

# THE REIGN OF REASON.

By VIOLA ROSEBORO.

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"It will be rather a good thing, Ade- line, if you will go up there for a week or two. It will strengthen me in that part of the country."

Politics is still eminently respectable in Tennessee, and my brother, whom I was visiting, was a candidate for a congressional nomination. He was encouraging me to make a visit to some kinfolk of ours. He put forth motives of policy, but the truth was he was much attached to Cousin Betsey Blunt, whom he looked upon with pride as a particularly able woman, and he longed to have me pay her the compliment of a visit. Miss Blunt had been left a widow at the close of the war, with two little children and no other dependence than a rough farm in a rougher country some 25 miles "back" from Strathboro.

She had taken the situation gallantly, and now her children were both grown and her hard days past. One, the daughter, was married and had gone to Texas, but the other, the younger, Jimmy, was still with her.

It had been at her house years before when I was a little girl and still remembered it as a sort of place of enchantment, so deeply and delightfully had its remoteness and primitiveness impressed me. I was pleased enough at the prospect of going there again. One of those queer little railroads that seem to wander so amiably and aimlessly about the rural districts of the south passed within eight miles of the place.

It was arranged that at this point Jimmy should meet me. When I got off the train, I found myself on a moss-grown platform in the midst of a pretty woodland. While the conductor was courteously keeping his train waiting to inquire my situation, a tall, comely man in a "butterfat" jean suit rode out of the woods leading a saddled horse behind him. He lifted his shapeless, dun-colored soft hat to me, and the conductor, expressing a confidence that I was now "all right," returned to the care of his dozen other passengers. It was not hard when I gave my mind to it to recognize in the young man the Jimmy of old. His pretty brown eyes had not changed—indeed you could see at a first glance that they looked just as they did when he was a baby—and his brown curls had a familiar "set" on his head. They were oddly long to modern eyes, but in those days long hair is a matter of place as well as of time—but they were very becoming to his regular, nice, simple face. It was not a strong face, when I saw Cousin Betsey, I seemed to find its weakness explained, though not by the law of heredity.

The extra horse carried a sidesaddle and was intended for me. Jimmy had even brought a brown cotton riding skirt with him. I untied the various secret strings about my dress skirt, put on the cotton outfit and mounted. It was in the autumn, and the ride through the mellow radiance of the woods and fields was a dreamy delight. Jimmy had the true backwoods capacity for silence. It is akin to an Indian's and a thing to be much appreciated after the laborious tangle of villagers in whom the sense of social responsibilities is painfully developing. After the inevitable exchange of inquiries as to the health of all our tribe conversation was dismissed as an idle and exhaustive exercise.

I was too much absorbed in our enjoyment to choose that time for studying my old playmate, and I had almost forgotten that his powers of communication were greater than his horse's, when, as we came to the top of the hill, he pointed to a log house beyond and below, starting, it seemed, out of the woods and into a big, irregular, unkempt field, and said:

"There's a mighty nice girl lives in that place."

I could do nothing less than show an interest in a person so directly and impressively brought to my attention. Jimmy pursued the theme with simple pleasure.

"Her father ain't much," he said. "Her father's a very enter, and his father was a commoner, but that girl is an uncommon girl. She is a well behaved girl, and she's that healthy and strong there's not a man ain't equal to. She's got a masterful head too. Her name's Ellen Tod."

"Is she pretty?"  
"Yes, ma'am. I suppose she is," Jimmy responded dispassionately. "She's so counted, but her looks—her looks," he repeated, seeking a fitting conclusion, "it's not them I'm thinking about."

My less sternly disciplined mind was already wandering from Ellen Tod to the loveliness around me—the blending colors, soft floating leaves and blue vistas—and I let the talk drop. There would be plenty of time for canvassing the probabilities of a mesalliance with the house of Tod.

