

The Adventure of the Vacant House.

By EARL ASHLEY WALCOTT.

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Ah Kim was a coward with the curiosity of a magpie. Both these things he knew, for he had been told them often by the mouth of his friend, the shrewd Wong Chee, and his inner consciousness assured him that Wong Chee spoke the truth. It was due to both that he had the adventure of the vacant house.

It happened thus: On the night of the adventure he stood in the dark doorway of a vacant house on the corner of Pacific street, on the edge of Chinatown, in the city of San Francisco, and it was here that he saw a Chinese pass across the way with a sack upon his shoulder. Now, there was nothing about this to attract his idle attention had not the bearer of the sack stopped, looked cautiously about him and then as cautiously opened the door of the third house from the corner, that bore the "To Let" sign of the white agents. This was remarkable enough, for no man takes the fourth hour of the night to examine a house that he would rent. So Ah Kim speculated idly on the matter and had but reached the conclusion that it was none of his business when he observed another Chinese to saunter along, also with a sack upon his shoulder, and after the same precaution to see if he were watched upon the same door and disappear in the darkness.

Now, Ah Kim, not being bright of mind, was unable to think what this might mean and after a study decided that it was a case to lay before his friend, the shrewd Wong Chee. He was therefore about to move from the doorway to put this idea into execution when he observed a third Chinese to come along, also with a sack upon his shoulder, and after the same precautions to enter the same house.

Ah Kim at this was partly in fear, for if the three sack bearers thought it so important that they should not be observed they might think it of enough importance to attend to the silencing of one who had observed them, and for all his slowness of mind it was in his thought that before he sought the shrewd Wong Chee it would be well to know how many men with sacks went through that door. So he waited and watched with care and kept himself within the shadow that none might see him. There were now and then men passing along, but none of them bore sacks upon the shoulder, and none of them passed through the door with the "To Let" sign upon it. Yet as he watched he was startled on a sudden to see the "To Let" sign itself disappear like the handkerchief that the juggler throws into the air. And Ah Kim, having watched vainly for further signs of the men who had gone through the door, joined a party of three who passed and, becoming one of the crowd, went on his way to find his friend, the shrewd Wong Chee.

"It is well," said Wong Chee when the case was explained. "There are many things in life that we do not understand. We should therefore endeavor to learn them from those who perchance may know more than we. Said you that these men were of a size?"

"Illustrious Wong Chee, I had not said. But, as I remember them, one



The bearer of the sack cautiously opened the door.

was tall and thin, and one was of middle size and stout, and the third was small and spare.

"Did the tall man have a scar from his eye to his chin, and did the stout man have a wart on his cheek, and was the small man lame in the right leg?"

"Indeed, my wise Wong Chee, I could not see the scar nor the wart for the darkness, but as I remember the small man did have the trace of a limp."

"You have done well, my inquisitive Kim. And if you go to the joss tonight pray to him for your friends, for there is mischief afoot."

"Do they threaten my friends?" asked Ah Kim in a wretched voice.

"Pray that it be none of your friends," said Wong Chee, with a mysterious shake of his head, "for when those three men went through that door it meant no good to the man who passes through it after them."

"Then I shall not pass it," said Ah Kim, with a shiver, "and I shall stop at the house of the joss as I go home and pray that none of my friends seek the place." Then, after a moment of silence, in which his curiosity rose superior to his fears, he continued: "Does your most profound wisdom inform you of the names of the three men who went through the door?"

Wong Chee considered and answered with half closed eyes: "Is there one among the tongs who has not heard of the three brothers of the hatchet, who are a tong by themselves? We do not speak their names." "Yes, I have heard," said Ah Kim, with a shudder. "But were they ever known in our tong?"

