

THE SHADOW OF THE CORDILLERA

Or, The Magnolia Flower.

BY VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ.

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CHAPTER III.

By and by Innocencio was 18. He now stood six feet, bootless, and was, moreover, a young fellow of magnificent build. (It was his ancestors who used to dance the war dance and cry "Quich-ka!" not those who lived in a castle and wrote on crested paper, that he had to thank for this.) His eyes were as dark as the waters of the Rio Grande under the cover of a starless night, and they looked out straight into those of his fellows like the eyes of an animal that does not know enough to fear.

In the pueblo where he lived he was regarded as a marvel for bravery and strength. Once, when there had been one of those rare occurrences in Mexico, a fire, all the town had flocked about to see it, thinking it, for its rarity, better than a show. Then, in full view of every one, with the flames scorching him and the smoke blinding him, Innocencio had fetched out from the fire an old woman in one arm, a crippled girl in the other, while on his shoulders was a little boy. Oh, it was a marvelous feat, and beyond doubt he was a youth of courage, they said.

Liana, for her part, was fast growing into womanhood and was withdrawing to look upon. To Innocencio she was very fair indeed, and his wont was to liken her to the flowers that smiled, rare, white and wonderful, from among the dark leaves of the magnolia tree. La bella magnolia, he called her. At times she glanced with such favor upon him that he almost thought the beautiful dreams he had dared to dream were about to be realized, and old Cristino would chuckle in his heavy, ponderous way, and slapping him on the back, say that all would yet be well, that Liana's heart was in the right place, after all.

Again clouds would lower and the girl would look at Innocencio indifferently. Her scarlet mouth would draw itself down in a pout, and her eyes, and she would call him "the son-of-a-bitch" and ask him in stiff, stilted tones if his health were good these days.

Innocencio was as shy of expression as any of his forebears that ever tipped in silence along a dusky trail, and for the most part, he suffered these capricious moods without a word. But there came an occasion of a memorable outburst of strength and righteous indignation which brought things rather more to a climax.

It was the feast of Guadalupe, and, as usual, both he and Liana were in the merry city with the good padre. And merry indeed it was. The long, straight street leading to the Santuario formed a brilliant vista to the gaze. Nearly every house along its length was lighted with vessels of burning oil and with a profusion of many colored lanterns and made gay with draperies, green boughs and pictures of the "Mother of the Mexicans," as a thousand banners proclaimed Our Lady of Guadalupe.

The sidewalks were filled with a moving throng of men and women, their faces all set in the same direction—toward an arch of fire that spanned the street in the distance. The arch was formed of paper lanterns strung on wires across the street, and the brilliancy of the lights illuminated and outlined like some enchanted structure against the sky the grand old Santuario.

The plaza in front of the church also was filled with a mass of humanity, while surrounding it on all sides were the vendors of tortillas and strange fruits and vegetables with still stranger Indian names. The vendors squatted on squares of matting and sold their commodities by the light of flaring torches.

Although not so fashionable a throng as that to be seen in the Plaza de Armas, the crowd about the Santuario was composed of all classes. Cavaliers in picturesque, silver laced riding dress mingled with men whose white calzones, rolled up to their knees, showed lean, brown, sinewy legs. There were grave, stately Mexicans and eager, talkative Americans.

As the Padre Antonio and those who were with him passed from the front of the cathedral across the plaza Innocencio saw something that caused him to clench his hand and made the blood surge to his head till the gay scene spun before his gaze in a swaying mist. He saw the bold, passionate look of a young American who was devouring the beauty of Liana's exquisite face, and he caught the quick upward glance of Liana's eyes, the blush upon her cheek and the pout of her lips before she drew more closely the folds of her reboso about her.

The next day old Cristino sat under his portico, sewing up a rent in a ravelled chair bottom. Presently down the road came Innocencio on a horse—he had free use of the padre's animal—and, drawing up before the house, he called to Cristino:

"Is Liana within? I would speak with her."

When Innocencio was mounted for a ride, he scarcely sat in the saddle. From the Campeche hat that shaded his face down to the pair of Mexican spurs that tinkled their little steel bells against their huge five spiked rowels on his heels you might have drawn a perpendicular line. It would have taken in shoulders, thighs and all.

