## Smoked Skipper

[Copyright, 1900, by W. W. Jacobs.]

ed him blankly for some time and then

looked around at the mate. "You won't get much change out of 'im," said the latter, with a nod, "insultin little devil

The other made no reply, but as soon young friend to clean the brasswork and after that to tidy the cabin up and belp the cook clean his pots and pans. Meantime the mate went below and overhauled his chest.

"This is where he gets all them ideas from," he said, coming aft with a big bundle of penny papers. "Look at the titles of 'em, 'The Lion of the Pacific.' 'The One Armed Buccaneer,' 'Captain Kidd's Last Voyage."

He sat down on the cabin skylight and began turning them over and picking out certain gems of phraseology read them aloud to the skipper. The latter listened at first with scorn and then with impatience.

"I can't make head or tail out of what you're reading, George," he said snappishly. "Who was Rudolph? Read straight ahead."

Thus urged, the mate, leaning forward so that his listener might hear better, read steadily through a serial in the first three minutes. The third installment left Rudolph swimming in a race with three sharks and a boatload of cannibals, and the joint efforts of both men failed to discover the other aumbers.

"Just wot I should 'ave expected of 'im," said the skipper after the mate returned from a fruitless search in the boy's chest. "I'll make 'im a bit more orderly on this ship. Go an lock them other things up in your drawer, George. He's not to 'ave 'em again."

The schooner was getting into open water now and began to feel it. In front of them was the blue sea, dotted with white sails and funnels belching smoke speeding from England to worlds of romance and adventure. Something of the kind the cook said to Ralph and urged him to get up and look for himself. He also, with the best intentions, discussed the restorative properties of fat pork from a medical point of view.

The next few days the boy divided between seasickness and work, the latter being the skipper's great remedy for piratical yearnings. Three or four times he received a mild drubbing and, what was worse than the drubbing, had to give an answer in the affirmative to the skipper's inquiry as to whether he felt in a more wholesome frame of mind. On the fifth morning they stood in toward Fairhaven, and to his great joy he saw trees and houses again.

They staid at Fairhaven just long enough to put out a small portion of their cargo, Ralph, stripped to his shirt and trousers, having to work in the hold with the rest, and proceeded to Lowport, a little place some 30 miles distant, to put out their powder. It was evening before they arrived and, the tide being out, anchored in the mouth of the river on which the town

skipper to the mate as he looked over the side toward the little cluster of houses on the shore. "Do you feel better, now I've knocked some o' the nonsense out o' you, boy?"

"Much better, sir," said Ralph respectfully.

"Be a good boy," said the skipper, pausing on the companion ladder, "and you can stay with us if you like. Better turn in now, as you'll have to make yourself useful again in the morning working out the cargo."

He went below, leaving the boy on deck. The crew were in the forecastle smoking with the exception of the cook, who was in the galley over a little private business of his own.

An hour later the cook went below to prepare for sleep. The other two men were already in bed, and he was just about to get into his when he noticed that Ralph's bunk, which was under his own, was empty. He went up on deck and looked round and returning below scratched his nose in thought. "Where's the boy?" he demanded,

taking Jem by the arm and shaking "Eh?" said Jem, rousing. "Whose

"Our boy, Ralph," said the cook, can't see 'im nowhere. I 'ope 'e ain't

gone overboard, poor little chap." Jem refusing to discuss the matter, the cook awoke Dobbs. Dobbs swore at him peacefully and resumed his slumbers. The cook went up again and prowled round the deck, looking in all sorts of unlikely places for the boy. He even climbed a little way into the

was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that he had gone overboard. "Poor little chap!" he said, solemnly looking over the ship's side at the still

rigging and, finding no traces of him,

water. He walked slowly aft, shaking his head and, looking over the stern. brought up suddenly with a cry of dismay and rubbed his eyes. The ship's boat had also disappeared.

"Wot?" said the two seamen as be ran below and communicated the news. "Well, if it's gone, it's gone,"

"Hadn't I better go and tell the skipper?" said the cook.

