

THE SHADOW OF THE CORDILLERA, Or, The Magnolia Flower.

BY VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ.
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY ERVIN WARDMAN.

CHAPTER II.
The magnolia tree that had been planted out by the acquila had seen spring give place to summer and autumn to winter nearly 13 times, when at last one day Berrendo and Cristino, his neighbor, hit upon a merry plan. Henceforth there should be no more wrangling. The field over which the water flowed was to be Liana's marriage portion.

Of course they would have to wait awhile for the wedding. Inocencio, Berrendo's grandson, was only 12, and Liana, the granddaughter of Cristino, was but 9. Meanwhile, having determined upon the plan which should put an end to the contention of years, the two old men were in rare glee. In their abandon they drank to the health of their grandchildren more times than was good for them in Perras brandy of the best.

Berrendo was sharply denounced in consequence by his wife, but Cristino, poor old fellow, had no senora's gracious presence in his house. To be sure, Liana opened her great eyes wide when he laughed inordinately and sat down on a table instead of a chair. But as he allowed her to take a picture of St. Catherine that hung on the wall and cut out the saint's figure for a doll she thought, on the whole, it was rather nice.

Inocencio and Liana had grown up together, and they were both alike in this—they were orphans. The little girl was but 3 years old when her parents, who had gone to spend a week with some cousins in a near-by pueblo, were carried off by a pestilence of smallpox which swept down upon the town. The boy's mother had died in giving him birth. As to his father—well, no one ever spoke of his father, and Inocencio grew so at last that he disliked to ask his grandfather any questions concerning him.

However, he noticed a singular thing in this connection. Whenever by chance it happened that he was bold enough to broach the subject Berrendo, having gruffly warded him off, would invariably break into the same little snatches of an old Spanish song:

De mi lezo escaparas,
Pero de mis boca—quaieto!

And then he would go about his work, puffing and steaming at a great rate. Berrendo had never been a gauchito—Inocencio was sure of that—so why did he sing this couplet? That was a gauchito's song.

The devoted grandmother—she who nursed the stone bruiser, picked out the silver, kissed away the troubles, gladdened the young heart by her simple tales—had told him one thing, though. His father's name was Claude. His mother had asked that the priest should give her baby that name, too, and he had—Claude Inocencio.

close to the governor's palace, where the flowers are so beautiful, or next to the big cathedral, where they burn a million lights?"

"Why, Inocencio!" exclaimed Liana admiringly. And then she added, "I think I should like best to be near the dear Santuaría." She rubbed her pretty cheeks up and down his arm affectionately. "Because, you know, I love it so."

For several years now the good padre had been taking her and Inocencio there on the feast of Guadalupe to join in the festa of the people. The vast nave of the Santuaría, crowded with kneeling forms, and the dazzling splendor of the white and gold altar had quite stolen away the child's warm religious soul.

The children went on playing quietly for a few moments, each busy with separate thoughts, until Liana interrupted the silence.

"Yes, I love the Santuaría, and it would be kind of you to buy me a house close to it. But, no—I should want to go with you, Inocencio. Grandfather will be old and withered then and I only have two teeth left. Oh, no! I should want to go with you, dear Inocencio."

"You couldn't, into the deep forests. You are a girl," remarked Inocencio dryly.

Liana's lip trembled for a second. Then she rejoined with a dainty triumph in her voice:

"Ah, well, perhaps I shall not want to marry you at all!"

It was at this juncture that Inocencio had brought his lips together in a most fearful, grim fashion—a fashion which he had and which grandmother saw sometimes, but seldom Liana.

"There is no use in many words. I like them not. But I am going to marry you."

The next evening, when the padre came to hear their lessons and they were seated around the little table with the kerosene lamp in the center, Liana informed his reverence that Inocencio had spoken to her "many times."

The padre pulled a face, and, drawing the boy close to him, whispered something in his ear.

Inocencio smiled and stood upright for a moment, tapping his forehead significantly.

"He is going to beg your pardon in English," the padre explained.

There came Inocencio's rich, mellow voice, with a childish treble in it: "Mees, I ask of you par-din. Zee hands I kiss of you."

"Isn't the English tongue funny, padre?" laughed Liana merrily. "May I learn it too? I'll study hard."

