

# THE SHADOW OF THE CORDILLERA

Or, The Magnolia Flower.

BY VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

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CHAPTER VII.

Liana had returned from the country with dark half circles under her eyes and all her pretty color gone.

"Too many long walks, too much violent riding and that sort of thing. I've overdone it," she explained to Mrs. Morris. But she added, seeing the look of distress on that lady's face, "I'll soon freshen up—you'll see."

She did. And when the season opened she became most popular; she was here and there and everywhere. The piquancy of her foreign flavor gave her an additional attractiveness. Her social triumphs now for the first time fully awakened the important De Witte to her charms, and he wondered at his former comparative apathy.

As to Liana, the awaiting distressed her greatly. He was his mother's idolized son; she, Liana, was her penitence. When her happiness came to be weighed in the balance against his it was no open question which would tip the scales. And she was beginning to feel something almost like a repulsion for the man, immaculately groomed and tailored as he was. His continual low whispers and gazing eyes, the dulcet-to-a-tete when the family were out, the tantalizing passages as he layd her on the stairs of an evening—all these brought her trouble and unrest. Ah, were all men self seeking?

Margaret Maitland and Liana had become fast friends, as their first meeting promised. The experiences of the summer had brought them closely together. It was the day after Anna Abbott's wedding, at which both the girls had been bridesmaids, and Margaret, who was not feeling well, was lying down in her boudoir, propped up with cushions. Liana had dropped in for a few moments' chat, but, finding her friend indisposed, had taken off her wraps and decided to pass the afternoon with her.

"Anna looked every inch the bride, didn't she?" said Margaret; "pretty, flushed and tremulous. I hope she'll be a good little wife to Charles, he's so desperately fond of her. And she's such a spoiled, petted creature."

Liana acquiesced in all these things, playing idly with her big muff, which lay on a chair beside her. Somehow her heart was heavy today. It was "Lohengrin's Wedding March" which had fetched the heaviness, she said to herself. Yesterday when the strains had reached her ears in her usual senseless fashion she had felt her lips tremble, and a great, foolish sob nearly had broken up from her throat.

But of this she said no word. She began to talk instead of the guests who had been at the wedding, of the stream of men and women, old and young, people with a great deal of manner and not much else. It amused her to see the faultlessly dressed men crossing their legs, grinning vacuously and clapping their hands and to hear the women gossip turbulently about such things as the shop windows could bring to view any day, from Alaskan seal garments at one end to jeweled barbarities in buckles at the other, with turquoise blue fantasies in millinery coming somewhere in between.

"They make up these people for awhile until Margaret, rising impetuously and letting an unregarded cushion fall to the floor beside her, said: "Liana, I'm sick of it—all this thing they call society. It's only the click-clacking of a gristmill, whose noise more than anything else proclaims its own emptiness."

"One must imagine to like it," put in Liana, smiling archly. "That is how one learns. This is how one could wish things to be, and this is how they are." She crossed one slim finger over another as she laid out the case. But we must imagine to like them all, No?

Margaret watched her silently. Then she reached over to a table at the head of her couch and picked up an open pamphlet. It was a little essay written in the preaphaelite vein and argued against the prosaic outward furniture of modern life and the spreading of "the hideous town." She found the place she wanted and read:

"Say what you will, we are lost children, and when alone and the darkness begins to gather we long for the close relationship of the brothers and sisters we knew in our childhood and cry for the gentle arms that once rocked us to sleep. We are homeless, and this sad, mad rush for wealth and place and power. The calm of the country invites, and we vainly would do with less things and go back to simplicity and rest."

"Child of nature," cried Margaret, suddenly turning on Liana, "how can you be satisfied?"

"Perhaps I am not," answered the girl.

"Well?" said Margaret.

"Well," echoed Liana, and the shadow of the dear old peaks of the Cordillera crept over her face.

But Margaret had never seen the Cordillera and did not observe its shadow. She went on:

"So it came about, around the year 2001, that men began to think, and they said: Let us go home. All is so quiet there. They found, having taken a little time, that there was a beauty in the country they had quite forgotten, and the melody of the water running over the pebbles was a song of pleasure. They saw, too, that animals and birds that lived in the open air never went into declining that the chipmunk's health did not fail nor the quail have nervous prostration."

