

MR. BRISHER'S TREASURE.

By H. G. WELLS.

"You can't be too careful who you marry," said Mr. Brisher and pulled thoughtfully with a fat wrinkled hand at the link mustache that hides his want of chin.

"That's why?" I ventured.

"Yes," said Mr. Brisher, with a solemn light in his heavy blue gray eyes, moving his head expressively and breathing intimately at me. "There's lots of 'em 'ad a try at me—many as I could name in this town—but none 'ave done it—none."

I surveyed the flushed countenance, the equatorial expansion, the masterless carelessness of his attire, and I had a sigh to think that by reason of the unworthiness of women he must needs be the last of his race.

"I was a smart young chap when I was younger," said Mr. Brisher. "I 'ad my work out on 'em. But I was very careful—very. And I got through."

He leaned over the taproom table and thought visibly on the subject of my trustworthiness. I was relieved at last by his confidence.

"I was engaged once," he said at last, with a reminiscent eye on the slumpy penny board.

"So near as that?"

He looked at me. "So near as that. Fact is—He looked about him, brought his face close to mine, lowered his voice and fenced off an unsmiling, pathetic world with a grimy hand. "If she ain't dead or married to some one else or anything—I'm engaged still. Now," he confirmed this statement with nods and facial contortions.

"Still," he said, ending the pantomime and broke into a reckless smile at my surprise. "Me! Run away," he explained further, with cursing eyes. "Come on, 'at ain't all. You'd 'ardly believe it," he said, "but I found a treasure. Found a regular treasure."

I fancied this was irony and did not perhaps greet it with proper surprise.

"Yes," he said. "I found a treasure. And come 'ome. I tell you I could surprise you with things that has happened to me." And for some time he was content to repeat that he had found a treasure—and left it.

I made no vulgar clamor for a story, but I became attentive to Mr. Brisher's bodily needs, and presently I led him back to the deserted lady.

"She was a nice girl," he said—a little sadly, I thought—"and respectable—"

He raised his eyebrows and tightened his mouth to express extreme respectability—beyond the likes of us elderly men.

"It was a long way from 'ere; Essex, in fact, near Colchester. It was when I was up in London—in the bulidn trade. I was a smart young chap then, I can tell you. Slim, 'ad best clothes"

"At—silk 'at, mind you."

good as anybody; 'at—silk 'at, mind you—Mr. Brisher's hand shot above his head toward the infinite to indicate a silk hat of the highest—"umbrella—savin's. Very careful I was."

He was pensive for a little while, thinking, as we must all come to think sooner or later, of the vanished brightness of youth. But he refrained from the opportune moral.

"I got to know 'er through a man what was engaged to 'er sister. She was stopping in London for a bit with an aunt that 'ad a shop. This aunt was very particular—they was all very particular people, all 'er people was—and wouldn't let 'er sister go out with this feller except 'er other sister, my girl that is, went with them. So 'e brought me into it, sort of to ease the crowding. We used to go walks in Battersea park of a Sunday afternoon. I liked 'er from the start, and—well, though I say it, she shouldn't—she liked me. You know 'ow it is, I desay?"

I pretended I did.

"And when this chap married 'er sister—im and me was great friends—what must 'e do but arst me down to Colchester, close by where she lived. Naturally I was introduced to 'er people, and, well, very soon her and me was engaged." He repeated "engaged." "She lived at 'ome with 'er father and mother, quite the lady, in a very nice little 'ouse with a garden, and remarkable respectable people they was. Rich you might call 'em—most 'ey owned their own 'ouse—got it out of the building society, and cheap, because the chap who had it before was a burglar and in prison—and they 'ad a bit of freehold land and some cottages and money 'vested. They was what you'd call snug and warm. I tell you, I was on. Furniture too. Why, they 'ad a pianer. Jane—'er name was Jane—used to play it Sundays, and very nice she played too. There wasn't 'ardly a 'ymn toon in the book she couldn't play."

went down there and stopped a fortnight."

"Now, you know there was a sort of 'itch," said Mr. Brisher. "We wanted to marry, me and Jane did, and get things settled. But 'e said I 'ad to get a proper position first. Consequently I went down there I was anxious to show that I was a good, usef' sort of chap like. Show I could do pretty nearly everything like. See?"

I made a sympathetic noise.