"Let 'im find it out hisself," said Jem, purring contentedly in the blan-

kets. "It's 'is boat. Go' night." "Time we 'ad a noo un, too," said Dobbs, yawning. "Don't you worry your 'ed, cook, about wot don't consarn

The cook took the advice and having made his few simple preparations for the night blew out the lamp and sprang into his bunk. Then he uttered a sharp exclamation and getting out again fumbled for the matches and relit the lamp. A minute later he awoke his exasperated friends for the third time.

'S'elp me, cook!" began Jem flercely. "If you don't, I will," said Dobbs, sitting up and trying to reach the cook with his clinched fist.

"It's a letter pinned to my pillow," said the cook in trembling tones as he held it to the lamp.

"Well, we don't want to 'ear it," said Jem. "Shut up, d'ye hear!" But there was that in the cook's man-

ner which awed them.

"Dear coos." he read feverishly. "I TIRED OF THE TRIP. PEOPLE OF THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE. have made an infernal machine with clockwork and hid it in the hold near the gunpowder when we were at Fair-By W. W. JAOOBS,

Author of "Many Cargoes" and "The Shipper's Wooding."

the gunpowder when we were at Fair-haven. I think it will go off between 10 and 11 tonight, but I am not quite haven. I think it will go off between sure about the time. Don't tell those other beasts, but jump overboard and swim ashore. I have taken the boat. I The master of the Susan Jane watch- would have taken you, too, but you told me you swam seven miles once, so you

can easy" The reading came to an abrupt termination as his listeners sprang out of their bunks and, bolting on deck, burst wildly into the cabin and breathlessly as his potatoes were finished set his reeled off the letter to its astonished occupants.

"Stuck a wot in the hold?" gasped the skipper. "Infernal machine," said the mate.

'One o' them things wot you blow up the 'ouses of parliament with." "Wot's the time now?" interrupted

Jem anxiously. "'Bout ha' past 10," said the cook, trembling. "Let's give 'em a hail ashore.

They leaned over the side and sent a mighty shout across the water. Most of Lowport had gone to bed, but the win- | go, and we shot up about 3,000 feet. It dows in the inn were bright, and lights showed in the upper windows of two or three of the cottages.

Again they shouted in deafening chorus, casting fearful looks behind them, and in the silence a faint answering 'hail' came from the shore. They shouted again like madmen and then, listening intently, heard a boat's keel grate on the beach and then the welcome click of oars in the rowlocks.

"Make haste," bawled Dobbs vociferously as the boat came creeping out of the darkness. "W'y don't you make haste?

"Wot's the row?" cried a voice from the boat.

"Gunpowder!" yelled the cook frantically. "There's ten tons of it aboard ust going to explode. Hurry up." The sound of the oars ceased, and a

startled murmur was heard from the

boat, then an oar was pulled jerkily. "They're putting back," said Jem uddenly. "I'm going to swim for it. Stand by to pick me up, mates," he houted and, lowering himself with a splash into the water, struck out strongly toward them. Dobbs, a poor wimmer, after a moment's hesitation, ollowed his example.

"I can't swim a stroke," cried the

ook, his teeth chattering. The others who were in the same prelicament leaned over the side, listenng. The swimmers were invisible in the darkness, but their progress was easily followed by the noise they made. lem was the first to be hauled on board, and a minute or two later the listeners on the schooner heard him assisting Dobbs. Then the sound of strife, of thumps and wicked words broke on their delighted ears.

"They're coming back for us." the mate, taking a deep breath. "Well

done, Jem.' The boat came toward them, impelled by powerful strokes, and was soon alongside. The three men tumbled in hurriedly, their fall being modified by the original crew, who were lying crouched up in the bottom of the boat. Jem and Dobbs gave way with hearty good will, and the doomed ship receded into the darkness. A little knot of people had gathered on the shore and, receiving the tidings, became anxious for field was below us. the safety of the town. It was felt ows at least were in imminent peril, and messengers were hastily sent round to have them opened. Still the deserted Susan Jane made

no sign. Twelve o'clock struck from the little church at the back of the town, and she was still intact. "Something's gone wrong," said an

old fisherman with a bad way of putting things. "Now's the time for somebody to go and tow her out to sea." There was no response.

