

Smoked Skipper

By W. W. JACOBS,
Author of "Many Carousals" and "The Skipper's
Wooing."

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"Wapping Old Stairs," said the rough individual, shouldering the brand new sea chest and starting off at a trot with it; "yus, I know the place, cap'n. Fust 'y'ge, sir?"

"Aye, aye, my hearty," replied the owner of the chest, a small, ill looking lad of 14. "Not so fast with those timbers of yours, D'ye hear?"

"All right, sir," said the man and, slackening his pace, twisted his head round to take stock of his companion.

"This ain't your fust 'y'ge, cap'n," he said admiringly. "Don't tell me, I could twig that directly I see you. Ho, what's the 'ud' of trying to aim it over a poor 'ard working man like that?"

"I don't think there's much about the sea I don't know," said the boy in a satisfied voice. "Starboard, starboard your helm a bit."

The man obeyed promptly. They went the remainder of the distance in this fashion, to the great inconvenience of people coming from the other direction.

"And a cheap 'arf crown's worth, too, cap'n," said the man as he thoughtfully put the chest down at the head of the stairs and sat on it pending payment.

"I want to go off to the Susan Jane," said the boy, turning to a waterman who was sitting in his boat, holding on to the side of the steps with his hand.

"All right," said the man. "Give us a hold of your box."

"Put it aboard," said the boy to the other man.

"A' right, cap'n," said the man, with a cheerful smile; "but I'll have my 'arf crown fust if you don't mind."

"But you said sixpence at the station," said the boy.

"Two an' sixpence, cap'n," said the man, still smiling; "but I'm a bit 'usky, an' p'raps you didn't see the two 'arf crowns the reg'lar price. We ain't allowed to do it under."

"Well, I won't tell anybody," said the boy.

"Give the man 'is 'arf crown," said the waterman, with sudden heat. "That's 'is price, an' my fare's 18 pence."

"All right," said the boy readily, "cheep too. I didn't know the price, that's all. But I can't pay either of you till I get aboard. I've only got sixpence. I'll tell the captain to give you the rest."

"Tell 'oo?" demanded the light porter with some violence.

"The captain," said the boy.

"Look 'ere, you give me that 'arf crown," said the other, "else I'll chuck your box overboard an' you after it."

"Wait a minute then," said the boy, darting away up the narrow alley which led to the stairs. "I'll go and get change."

"E's goin to change 'arf a sverren or p'raps a sverren," said the waterman. "You'd better make it five bob, matey."

"Ah, an you make yours more," said the light porter cordially. "Well, I'm well, of all the—"

"Get off that box," said the big policeman who had come back with the boy. "Take your sixpence and go. If I catch you down this way again—"

He finished the sentence by taking the fellow by the scruff of the neck and giving him a violent push as he passed him.

"Waterman's fare is threepence," he said to the boy as the man in the boat with an utterly expressionless face took the chest from him. "I'll stay here till he has put you aboard."

The boy took his seat, and the waterman, breathing hard, pulled out toward the vessels in the tier. He looked at the

of him," said the skipper sorry as the boat grazed the side. "Just step forward and let the hands know what's expected of 'em. When we get to sea, it won't matter."

The mate moved off grumbling as the small fare stood on the thwarts and scrambled up over the side. The waterman passed up the chest and, dropping the coppers into his pocket, pushed off again without a word.

"Well, you've got here all right, Ralph," said the skipper. "What do you think of her?"

"She's a rakish looking craft," said the boy, looking round the dingy old tub with much satisfaction, "but where's your arms?"

"Hush!" said the skipper and laid his finger on his nose.

"Oh, all right," said the youth testily, "but you might tell me."

"You shall know all in good time," said the skipper patiently, turning to the crew, who came shuffling up, masking broad grins with dirty palms.

"Here's a new shipmate for you, my lads. He's small, but he's the right stuff."

The newcomer drew himself up and regarded the crew with some dissatisfaction. For desperadoes they looked far too good tempered and prone to levity.

"What's the matter with you, Jem Smithers?" inquired the skipper, scowling at a huge fair haired man who was laughing discordantly.

"I was thinkin' of the last party I killed, sir," said Jem with sudden gravity. "I allers laugh when I think 'ow he squealed."