"And down at the bottom of their garden was a bit of old part like. So I says to 'im, 'Why don't you 'ave a rockery 'ere?' I says. 'It 'ud look nice.' 'Too much expense,' he says. 'Not a penny,' says I. 'I'm a dab at rockeries. Lemme make you one.' You see, I 'd 'elped my brother make a rockery in the beer garden 'e'ind 'is tap, so I knew 'ow to do it to rights. 'Lemme make you one,' I says. 'It's 'olidays, but I'm that sort of chap. I 'ave 'ad a doing nothing,' I says. 'I'll make you one to rights.' And the long and the short of it was he said I might."

"And that's 'ow I come on the treasure?"

"What treasure?" I asked.

"Why," said Mr. Brisher, "the treasure I'm telling you about, what's the reason why I never married?"

"What—a treasure—dug up?"

"Yes—buried wealth—treasure trove. Come out of the ground. What I kept on saying—regular treasure." He looked at me with unusual disrespect.

"It wasn't more than a foot deep, not the top of it," he said. "I 'ardly got thirsty like before I come on the corner."

"Go on," I said. "I didn't understand."

"Why, directly I 'it the box I knew it was treasure. A sort of instinct told me. Something seemed to shout inside me. 'Now's your chance; be low.' It's lucky I knew the laws of treasure trove, or I 'd 'ave been shouting there and then. I desay you know—"

"Crown bags it," I said, "all but 1 per cent. Go on. It's a shame. What did you do?"

"Uncovered the top of the box. There wasn't anybody in the garden or about like. Jane was 'elping 'er mother do the 'ouse. I was excited, I tell you. I tried the lock and then gave a whack at the hinges. Silver coins—full, shining. It made me tremble to see 'em. And just then I'm blessed if the dustman didn't come 'round the back of the 'ouse. It pretty nearly gave me 'art disease to think what a fool I was to 'ave the money showing. And directly 'er 'er I 'ard the chap next door—'e was 'olidaying, too—watering 'is beans. If only 'e'd looked over the fence!"

"What did you do?"

"Kicked the lid in and covered it up like a shot and went on digging about a yard away from it like mad. And my face, so to speak, was laughing on its own account till I had it hid. I tell you I was regular scared like at my luck. I just thought that 'ad to be kept close, and that was all. It seemed to me the box was regular sticking out and showing, like your legs under the sheets in bed, and I went and put all the earth I 'd got out of my 'ole for the rockery slap on top of it. I was in a sweat. And in the midst of it all out tumbles 'er father. He didn't say anything to me, but Jane told me after—'ad when he went indoors 'e says, 'Lant there jacksnapes of yours, Jane'—'e always called me jacksnapes some'ow—'knows 'ow to put 'is back in to it after all.' Seemed quite impressed by it, 'e did."

"How long was the box?" I asked suddenly.

"Oh, 'bout so by so." Mr. Brisher indicated a moderate sized trunk.

"Full?" said I.

"Full up of silver coins—arf crowns, I believe."

"Why," I cried, "that would mean hundreds of pounds!"

"Thousands," said Mr. Brisher in a sort of sad calm. "I calculated it out."

"But how?"

"All I know is what I found. What I thought at the time was this: The chap who's owned the 'ouse before 'er father 'd been a regular slap up burglar, what you'd call a 'igh class criminal. Used to drive 'is trap, like Peace did." Mr. Brisher meditated on the difficulties of narration and embarked in a hazardous parenthesis. "I don't know if I told you I 'd been a burglar's 'ome before it was my girl's father's, and I knew 'e'd robbed a mail train once. I did know that. It seemed to me—"

"That's very likely," I said. "But what did you do?"

"Sweated," said Mr. Brisher. "Regular run off me."

"All that morning," said Mr. Brisher, "I was at it, pretending to make that rockery and wondering what I should do. I 'd 'ave told 'er father 'praps, only I was doubtful of 'is honesty—I was afraid he might give it up to the authorities—and besides, considering I was marrying into the family, I thought it would be nicer like if it came from me. Put me on a better footing, so to speak. Well, I 'ad three days 'er 'er, so there wasn't no hurry, only I couldn't think what to do."