No wonder they loved the good padre of the little pueblo. He was a man into whose being something better than mere scholarship had passed—woodcraft and weather wit, the friendship of animals and a delicate sympathy with the life of childhood. The gentleness of his manner contrasted oddly with the bigness of his physique. And he was quite content to spend his days in his humble little corner of the earth. He was too fastidious as well as too lowly to care greatly for the flinging up of caps in the street.

THE HONEYBEE.

Its Curious Jaws and Its Wonderful Little Tongue.

With the closest scrutiny it becomes evident that the bee does not, like other creatures, house its tongue in its mouth, but neatly folds it back beneath its head. Pumblebees, when disturbed, have a way of threatening with their jaws, while the honeybee has the more direct method of settling intruders with her sting.

The jaws of the bee are very creditable organs and can give quite a formidable nip. Catch a bee in a net and see how viciously it will bite at the meshes, working its jaws sideways instead of up and down.

We call this wonderful implement of the bee a tongue, but in reality it is more than this, for the whole arrangement consists of two slender filaments called maxilla, the under lip and the actual tongue. If a drop of honey lies near the surface of a flower, the slender, active tongue, darting out from the case formed by the maxilla, licks it up with the same ease that a dog licks a plate. Should the tube of the flower be elongated the bee has at command another length of tongue, which is shot out from within and shuts up like a telescope when no longer wanted.

To appreciate fully this delicate organ you should watch the bee separate it into its component parts and clean it out. The lengthening process of the proboscis, as the tongue and its allied parts are sometimes called, is accomplished by a series of springs and hinges. In addition to this telescoping power, the tongue is a hairy member, the hairs arranged in rings, the longest ones toward the center. They assist in lifting in the nectar and in pumping it into the mouth. Thence it goes to the honey sack.—Chautauquan.

PITH AND POINT.

Very few people want to know the truth unless it fits their prejudice. Every one who doesn't like you is looking for a chance to laugh at you.

A great deal of nerve is sometimes necessary to keep from being cranky.

You know a whole lot if you know enough to know you don't know anything.

When a boy is not invited to a party, he hangs around the outside to see how things are going.

When a dressmaker makes a quilt out of silk scraps, the women begin to look at her with suspicion.

Every one is some kind of a sinner. The employee too honest to take a postage stamp will steal his employer's time.

Be sensible with your children. When you want them to do a thing, tell them why. Don't tell them they must do it or take a beating, or that they must do it because you say so.—Atchison Globe.

An Undesirable Boarder.

Some time ago the keeper of a boarding house retired from business after having acquired a comfortable competency in the course of about 20 years. During that period her house became well known in the city and among the women in her own business. She never realized how well known it was until she set out to find a place to live in herself.

She applied first at the house kept by a woman nearly as well known as herself only to learn that there was no room for her. It was not until she had been through the same experience several times that she came to understand that she was not wanted in the establishments of her former rivals. Her reputation for keeping a fine house was too much for the other women, who did not want to submit to the scrutiny of a former boarding house keeper who had made a reputation and a fortune in the business.

She learned, after going to a hotel where her record could not be used against her, that she was not the only woman who had found it difficult to get into a boarding house after having kept one of her own. When they are well known, it is practically impossible for such women to find quarters, for whatever her reasons may be the landlady does not like to shelter her kind.—New York Sun.

THE ALPHABET'S MEETING.

The alphabet met and said that "they were too arranged in a proper way." A had stood at the head too long. It was not right; it was utterly wrong. "For you all know and can plainly see that place belongs to me," said J. "You take the head, indeed!" said J. "That place is meant for my dear K." "But, but, but! Well, well, well! I'll stand there myself, then," said I. "Excuse us, please, we think that we have a word to say," said B, C, D.

"Suppose you have," said F as he softly whispered a word to E. "Who'll present, I'd like to know," standing head M, N or O? "We've listened in silence to all of you and now will 'head' you," said P and Q. "Our impression is, you had better try." Then angrily spoke both H and I. "How rude and coarse!" said R, S, T. "The 'sins of some!'" said U and V. "Would drive one mad," said W, X, Y, Z. But, after all, the letters still stand A at the head, at the foot &.

TALK OF MARRIAGE.

It Is Proper For the Man, But Not For the Girl, Apparently.

A man may remark on his intention to marry at some indefinite future time, when prudence or other considerations may make it possible or advisable, without having, as a rule, to run the gantlet of a chorus of impertinent and stupid would-be witty remarks. But should a girl be bold enough, or rather, natural and simple enough, to say the same thing what would be the result? Why, every one knows that she would be promptly sneered out of countenance.