A mile or two more brought us to the house in which Jimmy was born, the ambitious house Henry Blunt had spent his substance building for his bride while sanguine in his belief in the future of the country and in his own. The piteous vanity of human foresight was emphasized when he was killed in battle a few years afterward, and the modest tide of sectional growth and prosperity of later times had through all its variations left this part of the county an unaffected island in the midst of it. Yet the "big house" had not been altogether a bad investment. It had conferred a certain distinction on its inhabitants; through their hard times it had served as a substantial testimony to the dignity of their past, and as such Cousin Betsey had prized it. I remember as a child having heard my mother try to persuade her to sell out and come elsewhere where there would be a chance for her to educate her children, and as I recalled her replies while we were riding through the primeval woods which formed a rude park in front of the house both their wisdom and its oddly antiquated quality struck me. She said that her children were not very "smart," that they were not going to make any great figure in the world, that the more education could do for them would be to make them as good as other people, to keep them from being looked down upon, and that if they

staid where they were these points would be gained anyhow.  
"The can learn to read and write here," she said, "and I don't believe they'll make much use of that. I'm not a fool, but I never cared about books, and they, neither of them nor both together, have as much brains as I have. I don't know how it comes. You know what their father was—I remember how oddly her voice broke then and how it returned to its usual metallic vibrations as she went on—but there they are, and such as they are I think they will be happier and stand higher here than anywhere else. As for me, I have to work hard, but I'd have to do that anyway, and I'd rather do it where I'm looked up to."



"Miss Milly is a mighty nice young lady," said Jimmy slowly.

No," she continued in answer to my mother again, "I can live here as contented as I'll ever be. I don't s'pose you know anything about what it is to me that my husband's dead"—her tones were firm enough now—"and as for my children, they are good children if they ain't very gifted, and I'll leave 'em fixed in a way that suits 'em well. I've thought it all out."  
In front of the house was a board fence—it took the place of a decaying paling, I remembered—and at its gate as we rode up stood Cousin Betsey. She was always a little woman, and the years seemed to be making her smaller. She was thin and dark, with straight features, black hair still unstreaked with gray and the palest and keenest of light blue eyes—altogether a noticeable figure. She met me with familiar, undemonstrative kindness, as if I were still the child she had known. I think her manner would have been exactly the same if she had never seen me at all. It was not as an individual she thought of me, but as the daughter and the granddaughter of those who belonged to the past. In my visits south I always find a great restfulness in this general predominance of background in what I may call my pictorial effects.

The house was just as I had seen it last. I remembered the carpet in Cousin Betsey's room, a striped wool carpet woven on a hand loom, and I was pleased to find it still admired it. The same address I had left there sustained the smoldering log in the fireplace; the same simple minded old colored prints of properly curled children and military and political heroes were on the walls; the "duck legged" chair—it had sustained a surgical operation—still stood in its old corner. Doubtless it was a favorite yet with the small mistress, who had had it cut down for her convenience in nursing her children.

I flew to see if even a certain speck in one of the window panes had survived the years and was filled with unreasoning wonder and delight on finding it. It had been one of those queer treasures children develop out of the most untoward materials, and I had called it "my buzzard," heaven only knows why.

"Yes, here it is," I called out to Cousin Betsey—"the buzzard Jimmy and I quarreled about once. I said it was mine, and he said it was his, and you spanked him and told me I was the one who deserved the whipping, but as you couldn't give it to me you'd have to stop the fuss by punishing him," said Cousin Betsey, with grim humor. "Jimmy never would have stood up to it if it had been his. Jimmy is a queer son for me to have. Most of his spankings were for not sticking up for himself. They don't seem to have done him much good. He's as soft and helpless as men think women ought to be. I don't know where he'd be if I'd 'a' been that kind."

I reflected to myself that in all probability he at least would have been a more assertive person, the law of accidental obnoxiousness in the relations of parents and children.