"I thought," said Mr. Brisher, "and I thought. Once I got regular doubtful whether I'd see it or not and went down to it and 'ad it uncovered again just as her ma come out to 'ang up a bit of washing she'd done. Jumps again. Afterward I was just thinking I 'd 'ave another go at it, when Jane comes to tell me dinner was ready. 'You'll want 'er,' I says, 'seeing all the 'ole you've dug.' I was in a regular daze all dinner wondering whether that chap next door wasn't over the fence and filling 'is pockets. But in the afternoon I got enter in my mind—it seemed to me it must 'ave been there so long it was pretty sure to stop a bit longer—and I tried to get up a bit of discussion to draw out the old man and see what 'e thought of treasure trove."

ed an insincere amusement. "E was a care 'ad at snacks. Said that was the sort of friend 'e'd naturally expect me to 'ave. Said 'e'd naturally expect that from the friend of a loafer who took up with daughters who didn't belong to 'im. There, I couldn't tell you 'arf 'e said. 'E went on most outrageous. I stood up to 'im about it just to draw 'im out. 'Wouldn't you stick to 'arf 'er son not if you found it in the street?' I says. 'Certainly not,' 'e says, 'certainly I wouldn't.' 'What, not if you found it as a sort of treasure?"

"Young man," 'e says, 'there's 'igher 'earty than mine. Render unto Caesar—what is it? Yes.' Well, he fetched up that. A rare 'ad at 'titing you over the 'ead with the Bible was the old man. And so 'e went on. 'E got to such snacks about me at last I couldn't stand it. I 'd promised Jane not to answer 'im back, but it got a bit too thick. I—'I give 'im."

Mr. Brisher by means of enigmatical face work tried to make me think he had had the best of the argument, but I knew better.

"I went out in a 'uff at last, but not before I was pretty sure I 'ad to lift that treasure by myself. The only thing that kep' me up was thinking 'ow I 'd take it out of 'im when I 'ad the cash."

"There was a lengthy pause.

"Now, you'd 'ardly believe it, that all them three days I never 'ad a chance at the blessed treasure, never got out not even a 'arf crown. There was always a something—always."

"Stonishing thing it isn't thought of more," said Mr. Brisher. "Finding treasure's no great shakes. It's getting it. I don't suppose I 'ad a wink any of those nights, thinking where I was to take it, what I was to do with it, 'ow it was to explain it. It made me regular ill. And days I was that dull it made Jane regular 'uffy. 'You ain't the same chap you was in London,' she said several times. I tried to lay it on 'er father and 'is snacks, but, bless you, she knew better. What must she 'ave but that I 'd got another girl on my mind. Well, we 'ad a bit of a row. But I was that set on the treasure I didn't seem to mind a bit anything she said."

"Well, at last I got a sort of plan. I was always a bit good at planning, though carrying out isn't so much in my line. I thought it all out and settled on a plan. First I was going to take all my pockets full of these 'ere 'arf crowns—see?—and afterward, as I 'arf tell you—"

"Well, I got to that state I couldn't think of getting at the treasure again in the daytime, so I waited until the night before I 'ad to go, and then everything was still up I got and slips down to my back door, meaning to get my pockets full. What must I do in the scullery but fall over a pail. Up gets 'er father with a gun—'e was a light sleeper, was 'er father and very suspicious—and there was me. 'Ad to explain I 'd come down to the pump for a drink because my water bottle was bad. 'E didn't let me off a snack or two over that bit, you lay a bob."

"And you mean to say—" I began.

"Wait a bit," said Mr. Brisher. "I says, I 'd made my plan. That put the kyboosh on one bit, but it didn't 'urt the general scheme. I went, and I finished that rockery next day, as though there wasn't a snack in the world. Centented over the stones, I did, dabbed it green and everything. I put a dab of green just to show where the box was. 'ey all came and looked at it and said 'ow nice it was. Even 'e was a bit softer like to see it, and all 'e said was, 'It's a pity you can't always work like that, then you might get something definite to 'elp 'e,' he says. 'Yes, I says—I couldn't 'elp 'e—I put a lot in that rockery,' I says like that. See? 'I put a lot into that rockery,' meaning—"

"I see," said I, for Mr. Brisher is apt to overelaborate his jokes.

"'E didn't," said Mr. Brisher. "Not then anyhow."

"'Ovever, after all that was over off I set for London, only I wasn't going to no London," said Mr. Brisher with sudden animation and thrusting his face into mine. "No fear. What do you think?"