And why? Is it immodest for a woman to express a determination to enter into a state which we are being continually reminded is a natural and honorable state, while it is modest and proper for a man to do so? Such a distinction would never be drawn except for the "sheepness" to which reference has been made.

If a man wants to marry, he can marry. If the first woman he asks refuses him, he has only to ask a second or perhaps a third or fourth. It would be safe to guarantee that within a month any man of fairly respectable life and position and appearance who cared to make the experiment could marry in his own class, could marry probably a woman much superior to himself.

But what about the girl who intends to marry "some day"? Is she not in a very different position from the man? Here is a girl of good character—much better than the man's, probably—average intelligence, average good looks. Theoretically she is free to marry whom she will, but is she? If she receives one distinct offer of marriage, she has had more than her share, according to the probable average.

The fact that by an unwritten law a woman must not take, and, indeed, does not want to take, the initiative has very little to do with the extremely limited choice which modern conditions impose upon English women.—Nineteenth Century.

Swallowed Two Pounds of Stone.

Stones do not form part of the recognized diet of the cororant, but one of these birds in the National Zoological park in Washington had a craving which could be satisfied only by eating two pounds of stones. The keeper's attention was attracted to the bird because after having once sat down it couldn't get up. He was picked up, and then the stones were heard rattling inside of him. An official connected with the park decided that something must be done, and he promptly cut the cororant open and relieved him of his burden. One of the stones, of irregular shape, was 3½ inches long. The incision was sewed up, and for five days the bird got along all right, the wound healing finely, but at the end of that time the cororant grew restive and pulled out the stitches with his hooked bill. As a consequence of opening up the wound he died.

Artificial Stone.

Quarrymen and stone dressers will probably be gradually crowded out of their occupation by the use of artificial stone. In the manufacture of this stone the sand is heated and the cement added to the amount of 12 per cent of the mixture. The steel molds are filled with the dry material and moved into an immense cylinder, which is closed and bolted. Boiling water is then turned in under pressure sufficient to force it all through the sand in the molds. The cement slacks, but the steel molds do not permit any expansion to occur, and the stone is formed and dried under an immense pressure. The result is a very hard stone, which can be supplied in shapes desired and much cheaper than the natural stone.

Noncooking Restaurants.

Odd as it may appear to dwellers in small cities, some of the down town restaurants in New York are buildings in which no cooking is allowed. Some of the busiest of the midday restaurants purchase all their meats and stews already cooked and merely heat them through again before serving them to patrons. This branch of the restaurant business has become an established business, and owners of ovens thrive at it.—New York Sun.

THE TALE OF A DOG.

A TRUTHFUL NARRATIVE OF CANINE TENACITY AND SAGACITY.

As the Story of the Feat Was Related by a Preacher Who Was a Party to the Incident No Further Testimony Is Necessary.

A certain Nashville statesman is about one of the best story tellers in Tennessee, and his repertoire includes a lot of good ones, fish and otherwise. On the truthfulness of some he will stake his reputation for veracity, but he tells one which he always prefixes with the statement that it was told him by a minister of the gospel, Dr. Bardwell, who will be remembered here by the older inhabitants as the assistant of Dr. Edgar of revered memory, who was pastor of the First Presbyterian church during the latter years of General Andrew Jackson's life and attended the old hero in his last illness. The story is told as follows:

"Dr. Bardwell used to visit my father's house when I was a boy, and the story I am about to tell you was related to me on the occasion of one of these visits. We were out on the veranda smoking one evening after supper. The doctor was fond of dogs and was a pretty good sportsman and naturally the conversation turned on this subject.

"Speaking of dogs," said Dr. Bardwell, "reminds me of a dog which belonged to a friend of mine in Mississippi. I had been invited to hold services at a church near this friend's house and wrote him to meet me at the station, some six miles from his house, on the Saturday afternoon before Sunday, the day of the appointment.

"He was on time with horses, and we started to his home. I noticed that a very handsome bird dog followed us, and, having heard that some one in that neighborhood owned an especially well trained trick dog, I asked my friend about it.

"That's the dog," at the same time pointing at his dog, which had run ahead of us and was waiting at the forks of the road.

"I asked him to make him perform a trick. He got down from his horse, called the dog and, taking out his pocketbook, held it to the dog's nose. He then took out a silver half dollar and, walking some distance into the woods, raised up a large rock and put the money under it. We then resumed our journey, and when probably half a mile away my friend called his dog and told him to go back and get the money.