Liana came around from the other side of the house, smiling and radiant. It made her proud to see him there with a look of greeting in her eyes and began stroking the big horse's mane.

"I've just been out by the wood shed feeding the cat and dog."

"Yes," said Innocencio.

Something in his tone made Liana look at him twice.

"I missed you last night," she ob-

erved shyly. "Why did you go on by your uncle to San Pedro instead of coming home with the rest of us?"

"It was the easier way," replied Innocencio gravely. But he attempted no explanation.

Liana caught her underlip with her pretty white teeth. "Oh, and you've been home already this morning and are going off again with the padre's horse?" she pursued.

"When evening falls, I shall be back, and then I would speak with you, Liana. That is what I came to say."

He only waited to see that she consented, and then he was off down the road.

That evening as they walked in silence Liana, who had been awed by her lover's strange mood and by the gloom of the night, looked timidly up in his face.

"Well," she said faintly, "what did you want of me, Innocencio?"

The young fellow, who had been doing battle with himself all of the previous night, turned sharply as though carried away by a sudden and mighty impulse.

"By our Blessed Lady, I can stand this no longer! Will you marry me? Answer me, yes or no."

Liana had never seen the quiet reserve of her hitherto devoted worshiper give place to this abandon of feeling. She shivered a little, partly from remorse, partly from fear, partly from vexation, and walked on silently, looking down at the grass at her feet.

"You are stripping me of my self-respect," Innocencio said hoarsely. "Can you not see what you are doing? Tell me you do not care for me, but do not mock me."

He placed his hand under her chin and turned her face toward the light of the sky. What he saw there caused a low cry to escape him.

"Liana, you have ruined my life," he said solemnly. Then he set his face in the direction of home and walked on a few paces.

The girl's conscience reproached her. She knew she was not blameless. He



She went up to him with a look of greeting in her eyes.

It did not seem to her that he called his name, so she drew near to him and laid her hand pleadingly on his arm as one might who has done wrong and is sorry.

"I can't say just now. Life is so strange and confused, Innocencio. But if—if you will wait!"

She began to cry softly, her head against his arm. He had never seen her in tears since she was a child, and he was helpless for words. He stroked her hair instead.

By and by he said, "I love you so much, little one, that I must have you!"

"How much do you love me?" she was smiling now through her wet lashes.

"As the fallow deer loves the forest; as the traveler the pomegranate and orange tree; as the still night the song of yonder canzonette—so I love you."

And all the way home Liana was as sweet as the last drop of cane juice from the boiling batteries along the river bottoms of the Ameca valley. From that day on she stood rather more in awe of her big lover.

San Pedro is the little summer town of the elite of Guadalajara. Outside of the fashionable quarter lived Juan Oajaca, Innocencio's uncle. He was a sculptor by trade and modeled those wonderful and delicate little figures in clay which may be seen from the City of Mexico to El Paso and San Antonio. Often as children his nephew and Liana had gone in to see him work and watched him by the hour. On a bit of clay no larger than he could well hold in his hand the modeler would fall to work, and, lo, there started to life the torseur in his most spirited, graceful attitude, springing before the bull; or the aguador, with his water jars; the leñador, with his fagots; the cargador, with his great pack upon his shoulder—every type of the varied trades and occupations of the country. Marvellous was the plastic art which Juan displayed.

It was in his humble atelier one day that Liana met a dear old friend of the padre. She was an American lady who, with her son, who was a civil engineer, at that time working on the line of road which they were endeavoring to survey between Guadalajara and the Pacific coast. The padre had brought her to Juan Oajaca for a sitting. Juan was known to model likenesses admirably and could actually produce a miniature bust with commendable verisimilitude in features and in expression.

Kindly, distinguished looking Mrs. Morris was pleasing the sculptor very much by examining and expressing her appreciation of his work, when suddenly she threw her head a little to one side and listened.

"What a sweet, pure voice!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said the padre; "that is Liana, my capricious protegee. And she is as beautiful as her voice is sweet—a slender crescent of moonlight. But you shall see." Then he called her.

In order to get to Juan's house you passed through a gateway in an adobe wall and entered a large, unpaved inclosure. Here orange trees grew, and climbing roses rioted over the house and rough wall with an exquisite picturesqueness. Liana was out plucking some of the flowers which Juan's son was going to send to old Cristino, the day being his fete day.