"But," Cousin Betsey proceeded reflectively, "everything being as it is, it don't make so very much difference about Jimmy. Sometimes I worry about Mary. She's gone off, and sometimes it seems to me as if I might have done better by her—might have had her mingle more with other folks and see more—if I'd known how it was going to be, but I didn't, and what she is lays with her husband now anyhow. But for Jimmy, I want him to marry a girl that lives near by. She'll have land of her own, and I've made this farm a good one. I haven't worked out my land like the men around here, and they'll get on. Jimmy won't be as likely to throw away what he's got in his hand as many a boy that shows off better."

"Is he in love with the girl?" I asked, seating myself for an interesting interview in the duck legged chair.

Cousin Betsey reached for her knitting and went through some elaborate adjustments of needles before she said: "I reckon he'll be in love enough to do. He ain't exactly an idiot, and the girl is a nice girl and a pretty girl, and she likes him. I've seen that plain enough, and that is all I was studying about. Jimmy would never have stirred enough about him to do his own courting anyhow, and he'll be pleased enough to have a girl like Milly Gies make up to him."

The next that I heard about Jimmy's matrimonial prospects was from himself. He was going for a load of wood one morning, and I went with him, sometimes sitting behind the oxen, sometimes walking with him behind them or making little excursions into the woods after late ferns in sheltered

books or for seductive bunches of wild grapes.  
Jimmy was as pleasant a companion on such a trip as the oxen themselves—indeed he was better, as good as a dog. After he had loaded his wagon he sat down on a log to rest, gazing benevolently upon me as I grubbed about for hickory nuts. I gave up the hunt and sat down too. Near by the oxen, loose from the wagon, were taking what pleasure they could under the trying though poetically vaunted condition of a dual unity.

"Cousin Betsey is talking of having Milly Gies come over to make a visit while I am here," I said. "Do you think she'll come? Do you like her?"  
"Miss Milly is a mighty nice young lady," said Jimmy slowly. "She is pretty, and she comes of very good family. But," Jimmy proceeded, leaving his way through these unfamiliar paths of expression with obvious difficulty, "I don't believe maw means sure enough to ask her a visitin' while you're here. Miss Milly is wearin' She talks a heap sometimes, and she don't have no trouble hearin' herself in company, but still she's wearin', and maw she thinks so too. I'm mighty high sure maw wouldn't have her come when you is here."

"What is it makes her wearing?" I persisted. "Tell me how."  
Jimmy seemed to sink a shaft into his consciousness and wait for returns. "It's somethin' like tryin' to drink the foam on the top of the milk bucket—as if you might start drinkin' when it was foam clear to the bottom."  
"Cousin Betsey wants you to marry her," I stated in brutal young fashion. Jimmy took off his hat, scratched his curly head and knitted his faint brows as he dug his heel into the mold and gazed fixedly on the operation. "Yessum," he said; "yessum, I'm afraid she does."

"Well, will you?"  
Jimmy looked at me as one of the oxen might if I had prodded him. "You 'member that girl I told you about the first day you come? I showed you where she lives? Miss Ellen?" "No," I said. "Well," Jimmy concluded, seeming to feel that he was submitting a problem as hopeless as I was likely to bear, "I want to marry that girl."

"Oh, you are in love with her, are you?"  
"No'm; I can't say as I am," Jimmy replied judicially, although the color crept up his face. "I ain't influenced by that. Miss Ellen's a good match."

"Milly Gies is a good match, too, isn't she?" I said when I had recovered from this blow to my romanticism.  
"Miss Milly ain't what I'd call a good match," Jimmy again drew down his faint, blond brows in the exertion of celebration and expression. "She's got some prop'ty, but prop'ty ain't everything. Miss Milly's a nice young lady, but she ain't no worker, and she ain't no head for management, and then she's wearin'. Where's the good of all that there land if"—Jimmy finished his appeal by implication, fixing his limpid eyes upon me.

