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

BY VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ.

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CHAPTER V.

M. Peyrac had just finished dressing the next morning when the sound of a girl's voice drew him to the window, which was open.

Out in the garden, near to the box hedge which divided the Maitlands' grounds from the Abbotts', stood Liana. She was stooping forward, playing with Silver, Anna's beautiful greyhound. In one hand she held a sort of scarlet wrap, a fragile, silken, featherweight thing, which had proved too warm for her shoulders. The other hand was stretched out seductively to the dog leaping after her. The scarlet showed vividly against her white morning gown, a little crystal buckle flashed at her waist, and the sunshine caught the waving hair, the pink cheek, the white moving hand, the lace ruffles at her throat and wrist.

For a moment only Peyrac stood still and watched.

The girl was yet playing with the hound, when she turned suddenly with a smile on her lips, and there in the full glare of the intoxicating June sunlight she met the man's eyes for the first time. A blind feeling of helplessness and indefinite longing ending somewhere round her heart in a flood of indescribable pleasure passed through her frame.

She pulled herself together angrily, and the smile vanished. "Go down, Silver," she said severely to the dog, whose paw was making for her shoulder. Clearly this was shyness pushed to the verge of absurdity. She must conquer the ridiculous feeling, must speak.

"Good morning, monsieur. It is going to be a warm day, do you think?" She nearly forced the words through her lips, which had remained parted all the time.

Peyrac did not hear the words. He was studying the girl intently.

"Pardon me," he said, putting his head on one side and drawing his eyelids together as he concentrated his gaze upon her. "People forgive painters for personalities, and you don't know how much I should like to put you on canvas, just as you are, the dog and all."

The blood invaded Liana's cheeks, slowly at first; then, as she realized his meaning, in a hot blaze of crimson.

"I do not aspire, monsieur, to be an artist's model." She walked toward the house with as much dignity as her 19 years were capable of.

But this was only the beginning. That evening, as she was singing for Mrs. Abbott in the drawing room, she became aware that Peyrac was standing with the group of people on the porch and was looking in through the French window. She threw back her lovely head and sang with exultation. "Even then," she told herself afterward, "I must have been loving him without knowing." She sang the old Spanish ballad of the knight errant, and when she came to the last lines—

> Some day more kind I fate may find,
> Some night kiss thee—

she marveled at the beauty of her own voice; her face flushed, her eyes sparkled. She knew that she was doing her best.

But evidently the artist had taken no notice of that lovely young voice; it was only her face that attracted him. As they were getting ready for bed that night Anna said:

"What have you done to our invulnerable painter? He remarked, when he heard you singing awhile ago, that he just tingled for his brushes. He wondered if it would be possible for you to sing that same song in the same way, unaccompanied, in his studio."

This seemed a little too much. He not only wished to use her as a model, but he even wished to have her moods and expressions subject to his orders!

Liana was perched upon a bedpost. She was perfectly poised, her slender limbs dangling floorward, one arm akimbo, the other behind her back. Anna was reclining on an ottoman, smoothing out her ribbon sash.

"Well," she said, as Liana made no reply, but kept on dangling her limbs, "do you think you can oblige him?"

Liana's only comment was to tap upon the heel of her right slipper with the toe of her left.

"He says," pursued Anna mischievously, "that you have a great deal of scenic effect about you, whatever that means. I confess I'm not sure of the term."

"Neither am I." Liana's right slipper landed many yards off across the floor.

The next day she caught the obnoxious, rude man stepping backward several times to get her in perspective. Once he actually ventured to make a tube of his hand. When he put it to his eye and turned his head sideways, screwing up one side of his face, Liana couldn't help noticing in spite of her vexation that the corner of the lip which was thus drawn up exposed some magnificent white teeth. However, she said:

"You are extremely impolite," and then, with a sudden fear that he might compliment her on the effect of anger on her face, she turned and left him.

It was with direct reference to the advancement of his art that Peyrac set to work to interest and make friends with Liana. He found his way beset with difficulties, and at the end of a fortnight he had to acknowledge that he had made no progress at all. He had come to Twyeffort meaning to do some landscapes and sea views. But, fudge, how flat they seemed now! He was a portrait painter if anything, and at last the gods had led him to a being who appealed to the power within him as no one yet ever had done. He must paint this girl; by Jove, he must!