"I didn't go no farther than Colchester, not a yard."

"I 'd left the spade just where I could find it. I 'd got everything planned and right. I 'd 'ad a little trap in Colchester and pretended I wanted to go to Ipswich and stop the night and come back next day, and the chap I 'd 'ad laid at the bottom with the ends hanging over, and a small flannel pillow is placed at one end to support the head of the child above the water. The infant is then laid in the water as if in a bed, and greatly does the wet enjoy the untrammelled kicking and splashing. In taking him out the flannel sheet is raised on either side and wrapped about him and he is carried, warm and moist, to the fire to be rubbed dry with hot towels.—Sacramento Record-Union."

"Advice in His Answers.

The Rev. John McNeill was holding a revival service at Cardiff, Wales, and announced that he would answer any question about the Bible. At once a note was sent up to him reading as follows:

"Dear Mr. McNeill—If you are seeking to help young men, kindly tell me who was Cain's wife."

That seemed a poser, and the audience waited with intense interest, tempered with amusement, to see how the good man would extricate himself. After a pause he said:

"I love young men, especially young inquirers for light, and I would give this young man a word of advice. It is this: Don't lose your soul's salvation looking after other people's wives."

"The Same Old Cry.

"I wonder what Eve said when she found she had to leave the garden of Eden," said Mr. Grumpin's wife.

"It was just about what all women say when they are starting on a journey. She complained that she didn't have a thing to wear."—Washington Star.

even then I couldn't 'ave took money about loose in a trap. I hoisted one end of wild life, and over the whole show went with a tremendous noise. Perfect smash of silver. And then right on the heels of that, flash! Lightning like the day, and there was the back door open and the old man coming down the garden with 'is blooming old gun. He wasn't not a 'undred yards away."

"I tell you I was that upset I didn't think what I was doing. I never stopped, not even to fill my pockets. I went over the fence like a shot and ran like I 'd 'lock for the trap, cussing as I went. I was a state."

"And, will you believe me, when I got to the place where I 'd left the 'orse and trap they'd gone. Orf! When I saw that, I hadn't a cuss left for it. I just danced on the grass, and when I 'd danced enough I started off to London. I was done."

Mr. Brisher was pensive for an interval. "I was done," he repeated very bitterly.

"Well?" I said.

"That's all," said Mr. Brisher.

"You didn't go back?"

"No fear. I 'd 'ad enough of that blooming treasure any'ow for a bit. Besides, I didn't know what was done to chaps who tried to collar a treasure trove. I started off for London there and then."

"And you never went back?"

"Never."

"But about Jane? Did you write?"

"Three times—fishing like. And no answer. We 'd parted in a bit of a 'uff on account of 'er being jealous. So that I couldn't make out for certain why I didn't. I don't suppose I 'ad a wink any of those nights, thinking where I was to take it, what I was to do with it, 'ow it was to explain it. It made me regular ill. And days I was that dull it made Jane regular 'uffy. 'You ain't the same chap you was in London,' she said several times. I tried to lay it on 'er father and 'is snacks, but, bless you, she knew better. What must she 'ave but that I 'd got another girl on my mind. Well, we 'ad a bit of a row. But I was that set on the treasure I didn't seem to mind a bit anything she said."

"Well, at last I got a sort of plan. I was always a bit good at planning, though carrying out isn't so much in my line. I thought it all out and settled on a plan. First I was going to take all my pockets full of these 'ere 'arf crowns—see?—and afterward, as I 'arf tell you—"

"Well, I got to that state I couldn't think of getting at the treasure again in the daytime, so I waited until the night before I 'ad to go, and then everything was still up I got and slips down to my back door, meaning to get my pockets full. What must I do in the scullery but fall over a pail. Up gets 'er father with a gun—'e was a light sleeper, was 'er father and very suspicious—and there was me. 'Ad to explain I 'd come down to the pump for a drink because my water bottle was bad. 'E didn't let me off a snack or two over that bit, you lay a bob."

"And you mean to say—" I began.

