is explained the fact, so often cited, that the skeletons of elephants are almost never met with except those killed by hunters. The legend is certainly an interesting one, but it must probably he re

An English hunter has discovered he skeletons of elephants dead from liseuse in places that were not par ticularly secret, and a hunter, during several consecutive years, has abserv ed the same skeleton and has been surprised at the rapidity with which It has doonyed and disappeared under The truth seems to be that the regsor why so few elephants' whele time atfound is that they are so quickly d

Work to the Unisson.

erally while there; the change on comthe extremities. It is driven from the cially toward the brain and the spinal

The man, exhausted by toil under these conditions, climbs a long fadder. He is in the airlock again, with the up per door plane closed. The lock tender erks up the bottom door. With a twist of the valve he hustles the compressed air out. The onlinery atmosphere rushes in. The upper door is thrown up, and God's sun and air come to the prisoner. The reaction is too severe. The blood, released by the ambien vanishing of 40, 40, 50 pounds of mir pressure on neh square meh of the body, refuses o act normally. Heart and lungs weak a. vitality cubs. A sand hog is never are that the next trip may not be his

The practical limit below ground l a pounds of air pressure. The men that can work in that atmosphere are masters of their trade. Yet now and then a man is met with who has the strength to go further. - Cromwell hilds in Leslie's Monthly.

Where the Lenk Was.

Once, years ago, when Daniel Webster was secretary of state, there was an important foreign matter up for dismotion before the caldnet, and the uted but the whole thing was blazoned about in a few bours after the cablus meeting. So the president bastily sent for his cultimet to talk over this leak. Each man bad a different idea of it

Finally Mr. Webster arose, saying, You, gentlemen, go on with your dismount and I'll be back in a minute. is a few minutes be returned and reeated every word that had been spoen in the room in his absence. He explained that if, by standing close to be door outside the cabinet room. you eld your car to it, you could not distinguish one intelligible word; but if, noving back from the door and a little to one side mon a certain spot in the carpet, you kept an attentive ear, ev ery word could be plainly heard as

though whispered: Some enterprising envestropper had ern experimenting with the door and and found that upon that ranci spot here was nous acoustic property of the door or room that conveyed the ound in perfect entirety.-Saturday

Where Tumms Atkins Gets His Same e origin of the sobrappet "Tommy Arkins." Tommy Atkins was the name Lucien's were flying for the resiuve his post and so perished. After had it became the fashion to speak of the conspicuously heroic soldier in the lights with the rebels as "a regular exceptional industry, he was in vigor-Tommy Atkins "-London News.

HE CURSED THE TOWN

END OF THE FIRST CAPITAL OF ILLE NOIS PROPHESIED BY AN INDIAN.

The Destruction of the Town of Knakaskin Was in Accordance With the Last Words of the Chief Who Died For a Woman's Love.

Since the waters of the Mississippi river washed away the last vestige of Kaskaskia, the first capital of Illinois, an old legend that centained the prophcoy of the total destruction of the once Sourishing little city has been recalled, at the junction of the Kaskaskia and the Mississippi rivers, and in 1882 the Mississippl river cut its way through the peninsula, leaving the remnant of the town on an island. The water con- for a moment and then suddenly re tinued to wash away the rich alluvial deposits on which Kaskaskia was built until, late in 1900, the last foot of the hand where the town once stood disappeared. This singular ending of Kasrecalled to the superstitious the story that the town was cursed in the eight centh century by an Indian who had

citizens. Jean Benard came to this country from France in 1908, bringing with him his wife and his in-year-old daughter Marie. The family settled in Kaskaskin, where Benard established a mer latter had something on his mind, and lie, too, was curious about Captain crunching of the dry leaves and twigs the logs of the table. Suddenly the buzz of insects, the swinging their own legs and by kicking chandising business. The Frenchinan soon became one of the most prosperous and most influential men of the town. Marle, his daughter, grew to be a beautiful woman, much courted by the most eligible young men of the new belle spread from Lake Michigan to the gulf of Mexico

A young oblef of the Kaskaskia tribe and was taken into partnership to one of the frading bouses there. He was tack now" An arrow shot off in presperous, handsome and well oducated and was soon received into the homes of the wante settlers. One night at a ball be happened to meet Marie Bennyd.