She answered the padre's call, her arms full of the roses she had been gathering—perfect buds of pure gold—with airs and graces quite her own. Mrs. Morris was immediately captivat-

ed, as the padre had known she would be; and when Liana left the room she turned to him, saying:

"Something must be done for that girl. Her voice, at least, must be cultivated."

The school of music in Guadalajara was a new interpretation of life to the padre's protegee. As one caught abed by the first sunrise at sea, her spirit leaped into fresh garments and looked out upon a wider heaven and earth than ever it had seen before.

"It is so very amiable, so ravissant!" she exclaimed to Mrs. Morris in comment on the school.

But in proportion to the ravishment of the new vistas, the old narrower, simpler mode of life gradually began to chafe and fret. Nearly all her life the love of the padre, of her grandfather and Innocencio had sufficed to fill up and satisfy Liana's heart. Now it was no longer so. A vision floated before her. It was no bourgeois vision of happiness; not some casa grande, with stately, arched entrance and spacious court within, like that to which she went so often with the dear American sonora; it was not clothes such as the fine ladies seated in family coaches in the Plaza de Armas wore. Of such stuff was not the dream that floated before the girl. It was something vague and indefinite, and the rich warmth of an unsundered nature, longing for outlet surged up continually in her heart, like a restless tide against the sea wall.

One afternoon, being especially restless, she went into the little village church, and there upon the clay floor before Our Lady's shrine she offered a strange prayer. She prayed that something might happen—something. Anything, indeed, to give things a turn.

After supper that evening she brought the water from the spring as usual. It was Cristino's custom to place the great tinaja close by the open chimney, where through the chill night the water would grow cool in the draft. But tonight he did not come to help her. He just sat there by the window, his gray head in his hands. Liana called to him. Still he did not lift his head. Nor would he evermore lift it again. He was dead.

Something had happened—yes, something, indeed. Liana, dumb in the sight of her prayer's answer, sank to her knees under a burden of guilt she never had known before.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Population of Babylon.

Various attempts have been made, by comparing its area with that of modern cities, to estimate the population of Babylon. But on the lowest calculation it would be found, supposing it to have borne any considerable resemblance to one of our cities, to have had a population of 5,000,000, a supposition to which all but insuperable obstacles are opposed. The map of Asiatic Turkey shows that the extent of country around Babylon available for agricultural purposes must have been quite inadequate to supply the necessary demands for anything like such an immense population.

Perhaps, on the whole, we may estimate the population at from 1,000,000 to 1,200,000. This supposition derives support from the fact that Seleucia, with a population of 600,000 souls, is stated by Strabo and Pliny to have been about half the size of Babylon in the days of her greatest glory.

A Strange Method of Salutation.

Of all the strange modes of salutation, the most extraordinary in the west African kingdom of Dahomey. Whenever any Dahomean chief or official of rank comes to pay you a visit he always opens the interview by dancing around you with various queer contortions (extremely suggestive of his having just upset a kettle of boiling water over his knees), which you are bound to imitate as closely as possible.

It is even reported—with what truth I cannot say—that one of the native ministers of the terrible King Gezu owed his rapid rise to the Dahomean court wholly to his superior skill in cutting these strange capers and that he thus literally as well as figuratively jumped to preferment.

How Joan Fell From Grace.

Chinese servant stories are epidemic. Here's one, and it's true:

A west side woman a few days ago was boasting to a caller of the virtues of her Mongolian cook, and she emphasized the latter's systematic methods as his special strong point.

"John finishes his work at precisely the same minute every evening," said she proudly. "I always know exactly where he is and what he is doing at any time of the day."

"Well, what is he doing now?" was asked.

"Let me see. It is 7 o'clock. Well, he has just finished putting the dishes away and at this moment is sweeping the kitchen. Come, let's go out and see if I'm not right."

They started through the dining room and found everything in its place, as prophesied. In the pantry the dishes were neatly arranged in their customary place. Then they opened the kitchen door.

There in the center of the room was Joan, and he was complacently washing himself in the dishpan!

The embarrassed mistress and her convulsed guest retired in haste, and the servant problem was dropped.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Apples the Diet For the Sedentary.