"Wait a bit," said Mr. Brisher. "I says, I 'd made my plan. That put the kyboosh on one bit, but it didn't 'urt the general scheme. I went, and I finished that rockery next day, as though there wasn't a snack in the world. Centented over the stones, I did, dabbed it green and everything. I put a dab of green just to show where the box was. 'ey all came and looked at it and said 'ow nice it was. Even 'e was a bit softer like to see it, and all 'e said was, 'It's a pity you can't always work like that, then you might get something definite to 'elp 'e,' he says. 'Yes, I says—I couldn't 'elp 'e—I put a lot in that rockery,' I says like that. See? 'I put a lot into that rockery,' meaning—"

"I see," said I, for Mr. Brisher is apt to overelaborate his jokes.

"'E didn't," said Mr. Brisher. "Not then anyhow."

"'Ovever, after all that was over off I set for London, only I wasn't going to no London," said Mr. Brisher with sudden animation and thrusting his face into mine. "No fear. What do you think?"

"I didn't go no farther than Colchester, not a yard."

"I 'd left the spade just where I could find it. I 'd got everything planned and right. I 'd 'ad a little trap in Colchester and pretended I wanted to go to Ipswich and stop the night and come back next day, and the chap I 'd 'ad laid at the bottom with the ends hanging over, and a small flannel pillow is placed at one end to support the head of the child above the water. The infant is then laid in the water as if in a bed, and greatly does the wet enjoy the untrammelled kicking and splashing. In taking him out the flannel sheet is raised on either side and wrapped about him and he is carried, warm and moist, to the fire to be rubbed dry with hot towels.—Sacramento Record-Union."

"Advice in His Answers.

The Rev. John McNeill was holding a revival service at Cardiff, Wales, and announced that he would answer any question about the Bible. At once a note was sent up to him reading as follows:

"Dear Mr. McNeill—If you are seeking to help young men, kindly tell me who was Cain's wife."

That seemed a poser, and the audience waited with intense interest, tempered with amusement, to see how the good man would extricate himself. After a pause he said:

"I love young men, especially young inquirers for light, and I would give this young man a word of advice. It is this: Don't lose your soul's salvation looking after other people's wives."

"The Same Old Cry.

"I wonder what Eve said when she found she had to leave the garden of Eden," said Mr. Grumpin's wife.

"It was just about what all women say when they are starting on a journey. She complained that she didn't have a thing to wear."—Washington Star.

ENGLISH SPARROWS.

Dates at Which These Birds Were Imported into This Country.

I have been asked several times lately at what date the common English sparrows were imported into the United States and by whom.

It seems that the first attempt was made in 1838 by a private citizen of Portland, Me. In the fall of that year he liberated six sparrows, and they immediately made themselves at home in his garden and outbuildings. For a few years these birds and their descendants were seen in and about the town in small squads. These birds multiplied until in the winter of 1871 a flock of them appeared in every near-by town, thus showing their tendency to spread over adjoining territory.

About 1860 12 birds were imported and liberated near Madison square, New York city, and this was repeated for several seasons.

In 1864 the commissioners of New York liberated 14 birds in Central park. About this time numerous persons returning from abroad brought a few birds home and set them at liberty in and about Jersey city.

The craze for importing these birds spread, and in 1868 the city government of Boston imported a great number. But the birds had not been carefully handled, and they did not thrive, and others were brought over. The birds which survived from these various importations were carefully fed and looked after by the city government.

In 1869 a thousand were imported and liberated in the city of Philadelphia, and soon the birds spread over all adjacent territory.

About this time the Smithsonian Institution became interested in bringing these birds to this country, so they imported 300, but most of them died. In 1871 the same institution brought over another lot, and they were successfully cared for.

From this it is seen that the birds have started from a number of points and were not one or two importations to New York, as is usually supposed.—Washington Post.

Pennsylvania Weasels.

Possibly few who read of "kings" robes of royal ermine appreciate that the rightful and first possessors of the benedictine coat is sometimes a denizen of the Keystone State. It may be that some subtle force suggested to turncoat monarchs to choose the pelt of this animal for their own. In fact, during the greater portion of the year the ermine is a plain egg sucking weasel. As winter comes on he assumes a white coat, with a black tipped tail.

Putolus noveboracensis, as the scientist calls the weasel or ermine, ranges from North Carolina away up into Canada. It is now, however, so scarce or scarce that it is not taken or taken in Pennsylvania, although two specimens have just been received at the Academy of Natural Sciences from Sullivan county. In fact, south of Pennsylvania the weasel never changes color in winter, and this fact goes far to substantiate the theory of protective coloration. Thus when snow covers the ground the white ermine becomes nearly invisible, while in his weasel's guise during the summer he is not nearly so conspicuous as he would be did he wear his white coat all the year round.