"Most people would think Ellen Tod a bad match."  
"That's narrow mindedness," Jimmy declared with unimpaired decision. "Miss Ellen would make a splendid wife. If that ain't a good match"—He again came to a full and impressive stop.  
"But would Cousin Betsey think so? Does she know you care about—that you want to marry her?"  
Jimmy nipped his brow with his sleeve.

"No'm; no'm," he said. "And for the Lord's sake don't say nothin'. I don't know what to do. Maw's terrible materal, but—but—Miss Ellen she's mighty smart, and she's powerful soft too." And with this pregnant suggestion of his own helplessness the discussion concluded, and I began to try to repair the damage I had done his cheerfulness by asking about his oxen.

**A Simple, Bashful Maid.**  
"I am glad your name is Mary," said Mr. Slowcoach to his sweetheart, whom he had been courting for several years.  
"Because I was reading today and came across a line which said, 'Mary is the sweetest name that woman ever bore.'"  
"That is poetically expressed. I've heard my father say it to my mother, whose name is Mary. It is from some poet, isn't it?"  
"I believe so."  
"But I have also heard my father say that there was even a sweeter name than Mary."  
"I think he must have been mistaken," said the lover as he tenderly pressed his sweetheart's hand.

"No; I do not think he was mistaken."  
"What was the other name?"  
A beautiful blush suffused the charming maiden's cheek, the silken lashes fell and veiled the lovely eyes, and in a tone as soft as the whisperings of an Eolian harp she murmured:  
"Wife."

**The Cards are out.**—London Answers.

**Unclaimed Moneys.**  
Nearly every bank of old establishment has on deposit sums of unclaimed money. The aggregate of all these sums, if it could be told, would astonish the world. These moneys in the Bank of England are estimated variously, some placing the aggregate amount at less than \$500,000 and some at many times that sum. In the Bank of England, as in all banks in this country and in England, the total amount is made up of small sums. According to law, the Bank of England should give public access to the list of such lost moneys, whereas it never does anything of the sort. When challenged, it invites legal action, but no one cares for a legal contest with the Bank of England, so the question never is faced. How do these unclaimed moneys accumulate? Largely through the omission of stockholders to claim dividends and through the fact that many people die without leaving behind them a strict account of their investments.

The Steilman woman is generally illiterate and is proud of being so. In native parlance such a one "sees with two eyes only." Those who can read are said to see with four eyes.

There is a patch of ground in Colorado, six miles by three, which yields \$20,000,000 worth of gold a year and will not be worked out for a century.

## POWER OF IMAGINATION.

A Druggist's Story of How It Worked.

"The power of imagination," said a New York druggist, "is past comprehension. Not long since a domestic in the employ of a prominent family came into the store in great haste with a prescription which called for two grains of morphine in two ounces of aqua pura—that is, distilled water—the accompanying direction reading, 'A teaspoonful every hour until the pain is allayed.' The patient for whom it was intended was the head of the family, who was suffering from a severe attack of nervous neuralgia.

"Now, it so happened that the family physician, who had written the prescription, was behind the counter when the messenger arrived, having dropped in, as was his wont, on the way to his office. While I was putting up the prescription he chatted and laughed and joked and passed the time of day as only professional men are capable of doing. I filled the bottle, corked it carefully and labeled it properly, and when the retreating form of the domestic had disappeared out of the store door returned to my companionable physician visitor. As I did so I saw to my amazement the two grains of morphine reposing upon the prescription scales.

"Doctor," I ejaculated, "I've given that girl nothing but distilled water. The morphine is here; look at it. What shall I do?"  
"Do?" he replied, with admirable sang froid. "Do? Why, nothing at all. I'll wager you that the aqua pura will work as well without the opiate as with it."

"Agreed," said I. And you know," concluded the pharmacist, "the doctor was right, and the patient with the nervous neuralgia—an exceptionally intelligent and college bred man—was sleeping as peacefully as a babe after the second dose of the 'mixture.' Faith is everything where medicine is concerned."—Exchange.