Apples are very wholesome and digestible. They contain considerable potassium and sodium salts, magnesium, a little iron and about 85 per cent of water. Apples, being rich in pectin, form readily into jelly. They also contain few organic acids as well as salts, such as malates, citrates and tartrates. They are quite laxative, more so if taken late at night or early in the morning with a glass of water. Their nutritive value is not much, as they are largely composed of water. For invalids apples are best when baked and eaten either plain or served with cream.—Ledges Monthly.

Hinting For more.

"Did you notice, Maria, how ill natured Jones got when he learned I had bought that diamond brooch for you? Now he'll have to get one for his wife."

"I don't like Mr. Jones, and I would not care how often you made him ill natured."—Exchange.

SLICING A RATTLER.

THE COLORADO WAY OF TURNING THE DANGEROUS TRICK.

Dexterity and Daring of the Cowboy in Cutting Off the Head of the Rattlesnake After Its Ineffectual Attempt to Strike.

"Did you ever see a cow puncher kill a rattlesnake with a knife?" said a Colorado citizen now in town. "When I first went west, I punched cattle on the Sunset ranch, one of the largest in southern Colorado. I was a tenderfoot, fresh from the east, but no swell head about me. That saved me a lot of trouble. The boys were dead willing to put me next, even to a 14-year-old broncho never halter broken. Among other things, I learned how to kill a rattler with a bowie knife. I killed one with a knife to make my standing good, but after that a gun or a pitchfork was good enough for me."

"I have seen a plainsman ride up to a small sized rattler, jump off his horse, kick at the waving head, avoid the strike and as the reptile came down pluck a heel upon its neck, coolly take a knife from his belt and dispatch it. I have also seen a live rattler thrown upon a haystack machine, and I have seen the men working on that stack jump, roll, tumble and slide to get away. Therefore they can reach its object with a knife from his belt and dispatch it; that was all. In the open they would have played with it."

"A rattlesnake is harmless out of coil. For that reason it wastes no time in getting back into coil after the strike. It will not strike unless it is perfectly sure it can reach its object. Therefore the cowboy must get into reach of the snake's spring. It can spring half its own length, and sometimes more. Of course the larger the snake the more coils, and the more coils the more vicious the strike."

"Dick Haynes was a young daredevil who would go out of his way to play with a rattler. I have seen him kill at least a dozen with a knife, and I saw him when he got such a close call that he dropped the game and used a gun forever after."

"We were out together one Sunday. It was warm, and as we rode he fanned his face with his sombrero. Suddenly he clapped his hat on his head and started his broncho on a lope. 'Watch me get that pison,' he shouted.

"Fifty yards or so right was a rattler. It was trying to get away; but we headed it in an instant and were off our horses. It immediately coiled, and then I saw the biggest snake I have ever seen. It was a diamond rattler and about 20 years old. It had the ugliest head I ever saw, enormous in size, and with a mouth that reminded me of a bulldog's jaw. Dick stopped just long enough to size up its length so as to get an idea of its spring, and then went in on it."

"The strike came like a flash of lightning. The snake struck the ground with a sound like the cracking of a four horse whip in the hands of an expert. Dick just saved himself by throwing his body back full length. The snake coiled again before Dick could get to it. I got nervous and called to him to shoot it."

"That's the first one that ever struck at me and got back," he said, "and I'm going to have that pretty head."

"The rattler was beside itself with rage. It lay coil upon coil of smooth, glistening length, showing the long reach and powerful spring in reserve. Out of the coils two feet more of body and neck rose straight in the air, and above all that black, venomous head, with glowing eyes and forked tongue, waved, slightly, warily, to and fro."

"Dick stepped in again, more cautiously. He reached the knife nearer and yet nearer to that swaying head. I knew he was getting too close, but I feared to speak to him. Then came the strike, with that marvelous dart of speed. Dick's knife flashed and the snake lay squirming, a headless thing upon the ground."

"Let's get to camp," said Dick. "It got me in the thumb."

"We jumped for the saddles and started on a mad run for home. Dick rode with his thumb on the saddle horn and his knife in his other hand."

"If she begins to swell, off she comes," said he.

"We reached the ranch, and while Dick poured down whisky we examined the thumb. We could find nothing, not the slightest wound. The snake had struck the handle of his knife, and the strength and suddenness of the impact made Dick lose his nerve. It was a good thing for him. He never went after a rattler again without a long yell."—New York Sun.