The girl was at once fascinated by the tall, the looking Indian, who fell In love with her at first sight and nade no secret of his infinitration. But Be pard pere seen noticed the attachmen and forbade his daughter from commu nicating with the young Indian. To make sure that there would be no more meetings Benard used his influence to prevent the chief from attending any of the social entertainments given in Kaskaskia.

But love always finds a way, and the oung couple managed to see each other despite all the precautions of the girl's father. But Benard became aware of these meetings and again took means to prevent them. He was a man of wealth and influence, and he had the Indian forced out of his part nership in the trading company.

The Indian left Kaskaskia. For al most a year nothing was heard of him, and Benard thought that his daughter had forgotten her lover, for she ap peared gay and careless, and she as cepted with apparent pleasure the at tentions of a young Frenchman. On night when a large ball at Kaskaskia was at its beight Marie Benard disapperrest.

Those who searched for Marie dis-It is the strain within the bowels of covered that the young chief of the the working chamber, annoticed gen. Kaskaskigus had been seen that even covered that the young thief of the ing in the town, and the conclusion was ing into the outer air that the sand log at once reached that the girl had eloped party to go in pursuit of the fugitives As there was a heavy snow on th ground, their trail was easily discovery ered and followed. The Indian and Marie had crept away afoot, and as their pursuers were supplied with fast horses the young lovers were captured after a day's chase about 40 miles from Kaskaskia. Their destination had been the French sertlement at St. Louis where the Indian had provided a bom for his wife.

The Indian surrendered without resistance, and the posse started on the journey back to Kaskaskia, taking the two captives. Most of the men who composed Benard's party wanted to would not allow it, for he said that they should leave him to deal with his

When the party reached Kaskaskia, the girl was placed in the convent there. Then Benard took the Indian to the bank of the Mississippi and, binding him tightly to a log, turned him adrift in the river. As the helpless Indian floated away to his death he raised his eyes to heaven and cursed Becard, who, he declared, would die a violent death. The Indian's last words were a proptecy that within 200 years the waters which were then is forgotten. bearing him away would sweep from the earth every vestige of the town, so that only the name would be left.

The unhappy girl died in the convent Benard was killed in 1712 in a duel. The last trace of Kaskaskla has been obliterated, and the superstitious de clare that the Indian's curse has had other to China, another to sWashingsomething to do with the passing of the once flourishing town. On dark and stormy nights the ghost of the Indian The specter, with is said to appear. strong arms bound and face upturned. floats slowly by on the river where the stream sweeps by the site of the vanished city in which Marie Benard once lived and in which she died mourning the red man that she loved.-Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Oh, John," she cried, "baby's cut

tooth." "Aw, go 'way." broke in little Willie who was playing on the floor. "You climation to worry over each other's can't cut a tooth! You may break it. fate." New York Press. but you can't cut it!"- Chicago Post.

Fooled His Doctor.

The inte Rev. H. R. Hawels, who was equally metable as preacher, journalist, lecturer and musician, suffered from a dangerous hip disease when a boy of it. The celebrated Sir Benjamin f a schirt who, when the Europeans Brodie, who was asked if a change of with my bands. scene would benefit the afflicted youth ency from the mutineers, refused to answered. Take blm anywhere it does not motion."

Hawels lived to haugh at his doctor ous health. New York World.