## The Fata Morgana.

The fata morgana is a singular aerial phenomenon akin to the mirage. It is seen in many parts of the world, but most frequently and in greatest perfection at the strait of Messina, between Sicily and Italy. So many conditions must coincide, however, that even there it is of comparatively rare occurrence. To allow of its production the sun must be at an angle of 45 degrees with the water, both sky and sea must be calm, and the tidal current sufficiently strong to cause the water in the center to rise higher than on the edges of the strait. When these conditions are fully met, the observer on the heights of Calabria, looking toward Messina, will behold a series of rapidly changing pictures, sometimes of most exquisite beauty.

Castles, colonnades, successions of beautiful arches, palaces, cities, with fountains and streets and church domes, mountains, forests, grottoes, will appear and vanish, to be succeeded perhaps by fleets of ships, sometimes placidly sailing over the deep, sometimes inverted, while a halo like a rainbow surrounds every image. It is supposed that the images are due to the irregular refractive powers of the different layers of air above the sea, which magnify, repeat and distort the objects on the Sicilian shore beyond, but to the Italians these singular appearances are the castles of the Princess Morgana, and the view of them is supposed to bring good fortune to the beholder.

## Skeleton in the Closet.

The original of the singular saying, "A skeleton in the closet," which is found in almost every language in Europe, is found in one of those curious collections of stories which the monks of the middle ages were fond of making both for their own amusement and for the instruction of youth. In one of these collections, compiled by an unknown hand about the middle of the tenth century, there is a story of a wealthy lady who, having a secret grief, confided it to a friend who was apparently a perfectly happy woman. She was the wife of a nobleman who lived in his castle in the south of France. She and her husband were outwardly on the most loving terms. Not a care cloud seemed to cast a shadow on her path.

After hearing the story of her afflicted friend, the noble lady took her by the hand and led her to a secret chamber adjoining her bedroom, there opened the door of a closet and exposed a skeleton. "Know, my friend," she said, "no one is happy. Every day I am forced by my husband to kiss this grinning death head, which is that of a gentleman who was my husband's rival and whom I would have married had not my parents willed otherwise."

**His Bumps.**  
They were newly married and were calling upon one of the friends of the bride who had been particularly pleasant upon the occasion of their wedding. The bridegroom, apropos of nothing, began to talk about phrenology and told how his wife had discovered two very prominent bumps on the back of his head. He was proud of them. So was she, and she passed him around the host and hostess might feel the bumps and know of their existence. Then she explained:  
"My book on phrenology says that they mean good memory and generosity."

It was evident that she was proud of the facts, and so was he. But the host, being of an inquiring turn of mind, wished to satisfy himself, so he got down a phrenological work from one of his library shelves and after much labor found the bumps on the chart. Turning to the notes, he read, seriously at first, then unsteadily. The bride became suspicious, but she was game and said:  
"Read it out loud. Please do!" And the host read:  
"These bumps are most frequently found on cats and monkeys."

Other topics consumed the remainder of the visit, which was brief.—New York Sun.

Relics of the Roman occupation in the shape of Roman tiles and earthenware have been discovered, as well as skeletons, in the course of excavations at Dover, England. In ancient times this ground formed the estuary of the Dour river.

## SOME CURIOUS CHURCHES.

Congregations Which Meet In Inns, Windmills and Bouts.

A public house is one of the last places one would expect to be used as a place of worship. The inhabitants of Twyford, a village near Winchester, would not consider this at all a novelty, because for several years past the Phoenix Inn has been used Sunday for religious purposes. The room in which the religious services are held will comfortably hold about 200 people and opens at the back on to a pretty ten garden. The most remarkable feature of the services is that they are often conducted while the public house is open for business purposes, and the customers can join in the singing if they are so disposed.

There are two or three instances of public houses which have been converted into churches, and there are also two or three theaters which are now places of worship. The Fen district possesses a canalboat church. There are a large number of people who live some distance away from any church, and the canalboat church travels from place to place for the benefit of such folk. The boat will seat a congregation of about 100.