"You laugh too much," said the other sternly as he laid a hand on Ralph's shoulder. "Take a lesson from this fine feller. He doesn't laugh. He acts. Take 'im down below an' show 'im 'is bunk."

"Will you please to follow me, sir?" said Smithers, leading the way below. "I dessey you'll find it a bit stuffy, but that's owing to Bill Dobbs. A reg'lar old sea dog he is, always sleeps in 'is clothes and never washes."

"I don't think the worse of him for that," said Ralph, regarding the fermenting Dobbs kindly.

"You'd best keep a civil tongue in your 'ud, my lad," said Dobbs shortly. "Never mind 'im," said Smithers cheerfully. "Nobody takes any notice of old Dobbs. You can 'it 'im if you like. I won't let 'im hurt you."

"I don't want to start by quarrelling," said Ralph seriously.

"You're afraid," said Jem tauntingly. "You'll never make one of us. 'T' im, I won't let 'im 'urt you."

Thus aroused, the boy, first directing Dobbs' attention to his stomach by a curious duck of his head, much admired as a feat in his neighborhood, struck him in the face. The next moment the forecabin was in an uproar and Ralph prostrate on Dobbs' knees frantically reminding Jem of his promise.

"All right, I won't let 'im 'urt you," said Jem consolingly.

"But he is hurting me now," yelled the boy. "Wait till I get 'im ashore," said Jem. "His old woman won't know him when I've done with him."

The boy's reply to this was a torrent of shrill abuse, principally directed to Jem's facial shortcomings.

"Now, don't get rude," said the sea-man, grinning.

"Squint eyes!" cried Ralph fiercely. "When you've done with that 'ere young gentleman, Dobbs," said Jem with exquisite politeness, "I should like to 'ave 'im for a little bit to teach 'im manners."

"E don't want to go," said Dobbs, grinning, as Ralph clung to him. "He knows who's kind to him."

"Wait till I get a chance at you," sobbed Ralph as Jem took him away from Dobbs.

"Lord lumme," said Jem, regarding him in astonishment. "Why, he's actually cryin'. I've seen a good many pirates in my time, Bill, but this is a new sort."

"Leave the boy alone," said the cook, a fat, good natured man. "Here, come, ere, old man. They don't mean no 'arm."

Glad to escape, Ralph made his way over to the cook, grinding his teeth with shame as the cook took him between his knees and mopped his eyes with something which he called a handkerchief.

"You'll be all right," he said kindly. "You'll be as good a pirate as any of us before you've finished."

"Wait till the first engagement, that's all," sobbed the boy. "If somebody don't get shot in the back, it won't be my fault."

The two seamen looked at each other. "That's wot hurt 'im, and then," said Dobbs slowly. "I thought it was a Jack-knife."

He reached over and unceremoniously grabbed the boy by the collar pulled him toward him and drew a small, cheap revolver from his pocket. "Look at that, Jem!"

"Take your fingers off the blasted trigger, and then I will," said the other somewhat sourly.

"It'll be all overboard," said Dobbs. "Don't be fool, Bill," said Smithers, pocketing it. "That's worth a few pints of anybody's money. Stand out of the way, Bill. The p'rit king wants to go on deck."

Bill stood aside as the boy went to the ladder and allowing him to get up four or five steps did the rest for him with his shoulder. The boy reached the deck on all fours and, regaining a more dignified position as soon as possible, went and leaned over the side, regarding with lofty contempt the busy drudges on wharf and river.

They sailed at midnight and brought up in the early dawn in Longreach, where a lighter loaded with barrels came alongside, and the boy smelled romance and mystery when he learned that they contained powder. They took in ten tons, the lighter drifted away, the hatches were put on, and they started once more.

It was his first voyage, and he regarded with eager interest the craft passing up and down. He had made his peace with the seamen, and they regarded him with blood curdling stories of their adventures in the vain hope of horrifying him.

"E's a beastly little rascal, that's wot 'e is," said the indignant Bill, who had surprised himself by his powers of narration. "Fancy larlin when I told 'im of pitchin the baby to the sharks."

"E's all right, Bill," said the cook softly. "Wait till you've got seven of 'em."

"What are you doing here, boy?" demanded the skipper as Ralph, finding the seaman's yarns somewhat lacking in interest, strolled aft with his hands in his pockets.

"Nothing," said the boy, staring.