Another interesting fact is that while the animals that live in the north always change color those in the south do not, the reason being that their white color would not protect, but destroy, them, as there is almost no snow in the south.—Philadelphia Record.

A Cruel Blunder.

Two brothers had the habit of calling on the same South Side girl. One of the brothers, George, was to take part in some private theatricals, and the girl had promised to fix up a shirt and a pair of shoes for his costume. The articles were to be delivered to her on a certain evening.

Frank, the second brother, took it in his head to call on the girl that same evening. Frank knew nothing of the arrangements George had made with her to help him with his costume. He rang the bell, asked the maid to tell the girl that Mr. Allen had called and sat down in the parlor.

The maid went up stairs and presently returned, trying hard not to smile.

"Miss Jones says she is busy just now and that you are to send up your shirt and shoes," was the message she handed Frank.

"I'm to take up your shirt and shoes?"

"Thanks, but I may need them myself to go home with. I hope Miss Jones will be better in the morning. Never mind; I will close the door myself."—Chicago Chronicle.

Disheartening.

Even the clergyman, noble and inspiring as his vocation is, has now and then his bad moments.

"Oh, sir," said a poor woman to a Scotch minister, who was by no means a popular preacher, "well do I like the day when you give us the sermon."

"I'm pleased," said the minister, flushing with pleasure. "I wish there were more like you, my good woman. It is seldom I hear such words from any one."

"Maybe their hearing's stronger than mine, sir," said the woman promptly, "but when you preach I can always get a good seat."—Youth's Companion.

Ask for Our New Price List.

The man is propeous who saves a dollar on this and a half dollar on that; the prices quoted in our new complete 40-page list help you in this direction.

It pays you to deal where no false representations are made, but where goods are sold directly as advertised.

Isn't it much more satisfactory and much easier to sit down at home, look over the catalogue, select the goods required and mail your order, than to depend upon stores where the stock is small, as well as assortment incomplete, and get something that does not give half satisfaction, notwithstanding that you do pay an extravagant price?

Smith's Cash (Dept.) Store
No. 25 Market Street, San Francisco.

STOVES.

Owing to the mildness of the climate in Portugal heating stoves are rarely used in that country.

Heating and cooking stoves are both used by the upper classes in Greece, but the lower classes still live without using either.

Very few heating and cooking stoves are used in Paraguay. All the houses have brick stoves built in them, so that iron stoves have little or no sale.

Stoves made of tiling are in general use in Austria. They are said to be superior to iron stoves on account of the great economy of fuel possible by their use.

There is in the Mediterranean countries a widespread prejudice against artificial heat, and consequently not more than one house in six is ever heated during the winter time.

Iron cooking stoves are almost an unknown luxury among the people of South America and the West Indies. They still cook in open fireplaces and by other primitive methods.

The cooking stove, as it is known in the United States, does very little service in France. A few are in use in the country, but in most farmhouses the cooking is done in a large open fireplace. In the cities a furnace is built in the small kitchen.

Paying the Landlord.

The proprietor of one of the new apartment houses near Fifth avenue has paid a rather heavy penalty for having a cartoonist as one of his tenants. The artist wanted some changes made in the decoration of his apartment, and the proprietor declined to make them. The proprietor's features are pronounced, and he wears long, flowing side whiskers. His face, distorted to suit the cartoonist's fancy, has appeared nearly every week in one of the comic papers. Sometimes the proprietor figures as the villain and again as the countryman who is bunked every week in the pages of this publication. The cartoonist lets the whiskers grow from week to week; then, just as his victim imagines that they will grow so long that his friend will not recognize him, the artist trims the whiskers down again. The proprietor of the apartment house has concluded that the only way in which he can get even with the cartoonist is to put in a bill for services as model.—New York Sun.

WOMEN AND DREAMS.

Superstition That Is Rife Even Among the Educated Fair Sex.

It doesn't seem possible that in this enlightened age superstition could be rife among the educated, but there are nevertheless a number of young women who converse fluently, if not eloquently, in three languages, and who read Spencer and Browning and Emerson, but who place a dreambook with their Bible on the table beside the bed, and consult it in the morning the first thing.