INDIAN SIGNALS

The Long Distance tode by Which

the Red Men Conversed. The traveler on the plains in the early days soon learned the significance of the spires of smoke that he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge or hill and that in turn he might see answer ed from a different direction. It was the signal talk of the Indians across miles of intervening ground, a signal used in rallying the warriors for an at tack or warning them for a retreat when that seemed advisable, The Indian had a way of sending up

the smoke in rings or puffs, knowing Kaskaskia was situated on a peninsula that such a smoke column would at once be noticed and understood as a signal and not taken for the smoke of some camptire. He made the rings by covering the little fire with his blanks moving the blanket and allowing th make to ascend, when he instantly covered the fire again. The column of ascending smoke rings said to every Indian within 30 miles, "Look out, kaskin's once splendid ambitions has There is an enemy near." Three smokes built close together meant dan ger. One smoke merely meant atten tion. Two snokes meant "Camp a seen wronged by one of the leading this place." Travel the plains, and the usefulness of this long distance telephone will quickly become apparent. Sometimes at night the settler of traveler saw flery lines crossing the sky, shooting up and falling, perhaptaking a direction diagonal to the line of vision. He might guess that these were the signals of Indians, but unless he were an old timer he might not be able to interpret the signals. The old timer and the squaw man knew that one fire arrow can arrow prepared by country. She was in no hurry to ac- treating the head of the shaft with ept any of them, and her fame as a gunpowder and fine barks meant the same as the column of smoke puffs viz. "An enemy is near." Two arrow meant "Danger." Three arrows sale of Indians, having become converted Imperatively. This danger is great to Christianity after several years of Several arrows said. "The enemy are study under the tutelage of the Jesus too many for us." Two arrows shat m its, built bineself a house in Kaskaskia Into the air at once meant "We shall attrick?" three at once said. "We at

PUZZLED THE JEWELER.

diagonal direction said as plainly as

he untutored savage could telephone

fairly well at night as well as in day

He Wanted a Second Hand Watch

pointing a finger. "That way."

and Finally Got It. He was evidently a foreigner, and h valked into one of the big jewelry houses on P street and noted for i watch. He would be pleased to examine some "second hand watches," h said to the clerk who advanced to meet

"This isn't a pawnshop," observes the clerk hanginity. "No?" observed the man inquiringly But you have watches?" And he point ed to the great showerse full of hand

ome watches. "Certainly," replied the eleric. "Fin st stock of watches in the city. How such do you want to pay for a watch? "How mooth?" asked the stranger Mooch as he is worth, so that he suits ne. I have said that I desire a second hand watch a good one that shall keep

the time." "See here, sir; you are off your ba We don't keep secondhand goods. You will have to hant elsewhere for secondhand watches."

The stranger's eyes opened wide But you have him there, and there and there," be said as be began to ges ticulare. "I have said see cound having watches," spelling it as though to make it plainer, "and they are here, every here you you you you have them not do not comprehend you

"Well, I do you," replied the eleraheepishly as he quarkly got behind the ounter. "Just a little mix up. No harm done, I hope. Certainly we have watches with second bands. watches have second hands. We have dle no others" And the stranger got his second hand watch, for which be

Lasting friendsh are formed in the officers' mess abroad ship in our navy, but no effort is made to keep track of a mate when he is transferred. This strikes the landsman as a queer freak kill the Indian instantly, but Benard of nature, but the sailors accept it as a matter of course never to be ques tioned. Men get into pretty close comnumber with each other when they breakfast, dine and sup together for three years. As a rule, they learn each other's history to the minutest detail, imless a man chooses to be disagree able and distant. Close attachments grow up, yet when the inexorable as for arrives from Washington, sending the mess to the four winds of heaven breaking up, as it were, the family, a warm hand shake ends it all. Each officer goes into a new mess, and the old

It was my good fortune to be intro duced to as fine a mess as ever broke bread together on a man of war. The devotion of the officers to one another was an inspiration. Finally the sepa ration came. One went to some mavy yard, another to the Philippines auton, etc. They were scattered all over the world. One day, meeting the lieutenant commander, who had gone up for promotion. I inquired when he had peard from Lieutenaut So and so. "Why, not in several months," he re-plied. "In fact, not since he was or dered to his new station. You know we fellows don't follow each other's movements after a mess is broken up We form new associations, friends, and the old drop out of sight. We never think of writing to each oth er. It is more than likely we shall nev er see each other again as long as we live, and we haven't the time or in-

By Way of Suggestion.