Going All the Time.

"I see a Wisconsin man claims to have solved the perpetual motion problem."

"That's nothing. I have a model of a perpetual motion machine at my house now."

"Does it work successfully?"

"From the standpoint of perpetual motion, you bet it does."

"Have you given it a name?"

"Sure."

"What do you call it?"

"'Jimmie,' and it was 5 years old its last birthday."—Chicago Post.

Cloud Mountains.

The highest of all the clouds are those delicate, white, fibrous, detached masses of frozen vapor; always seen high against the blue sky. The top-most point of the highest of these may be ten miles above the earth. They are called cirrus clouds. Altogether there are ten principal types of clouds. The lowest, known as stratus, are really horizontal sheets of lifted damp seen on damp days or in very damp localities. These clouds are only a few hundred feet above the earth.

Some of the vast bodies of vapor are higher than the tallest of the Alps. They are undoubtedly snow capped—veritable mountains of ice and snow. It has been discovered that the temperature on one such summit was 75 degrees below zero.

Were it possible for us to ascend in a balloon and penetrate one of these snow capped peaks from base to summit we should travel first through a layer of dry air, vapor and water, a third of freezing vapor, water and ice, and finally through the summit, composed of dry air, vapor and ice, but no water.

FOILED BY HIS OWN TRICK.

Scheme For Selling a Farm and Its Dramatic Climax.

"Some years ago," said the narrator, "an old hoodlum hit Litchfield, Ill., and everybody for miles around was seen sniffing for oil and every stranger suspected of being an expert looking for a good thing. An old farmer named Loomis had a big place three miles out of town, which would have been a fortune for him had he not been possessed of a mania for swapping, manifest in a perennial attempt to trade off his land for twice its value."

"When the boom was at the top notch, Loomis received a visitor who took so much interest in the farm, so liked its appearance, location, etc., that the old farmer scented a petroleum man and saw visions of incalculable wealth; but, being a shrewd man, Loomis did not care to take any unnecessary chances with Providence, and on the quiet he sent the hired man out the back way with orders to dump the kerosene can into the well. The visitor liked the entire place, inspected the barn, the chicken yard and then, as if by chance, asked for a drink of water."

"Loomis was waiting for that and hauled up a brimming bucket before the man's own eyes and poured him out a gourdful of liquid with a fine, opalescent scum upon it. The visitor smelled it, tasted it, made a wry face and asked if the water was always like that. 'Oh, yes,' said Loomis, 'but you soon get accustomed to the taste, and our doctor says this is the finest water on earth for the stomach.' 'Well, I am drinking it if I'll ever get used to it,' was the unexpected response. 'I am looking for a farm, not an oil well, and if I have got to haul my drinking water three miles from Litchfield I guess I'd rather buy nearer town.'

"It took Loomis six months to get the taste of oil out of his well, and by that time the boom was over, and nothing was left of the oil craze but rotting derricks and abandoned shafts."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Shock to Richard.

Mabel had been waiting for her lover's return for what seemed to her an age. Her heart turned to stone as she thought of him, young, slender, but brave to rashness and recklessness, cloaked alone with her stern father in the grim old library. The door opened at last, and he stood before her, a flush on his cheeks and an expression in his eyes.

"Did you see papa, Richard?" she asked with trembling eagerness. He held her in his arms for a moment without speaking.

"Yes, dearest," he said at length.

"And what did he say, Richard? Tell me what he said! He refused you? Oh, your eyes tell me! He refused; he will not give me to you? But I will be—I am yours! I do not fear his harshness—we will fly!"

But Richard looked down into her pleading face and shook his head slowly, like a man in a dream.

"Tell me, then, for I cannot wait! Was he brutal and cruel to you? What did he do? What did he say?"

Richard drew a long, deep breath and again looked down at the face turned up to meet his troubled glance. He sighed and whispered slowly:

"He only said, 'Thank heaven' and went on reading."—Exchange.

Massage For Dyspepsia.