When it was asked if he would forgive the debt there was no voice raised for the merchant, for he had made his riches through the favor and protection of the tong, and he would evade the dues that even the poorest must pay. So when the voice of the tong spoke through the darkness and said that he had choice to forgive the debt or to inflict the punishment there was a mutter as of the thunder that sounds in the distance, and it was the sentence of death to Mow Yip Ting. Then it was spoken in the darkness that it was not fit that one of the tongs should do the deed, and a whisper ran through the air that this was work for the brothers of the hatchet. So it was said, and the reward was fixed, and I was made the voice of the tong to speak to the three brothers. Yes, I know the three and have seen them, but I do not speak their names nor turn my eyes to their faces when I meet them on the street. You know the fate of Mow Yip Ting?"

"Who does not?" said Ah Kim. "Who, indeed?" echoed Wong Chee placidly. "For many men have given up their lives in Chinatown, yet but three have suffered death in the manner of Mow Yip Ting."

"And Sam Suey was hanged for it by the police of the white devils," said Ah Kim.

"The art of the three brothers is past the power of the police to search out. For though the white devils are clever with machines they are but children in the subtle workings of the mind and know not falsehood from the truth."

"It is great enough to say to you not to concern yourself with such thoughts. Think not of who the man may be. Pray that he be none of your friends. Make sure that he be not yourself."

"Wise Wong Chee. Your counsel is of the best. I will go to the house of the joss to pray for my friends and dismiss the three brothers from my thoughts."

And so saying he left Wong Chee and turned his steps toward the shrine of the joss that is in the tong house in Commercial street. Yet on the way his thoughts were only of the three brothers of the hatchet, and in the darkness he could see with the eye of the mind the face of the tall brother with the scar running from eye to chin and the stout brother with the wart on his cheek and the small brother who limped with his right leg. And the three

lowered as they doated before him through the atmosphere of thought and threatened him with silent words as he walked. So it was with alarm that Ah Kim found that his feet had brought him once more to the doorway from which he had seen the three brothers go with such mystery into the vacant house, and he halted as a man struck to stone. To his excited vision the three faces peered menacingly at him from every dark window and he was even in the obscurity of the doorway to which his feet had brought him he was observed; yet he could not fly from the danger and watched the house as the bird watches the snake.

He looked intently for a sign of life, yet none was to be seen. No light glimmered from the windows. Men came by in ones and twos, and he shrank back into the shadow. Then on a sudden he saw a figure glide along the wall in the fatal doorway. Now Ah Kim shook as with an ague and was alert for what might happen.

Was this the man for whom the three brothers had laid their snare? No victim would go so unsuspectingly to such a house and alone. Yet curiosity was strong upon him, and he wished that he dared venture to the door and listen and perchance learn something of the dreadful deeds of the three brothers of the hatchet.

As he looked and listened and trembled two men came along the wall. He was relieved to see that they were white devils and listened to their talk. "I was sure that was the number," said one.

"Now, that's queer," said the other, and Ah Kim was stricken with fear to see that this was one of the white devils' policemen, for he had been arrested for the awful crime of holding a lottery ticket and had been kept 30 days in jail. Yet he was not too much in fear to hear the policeman as he said, "That house has been to rent ever since I came on this date."

"It is no so strange," said the other, with a laugh, "for houses are sometimes rented."

Now Ah Kim trembled again, for at these words he knew the voice, and it was the voice of the good doctor for whom he worked, who had stood by him when he was in trouble and had given him back his place after he had come from the jail.

"I would keep out of there if I was you," said the policeman.

"It's an old servant who is hurt to death and has sent for me," said the doctor, "and I couldn't refuse. A doctor, you know, must go when he's called."

"Well, that's the first Chinaman I ever heard of asking for a white doctor," said the policeman. And he bade the doctor good night and went his way.