"To save Lowport." said the speaker feelingly. "If I was only 20 years

vounger' "It's old men's work," said a voice. The skipper, straining his eyes through the gloom in the direction of

his craft, said nothing. He began to think that she had escaped after all. Two o'clock struck, and the crowd began to disperse. Some of the bolder inhabitants who were fidgety about drafts closed their windows, and children who had been routed out of their beds to take a nocturnal walk inland were led slowly back. By 3 o'clock the danger was felt to be over, and day

Jane still riding at anchor. "I'm going aboard," said the skipper suddenly. "Who's coming with me?" Jem and the mate and the town po-

broke and revealed the forlorn Susan

liceman volunteered and, borrowing the boat which had served them before, pulled swiftly out to their vessel and, taking the hatches off with unusual gentleness, commenced their search. It was nervous work at first, but they became inured to it, and moreover a certain suspicion, slight at first, but increasing in interest as the search proceeded, gave them some sense of security. Later still they began to eye

each other shamefacedly. "I don't believe there's anything there," said the policeman, sitting down and laughing bolsterously. "That

boy's been making a fool of you." "That's about the size of it." groaned the mate. "We'll be the laughing stock

o' the town." The skipper, who was standing with his back toward him, said nothing; but, peering about, stooped suddenly and with a sharp exclamation picked up something from behind a damaged

"I've got it," he yelled suddenly.

"Stand clear." He scrambled hastily on deck and holding his find at arm's length, with his head averted, flung it far into the water. A loud cheer from a couple of boats which were watching greeted his action, and a distant response came

from the shore. "Was that a infernal machine?" whispered the bewildered Jem to the "Why, it looked to me like one

o' them tins o' corned beef." The mate glanced at the constable who was standing gazing longingly over the side. "Well, I've 'eard of peo ple being killed by them sometimes, he said, with a grin.

Why She Doesn't Borrow Trouble. Miss Talky-Mrs. Spunge, your new neighbor, seems to be such a cheerful lady. She would not borrow trouble. Miss Gabby-She would if she could cook or wear it .- Baltimore American.

SO HE GOT OUT OF THE BALLOON BY THE JUMP ROUTE.

And Then When He Told the Englishmen He Mer What He Had Done They Considerately Carried Him off to an Insane Asylum.

"I went up in a balloon once, and I never want to make such a trip again," said Colonel A. Noel Blakeman. "My experience as an aeronaut was in London," he continued, "and it would never have occurred but for a friend I chanced to meet there. He was going to make an ascent, and he persuaded me to accompany him.

"The balloon was a feature of some big exhibition, and every day it was inflated and made an ascent, with four or five passengers, in charge of an experienced aeronant. There were about five in the party the day I took the trip. We got into the basket, which was boxed in quite high, then let the rope was interesting to look down on the world and hear the noises of London streets coming from so far below. The balloon sailed along smoothly, and we drifted for about eight miles.

"It was when we tried to descend that the trouble began. The method was to throw out anchors as the balloon settled toward the earth. The aeronaut said that when one of these anchors caught firmly he would haul the balloon down to the tree in which the anchor was expected to become fastened. This would be done by winding in the rope on a winch in the car. We would be expected to climb out of the balloon into the tree, he said, and he would then take hold of the valve rope and, standing a safe distance away, open the valve, let the gas escape, and the big affair would collapse and sink. He informed us that we must get clear of the sinking folds, as they would come down fast, and if they caught and covered us we would be in an atmosphere of most poisonous

"All this was very interesting, but we did not seem to be making very much progress toward the point where we would have to look out for the descending folds of the collapsing balloon. The anchors caught in a whole lot of trees, but they did not hold. One would get tangled in a tree, and then the balloon would sway far over, tilting the basket in which we were until it seemed that we would be spilled out. Then the anchor would break loose, and we would shoot up again.

"I became very tired of this and told the aeronaut that I thought it was time to bring the voyage to a conclusion He told me if I did not like it I could jump out. At first I thought he was simply resentful of my remark, but be said be meant what he said. "'When the car tilts over again, you

climb out on the edge,' he said, 'and let go. It will probably be a plowed field underneath us, and you won't get hurt. "Well, I did as he suggested. When the anchor caught again, I climbed out and hung to the edge of the car. When I saw that the car was as low as it was likely to get, I let go. I dropped about 12 feet, and, as he expected, a plowed

"As soon as I dropped out the balloon, relieved of my weight, shot up in the air again and soared off. I walked to the nearest road and continued along it until I came to an inn.