But, even supposing she consented, there was a difficulty. The wonder of her face was its expression—the way the spirit gleamed through her features. Her expression was so maddeningly changeable and evanescent. At times he looked at Liana like shot silk. To get the effect he wanted she must be strongly moved—moved, for instance, as she had been by the sight of the sunset on the sea the other evening. Plainly one could not get sunsets and seas into the studio. But"—

Sapristi! He would do it. Why not? He knew himself to possess a charm for women, a charm that was all the more potent because he had seldom cared to use it.

Then it was that he changed his tactics. He ceased fuming and fretting at being thwarted in his will; instead he looked at Liana with a compelling tenderness in his eyes, and he spoke to her in tones that were a more subtle music to her ear than any she had ever heard. It was beneath Peyrac to weigh life in the balance; he scorned the idea that right and wrong should enter into a man's calculations.

As to the girl, she was unsophisticated in her comprehension of the emotions to which the man was familiar and experienced. She only knew that she sang these days as she never before had sung and that she felt the need to sing continually. She called it practicing when she spoke of it, but it seemed to her as if it were really taking breath. However, Peyrac was as powerless as ever to effect the one wish of his heart; she would not sit to him. One day he studiously let fall some words about his intended departure the following week. He spoke to Liana alone, and his face looked stolid.

The girl's heart bounded, then stood still. It was some seconds before she felt it beat again. A reckless determination took possession of her.

"Why are you going?" she said. Her voice was cold, almost hard.

"Because I've nothing to paint here," he answered curtly, "nothing that suits me, at least."

"Would you stay if you could paint me?"

"Yes."

"Then stay," she said in the same dull tone.

He seized her hands like a man beside himself with joy. Bending over them to drop a kiss, he whispered the one word, "Darling!"

But to himself he said, "Fame and fortune at the next Salon!"

That night, after Anna had gone to sleep, Liana slipped out of bed and, leaning her elbows on the sill of the open window, she sat for a long while letting the cool air fan her brow. Her ears were full of Peyrac's infectious tones, her pulses still throbbed with the milky whiteness had caused in her his mesmeric touch. She reached over to the dressing table and, taking up a crimson rose which she had placed there in a tiny vase, she kissed it passionately. Peyrac had given it to her, and in this wise: His artistic eye had not liked the magnolia flower which she had carried about with her that evening; the milky whiteness had brought out unpleasant tints in her smooth skin. "The crimson suits your Castilian beauty better, senorita," he had said as he handed her the rose.

"Poor, dear Inocencio!" sighed Liana demurely, recalling this little instance. "He never found fault with me and the magnolia." But the sense of capture was upon her, and even while she felt indignant and resentful for having been forced to yield about the picture there was a strange sense of sweetness in submission.

By and by in the alternate light and shadow of the trees down below a small, red spark appeared, moving regularly to and fro, but the foliage was too thick for her to see it. It was Peyrac's cigar. He had just come out from his studio, where he had been choosing a canvas, placing it on an easel and arranging a model stand preparatory to the first sitting the next morning.

The appointment was for 9 o'clock. The early light was the best. "I'll give her a half hour's grace," he had said, but punctually to the minute the handle of the door turned, and Liana was on the threshold. He turned quickly to greet her.

She stood framed in the dark curtained doorway, her long dress caught up round her in one hand, the other resting slightly on the portiere. It was an attitude of grace and beauty, and she looked upward at him with eyes that were bewildering in their manifold lights. She looked at him appealingly as a child, innocently as a girl, proudly as a woman.

"Dearest," he exclaimed, "could you take that pose? Would it be too hard for you?"

The gentle beauty of that first word pervaded the rest with a light of its own.

"Try me and see," she said, with a soft exultation in her voice.

And when at last the picture was finished it was wonderful indeed. Even those ignorant of the art of painting could see that. Peyrac had decided that his subject should be dressed in queenly apparel. There were jewels on the slender shoe, from which the wind about the door was supposed to blow the garments back a little, and jewels on her fingers and at her throat.

She stood framed in the dark curtained doorway.

She was wrapped in a rich cloak or rather coat of strange cut, of that dusky, rose sheen of which Tintoretto alone seems to have mastered the yellowing tones, but which the brush here had caught and riveted. However, it was the face that was the wonder. The child, the girl, the woman—the painter had put them all into the lovely eyes that looked out at one from the canvas.