With a credulity worthy of a negro mammy, if their sleep has been visited with unusual visitors they seize this volume as soon as their eyes are fairly open and look for an explanation. If misfortune is foretold by it, the seeker after knowledge assumes a bravado she is far from feeling. "I don't care," she says to herself, by way of bolstering up her courage. "I am not superstitious, anyway, and I don't believe in such a sort of nonsense." But she's nervous, only the same for days until her troubles have driven this mythical one out of her mind.

There's one young woman known to the writer who never dreams of a young child without shivering and shaking for days after in fear of some dreadful thing happening to her. She has not consulted a dreambook on the subject, and so she doesn't know how infants and bad luck became connected in her mind, but nevertheless, after she has had a visit of this sort while sleeping, she says prayers of unusual length and then makes up her mind to be patient under afflictions loss.

She is an intelligent woman, mind you, but she doesn't attempt to explain the terror that besets her at this particular dream. She doesn't call herself superstitious—of course no woman does, not even the one who wouldn't walk under a ladder—but her friends do and make fetch of her until she exposes some fetish of theirs, when the subject is carefully avoided afterward.—Baltimore American.

A Professional Blunder.

"I am satisfied now that I have made a professional blunder in your case," the physician said, noting the symptoms of his patient.

"A blunder, doctor? Don't I seem to be improving fast enough?"

"You are improving too fast. Your manly had begun to interest me exceedingly, and I wanted to see what it would develop into if allowed to run, but I stupidly gave you a prescription that has knocked it entirely out of your system."—Chicago Tribune.

Not Correlative.

Mrs. Housekeep—Do you really mean to say you are looking for work?

Harvard Hasbeen—No, lady; that's neither what I said nor what I meant to say. I said I was looking for employment.—Philadelphia Press.

Importers and Dealers in Book, News, Writing and Wrapping...
BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE
CARD STOCK
STRAW AND BINDERS' BOARD
55-57 FINE ST., FIRST FL.
TEL. MAIN 199, 31 SAN FRANCISCO.

Sleazy furnish- ing rooms by the day, week or month. Single or single low rates. Country rates. Country rates. Country rates.
THE CUSTER
patronage solicited, and no pains will be spared to make them comfortable during their visit.
906 Market St. and 9 Ellis St., corner
Stockton, San Francisco.
Telephone Room 304. MRS. RANFT, Prop.

NEW COMMISSION HOUSE
MARTIN, CAMM & CO.
121-123 Davis St., San Francisco.
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 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



Pronounced ca-fay—accent on last syllable

Where He Failed.

The young man drew himself up to his full height.

"I have," he cried, "an unsullied character, an ardent heart, a versatile mind and strenuous biceps."

The young girl yawned and seemed interested.

He was quick to push his advantage.

"I am the possessor of a town and country house, a yacht, a stable of thoroughbreds and a box at the opera."

She hesitated, and a slight blush betrayed that she was listening.

"I have got," he continued, with a certain fierceness, "30 servants, 40 pairs of trousers, 50 ascot-ties, three automobiles, six prize bull pups and an army commission."

Ah, she had found her tongue at last! "And how many gold medals?" she hisped.

The young man shuddered.

He felt that he had lost. He had played nervily and high, but she was above his limit.—Judge.

They Like Fat Girls in Tails.

A Tunisian girl has no chance of marriage unless she tips the scale at 200 pounds, and to that end she commences to fatten when she is 15 years old. She takes aperitifs and eats a great deal of sweet stuff and leads a sedentary life to hasten the process. Up to 15 she is very handsome, but at 20 what an immense, unwieldy mass of fat she becomes! She waddles, or, rather, undulates, along the street. Her costume is very picturesque, especially if she be of the richer class. They are clothed in fine silks of resplendent hues of a bright red, yellow or green and wear a sort of conical shaped headdress, from which depends a loose white drapery, Turkish trousers and dainty slippers, the heel of which barely reaches the middle of the foot, complete the costume.

Too Rich For Him.

Jinks (meeting Winks in light lunch cafe)—Hello! What are you doing here?

Winks—Getting my lunch, of course.

Jinks—But I thought you were keeping a swell restaurant down town.

Winks—So I am, but I wouldn't keep it long if I ate there. It's too expensive.—Philadelphia Press.