"The dog, without the least hesitation, started back on a run, and my friend explained, as the rock was heavy the dog would be unable to turn it over, so would have to scratch under it to reach the piece of money, and he would not probably get home before we reached there, it then being about three miles farther on to his house.

"However, when we reached home the dog was not there. We ate supper, and still the dog did not come, nor had he put in an appearance when we retired at about 10 o'clock.

"The next morning we got up about daylight, and, hearing a noise outside, my friend opened the door, and the dog rushed in dragging with him a pair of pantaloons, which he dropped on the floor.

"Of course we were both mystified, but had not long to wait an explanation, for shortly afterward a man who lived several miles from my friend's house rode up on a mule and inquired if a dog with a pair of pantaloons in his mouth had come into the house. The dog at this moment came out on the porch, and the man said, 'Why, there's the dog now.'

"My friend told his caller that the dog had really brought a pair of pantaloons home with him, but he did not understand it himself.

"The man said that late in the afternoon the day before he found the dog scratching under a large rock near the road and, thinking he was after a rabbit, stopped and lifted the rock up, and, to his surprise, found a half dollar on the underside.

"He put the money in his pocket, and the dog followed him home. The dog appeared to be friendly, and the man petted him and gave him his supper. At night when the family retired the dog was put on the outside, but he kept up a racket till no one could sleep on the place, and when the man opened the door to drive the dog off he rushed into his bedroom and at once became very quiet, lying down near the foot of the bed, where he slept all night.

"Early in the morning, the man said, he got up and opened the window, and the instant he did so the dog seized his pantaloons in his mouth and, jumping out of the window, fled.

"The man followed as soon as he could get his mule.

"He put the pantaloons on, and, as he was reaching the door, he found the dog had hid under the rock the afternoon before."—Nashville Banner.

Time to Go to Work.

A woman was once trying to induce General Sherman to use his influence for her son in order that he might be given a place in the army, for which, however, he had shown no particular fitness. "His father was in the army," said the urgent mother, "and so were his grandfather and his great-grandfather, and it seems as if he ought to follow the line."

"Him! Three generations in the army," said the general. "Don't you think, madam, that it is about time for one member of the family to work for a living?"

Ask for Our New Price List.

The man is propitious 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.

Proved Her Nationality. Recently a bent old lady entered one of the Salina street stores and upon being asked what she wished to see made reply in what the clerk judged to be an unknown language. A second inquiry proving no more satisfactory, the clerk excused herself and went in search of one of her colleagues who is of German descent.

"Oh, Miss L., she entreated, 'won't you come over to my counter for a minute? There's a poor old German lady there, and I can't understand a word she says.'

Miss L. followed and, pausing before the stool on which the would-be customer was seated, inquired in her sweetest tones:

"Are you a German?"

"The 'poor old German lady' raised her handkerchief to her lips and evidently extricated something from her month. Then, bending a look of the utmost scorn upon the clerk, she exclaimed in a rich and unmistakable brogue:

"Garman, is it? Indade an I'm not. But I've got a new set of false tathe, bad seran to thim! An now, if ye please, will wan of yez wait on me?"—Syracuse Herald.

Entertaining Squirrels.

Alive in his native woods the squirrel is an amusing little fellow, and he will entertain you by the hour if you will let him.

You probably become first aware of his presence by his dropping things on your head. Then he zigzags up a tree. While he pauses for thought, or possibly to wash his face, another squirrel comes scudding along the branches of a neighboring tree, and away they go, one chasing the other, jumping from branch tip to branch tip, racing up and down the trunk and making the bark fly. Sometimes one loses his footing and falls headlong 20 or 30 feet to the ground, landing there with a force that makes him bounce. You think every grain of sense must be knocked out of the small body, but he only blinks a bit, and, after a moment spent perhaps in letting the stars set that must have suddenly risen before his eyes, he streaks it up the nearest tree after the other fellow. Long after they have disappeared from sight, you hear from chattering together up among the leaves like two watchmen's rattles.—Philadelphia Record.

Her Opinion of Asparagus.

It seems that asparagus is not grown in the tropics—at least it was not grown in Rio de Janeiro when a certain American gentleman, who had lived several years in the Brazilian capital, went with his wife and 8-year-old daughter to visit friends living near Buenos Ayres, a part of the continent where the climate is better adapted to the fruits and vegetables of the temperate regions.