When Peyrac had been working on the face, his movements had been like the dartings of a bird. He dabbed and mixed his colors, scarcely glancing at them. The sitter could even hear the hurry in his breaths. In the quick glances from the canvas to her face and back again there was no sign of aught except a workman's concentration on his task. He was flushed, of course, and his eyes scintillated, for he was realizing a long cherished dream in this glut of form and color ecstasy. But Liana did not know—how could she?—what his emotion meant. The thing which it all implied to her was warming and swelling her heart day by day with a sweet, subtle joy.

And so things might have gone on indefinitely but for a letter which Peyrac received one day from Paris. In reading it he came upon an item of news which agitated him greatly. The words of themselves, however, were nothing startling—simply these:

"You recall, of course, that pretty, blue eyed De Guerin girl that you used to see a great deal of? Well, she has come into possession of a fortune. She was the only living relative of an uncle or some one who died suddenly without a will. The law did the rest. I met her driving today in the Bois de Boulogne. You would scarcely have recognized your once shy, simple little country maiden."

The next day Peyrac was much concerned about getting a packing case for canvas.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Noise Habit.

The New Yorker contracts in time what may be called the noise habit. Noise with him becomes a dissipation. His nervous system demands it. This is illustrated by the sensations he experiences when he goes into the woods or mountains after a continuous stay in the city for many months. His first feeling is one of loneliness; something seems to have suddenly gone out of his life. Every tree seems to say, "Why have you been so hot and noisy, my little sir?" His sensations are somewhat akin to those of a drunkard who has been under alcoholic stimulation for a long time and suddenly has his drink taken from him. His whole nervous system feels the lack of the irritation and stimulation of the city noise, to which it has become accustomed. The stillness actually appals and depresses him.

The streets of New York are deep, narrow channels, and they are growing constantly deeper as the buildings increase in height. These large reflecting surfaces on three sides of him make the condition of the man in the street like that of the workman who suffers from reflected noise while he hammers rivets on the inside of a boiler.—Munsey's Magazine.

Four and Its Multiple of Ten.

The number four was anciently esteemed the most perfect of all, being the arithmetical mean between one and seven. Omah, the second caliph, said, "Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity." In nature there are four seasons, and the four points of the compass.

Forty, a multiple of four by ten, is one of the sacred numbers. The probation of our first parents in the garden of Eden is supposed to have been 40 years. The rain fell at the deluge 40 days and nights, and the water remained on the earth 40 days. The days of embalming the dead were 40. Solomon's temple was 40 cubits long. In it were ten lavers, each four cubits long and containing 40 baths.

Moses was 40 years old when he fled into the land of Midian, where he dwelt 40 years. He was on Mount Sinai 40 days and 40 nights. The Israelites wandered in the wilderness 40 years. The Saviour fasted 40 days and nights before entering upon public life. The same time elapsed between the resurrection and the ascension.

Didn't Teach Him That Trick.

"That's a werry knowing animal o' yours," said a cockney gentleman to the keeper of an elephant.

"Very," was the cool rejoinder.

"He performs strange tricks and hanties, does he?" inquired the cockney, eying the animal through his glasses.

"Surprisin'," retorted the keeper. "We've learned him to put money in that box you see up there. Try him with half a crown."

The cockney handed the elephant half a crown, and, sure enough, he took it in his trunk and placed it in a box high up out of reach.

"Well, that is very hextraordinary—hastonishing, truly!" said the green one, opening his eyes. "Now let's see him take it out and 'and it back."

"We never learned him that trick," retorted the keeper and then turned away to stir up the monkeys and punch the hyenas.—London Tit-Bits.

The Deserving One.

Hoyt, with a playwright friend, was once witnessing the production of a play—not his own—says the New York Clipper. The leading man was well known to be a poor "study," and this night he was very unfamiliar terms with his part. The voice of the prompter was continuously in evidence, though this was overlooked, for the actor was a great favorite.

Just before the end of the act Hoyt went out, but returned a moment later just as the curtain went down on deafening applause.

"Who are they calling for?" he asked of his friend, who answered by naming the leading man, whom, to spare his feelings, we will call X.