"Keep the other end of the ship," said the skipper sharply, "an' go an' 'elp the cook with the taters."

Ralph hesitated, but a grin on the mate's face decided him.

"I didn't come here to peel potatoes," he said loudly.

"Oh, indeed?" said the skipper politely. "An' wot might you 'ave come for, if it ain't being too inquisitive?"

"To fight the enemy," said Ralph shortly.

"Come 'ere," said the skipper. "The boy came slowly toward him.

"Now, look 'ere," said the skipper. "I'm going to try and knock a little sense into that stupid 'ed of yours. I've 'eard all about your silly little games ashore. Your father said he couldn't manage you, so I'm a-goin to have a try."



"Look at that, Jem!"

try, an' you'll find I'm a very different sort of man to deal with to wot 'e is. The idea of thinking this ship was a pirate. Why, a boy your age ought to know there ain't such things no wadays."

"You told me you was," said the boy hotly, "else I wouldn't have come."

"That's just why I told you," said the skipper. "But I didn't think you'd be such a fool as to believe it. Pirates indeed! Do we look like pirates?"

"You don't," said the boy, with a sneer. "You look more like—"

"Like wot?" asked the skipper, edging closer to him. "Eh, like wot?"

"I forget the word," said Ralph, with strong good sense.

"Don't tell any lies now," said the skipper, flushing as he heard a chuckle from the mate. "Go on. Out with it. I'll give you just two minutes."

"I forget it," persisted Ralph.

"Dustman!" suggested the mate, coming to his assistance. "Coster, chimney sweep, mudlark, pickpocket, convict, washerwoman—"

"If you'll look after your duty, George, instead of interferin in matters that don't concern you," said the skipper in a choking voice, "I shall be obliged. Now, then, you boy, what were you going to say I was like?"

"Like the mate," said Ralph slowly.

"Don't tell lies," said the skipper furiously. "You couldn't have forgot that word."

"I didn't forget it," said Ralph, "but I didn't know how you'd like it."

The skipper looked at him dubiously and, pushing his cap from his brow, scratched his head.

"And I didn't know how the mate 'ud like it either," continued the boy.

He relieved the skipper from an awkward dilemma by walking off to the galley and starting on a bowl of potatoes.

Obedient Orders.
General Harney was an officer of the old school, a strict disciplinarian who took no excuses for hesitation in obeying orders. When he was on his way to Mexico, when the United States was at war with that country, he engaged teams to transport the baggage and placed in charge of them a Texas named Carter. The streams were all up, and Carter had much trouble, but whenever he tried to modify the general's requirements he was cut short by the admonition, "All you've got to do is obey orders."

Says Noah Smitwick in his recollections called "The Evolution of a State":

They camped one night near the Nueces river, which Carter found to be impassable. He said nothing about it to the general, and the next morning the order was given to move on. Carter started with the wagon train and halted at the river, which was absolutely impassable. Harney came blustering up.

"Didn't you know that river was up?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," meekly replied the wagon master.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"You didn't ask me, sir. You said my business was to obey orders. You ordered me to hitch up and move on, and I did it."

"You did quite right, sir. Turn round and drive back to camp."

If the general had been "done," he was not going to show it.

A Lesson to Humorists.
One cannot safely assume in these days that there is any region in which such and such a journal is not read. Recently a certain humorist needed a rest and went and stopped in a cottage in a remote village by the sea. His sitting room opened on the kitchen, where his landlady, a woman widely esteemed as a person of great acumen and a maker of phrases, was wont to receive the neighbors. He listened and put both landlady and neighbors into some amusing sketches which were promptly published in a London magazine. A month or two went by. Then one afternoon he came back to the cottage to meet and cover before an indignant matron, who told him, among other things, that he had one hour in which to pack his traps and quit the village. She was not going to have an eavesdropper in her house, and she added a significant hint to the effect that the people of the village were of the same opinion and might be betrayed into an attempt to give a forcible demonstration of their views.—London Post.

MY MORTALITY.
"The wot, 'Mortal, thy life is but a span' And yet I feel this air and earth and sky Are ever mine, even for evermore That I and mine can never, never die."

And yet I know, how well, how well I know, That in the future somewhere hidden lies A day, that may be mine, may be for me A moment supreme, when I shall close my eyes

To open them in this my world no more. When friends will fold my hands upon my breast And sadly say: "Dear soul, her work is done. Let us now lay her gently to her rest."