"The trouble with me," spoke the young man who was on his way hom with his best and loveliest from a party at the Kenhurst clob, "is that I always feel embarrassed when I am out in company. I never know what to do

"Suppose you just hold them up." said a hourse voice in his car.

The voice pertained to a large, rough ooking man with a mask on his face and a large, rough looking revolver in his hand, and the youth lost no time in complying with the suggestion. - Chica



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Took It Serionaly,

The late Professor Hinsdale was sin gularly devoid of all sense of humor, and as for slaug well, he knew far more about the deadest of dead languages than he did concerning these sancy innovations on his native tongue There was a certain piece of legislation which was of considerable interest to the local school officials. It had been introduced into the legislature

and was there hanging fire. One day Professor Hinsdale, then school superintendent, said to Mr. Tom Whitehead, secretary of the board of education: "Mr. Secretary, what is the ontlook for that special school fell now in the hands of the state legislators? Do you believe it will be adopted

General Commission and Scon ? The secretary shook his head in a manner that was meant to be thoroughly discouraging and said, with a strong emphasis:

"It will be a cold day when that bill is passed." The superintendent nodded and pass-

ed on A day or two later somebody came into his office and asked him about the

prospects of the same bill. "Well," he replied in his heavy way, "I have no personal means of knowing the status of the measure, but I have been assured emphatically by Secretary Whitehead, who may be considered an expert in securing knowledge of this character, that the bill will not pass until next winter." - Cleveland Plain

The Public Gallows a Century Ago Even if the bievele had been invented

a hundred years ugo touring could hardly have become very popular at all events, for solitary cyclists. The old guidebooks were by no means cheerful reading. A run from Landon to East Grinstead, a distance of five of six and twenty miles, would have talon the wheelman past three glibbets and it was just as likely as not the from one or the other of them a budy would be swinging in the wind.

Up till the beginning of the nine teenth century the gallows was almo as frequent a landmark as finger posts or public houses have become The traveler approaching York is di rected by the guidebooks to "turn round by the gallows and three wind mills," and the road out of Durham is Shetween the gallows and Crokehill. Going out of Wells you "cross the

brook and pass by the gallows." Any number of such directions can be gleaned from the old books for the guidance of travelers a hundred years ago, and as these interesting objects were put up and the dead bodies of malefactors left upon them for the special edification of footpads and highwaymen there was a suggestive ness about them that must have given a special piquancy to eyele touring if it had been in vogue at that time. - London News.

Question of Ethics. "Be truthful," said the teacher. 'Afways?" asked the boy "Always," answered the teacher. "Never tell a He?"

Not even a white he?" "Not even a white lie. "Huh!" ejaculated the lad scornfully, "It's a mighty good thing for you

"Why?" asked the teacher "Because," replied the boy, "if you was my dad's little boy an you'd heard what he said about Aunt Eliza comin to visit us with her children an Aunt like I did. you'd think there was a

you ain't a boy with my dad for a fa-

place where your trousers was mighty thin after dad got through with you. He went back to his desk, and as he expression on his face that showed the great lesson of truth had been, at least in a measure, lost on him. And in his There were tears in the eyes of the indignation and innecesse he did not "class," and their girlish hearts were

Curious Picture Frames;

In many churches of Provence and sheep?" Lexlie's Weekly. Italy, especially those near the sea, ex voto paintings placed on the walls in accordance with yows made by pilgrims in moments of danger are often | D., entered Amherst college, he expos vinarkable for their frames. Among the currocities may be enumerated thom of his fellow students by placing latts formed of splinters from ships over the door of his room a large that have been wrecked; also frames squares of white cardboard on which made of piless of heavy cables, occasionally painted bright hoes, but sometimes left on their primitive gray colors and spin-test with tar. Nafled to the laths surminiting a painting repre senting sadors fighting with theree savages may be seen African or Polynesian spears and darts or swords made of hard wood, evidently mementos of territic struggles Sallors or landsmen who have name vows during times of peril at sea and who have no trophics to display will surround their paintings with broad bands of wood heavily tocrusted with shells and seaweed, not infrequently of rare and extremely beautiful kinds. - London People's dictory in mind when you put that V

Lopped It Off.