"——!" (This stands for a till swear word.) "I don't see what they want X for. I should think they would call for the prompter."

Just the Same.

Augustus Hare tells this story in his autobiography of a friend who in some ways was one of the most absentminded men in the world:

One day, meeting a friend, he said: "Hello, what a long time it is since I've seen you! How's your father?" "Oh, my father's dead." "God bless me! I'm very sorry."

The next year he met the same man again and had forgotten all about it. So he began with: "Hello, what a long time since I've seen you! How's your father?" "Oh, my father's dead still."

One day recently a swarm of bees took possession of the letter box at Kilbride, Ireland, and the rural postman was unable to collect the letters, as the new tenants strongly resented any interference.

BUTCHERS ARE IMMUNE.

Meat Dealers, It Is Said, Never Die of Consumption.

"Butchers never die of consumption." The big man with his sleeves rolled up, wielding the cleaver at the block, said this as he threw a beefsteak on the scale.

It sounded more like a trade superstition than a fact, but so far as diligent inquiry has been able to discover it is true, although not generally known outside of the meat chopping craft.

Butchers are no longer lived than men in other walks of life. They are subject to all the other ills that human flesh is heir to, but consumption they do not have. So far as a reporter was able to learn not a single case is on record of a butcher in this city being afflicted with the incurable wasting of the lungs which claims its hundreds of thousands of victims annually.

The fact is well known among butchers and has been often the subject of their comment, although none of them can give a reason for it.

"No," said a man who has swung sides and rounds in Washington market for the last 20 years; "I have had rheumatism and typhoid fever and lots of other things, but nothing has ever been out of gear with my lungs, and the same is true of every other butcher in this town. I know nearly all of them, and I never heard of one of them having consumption. They don't drink blood or take any especially good care of themselves either. I don't know why it should be so unless it's because the continual inhaling of an atmosphere of fresh meat is strengthening.

"I have often thought when hearing of consumptives going to Colorado and Egypt that I know of a climate nearer home that would do the business just as well. If they would stay in this stall for awhile and swing meat, they would get well quite as quickly as they would on the top of Pike's peak."—New York Mail and Express.

DOGS.

There are nearly 200 distinct varieties of dogs.

Foxhounds give cry, but deerhounds hunt in silence.

The greyhound is the only dog which hunts by sight.

A pure bred staghound never attacks the head of his quarry.

Only in the temperate zone is the dog found perfect in courage and speed.

The Italian greyhound is reputed to be the most symmetrical of all animals.

Skye terriers have been known to jump into the river and land hooked fish, which they take carefully by the back.

Eskimo dogs are capable of drawing a well laden sledge 60 miles in a day. Their harness is of the lightest, only a single trace and no reins.

Women Cannot Boss Each Other.

The old theory that woman is man's helper seems incorrigibly well founded, says E. S. Martin in McClure's Magazine. If the situation isn't satisfactory to her, there is no help for it, for the conditions it came out of seem to be eternal. Women may vote. They will be none the less man's helpers if they do. They never will band together to put man down and teach him his place. They will push him ahead if they can, they will pull him along when they must, they will influence him enormously, as they always have done, but they will never conspire together on any very great scale to make him play second fiddle. Some one has got to be master. Women in general will never agree to have women bosses so long as there are competent men for that use.

Kaffir Banking.

The Kaffirs have a simple method of banking. Before setting out to trade they select one of their number as their banker and put all their money in his bag. When an article is purchased by any of those who are in this combine, the price is taken by the banker from the bag, counted several times and then paid to the seller, after which all the bank depositors cry out to the banker in the presence of two witnesses selected, "You owe me so much." This is then repeated by the witnesses. The general accounting comes between the banker and his several depositors when all the purchases have been made, after which all the natives go home.

Varying Values of Food.

Fourteen oysters are equal to only one egg. Pea soup is nutritious, but to live on it you would need a daily supply of 24 platefuls. A purely vegetable diet is too bulky, yet it may be good for the gouty and the obese. It is true that the Scottish peasantry, their country's pride, are nurtured on oatmeal, but it is liberally supplemented by milk. Rational life is a compromise. You want the happy mean "between the tiger pacing its cage and the cow lying upon the grass."—Dr. Hutchinson's "Dietetics."

The Passions.