Sprinkle with bud and bloom will come and go; The good will still rush madly on; The earth and air and sky will be for those Who will not know that I have come and gone.—Dr. Grace Peckham Murray in Harper's Bazar.

GUNS FOR OLD GLORY.
The First Foreign Salute Given to the American Flag.

The little Ranger ran slowly between the prowling French frigates, looking as well as into the rigging, and her colors ran up to salute the flag of his most Christian majesty, old France, and she fired one by one her salute of 13 guns, says Sarah Orne Jewett in The Atlantic.

There was a moment of suspense. The wind was very light now. The powder smoke drifted away, and the flapping sails sounded loud overhead. Would the admiral answer back or would he treat this bold challenge like a landlubber's bluff? Some of the officers on the Ranger looked incredulous, but Paul Jones still held his letter in his hand. There was a puff of white smoke, and the great guns of the French flagship began to shake the air—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—and then were still, save for their echoes from the low hills behind Canada, and the great Druid Mount of St. Michael.

"Henry Gardner, you may tell the men that this was the salute of the king of France to our republic," said the captain proudly to his steersman, but they were all huzzing now along the Ranger's decks, that little ship whose name shall never be forgotten while her colors fly.

The captain lifted his hat and stood looking up at the flag.

"We hardly know what this day means, gentlemen," he said soberly to his officers, who came about him. "I believe we are at the christening of the greatest nation that was ever born into the world. The day shall come when America, republic though she may be, will salute our foreign flag without receiving gun for gun."

Wesley a Book Lover.
Wesley was to the end of his life a lover of a good book. Though the Bible was his chief study, he would have agreed with Matthew Arnold that a man who did not know other books could not know that book as it should be known. He constantly urged his preachers to read. "You can never be a deep preacher without reading," he used to say, "any more than a thorough Christian." To a young man who said that his work as an evangelist left him no time for reading he wrote: "Hence your talent in preaching does not increase. It is just the same as it was seven years ago. It is lively, but not deep. There is very little variety. There is no compass of thought." What would not some of us give for that volume of Shakespeare, annotated throughout by his hand, which John Pevsner destroyed after his death for fear of scandalizing the weaker brethren?—Temple Bar.

Rare and Curious Gems.
The rarest and costliest of gems, though not always esteemed the most beautiful, are pidgeon's blood rubies, the opals and diamonds that are pure but shed a distinct glow of blue or pink. A very perfect pearl of generous size and lustrous skin, tinted a rarely beautiful golden green, was valued un- set at over £300. A faultless green pearl is very rare.

A curious stone is the alexandrite. It is a dark green stone that is polished out and shows very like a fine topaz or amethyst, in large showy rings surrounded by diamonds. By the light of day the alexandrite has no special beauty save its fine luster, but directly a shaft of artificial light strikes the dull stone deep gleams of red flash out of the green, and under the gas or in the firelight one ignorant of this vagary would instantly pronounce it a ruby.

A Mechanical Answer.
The well to do patron of the place had been attentive to the cashier for some time, and now, business being slack for a few moments, he deemed the time propitious to speak.

"If you will be mine," he urged as he leaned over the desk, "every comfort that you may desire will be yours. True, I am no longer young, but I have money, and I can provide for you as few young men could, and surely the material side of the marriage question is worthy of some consideration."

She said nothing, but gently touched the cash register, and the words "No Sale" sprang into view.

With a sigh he left.—Chicago Post.

One Man's Wisdom.
New Clerk—That young lady in front wants to look at some rings exactly like she has on. Says she is thinking of purchasing a duplicate for her sister.

Old Jeweler—Hill! You needn't waste any time on her. The ring she has is an engagement ring, and she merely wants to find out what it cost.—Chicago News.

The darabonka, or Turkish drum, resembles a large vase, the bottom covered with parchment.

The earliest mention of shoes is in an Egyptian papyrus about 2,300 years before Christ.

Case of Thought.
"You look thoughtful tonight, Smith," remarked Brown as he stretched himself on two chairs.

"Yes," said Smith. "I have just got a note from the landlady."

"What does she say?"

"She says that I must pay my board at once, or her daughter will sue me for breach of promise. I'm thinking what I'd better do."—Tit-Bits.