Now, Ah Kim wished to cry out, for he had found the man who was to pass the door that hid the three brothers of the hatchet. Yet his voice refused to come, for he was in fear of the white policeman. And shaken with the double apprehension for his employer and himself he did not recover power of voice or movement until the doctor had crossed the street and was swallowed up in the dark doorway. Then he hastened after him with a cry in his throat that was stifled when he saw in mortal terror lest the sharp eye of the tall brother had spied him, and the shadow of death was even now upon him. Two or three minutes passed, and his heart stilled its fluttering beats. Yet, instead of following his impulse to fly, he

crept closer to the door and crunched in the corner that he might listen and think and be out of the observation of any one who should come along the street. It was near the middle hour of the night, yet belated wayfarers passed now and then.

What idea was in his mind he could not have said. Gratitude he did not know, and friends one does not have among the white devils. Yet he bared his head that he ought to save the white doctor from his doom, for he was a kind master, and it is no fit that one should see a man go to his death when one eats his bread. And then there was curiosity—the eager wish to know the work of the three brothers. Thus Ah Kim crouched



"I would keep out of there if I was you," said the policeman.

against the doorpost and strained his ears to catch a sound from the mysterious house. Yet listen as he might the only sounds that came to him besides the smooth purring of the distant cable that draws the white devils' street cars were the loud beats of his heart and the breathing that he tried to repress.

There had been a small bank failure, and the bank had gone into the hands of a receiver. The receiver had proved to be dishonest and had absconded with what remained of the funds of the institution. Expert detectives, however, were on his track, and he was run to earth in a mountain town and taken back to the scene of his financial exploits.

It was after midnight when the detectives arrived with their prisoner, and Mr. Means, the principal depositor in the bank and therefore the principal loser, was awakened at his home and informed by telephone of the capture.

He expressed his gratification and went back to bed. Shortly afterward he was aroused to receive another telephone message to the same effect from a different source.

"Thanks," he said, "but I had heard of it already. Good night!"

And again he sought his couch. About 2 o'clock he was awakened a third time. The telephone bell was ringing.

In no gentle frame of mind he answered it.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello," responded a voice through the telephone. "Is this Mr. Means?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"Mr. Means, this is Deputy Sheriff Jones. We've caught that runaway receiver. Is there anything you'd like to have me do personally in the matter?"

"Yes!" roared Mr. Means. "Hang up the receiver!"

And he was not disturbed again.—Youth's Companion.

Mark Twain and the Serpent's Tooth. Mark Twain's daughter, Miss Clara L. Clemens, in entering upon her career as a concert singer, had a long conference with a manager. Many matters were discussed, plans made and details settled, Miss Clemens dictating her own ideas. The young singer, who had experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining parental consent to a public career, showed her earnestness by the businesslike manner in which she looked into affairs.

When matters had been fully considered and the manager was about to leave, Miss Clemens said, with the large determination that small bodies not infrequently possess:

"I wish it distinctly understood that my father's name is not to be mentioned at all in connection with my singing in public."

Mark Twain, who had been sitting in the room during the interview, in which, however, he had taken no part, looked up quizzically and said, with a twinkle in his eyes:

GRANDMAS OF TODAY

THEY KEEP IN THE RACE WITH THE YOUNG PEOPLE TO THE END.

The Old-Fashioned Grandmother, the One Who Placidly Sat in the Chimney Corner Darning Stockings, Is a Thing of the Past.

I was bemoaning the fact that I had never known my grandmothers. One died before I was born and the other when I was a few months old. I thought it would be so comforting to have a grandmother because they always regarded their grandchildren as being incapable of doing wrong. At least they were sure to multiply one's virtues and minimize faults. Their chief object in life, as I picture them, was to minister to their descendants' comfort, to make the crooked places straight. The grandmother of my fancy would keep my clothes in repair, darn the stockings, knit plenty of wash-rags and silk mittens, surprise me with my favorite dishes, laugh at my jokes and generally discharge her life in the affairs of mine. What was I going to do in return for all this unselfish devotion? I would be her granddaughter. That, according to the old traditions, was quite enough compensation.