Towns - Has be sent you a check for your services? Browne-Yes, but it isn't for the amount I expected, although I sent him

Towns-Your writing's bad. Mayle he didn't decipher the amount Browne-I to afraid he did de-cipier it. I wrote \$100 very pininty, and he sent \$10 -Philadelphia Press.

The Truth Forced Home. "I'm afraid." she sighed. "that I'm getting old.

my orders '-Chicago Times Heraid.

"Why?" be asked. "When I go to the grocery now, the eral admission."

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Most Healthful Coffee In the World.

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All the world knows that coffee in excessive use is injurious. And yet the coffee lover cannot stand taste-less cereals. There has to this time been no happy medium between. Café Bland fills the void with the best elements of both. It is richer than straight coffee, and many will not be easily convinced that it is not all coffee. But we guarantee that Café Bland contains less than fifty per cent coffee, which is scientifically blended with nutritious tcuits and grains, thus not only displacing over fifty per cent of the caffein, but neutralizing that which remains and still retaining the rich coffee flavor. To those who suffer with the heart, to dyspeptics and to nervous people Cafe Bland is e-pecially recommended as a health-ful and delicious beverage, so satislying that only the member of the family making the change in the coffee knows there has been one More healthful, richer and less expensive than straight coffee. Better in every respect. 25 cents per lb. Your grocer will get it for you.



A Sentimental Farmer. "These sheep pictures of Mauve's are beautiful," said Mr. L., the art instructor of the summer art school, to his class as besterned over a lot of reproductions Iron the great artist's paintings. "They are so gentle, so ten der, so suggestive of pasterni peace

and quietude This I do love slicop" exclaimed one of the girls. They are so dear! Don't

you think so, Mr. L.?" Mr. I. looked thoughtful for a mo-

ment; then be eald: "My father, who was a farmer, kept wheep for 20 years. He was un old man when he decided to give up the practice an old man, but as full of sentiment and feeling as he had ever been, Eliza had asked you if you weren't all shall never forget the day when the gind to see her an you'd told the truth, pursioner of the flock came to take them wear. My father stood in the barnyard and watched till the last sheep had passed through the great gate into the road, waited till the last sat down with great care there was an faint ideating of the flock had died away in the distance; then he turned to use with a face full of emotion. appreciate the humor associated with touched by the pathetle word picture. the fact that his teacher did not belong Somebody said "Ah!" in a long drawn to that division of the human race that fashion. "He furned to me, my poor old father," the artist continued, "and said in a low, earnest voice, "William, I'd go five miles any day to kick a

> When the late Horace Maynard, LL. ed himself to ridicule and jibing ques was inscribed in bold outlines the singie letter V. Disregarding comment and question, the young man applied himself to his work, ever keeping in mind the height to which he wished to climb, the first step toward which was

signified by the mysterious V Four years later, after receiving the compliments of professors and students on the way he had acquitted himself as valedictorian of his class young Maynard called the attention of his fellow graduates to the letter over his door. Then a light broke in upon

them, and they cried out:
"Is it possible that you had the valeover your door?" "Assuredly I had," was the emphatic

On he climbed, from height to height becoming successively professor mathematics in the University of Tennessee, lawyer, member of *congress, attorney general of Tennessee, United States minister to Constantinople and finally postmaster general.-Success.

The Two Pinnacles. "The performance reaches the highest pinnacle of dramatic wit," wrote

the press agent. "Isn't that rather a strong state-ment?" asked the dramatic editor.

clerks don't nearly break their necks trying to beat one another in getting mistake the planacie of price for the pinnacle of art!-Baltimore American.

"Oh, no! We are getting \$5 for gen-

His Goal the Letter "V."