We say of a man who has no will mastery, "He is ruled by his passions." They govern him, not he them. Centuries ago an Arab wrote, "Passion is a tyrant which slays those whom it governs." It is like fire, which once thoroughly kindled can scarcely be quenched, or like the torrent, which when it is swollen can no longer be restrained within its banks. Call him not a prisoner who is put in fetters by his enemies, but rather him whose own passions hurry him to destruction.

A Puzzler.

Tibbetts—So you do not believe in the emancipation of woman?

Burton—Well, it is just here. Man is the superior being. If woman is his equal, he is her superior. Man is he going to show his superiority if woman is his equal? That's what I want to know.—Boston Transcript.

Peasant Costumes In Ireland.

A certain number of peasants in the wilder and remoter districts of Ireland still wear something like a national costume About Lough Mask plenty of red petticoats that artists loved to spring into their sketches of Irish life. A sprinkling of the old high hats may be seen. The older fishermen wear them, but the younger school shun such antiquated headgear, as the English peasant of today does the smock frock.—London Express.

NERVE OF ENGINEERS

IT DOES NOT, AS A RULE, DESERT THEM AFTER AN ACCIDENT.

Desperate Chances the Man at the Throttle Will at Times Take Without Being Able to Give a Satisfactory Reason For His Action.

"I have been often asked why railway engineers disregard their instructions and the warning signals along the line of their road," said the general superintendent of a railroad to a man, "and I have summed it up that it is human nature for men to take chances in their business and that engineers are no exception to the general run.

"Sometimes they cannot give a satisfactory reason why they do so. I will give you an authentic instance of this habit which made me live 10 years in 30 minutes.

"On a road I was at the time connected with was a long trestle over a bay several miles in length, with a drawbridge in the center. The draw had been opened, and as a tugboat was passing through the bridge men heard the rumble of a fast, heavily laden passenger train as it struck the bridge a mile away. Knowing that the red danger signals were set with the opening of the draw, they supposed that the engineer would slow up or stop, as might be necessary. Instead, to their consternation, the train came along at regular speed, and a frightful accident appeared inevitable. They yelled to the captain of the tugboat to go at full speed, and as the boat glided through the draw in the darkness they exerted themselves to swing the draw into the locking bolts before the train could get to the point where the rails separated.

"The engineer, however, disregarded the last danger signal, a few hundred yards from the draw, and came on. By a remarkable coincidence of time and position the draw, which was of course in motion, swung so that the rails of the east bound track were in juxtaposition with the west bound track, upon which the train was running, and the heavy engine and one of the passenger coaches, striking the east bound rails, glided upon the draw and stuck there, the remaining portion of the train being on the west bound track, making almost a figure S of the coaches.

"If the draw had moved the thirtieth part of a second faster or slower, the east bound rails would not have been opposite the west bound rails at the very instant that the great engine struck them, and a frightful disaster would have resulted. When I got out on the bridge a few minutes later, I fully expected to find the train in the bottom of the bay and the draw smashed into splinters. I discharged the engineer on the spot and asked him why he had not observed the signals. He admitted that he saw them, but could not give a satisfactory reason for failing to observe them. He evidently took his chances of finding the draw closed when he reached it.

"The engineer of today is a sober, steady, nervy man, especially on the fast express trains on the big roads. It is nerve that makes one man carry a limited express train through the darkness of the night, fog, sleet and blinding snow at 60 miles an hour. The stories we read about of an engineer losing his nerve after an accident are largely fiction. In 27 years of active railroad life I have had but one or two men apply to me for a transfer upon the ground that their nerves had gone back on them for running the fast trains.

"I have had men who have been flung 50 feet over their tenders in a head on collision and had a dozen bones broken come to me after they had been discharged from the hospital and ask to be put back on their old run. You see, they begin firing when they are about 18 or 20, and the cab of an engine is their home. If they run into a person or a wagon load of people on the track, if it is not their fault, they take a practical view of it; they have to. If it is their fault, we discharge them, and they can take any view of it they please then, for we do not wish in our employ careless men. This is true with all of the big roads, and as a result American engineers of today are about as model a set of men in their employment as can be found."—Washington Star.

Things Not Wanted.

Dogs, pianos and typewriters are the possessions most frequently advertised for sale at second hand, according to an advertising man. Cameras run these three hard in the sale of things desirable to get rid of, and bicycles come next.