I was holding forth, exploiting my views and desires on the grandmother question in the presence of one of those people who delight to take a person down and make him feel cheap, especially if they imagine one is posing as younger than the family Bible records. This individual spoke up and said: "Why, if your grandmothers were living they would be so aged that they would be numskull. Instead of darning your stockings, knitting your mittens, they would be blind, deaf and imbecile. You would have to tend them with greater slavishness than a mother a newborn babe, and without the sweet recompense in the latter case. When people become imbecile with age, they grow repulsive, and the prolonging of this state is dreadful, while each day the unfolding of a budding life is filled with mysterious delights."

Of course I did not want a grandmother that was deaf, blind and imbecile. I thought I would drop the subject, as it appeared to be getting personal. But my companion continued:

"Besides, could it be possible in the order of things for you to have a vigorous, industrious, capable grandmother, she would not be sitting at the chimney corner darning your stockings. She would be out attending to her lodge or club business, visiting the millinery openings, ordering a fashionable gown, playing golf or attending a big tea."

The old-fashioned grandmother is as much a thing of the past as the spinning wheel, the cannibal, stagecoach, making candles and family rendered soap.

I protested that I did not believe my grandmothers would be of the modern pattern. I had heard my mother tell often how completely her mother lost her taste for society and outside affairs after she had grandchildren. She had raised a large family, but these reproductions were just as much a delight as I had been the original. She infinitely preferred their society to that of grown people. Their prattle, school experiences, little ambitions, filled her life completely. She was constantly planning surprises for them by making animal cakes, individual pies, candy, aprons, hoods, doll clothes.

"Yes, but she lived now she would be different. The air she would breathe is filled with assertive grunts which declare that every woman owes it to herself to have a career and stand at the helm and steer it to the very end. She would not allow her life to be submerged in that of her own children, as they make their appearance rather unweelcome frequently, but must have outside missions. As soon as her offspring is married off, which is accomplished with as great dispatch as diplomacy can secure, then she is free to carry out her schemes and natural desires untrammelled."

"Perhaps you are right," I replied. Such a grandmother as this would be no comfort to me as a grandmother, but she might be a most helpful friend, and I could be proud of her position in the literary, artistic or philanthropic world as her tastes might dictate her pursuit.

A grandmother of my acquaintance said to me not long ago: "It would be a great trial to me to have my grandchildren or any children in the house with me now. I could not adapt myself to their demands and interruptions. I have raised my family and now want my time for individual pursuits." This woman has special talents and necessities for using them, and in her case these needs may not seem unnatural. But this is much the sentiment that possesses the grandmothers of the age who have no special missions or vocations outside the domestic circle. If they have means, they buy handsome gifts for their grandchildren and wish them to have all the advantages possible that do not represent personal self sacrifice or curtailment of freedom of action.

Women are imbued with the spirit of the age, which demands that there shall be no old ladies with caps and shawls who stay at home and guard the fire-side, but that they must keep in the race with the young people to the very end.—Susan W. Ball in Terre Haute Gazette.

Victor's Proposal. It was at Windsor castle that Queen Victoria, then only a girl of 20, did what she described as "the most nervous thing a woman was ever called on to do" when she summoned the young Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to a private interview and "proposed" to him. She had first met him when as a boy of 17 he came with his father to England, and when, three years later, he "made no secret" of his love for his fair cousin "no one was surprised and every one was delighted."—London Tit-Bits.

Retraining in Ireland. A somewhat nervous English tourist vouches for the gentleness of the following incident of Irish traveling: The train arrived some 20 minutes late at a small station, and the engine driver inquired of the station master, "Did the express go by yet, Tim?" "It did not," was the answer. There was indecision on the part of the engine driver for a moment when he cheerfully exclaimed, "Ah, well; we must chance it!" as he blew the whistle and started off on the single line.—London Outlook.

Betrayed by His Feet. Sherlock Holmes—I have not looked around, but a very tall man just came in and sat down in the opera chair behind me.

Miss Marvel—It is true! Say, you do the most wonderful things. Now, tell me how you knew without looking of the tall man's presence.