The highest viaduct in the world has just been built across a gorge in the Shan hills, in upper Burma. It used up 5,000 tons of steel and cost \$700,000.

FEASTED ON SPARROWS.
A Diet That Did Not Agree With the Crane.

"Some time ago I had occasion to observe an interesting change in the habits and temperament of a crane which had been picked up in the swamps of Arkansas," said a gentleman from one of the towns on the Mississippi river, "and the change was startling too. The crane was placed in a small park which was literally filled with English sparrows. These pests did not like the visitor from the lowlands, and they made daily assaults on the poor bird. The crane was a pretty fowl, long, slender, pure white and with the stately stride of a tragedian. The sparrows would systematically swoop down on the crane in droves, and the attacks were fierce and vicious.

The crane stood the assaults with indifference for awhile, but finally the fowl from the swamps figured out a method of retaliation, and it was effectual. In some way the crane learned to feed on sparrows. She would slip up cautiously on these pesky twitters and throw her yellow beak out like a ziz. She never missed the mark. She always landed a sparrow, and a singular part of the thing is that she would swallow them whole, feathers and all. But the crane would always dampen the bird by dipping it in one of the water basins of the park.

"The diet evidently did not agree with the crane, and she became a trifely droopy and showed signs of indisposition. She finally died, and the keeper of the park believed that the crane's death was caused by a severe case of indigestion brought on by eating sparrows."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Drawing the Line.
A good story is told in Missouri at the expense of its once famous governor, Claiborne F. Jackson. Before he married his sisters in reasonable lapses of conscientiousness. After one wife had been lost and appropriately mourned he espoused another, and he kept his courting within a narrow circle of his own relatives, for he rather liked the family.

The antiquated father of these girls was almost deaf, and when the governor went to this get-together to ask for his surviving daughter the following conversation ensued:

"I want Lizzie."

"Eh?"

"I want you to let me have Elizabeth."

"Oh, you want Lizzie, do you? What for?"

"For my wife."

"For life?"

"I want to marry her."

"Oh, yes. Just so. I hear you, boy."

"I'm precious glad you do," muttered the governor.

"Well," slowly responded the veteran, "you needn't halloo so that the whole neighborhood knows it. Yes, you can have her. You've got 'em all now, my lad, but for goodness' sake, if anything happens to that 'ere poor miller, don't come and ask me for the old woman."

Jackson solemnly promised that he never would.

Origin of "Whig."
Several reasons have been assigned to account for the word "Whig," universally known to all the English speaking people. By some the word is supposed to be a contraction of a longer one, "whiggamores," which in some parts of England and Scotland, especially Scotland, signifies a drover or herder.

It was in 1679 that the word first became common in the British isles, when the struggle was in progress between the peasantry and the aristocracy to have or not to have the bill passed by parliament to exclude the Duke of York from the line of succession. All who were opposed to placing the duke in the line of succession were derisively called "whiggamores," or "drovers," just as the city duds of today speakers of the "grangers," the "grays," the "chin whiskers" and the "haysceders."

But Scotch tradition gives altogether a different reason for the existence of the word. It is this: During the early religious wars in Scotland the weakest of the factions used the words "We Hope in God" as a motto. The initials of these words were placed on their banners thus, "W. H. I. G." and soon all the followers of that clan were given the title of "Whig," which was afterward attached as a party nickname.

Journalistic Errors.
I do not allude to what are obviously mere misprints, such as when The Morning Post announced at the head of its fashionable intelligence that Lord Palmerston had gone down into Hampshire with a party of friends to shoot peacocks, but I refer to blunders due to care ignorance of a pretentious order. Perhaps the best instance was when one of the "young lions" of The Daily Telegraph in a leading article enumerated the great masters of Greek sculpture as Phidias, Praxiteles and Milo. Ignorant of the fact that Milo is not a sculptor, but an island.

The Times was even worse when, mistaking Prussia for Austria, it devoted a whole leader to discussing why Prussia had joined the Zollverein. The Saturday Review once explained at length both that the population might be nourished gratuitously on young lambs if killed unweaned before they had begun to crop grass, having there fore cost nothing to feed. Many other instances will doubtless occur to your readers.—Notes and Queries.