Bicycles and cameras would probably head the list, so many people seem to wish to be rid of them, but their tenure of advertising popularity is usually brief. Household furniture, horses and carriages come next in the list. Then jewelry, watches, sewing machines and musical instruments.

Books are far down, almost the last in the list. Folks who have them usually seem to wish to keep them.—New York Sun.

The Charge Not Sustained.

"You say," pursued the chairman of the investigating committee, "that he resorted to no bribery whatever during the election so far as you know?"

"Yes, sir," replied the witness; "that's what I said."

"Did he not circulate several boxes of cigars?"

"Yes, sir, but them cigars wasn't bribes. Here's one of them. You try it."—Detroit Free Press.

Saving Requires Character.

The faculty of saving money is much rarer than the faculty of making it, and it calls for the exercise of a higher degree of good judgment and more self restraint. In a word, it requires more character.—World's Work.

She Did as He Advised.

Hocus—What happened when you told your mother-in-law to mind her own business?

Pocus—I don't exactly know. When I recovered consciousness, I was in the hospital.—Tit-Bits.

Wanted to Forget.

Tommy—Paw, what relashun is my gran'ma to you?

Father — She's my mother-in-law, young man. Now don't remind me of her again while she is here.

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Timid Applause.

During the earlier days of the reign of Queen Victoria dramatic performances were given at Windsor castle under the management of Charles Kean. The audiences being limited and stiffly aristocratic, the applause was naturally not especially hearty, and the comedians felt the absence of the more demonstrative approval manifested in the regular theater.

One evening the queen sent an equerry to Mr. Kean to know if the actors would like anything (meaning refreshments), when the actor replied, "Say to her majesty that we should be grateful for a little applause when the spectators are pleased."

Back went the equerry and conveyed the message. At the end of the act there was a slight suggestion of handclapping and exceedingly gentle foot tapping. James Wallack, who knew nothing of the message sent to the queen, hearing the mild demonstration, pricked up his ears and inquired, "What is that?"

Mr. Kean replied, "That, my dear Wallack, is applause."

"God bless me!" retorted Wallack. "I thought it was some one shelling peas."

The Promenade Stopped.

It is related of Captain Deering that once when he was in command of a steamer running from Portland to St. John, he was unable to sleep on account of the ceaseless tramp, tramp of some star gazing passenger on the hurricane deck overhead. After turning and twisting in his berth for half an hour, and the tramping still continuing, Captain Deering, enraged at the loss of his sleep, rushed out in his nightshirt and climbed the ladder to the hurricane deck.

The promenading passenger was frightened half out of his wits by the specter in white climbing up the ladder, but was somewhat reassured when the specter bawled out:

"Say, you; where are you going?"

"To St. John," replied the promenader.

"Got a ticket?" pursued the ghost.

"Of course I have."

"Well, then, you confounded fool, go and lie down somewhere—you needn't walk all the way to St. John," roared the enraged Deering, and the promenader stopped right there.—Baltimore Herald.

How to Become Wealthy.

In a New Hampshire city there dwells an octogenarian physician who in addition to his wide medical skill is known far and wide as a dispenser of blunt philosophy. The other day a young man of his acquaintance called at his office.

"I have not come for pills this time, doctor," said the visitor, "but for advice. You have lived many years in this world of toil and trouble and have had much experience. I am young, and I want you to tell me how to get rich."

The aged practitioner gazed through his glasses at the young man and in a deliberate tone said:

"Yes, I can tell you. You are young and can accomplish your object if you will. Your plan is this: First, be industrious and economical. Save as much as possible and spend as little. Pile up the dollars and put them at interest. If you follow out these instructions, by the time you reach my age you'll be rich as Crœsus and as mean as hades."—Buffalo Commercial.

A Crank on Clothes.

Sir Harry Poland, a British magistrate noted for his brilliancy, was always careless in his dress. Once his family persuaded him to go to Poole and order a fashionably cut suit. To the chagrin of the household Sir Harry looked more outlandish in the new clothes than in his old ones. His brother-in-law went to see Poole about it.

"It is not my fault, sir," the tailor assured him. "Every care was taken, but how could we fit a gentleman who would insist upon being measured sitting down?"