Sherlock Holmes—His feet are sticking through under my chair.—Ohio State Journal.

Many plants long classed among the worst and most useless of weeds have been found in recent years to possess considerable feeding value, as shown by analysis. It is claimed that clover Canada thistles, cut when in bloom and stored and their spikes softened in silos, will make a valuable winter food for sheep.

The distinction among animals of requiring least sleep belongs to the elephant. In spite of its capacity for hard work, the elephant seldom if ever sleeps more than four or occasionally five hours.

DOGS ON THE STAGE.

Leaping For the Villain's Neck—A Very Sensitive Animal.

Four-legged animals in drama are of course a very common sight today. Although they are often of far more importance than the mere super, they have an ability to that class, for theirs is no speaking part, unless one counts the bark of a dog as such.

A little time ago the writer met an actor who was taking the part of a villain in a play wherein a big mastiff seizes him at the back of the neck just as he (the villain) was about to murder the heroine. "Nasty part, that of yours. How do you manage to escape nightly being bitten by that big brute of a dog?" "No, a nice part, it is true," he answered, "but the dog is well trained. He is kept without food for a few hours before the show. A piece of cooked liver is tied to my neck. He is held in the wings till the cue comes, then he rushes on to me for his supper, and the curtain goes down on a very effective tableau. I don't object to the dog. It's the liver."

The mention of stage dogs brings to mind an amusing incident that occurred in a well known theatrical agent's office last summer. In came a rough looking little man wearing a check suit that once used to speak out for itself, but was now silenced by the heavy hand of time. The man was followed by a dog of attractive appearance. The visitor said he did a "tramp act," assisted by the animal. Then they gave an exhibition of themselves and were certainly above the average. "What are your terms?" the agent queried. "Ten pounds a week." "I'll give you two."

The imitation tramp—but he was not from the real thing—looked with a sad, reproachful eye at the agent and silently backed out of the office, the dog meekly following. However, within a few seconds the man returned, quickly closing the door to exclude his partner, who clamored to get in. "I'll take it," he said in a hurried whisper. "Where's the contract? I'm real broke, so it's a clear case of push; but, for heaven's sake, don't mention the price where the dog can hear you."—Chambers' Journal.

Most People Lopsided. Differences Between the Legs, Eyes and Ears of Men and Women. The two sides of a person's face are never alike. The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right ear is also, as a rule, higher than the left.

Only one person in 15 has perfect eyes, the largest percentage of defects prevailing among fair haired people. Short sight is more common in town than among country folk, and of all people the Germans have the largest proportion of shortsighted persons.

The crystalline lens of the eye is the one portion of the human body which continues to increase with the attainment of maturity. The smallest interval of sound can be better distinguished with one ear than with both. The nails of two fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that of the middle finger growing the fastest, while that of the thumb grows the slowest.

134 cases out of 100 the left leg is shorter than the right. The bones of an average human male skeleton weigh 20 pounds, those of a woman are six pounds lighter.

That unruly member, the tongue of a woman, is also smaller than that of a man, given a man and a woman of equal size and weight. It may be appalling to reflect, but it is nevertheless true, that the muscles of the human jaw exert a force of over 500 pounds.

The symmetry which is the sole intelligible ground for our idea of beauty, the proportion between the upper and lower half of the human body, exists in nearly all males, but is never found in the female. American limbs are more symmetrical than those of any other people. The rocking chair, according to an English scientist, is responsible for the exercise which increases the beauty of the lower limbs. The push which the toes give to keep the chair in motion, repeated and repeated, makes the instep high, the calf round and full, and it makes the ankle delicate and slender.—Exchange.

When Irving Forgoes Himself. Ben Webster, an English actor, told a good story of how he held his own when Sir Henry Irving happened to be absent-minded. In the "Lions Mail" there is a touching scene between Lesurques (played by Irving) and his daughter Julie, of which Didier (Mr. Ben Webster) is a perfectly silent witness.