Saved the Dog.
Some time ago there was a ship wreck at St. Margaret's bay, England and the life line brought ashore after a sailor to shore amid the cheers of the rescuers. At last only the captain remained on board. The line was ready the signal was given, but the answer jerk did not come. Again and again for a quarter of an hour the question passed along the rope without reply. At last, when hope was nearly dead, the signal came, and the captain was hailed dripping ashore. He picked himself up, drew a small, wet, quivering dog from his breast pocket and set it tenderly down. Then he looked round and said in simple apology, "I couldn't find the little brute any where!"

Capital Wanted.
To extend certain Departments, purchase Fall Stock, and develop to fullest extent one of the oldest and largest Mail Order Houses on the Coast, so it can supply every demand equal to Eastern Department Stores.

We offer, for the first time, an interest in the business, through the purchase of shares of preferred stock, and which are guaranteed by the largest owner in the store to pay 10 per cent per annum.

It is a good investment. Holders obtain 10 per cent co-operative rebate on goods purchased, besides monthly dividend. Offer good for a limited time only. No speculation—simply an investment in a legitimate and increasing business conducted on a strictly cash basis and careful methods. Write or call for particulars.

Smith's Cash Store (Incorporated).
Owned and operated by BAILEY J. and H. A. SMITH, the original founders of the store in 1879.

It Rained Copper.
The cadets of Annapolis sat in the side aisles of the chapel, leaving the center aisles for the officers and their families, says Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady in "Under Top's and Ten's."

When the offering was received, the two boys charged with the duty of passing the plates did not make the slightest effort to circulate them among the cadets, for we never had any money. They would walk rapidly down the aisle and then come deliberately up the middle, gathering thence what they could. One Sunday the chaplain announced that he would preach a "missionary sermon" the next Sunday. It did not have the ordinary effect in emptying the church, for we were obliged to go as usual.

During the week it occurred to the bright mind of a senior, or first class man, who is now a prominent New York financier, that it would be well for the cadets to make an offering. So he sent out to the bank on Saturday morning and succeeded in smuggling in over 300 copper cents, which he distributed 1 cent per boy to the Episcopal battalion. We stationed a strong, long armed man on the outside seat of the first pew in each aisle.

The chaplain made a piteous appeal for pennies even, and when the pious school cadets who passed the plates started on their perfunctory promenade the strong, one armed man aforesaid promptly relieved them of the metal plates, and each one dropped in one copper cent with an ominous crash and then deliberately handed the plate to the next boy, who did the same thing. It rained copper cents for about ten minutes. The chaplain was dreadfully disconcerted, the officers fidgeted and looked agitated. Some of them laughed, and the cadets preserved a deadly solemnity. The affair was a striking success.

A Pigeon as Valet to a Crow.
"Tom was the name given to a lordly young crow," says Florence M. Kingsley in "The Ladies' Home Journal." Beauty was a snow white pigeon of about the crow's age, with whom he was reared. Just how it came about we never knew, but we soon discovered that Beauty regularly acted as maid of all work to Tom. She fetched and carried morsels of food at his imperious command, and one of her unvarying duties was the preening of her master's feathers. Tom was very much of a dandy. His coal black plumage always appeared perfectly dressed and shining, but the arduous labor of his toilet was performed for him twice every day by the humble and affectionate pigeon.

"Our fine gentleman would come in from a roll in the dust or a dip in the fountain and, seating himself upon a certain railing, utter a short, sharp call. Instantly Beauty would descend to his side and begin her task, fluttering anxiously from side to side as she worked, drawing each shining black feather carefully out to its full length in her pink bill. Tom meanwhile dozing luxuriously, with closed eyes, after the manner of the complacent patron of a skillful barber. If Beauty unfortunately pulled a feather too hard, a squawk and a sudden peck informed her of her mistake."

His Spelling System.
Dobbs met his friend Turner in the tram. They were both going to Birmingham and stopped at the same hotel. Turner registered his name "E. K. Pithologyrrrh."

Dobbs, noticing it, exclaimed, "Here, what are you using such a foreign, outlandish name for?"

"I am not assuming any foreign name," replied Turner.

"What kind of a name is it, then?"

"That is my identical old name, and it is English too—pronounced 'Turner.'"

"I can't see how you make 'Turner' out of those 13 letters; besides, what is your object in spelling that way?" asked Dobbs.