"I asked the landlord how far it was to London, and he told me it was eight miles. I ordered a carriage to take me there, and while I was waiting the landlord asked me where I had come

"I took him to the door of the inn. and, pointing to the balloon, which was then sailing along about a quarter of a mile above the ground, I said, 'I jump-

ed out of that ' "The man looked at me in alarmed fashion, and after I had returned to the sitting room I noticed that several people peered through the window at me.

"Finally my four wheeler was ready, and I set off for London. After we had driven along for half an hour or so the coachman suddenly turned the horse in through a gate, and we drove into a big courtyard. I yelled to him and asked him what he meant, that I wanted to go straight to London, but he paid no attention and slowly circled the court. When he stopped on the other side, a man wearing glasses stuck his head in the carriage, scrutinizing me closely, pulled back, said something to the

coachman, and we drove on to London. "Finally we reached my lodgings, and when we did so the coachman jumped off the box, ran up the steps and as soon as his knock was answered asked if Mr. Blakeman lived there. The maid was just answering that I did when I reached the top of the steps

and collared the fellow. "'What was that place you drove me into on our way to London?' I asked

"'It was a hingane hasylum, sir,' he replied. 'When you said you had jumpd out o' that balloon, we thought you was crazy and maybe you was a escaped patient from the basylum."-Washington Post.

Realized His Own Madness.

"Now you are tired of me and abuse me," sobbed the young wife whose husband refused to hire another maid to take care of her pet dog. "Yet." she continued, "not two years ago you were just crazy to marry me."

"Yes," answered the complacent man brute; "my friends told me so at the time, but I didn't realize it until after we were married."-Kansas City Star.

It is said that some early Chinese coins were made in the form of keys. probable because money unlocks the heart of the high official. - Atlanta News.

## All Embracing.

"I see that somebody says Edmund Kean, the most famous of English actors, lived to adapt the kind of meat he ate to the part he had to play, choosing pork for tyrants, beef for murderers and mutton for lovers."

"That's a great idea. I suppose when he had to play several parts in one evening he ate hash."-Cleveland

It's not the fellows who don't know things who make existence wearlsome. It's the fellows who think they do .-Sloux City Journal.

Rostand One of the Immortals. Edmond Rostand has been elected a member of that exclusive circle, the Academy. He had a close call; but, it is said, the friendship and active support of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt won for



Rostand needs no introduction place. to the American reader. We have all either seen, read or heard of his "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon." Though still in the early thirties, when he gave it to the world Rostand's "Cyrano" made him famous. He had writwith favor in France, but it was his ose that gave him worldwide fame. Sarah Bernhardt has for years been an tand, and the tie which bound them was made stronger when he gave her "L'Aiglon," a part after her own heart. He is writing another play for "the divine Sarah."

### Anecdotes About J. J. Hill.

oughfare, but now deserted by the gen- couldn't begin to describe in words. eral public. He stepped into a little toferry bat, I haf der chop, but vere is little zonave stretched out, stiff and der beeples?' Mr. Hill glanced over the shop. There was no assistant tobac- kerchief over his face. I stepped up to conist whose discharge could be recomcheck, and the following week the old tobacconist was besieged by "beeples" in a modern well stocked shop on the principal retail thoroughfare.

Some months ago Mr.-Hill visited the office of a railroad in the stock of which he had just obtained an influential interest. Glancing through the doorway of one large office room, he asked curtalong with less?" "No, we never could." "Well, I'll get a man who can."-World's Work.

## Re-elected by Acclamation.

recently held in Memphis was the most 00 delegates present. General John B. Gordon of Georgia was re-elected commander in chief without opposihave warmed the old warrior's heart. When the order of election of officers



GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON mighty burst of voices "Aye!" thundered through the hall. "Let's rise and do look the fez and went away. t again," came a voice, and with ac-

dered forth. Mr. Carnegle's High Price.

swinging in the air, "Aye!" again thun-

Mr. Carnegie is fond of telling how popular magazine for an article on or-

ganization in business. "Well," said he, "I think I could New Orleans Times-Democrat. write that article, but I am afraid the price I'd have to ask you would be too

"Oh, no," said the delighted editor, with a vision of a magnificent "fea- efficacious properties. Everybody ought ture" in an early number. "I'm sure to know that the very best thing they we could arrange that satisfactorily. Name your own figure."