One night Sir Henry, instead of making his long speech, appealed in trembling tones to Mr. Webster: "Speak to her, Didier; speak to her!" Didier was dumfounded. There was an awful pause. Irving, quite unconscious of his own mistake, frowned wrathfully at the young actor, but Mr. Webster, equal to the occasion, gave way to a burst of tears and exclaimed, "I cannot; you know I cannot speak!" and turned his back on the audience.

Then Sir Henry picked up his lines with a start, and it was observed that Didier's shoulders shook with emotion!—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Bread and Cheese. A couple advanced in years got married lately. The husband had a room in the house securely locked, the inside of which his wife had never seen, and being curious as to its contents, she begged again and again to see the room.

At last he consented, and, lo and behold, the room was full of whole cheeses! He explained matters by telling her that for every sweetheart he had in his young days he bought a cheese.

His wife began to cry. "Don't cry, dear," he continued. "I've had no sweetheart since I met you." "It's not that," she replied, still sobbing. "I only wish I had been as thoughtful as you and bought a loaf of bread for every man that kissed me. We could have had bread and cheese enough to last us all our days."—London Tit-Bits.

Wheels and Wheels. The woman who had been abroad was describing some of the sights of her trip to her friends. "But what pleased me as much as anything," she continued, "was the wonderful clock at Strassburg."

"Oh, how I should love to see it!" gushed the girl in pink. "I am so interested in such things. And did you see the celebrated watch on the Rhine too?"—Kansas City Star.

Remembered Whole Books. Walter Savage Landor carried his library in his head. When he had read a book, he always gave it away on principle, having, as he said, observed that with such a purpose in his mind he was sure to retain of a book all that was worth keeping. In his old age Landor was furious if he did not at once remember any passage of a book or any name or date.

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The Deer's Eyes. A Canadian hunter tells this incident of how he once came face to face with his quarry and hadn't the heart to fire: "It wasn't a case of 'buck fever,' such as a novice might experience, for I had been a hunter for many years, and had killed a good many deer. This was a particularly fine buck that I had followed for three days. A strong man can run any deer to earth in time, and at last I had my prey fired out. From the top of a hill I sighted him a few miles away. He had given up the fight, and had stretched himself out on the snow. As I stalked him, he changed his position and took shelter behind a boulder, and, using the same boulder for a shelter, I came suddenly face to face with him. He didn't attempt to run away, but stood there looking at me with the most pitiful pair of eyes I ever saw.

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Had the chance come from a distance of 100 yards, I would have shot him down and carried his antlers home in triumph, but once having looked into those eyes it would have been nothing less than murder. I have hunted deer since then, but I find the sport affords me little pleasure. Whenever I draw a bead, the picture of those mute, appealing eyes comes before me, and, though it has not prevented me from pulling the trigger, I have always felt glad somehow when my bullet failed to find its mark."—Washington Post.

How Lithuanians Play Dice. A peculiar dice game is indulged in by the gambling element of Lithuanians in Baltimore.

Gathering about the dice tables in the saloons kept by their fellow countrymen they quickly lose all interest in everything outside of that which is transpiring upon the cloth before them. As they sit or stand about the tables the careworn features of old men contrast strongly with the ruddy faces of the youths. The eagerness with which the players seek the number upon the falling pieces is wistful in its intensity.

Comparatively small sums are placed upon the game, and side bets run from 5 cents to \$1.

Although resembling in the manner in which it is operated the high dice game as played by the Anglo-Saxon races, the dice of the Lithuanians, instead of numbering from 1 to 6, run from 1 to 10, the numbering of the six sides being 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 10. The game is played with four pieces, and a possible 40 is the point striven for instead of 24, which is high mark in the similar American game.—Baltimore Sun.