At the first dinner after their arrival the visitors were treated to some fresh asparagus. The little 8-year-old daughter was likewise served with the asparagus, but she evidently did not think much of it as an article of food.

Her mother tried for some time to coax her to eat it. Finally the little girl, taken between the rudeness of whispering at the table and the rudeness of not eating her food, leaned over and, with a choking voice and quivering lip, whispered to her mother: "Mamma, it is not nice. It's raw at one end and rotten at the other."

An English Explanation.

This is the way a prominent English paper explains it. The president of the United States, who receives a salary of £10,000 a year, must pay for all the food consumed at the White House, and the expenses of getting up an elaborate state dinner are not small. Cigars and wines the president buys, and they must be of the best. He has to maintain his own equipage. The government, however, allows him a valet; also a clerk, who opens all his letters. All other personal servants must be engaged by the master and mistress of the White House.

Scandinavian English.

Sir Herbert Maxwell gives in his "Memories of the Months" the following copy of a beguiling advertisement set forth by a Scandinavian who could "spik luglis" and who had a shrewd idea of luring tourists to his salmon river:

Look Her! Salmon! The honorable travelers are invited to, that undersigned, who lives in Florida pr. Val. den Baskid count. Norway short or long time, hires out a good Salmonriver. Good lodging find. DENNIS MAX.

A Combination Tree.

A pine tree and a birch tree have grown so close together in Woolwich, Me., that one trunk serves for both, sending forth pine branches on one side and birch on the other. The union seems a happy one in spite of the fact that the two trees are as widely separated by the botanists as two well can be, and the gnarled branches of the pine embrace the birch in a most affectionate manner.

Just as Bad. Educated Egyptian—You have no wonderful hieroglyphics in your country, sir; no mysterious inscriptions, no undecipherable relics of an ancient literature whose secrets the wise men of the world have tried for ages to discover.

Tourist—No, we haven't any of those things, but (brightening up) we've got our "railway guides"—London Fun.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

Importers and Dealers in Book, News, Writing and Stationery. PAPER STOCK. STRAW AND HIPPERS' BOARD. 55-57-59-61, First St. TEL. MAIN 199, 37 SAN FRANCISCO.

THE CUSTER

Nicely furnished rooms by the day or week, on suite for single or low rates. Country patronage solicited, and no pains will be spared to make them comfortable during the visit. 906 Market St., and 9 Ellis St., corner Stockton, San Francisco. Telephone Red 304. MISS. RANFT, Prop.

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 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 ca-fay—accent on last syllable.

A Model. Mr. Jones came home at an unseasonable hour the other night and was surprised to see Mrs. Jones sitting up for him below stairs, with no other light than that of the gas lamp, which faced the door, to keep her company.

"M-M-Marie," he said huskily, "you shouldn't sit up 's late when I'm out on business."

As Mrs. Jones did not answer him, he continued in an alarmed voice:

"Shorry, m'dear, but it's last time—tell you I'm sorry—won't speak to me?"

At this moment Mrs. Jones called from above stairs:

"Mr. Jones, who are you talking to at this hour of the night?"

"Thash what I'd like to know m-myself," stammered Jones.

Mrs. Jones hastened down stairs, lamp in hand. When she saw the situation, she laughed in spite of being very angry.

"It's the model," she said—"the model I bought today to fit my dresses on."

"Yes, thash so," said Jones tipsily. "Model woman—didn't talk back—make some fellow good wife."—London Tit-Bits.

The Odd Shillings.

There is very little difference between a pound and a guinea; only a shilling, and yet the keen business man insists that the shilling shall be considered. After Thackeray's series of lectures on the four Georges had been delivered in London, Willert Beale says that he called upon the novelist in Onslow square with a check for £250.

"What's this, W. B.?" cried Thackeray, reading the check. "Pounds? Our agreement says guineas, and guineas it must be."

"You are aware that the lectures so far have involved very heavy losses," said Beale apologetically.

"That's not my affair," said Thackeray. "I don't know what occur means you have to protect yourself from loss. Guineas, W. R.! Guineas it must be, and nothing else. I must have the shillings."

And the shillings were sent him immediately.

Katrine—I was reading this morning of a man who cooked his own breakfast for 15 years.

Max—He must have been very hungry when he finally got it done.—Roma