"Well," replied Mr. Carnegie, "I could hardly afford to do it for less than \$5,000,000." He smiled a little at shape than any other vegetable known sight of the editor's face and then went It excites the action of the liver, promore than that, and of course you is not all. The apple agglutinates the less than cost."

tiations fell through."

Bismarck's Philosophy of Life. With dutiful trust in God, dig in the spurs and let life. like a wild horse, take you flying over hedge and ditch. It lovely! Such a delicate, sweet little resolved to break your neck, and yet fearless, inasmuch as you must some cherub, with the lovellest eyes, the time part from all that is dear to you on earth, though not forever. If grief little nose and eyes of heavenly blue is near, well, let him come on, but until It looks as if it had just dropped from he arrives do not merely look bright beaven and every tiny feature had and blessed, but be it, too, and when sorrow comes you bear it with dignity -that is to say, with submission and baby?

marck

VETERAN'S STORY OF A TASSELED TURKISH FEZ.

The Grewsome Incident In Which He Participated at the Second Battle of Manassas-A Brave Boy and His Dying Request.

"Whenever I see a tasseled Turkish fez," said a Confederate veteran whose attention had been attracted by a smoking cap of that pattern in a Canal street window, "I am reminded of a curious and rather grewsome incident of my campaigning days. It was on the morning after the second battle of Manassas," he continued in response to a request for the story, "and several of us from my company had gone over to the field in the hope of picking up a few things that we badly needed and for which the dead had no further use -waterproofs, for instance, and sound anteens.

"During the previous day's engagement you may remember that a regiment of freshly recruited New York zouaves held the crest of a hill and were charged and almost annihilated by Hood's brigade. They were mowed down like ripened grain and fell so thickly that their corpses literally carpeted the earth. I dare say it was as wful a slaughter, considering the umber engaged, as occurred anywhere n the course of the war.

"Well, we hadn't gone very far when we came to this hill and began to get among the dead men. The poor fellows had been mustered into service less ten plays before and was regarded than a week before, and they were said to be the most gorgeously uniformed many sided hero with the abnormal military troop ever organized. They wore scarlet Turkish trousers, blue jackets embroidered with gold bullion admirer of and firm believer in Ros- braid and purple fezes with long pendent tassels.

"Being just from the outfitters, all this fine regalia was perfectly fresh and new, and somehow or other it added to the ghastliness of the spectacle on the hillside. The corpses were in all sorts of strange postures, and Mr. Hill was one day walking down their fantastic costumes gave them an Third street, once a flourishing thor- air of horrible grotesqueness that I

"However, to come to my point, I bacco shop kept by a German who had had picked up a fez to carry away as a known him in the village days of 1860. relic and was about to leave the spot "Hello, Joe!" exclaimed the railroad when I happened to notice a much president. "How's business?" "Bat, handsomer specimen on the head of a stark, a few yards away, with a handmake a 'swap,' but had barely touched mended. But Mr. Hill asked for a blank the tassel when a low, sweet toned voice under the handkerchief said, 'Please don't!'

"For a moment," continued the vetern, "that unpleasant protest, coming from what I had supposed to be a corpse, made my bair bristle on my ead. Then I lifted the handkerchlef and was shocked to see the delicate, refined features of a boy not over 15. ly, "How many men here?" "About He was pale as death and evidently 85," was the answer. "Can't you get desperately wounded, but he looked at me calmly. 'My God,' I exclaimed, what a lad you are to be here! 'I'm afraid I'm dying unless I have belp,' he replied. 'Do you think the surgeons will be around pretty soon? 'The Lord The Confederate Veterans' reunion knows! I grouned, for the boy's courage touched me to the beart. 'Your successful meeting ever held by that surgeons have all run away, and we organization. There were more than only have a few, with more wounded than they can attend to.' 'Then I guess all I can do is to lie here quietly and die,' he said in the same gentle voice. tion, and the way it was done must Can you get me a little water before you go?