And the only satisfaction that could be obtained from Sir Harry Poland himself later on was the dry comment: "Well, it's my business and not yours. I like to be comfortable. I spend three parts of my life sitting down, and I preferred to be measured so."

The Finlanders.

No northern people are hardier or more spirited than the Finlanders, with their clear complexions and dark blue eyes. In spite of their harsh climate they have the most healthful living of perhaps any of the northern races and keep equal degrees of romance, daring and good feeling in their natures. You do not find imagination, force and adventure in a race without coarse, plenteous fare, pure air and cleanliness.

Water.

The ocean is a huge spring, containing not only salt, but many other minerals, in solution. The Dead sea is charged with such elements almost to saturation. Only distilled water is pure. By distillation sea water itself is rendered drinkable, though not pleasant.

In Days of Old.

"The old idea," said the lecturer, "was an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

"Yes," concluded one of his hearers, "and there were no painless dentists in those days either."—Detroit Free Press.

There are lots of people who will not take a dare to do anything except a dare to go to work.—Atchison Globe.

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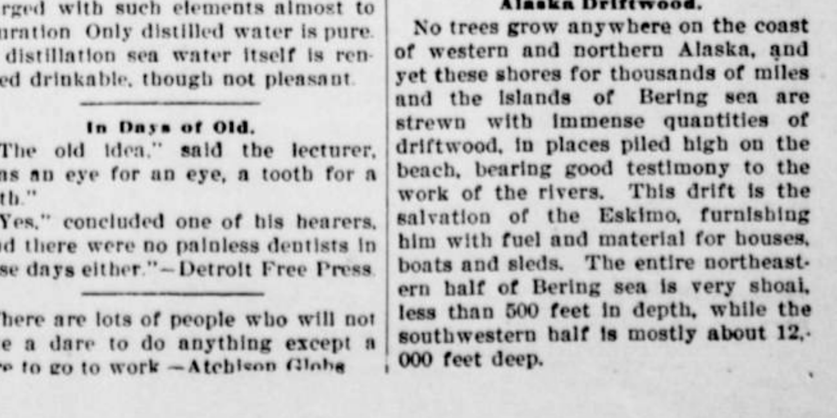
All the world knows that coffee in excessive use is injurious. And yet the coffee lover cannot stand tasteless cereals. There has to this time been no happy medium between. Café Bland fills the void with the best elements of both. It is richer than straight coffee, and many will not be easily convinced 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 caffein, 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 caf-fay—accent on last syllable

An Execution in China.

The poor wretches were made to dig a large square pit, and one by one they were made kneel at the edge with their hands tied behind their backs. A Japanese officer stepped forward and with the ordinary service sword drew it back and forward over the poor wretch's neck, and then with a swift blow it descended, cutting off the head.

The next one was as successful, and then came a terrible spectacle. The Japanese officer, after wiping his sword, drew the back to and fro over the poor wretch's neck three or four times before he struck the fatal blow. Down came the blade on the apex of the skull, cutting about two inches into the neck.

The poor wretch fell into the pit, the Japanese officer climbing down and sawing away at the neck until the head was severed. The heads were immediately carried over to the main road and strung up on poles as an object lesson to the large number of Chinese who were congregated around with blanched faces.—Canadian Magazine.

Recipes For Happiness.

Happiness is not to be procured like hard bake in a solid lump. It is composed of innumerable small items. The recipes for its acquisition are simple, and therefore we ignore them. Love in marriage, fidelity in friendship, affection between parent and children, courtesy in intercourse, devotion to duty and perfect sincerity in every relation of life—those are the ingredients of a happy life. In the quest for happiness one can do no better than put into practice the precepts of the great Persian: "Taking the first step with the good thought, the second step with the good word and the third step with the good deed, I entered paradise."—Sarah Grand.

Alaska Driftwood.

No trees grow anywhere on the coast of western and northern Alaska, and yet these shores for thousands of miles and the islands of Bering sea are strewn with immense quantities of driftwood, in places piled high on the beach, bearing good testimony to the work of the rivers. This drift is the salvation of the Eskimo, furnishing him with fuel and material for houses, boats and sleds. The entire northeastern half of Bering sea is very shoal, less than 500 feet in depth, while the southwestern half is mostly about 12,000 feet deep.