The old chapel of ease at Tunbridge Wells has a unique situation. It stands in two counties and three parishes. When the clergyman leaves the vestry, he comes out of the parish of Frant of Sussex. If he is going to officiate at the altar, he walks into the parish of Tunbridge, in Kent. If, on the other hand, he is going to preach the sermon, he walks from the parish of Frant to the parish of Speldhurst on his way to the pulpit.

The chapel at Milton Bryant is situated in the village pond. The reason for the selection of this strange site was because no landowner would grant any other position.

The "windmill" church near Kelgate is familiar to London cyclists. Not so familiar is the underground church at Brighton. Owing to some "ancient lights" difficulty, the authorities could not "build up," and as the site was a good one they decided to "build down."—London Mail.

## USING HIS WITS.

Showing How People May Be Guided by Inference.

"You see," said the man with the bulging forehead and prominent nose, "if people would only be guided more by inference it would save lots of useless trouble."  
"I don't understand you," said the man who had been tickling a pimple on his chin.

"Why, for instance, I passed a frozen pond one winter day. On the ice I saw a pair of skates, a boy's cap and a mitten. Out in the middle of the pond the ice was broken. Did I jump to the conclusion that a boy had been drowned and raise a great hullabaloo about it?"  
"Of course you did, or else you ought to be prosecuted. You don't mean to say you passed on and said nothing?"  
"I do," calmly replied the man of the forehead. "I inferred instead of jumping to a false conclusion."

"But you had to infer that the boy was under the ice," protested the other.

"Not a bit of it. If the boy had fallen in, the skates and cap and mittens would have gone with him. I simply inferred that he had seen a rabbit and given chase. I was right too. In the course of five minutes I met him on the road."  
"Oh, you did! And maybe you inferred something else."  
"Of course I did. As he had the nose-bleed, I inferred that he had fallen over a log in the chase and got left, and he admitted that such was the case."

"Then you ought to have wound up the performance by inferring whether it was a male or female rabbit."  
"It wasn't necessary, my captious friend. As I passed on I found the rabbit dead from overexertion, and it was a male."—Washington Post.

## Historical Divisions of Time.

For convenience time is, by historians, usually divided into three great eras—ancient, medieval (or middle) and modern. The ancient period is considered to extend from the earliest times down to the fall of the Roman empire in the west in A. D. 476; the medieval from that date to the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492 and the modern from that time to the present. Some historians prefer to put the end of the medieval period at the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, about 40 years earlier than the Columbus event. The dark ages are often held to be coeval with the medieval era, but some authorities think that the term should be applied only to the downfall of the empire of Charlemagne, in the ninth century, onward.

## An Absurd Superstition.

A popular belief is that the sound produced by a little insect known as a "death watch" portends the death of some relative or friend. That the noise made by this little creature resembles the ticking of a watch is undisputed, but that it in anywise foretells the dissolution of a human being is absurd. Observation has established the fact that these little insects infest decaying timber and posts, and that the peculiar noise is caused by them in gnawing and boring through the rotten wood fibers in quest of food.

## Then and Now.

In these days of cheap literature, when the manuscripts of English writers can be had for 6d., it is interesting to note that just 1,000 years ago the Countess of Anjou gave 200 sheep, one load of wheat, one load of rye and one load of millet for a volume of sermons written by a German monk.—London Standard.

The German postmaster general has forbidden the delivery of postcards made in the shape of beer glasses, pots, triangles and also those with holes for the nose and eyes like masks. Nevertheless they are being largely sold in the streets.

Imitations of American products are being sold in Sweden in large quantities. One wholesale hardware dealer has disposed of a big lot of forks which are represented as of American manufacture and which are sold at a very low price.

# Hotels and Summer Resorts

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5 lbs. Guar. Baking Powder.....	1.00	Atlas East. Rolled Oats, sig.....	10
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