"I took his canteen and burried down to a branch at the foot of the bill, where the first thing I saw, by the way, was the corpse of a zouave floating in a pool. I went up the stream far enough to get out of the horrible death zone, filled the canteen with pure water and was soon back at the boy's side. I gave him a drink, and he thanked me. Is there nothing else I can do?' I asked awkwardly, because I knew our company was under early marching orders that morning and that it would be impossible for me to linger much longer. Nothing at all, thank you,' he replied. No message to anybody? 'No; noth-

ing, thanks. "I turned away most reluctantly and had gone only a few yards when I beard his thin voice calling me back. 'Excuse me.' he said, 'but I want you to accept this as a present,' and be handed me his fine ourple fez. 'No. no.' I exclaimed, greatly embarrassed; 'I couldn't think of taking it. When I started to a little while ago, I thought you-you'- 'Thought I was dead, of came, the name of John B. Gordon was course, he interrupted. 'Well, I soon placed before the convention, and in- will be, and that other fez will do me stantly some one shouted, "Let's make Just as well. Please put it on my bead his re-election unanimous." With a and take mine. I saw that he would be burt unless I did as he desired, so

"In less than half an hour our com cord the convention rose, and, with hats pany was on the march, and, needless to say, I never heard anything more of the little child zouave. He was badly wounded and undoubtedly died where I left bim. I kept the fez a long time." added the veteran, "but it was finally he was once asked by the editor of a lost, with other odds and ends, in the general confusion following the war. I'd give some money for it today."-

The Good Effects of Apple Enting. The apple is such common fruit that few are familiar with its remarkable can do is to eat apples just before retiring for the night. The apple is an excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested on: "No; I must withdraw that. What motes sound and bealthy sleep and I should put into it has cost me much thoroughly disinfects the mouth. That would not expect me to sell it to you at surplus acids of the stomach, helps the kidney secretions and is one of the best As the diplomatist puts it, "the nego- preventives known of diseases of the throat.-Journal of Agriculture.

une Still Nicer.

Mrs. Newma-Oh, I wish you could see Mrs. Winkler's baby. It's perfectcreature as it is! It's a perfect little sweetest little mouth, the cunningest been fashioned by the angels. Mr. Newma-Is it as nice as our

hope.-Love Letters of Prince Bis- Mrs. Newma-Mercy! No; not half as nice.-Pearson's Weekly.

# Capital Wanted

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· Smiths' Cash Store (Incorporated). Owned and operated by BARCLAY J. and H. A. SMITH, the

original founders of the store in 1879.

A Book Hunter's Worry. The worry of finding that a book is incomplete is often to be expected. Often most respectable looking books have a page missing somewhere. One cannot trust even a folio that has been connected with religious houses all its life. It may be invincibly bound in the strongest calf; it may have passed all its quiet, unread days behind glass and be as clean as on the day on which it was issued, and yet page 341 may have

vanished.

We once knew a man who had a firm belief in the devil and for this reason: He said that he could hardly count the imperfect books by which he had been misled in his time, and in nearly every case these books had a highly respectable past. They had grown mellow in monasteries or had been carefully tend ed in great libraries, where they were never touched except to be dusted. It seemed morally impossible that harm could have come to these books, and vet each one had a page missing som where. Therefore he was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the devil was in it. He supposed that when the devil was in need of more quotations he abstracted a page from some little read book, choosing it both in order that be might obtain a reputation for wisdom and also that he might not be

found out. We do not uphold this theory, but we do recommend the book hunter, so far as possible, to collate every book of any importance which he may con template buying .- Macmillan's Maga-

A clergyman who used to be a pastor of a church in Kansas City says that on one occasion he had rather an amusing experience in marrying a young couple in that city. "The gentleman," said the clergy-

Doubled the Fee.

man, "was a bandsome, noble looking young man and the bride to be more than usually beautiful. It was plain to be seen that the prospective groom thought he had secured the one prize in all the matrimonial market and was correspondingly elated. "Just before the ceremony the gentleman handed me the marriage license license there was a crisp \$5 note, plac

to see that it was all right. Inside the ed there as the fee. The couple stood up before the few witnesses in the par lor, the ceremony was gone through with, and they were pronounced husband and wife. The first thing the new husband did was to draw his wife to him and imprint a fond kiss on her sweet lips. It seemed to thrill him with unexpected joy, for, immediately turning to me, he said, 'Parson, I'll be switched if I paid you enough for this job,' and, pulling from his pocket another \$5 note, he thrust it into my

Jefferson as an Inventor.

hands."-Baltimore Sun.