A French medical journal cites a number of cases where great and lasting benefits were derived by people suffering from dyspepsia and abdominal diseases from a gentle massage treatment of the abdomen. One case mentioned is that of a young man aged 20 years who for six months had been suffering with his stomach. In spite of varied treatment he was gradually growing worse and looked like one in the last stages of phthisis. He suffered from constipation and insomnia. He was very nervous and was convinced that he was about to die. After instituting the abdominal massage his condition rapidly improved. His abdomen, which had resembled that of a child with meningitis, became supple and daily enlarged. The treatment was not severe nor very special. His pain disappeared, and he was able to digest all that was given to him. The patient gained in six months about 65 pounds, which he has not lost since that time, now five years ago.—Leslie's Weekly.

Both Prayers Answered.

The last time I interviewed General O. O. Howard it was on the subject of answers to prayer, and I thought I had him. In his famous fight with Stone- wall Jackson the Union forces were defeated, so I inquired of General Howard:

"You prayed before that battle?"

"Yes," he answered.

"And Jackson was a praying man. He prayed also?"

"Yes," he assented.

"Then how was it he gained the victory? Did that mean that the Union cause was wrong?"

"Very gently I interviewed General O. O. Howard in the good old general replied: 'Both our prayers were answered. Jackson prayed for immediate victory and I for the ultimate triumph of our cause. We both got what we prayed for.'—Independent.

Penetration of Light.

Experiments show that light can be seen through a clean cut opening of not more than one forty-thousandth of an inch. This fact was determined by taking two thoroughly clean, straight edges, placing a piece of paper between the surfaces at one end, the opposite end being allowed to come together. The straight edges being placed between the eye and a strong light in a dark room, a wedge of light was perceived from the ends between which the paper was placed and the opposite, which were brought together. The thickness of the paper being known, the distance apart of the two edges of the small end of the wedge of light was easily calculated, and the result was shown as above.

A Bell That Never Rang.

A curious legend is thus connected with the bell of St. Mura, in Ireland. The bell was said to have descended from the sky ringing loudly, but as it approached the earth the tongue detached itself and returned to the skies. The people concluded from this that the bell was never to be profaned by sounding on earth, but was to be kept for purposes more holy and beneficent.

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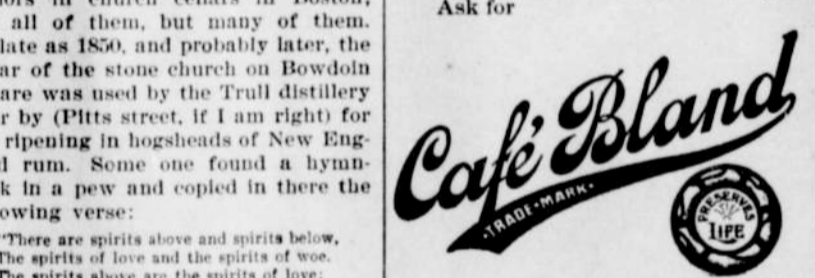
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An Anecdote of Greeley.

A call was once made by a dozen noted artists of the Academy of Design, in 1870, on Horace Greeley. Mr. Clarence Cook, then the art critic of The Tribune, had been saying things about the academy exhibition which caused the venerable chiefs of that establishment to boil with indignation. One day a committee went down to The Tribune to complain. Mr. Greeley, having listened in silence to what these gentlemen had to say, looked up from his desk, a twinkle in his eye, and said, with his peculiar nasal falsetto: "Gentlemen, I judge from your remarks that Mr. Cook's articles are widely read. They will therefore continue to be printed in The Tribune. Good morning."

Insulted.

Lord Cardwell was in the habit of using the church prayers at family prayers. One day his valet came to him and said, "I must leave your lordship's service at once."

"Why, what have you to complain of?"

"Nothing personally, but your lordship will repeat every morning, 'We have done those things which we ought not to have done and have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and I will not stay here to hear it said.'"

The Bill Would Grow.

"I've brought you a little brother," said the doctor.

"No," said the impossible child; "the stork brought my little brother."

"Well, I'm the stork," said the doctor.

"But where is your bill?" said the impossible child.

It is claimed by those who should know that an impossible child is probably never wittier than upon the occasion of somebody being born into the family.—Detroit Journal.

Old Church Lotteries.

A gentleman saved the life of a clothes dealer who had been capsized in a boat. The latter was profuse in his thanks and said to his rescuer: "I see that you have spoiled your clothes on this auspicious occasion. Allow me to take the opportunity of handing you my business card. Ten thousand elegant summer suits at 46 marks."—File gende B'stetter.