"Well, you see, nobody ever noticed my name on the register when I wrote 'Turner,' the latter explained, "but since I commenced writing it 'Pithologyrrrh' I set them all guessing. It is, as I said before, English spelling. 'Pth' is the sound of 't' in 'pithis,' 'olo' is the sound of 'ur' in 'colonel,' 'yn' there is the 'y' in 'myrrh.' 'yrrh' is the sound of 'er' in 'myrrh.' Now, if that doesn't spell 'Turner' what does it spell?"—London Standard.

Optimism.
When the optimist was dispossessed and thrown, along with his household impedimenta, into the cold street, he chuckled furiously.

"Why do you laugh, my friend?" inquired a passerby.

"Because I have just now been emancipated from toil," replied the optimist. "For years my life has been one long struggle to keep the wolf from the door. But now that I have been deprived of the door I no longer am compelled to toil. Sweet, indeed, are the uses of adversity!"

Then the optimist walked off, whistling gaily, into the sunshine.—New York Sun.

A Novel Method of Boring Holes in a Flat Bar of Iron was recently adopted on a ship where a breakdown occurred. To repair the breakage it was necessary to make belt holes in a square ering dot from his breast pocket and set it tenderly down. Then he looked round and said in simple apology, "I couldn't find the little brute any where!"

Never give up to children if they are in the wrong. Do not rob them of a memory that their mother and father were always true to their principles.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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It is a good investment. Holders obtain 10 per cent co-operative rebate on goods purchased, besides monthly dividend. Offer good for a limited time only. No speculation—simply an investment in a legitimate and increasing business conducted on a strictly cash basis and careful methods. Write or call for particulars.

Smith's Cash Store (Incorporated).
Owned and operated by BAILEY J. and H. A. SMITH, the original founders of the store in 1879.

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Nicerly furnished room by the day, week or month, excellent or single rate. Country patronage solicited, and no pains will be spared to make them comfortable during their visit.

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For 23 years with C. E. Whitney & Co.

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General Commission and Produce.
Specialty, Butter, Eggs and Cheese.
Your consignments solicited.

Most Healthful Coffee in the World.
All the world knows that coffee in excessive use is injurious. And yet the coffee lover cannot stand tasteless 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 fruits and grains, thus not only displacing over fifty per cent of the caffeine, 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 Café Bland is especially recommended as a healthful and delicious beverage, so satisfying 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. Ask for

Café Bland
Pronounced café-blay—accent on last syllable

Mr. Hare's Fountain of Youth.
Mr. John Hare, the eminent English actor-manager, said that the most delightful compliment he ever received was from Mr. Gladstone. It was a double ended compliment. Whichever way you took it it was satisfactory.

Mr. Hare earned fame playing old men's parts, his character as Mr. Gold by in "A Pair of Spectacles" being a good example. Added to this was a horror of having his picture taken.

Mr. Gladstone had never seen a picture of the actor, but he knew him well behind the scenes as well as before the footlights. The premier's favorite play was "A Pair of Spectacles," and he always went behind the scenes to chat awhile with the actor. The really old man and the made up old man would sit there and talk in the most delightful way for an hour after the show.

One day the Earl of Rosebery had Mr. Gladstone to dinner, and he also invited his friend, John Hare. The actor came in smooth shaven, looking about 25. He was presented to Mr. Gladstone, and the prime minister shook his hand most cordially and said: "My dear sir, I am very, very glad to meet you. I know your father very, very well. Splendid actor! Fine old man!"

It took the whole evening for the earl and Mr. Hare to convince him that this son was really the father.—Saturday Evening Post.

A Mixed Wedding Party.
The college roommate of a friend of mine was engaged to a lady in New York," writes the Rev. D. M. Steele in his article on "Some People I Have Married" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "His people are Congregationalists, but while at Yale he became a Unitarian. Her parents are Roman Catholics, but she was a member of the Ethical Culture society at Carnegie Hall. In compliance with her mother's wish he asked five different priests to marry them, but all refused. In despair he came for me. I married them, an Episcopalian, with the ritual service in a Presbyterian chapel. The Roman Catholic brother of the bride and the Congregational sister of the groom were present. This sister acted as one witness; the other witness was a Jewess."

Never give up to children if they are in the wrong. Do not rob them of a memory that their mother and father were always true to their principles.—Ladies' Home Journal.