Mr. Jefferson invented the copying press. He writes to Mr. Madison in 1787: "Having a great desire to have a portable copying machine and having studied over some experiments with the principle of large machines made to apply in the smaller one, I planned one in England and had it made. It answers perfectly. I have set a workman to making them, and they are of such demand that he has his hands full. I send you one. You must expect to make many essays before you succeed perfectly. A soft brush, like a shaving brush, is more successful than a sponge." He also sent a copying press to the Marquis de Lafayette as a present. He invented the revolving chair, now a familiar and necessary article of furniture in all offices and counting rooms. The Federalist newspapers used to call it "Mr. Jefferson's whirligig" and declared that he had devised it "so as to look all ways at once."-Chicago Herald.

Wonderful Musical Memory. Sir John Stainer had a wonderful musical memory. It was put to the test once at the Crystal palace when he had to play the organ in the "Mes siah" and a folio copy, on which alone he could see the score, was not forthcoming. The conductor was in despair. Sir John cut the knot by a wonderful tour de force, playing the part faultlessly right through and entirely from memory, probably the only time the "Messiah" has been so rendered.

The foothpick Habit. "I'd like to know what my custom ers do with all the toothpicks they car ry away," remarked a restaurant pro prietor the other day. "Few men take a single toothpick. Most of them take half a dozen and many a whole handful, and when they come in here again for the next meal they take as many over again. They don't need them. It's in two. Even a strong blow will not all due to the toothpick chewing babit, inflame the matches, because of the which seems to be growing. There isn't anything particularly pleasant about chewing a wooden toothpick, and mon substance produce any effect exit may be injurious if a piece of the cept that of spoiling the match. But wood lodges in the throat or gets down when one is pinched between the folds into the stomach, as it is very apt to. of the glass paper and suddenly drawn But the toothpick chewing habit is becoming a rival to the gum and tobacco er does not make them for extensive habits. The only reason I can give for It is that the toothpicks are free and mand in his own neighborhood."-Newgum and tobacco are not."-New York castle (England) Chronicle.

Friend-What became of your poem called "Light, Beautiful Light?" Poet (sadly)-The editor turned it down.-Philadelphia Record.

Don't wait until your friends are dend to give them flowers .- Atchison

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"Henry IX." It is interesting to recall that, just as Edward VII of England chose his second baptismal name as the one by which he wished to be designated when he mounted the throne, so likewise his great-uncle, William Henry, would have preferred to be known as Henry IX. One of the reasons for this preference was the desire to establish lawful right to a title which had already been arrogated by the cardinal of York, the last of the Stuart pretenders. When the question, however, came up for discussion in the privy council, the latter decided in favor of King William IV. This story was told by the king himself to Miss Helen Lloyd, the governess of his children. He added that the privy council was moved to this choice partly by fear of exciting the superstitious fears of the populace, who still bore in their memory a prophecy dating from the seventeenth century, which runs as follows: Henry the Eighth pulled down monks and their

Henry the Ninth shall pull down bishops and -Literary Era.

When Matches Were Introduced. The Atlas, a London newspaper, published on Jan. 10, 1830, the following paragraph under the head of "Instantaneous Light: "Among the different methods invented for obtaining light instantaneously ought certainly to be recorded that of Mr. Walker, chemist, Stockton-on-Tees. He supplies the purchaser with prepared matches, which are put into boxes, but are not liable to change in the atmosphere, and also with a piece of fine glass paper folded softness of the wood underneath, nor does rubbing upon wood or any comout it is instantly inflamed. Mr. Walksale, but only to supply the small de-

The historic plains of Abraham, near Montreal, have been appraised by an expert in the pay of the Dominion government. He declares the land to be worth \$137,000 as real estate. The Ursuline nuns, who own the land, offer to sell for \$30,000 if the government will give them another piece of prop-

erty worth \$50,000.