A Fleed Collector Snubbed. Collectors of autographs, postcards, etc., are not always conscious of the impertinence of their demands, and the following anecdote, which comes from Trieste, gives a striking example of their falling and of the humorous way in which the intended victim treated his tormentor. An Italian painter received a letter in the following terms:

Dear Sir—I should like to ask you a great favor and hope you will excuse the liberty I take. I am making a collection of painted postcards and should feel myself highly flattered if you would kindly send me one, with a little picture painted on it by yourself. It will certainly be the most treasured card of my collection, as I should be able to say that you were one of the first to honor me in this way. Hoping to receive one, I beg to thank you in advance.

The artist replied: "Dear Sir—I should like to ask you a great favor and hope you will excuse the liberty I take. I am making a collection of thousand franc notes and should feel myself highly flattered if you would kindly send me one, with a little picture painted on it by yourself. It will certainly be the most treasured card of my collection, as I should be able to say that you were one of the first to honor me in this way. Hoping to receive one, I beg to thank you in advance."

Verdi and Bismarck on Titles. The composer Verdi was offered a title of nobility by King Victor Emmanuel. It was intended that he should be created Marquis or Comte de Busseto, after the estate upon which he lived. The composer refused the offer energetically. He considered that Verdi was somebody and that the Marquis de Busseto would be nobody.

Even Bismarck was unable to parry a blow of this character. When the young emperor broke with him, he conferred upon him the title of Duke of Lauenbourg. Bismarck received the parchment with this exclamation: "A pretty name! It will be handy for traveling incognito."

Some days after a parcel arrived at Varzin bearing the address "Mme. la Duchesse de Lauenbourg."

Bismarck, to whom it was delivered, being then at table, arose and, offering the letter to his wife, remarked ironically: "Duchess, enchanted to make your acquaintance!"

Where He Shone. A Thespian who spent several years trying to get beyond "the carriage awaits mildred" station in first class Broadway productions was induced by his brother to join him in the dairy business in the City of Mexico. While on a business trip to this city recently buying new machinery and appliances for his prosperous Mexican creameries he met one of his former companions who was still struggling for an opportunity to "say lines." An exchange of confidences revealed the fact that the former actor was now making a snug fortune in the milk business, and his friend, the persevering player, remarked: "You're all right, Billy. You could never have shone in a theatrical way, but you are a star in a milky way."—New York Sun.

Electricity will accomplish almost any wonder. A recent illustration of this is shown in the case of Timothy J. Mulvaney, an engineer in a Cleveland tannery, who had been bald for years. Suddenly a little furze began to sprout on his head, and a few weeks later his cranium was covered with a thick but short growth of hair. A doctor investigated the matter and learned that he had been working under a revolving belt. His hair had been sprouted by electricity.

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Café Bland

Promouced cat-fay—accent on last syllable



Verdi and Bismarck on Titles. The composer Verdi was offered a title of nobility by King Victor Emmanuel. It was intended that he should be created Marquis or Comte de Busseto, after the estate upon which he lived. The composer refused the offer energetically. He considered that Verdi was somebody and that the Marquis de Busseto would be nobody.

Even Bismarck was unable to parry a blow of this character. When the young emperor broke with him, he conferred upon him the title of Duke of Lauenbourg. Bismarck received the parchment with this exclamation: "A pretty name! It will be handy for traveling incognito."

Some days after a parcel arrived at Varzin bearing the address "Mme. la Duchesse de Lauenbourg."

Bismarck, to whom it was delivered, being then at table, arose and, offering the letter to his wife, remarked ironically: "Duchess, enchanted to make your acquaintance!"

Where He Shone. A Thespian who spent several years trying to get beyond "the carriage awaits mildred" station in first class Broadway productions was induced by his brother to join him in the dairy business in the City of Mexico. While on a business trip to this city recently buying new machinery and appliances for his prosperous Mexican creameries he met one of his former companions who was still struggling for an opportunity to "say lines." An exchange of confidences revealed the fact that the former actor was now making a snug fortune in the milk business, and his friend, the persevering player, remarked: "You're