"Yes," admitted Liana, who had been listening with her cheek on her hand, "it is better to eat than to be eaten." She said the words slowly and precisely. She was as proud of an English quotation as most people are of a Latin one.

They chatted a little more until half past five came upon them. Then it was time for Liana to leave.

When she had dressed for dinner that night, she went into the library and, sinking into a chair by the open fire, began reading. She was all in soft yellow, and a bunch of yellow carnations mixed with some maidenhair was buried in some creamy lace just under each shoulder. Presently De Witte parted the portieres and put in his head.

"Beg pardon for disturbing you. Where's mother?"

Liana took her head out of her book, literally and figuratively, with some unwillingness.

"Your mother? She's dressing, I believe."

"Oh, all right! I only wanted a pin for my necktie. The little loop at the back has come away, and it gets constantly crooked."

"I can give you a pin if that is all you want."

"Could you? It would be so good of you." De Witte came in and stood warming his hands by the fire. Liana fumbled among her drawers and brought out the desired pin. One of the yellow carnations that had been added to make that bunch the same when she removed its prop.

De Witte picked it up. "Bravo!" he said. "I had no flower."

"But you mustn't take mine!"

"Yes, I must," he said earnestly. It was hard work for Liana to resist even a dog's dumb prayer these days. That was why she answered:

"Take it, then."

Liana loved flowers with an almost personal love, and as the man was clumsy and promised to break the carnation in getting it through his buttonhole she offered to fasten it for him. The nails of her white fingers rested on his dark coat and gleamed like milk agates in the bed of a moonlight stream. The heat of the open fire caused some of her loose, fluffy hair to fly up in his face.

The man whose wishes had always been their own justification was rapidly losing presence of mind. He caught her wrists suddenly and began showering kisses upon them.

"I love you, and you know it," he said in a voice which she scarcely recognized for its thickness.

As his lips met the flesh on her pulses she gave a great backward start and remained at bay, panting. "How dare you?" she gasped. But in a moment she had recovered her poise.

"I am sorry this has occurred. Do not let it be renewed." And with a quiet dignity she left the room. The dinner that followed was something dreadful for her. She wondered if the torture chambers of the Inquisition could have looked much like this sumptuous dining room of the end of the nineteenth century!

That night she sobbed herself to sleep, questioning when the whirl in all things would cease and reality return. Everything had got grotesquely mixed, irrationally jumbled. There seemed no solid foothold anywhere. Just as she was going into dreams a few words that Margaret had uttered that afternoon came back to her.

"There are only two or three great facts in life; there is Death and there is Love—and there is not much else."



Then unexpectedly, like a broken thing, she slipped into his arms.

Yes, to be sure, one always is confronted with death—her mother, her father, her grandfather, her little brothers, that famous musician she loved under her pillow. "As to love"—

The little silver cross at the end of the rosary caught the moonlight and seemed to smile a blessing.

"As to love?"

How beautiful it was, the little cross in the moonlight. Liana looked at it dreamily through the lashes of her sleepy eyelids. They flickered for a few seconds and she was asleep.

"A gentleman waits for mademoiselle in the drawing room," announced the little French maid the next morning.

"His card," said Liana indifferently, reaching back one hand toward the maid, while with the other she put the finishing touches to her morning toilet. She had ordered her breakfast in her room.

"It is that he had not one, mademoiselle. He had the wish to surprise you."

"Me?" Liana turned around. "To surprise me? Oh, no. He must have asked for Mrs. Morris."

"For mademoiselle," corrected the maid.

As Liana descended the stairs a few minutes later she could see in a large mirror over the mantel the figure of a man standing by the window. She found herself reaching for the balustrade.

"How absurd!" she murmured. "My dream last night has made me foolish."

The man at the window seemed to be aware of her noiseless entrance and turned.

"Oh!" The word was breathed much as the girl had breathed it when for the first time she had seen the mighty sea. She took no step forward to welcome him, but a great suffusing joy came into her face.

Innocent crossed the room and stood before her, close, but calm.

## HARD ON THE NERVES

### RUNNING TRAINS OVER MOUNTAIN ROADS IS RISKY WORK.

It takes youth and strength and courage to hold an engineer's job on one of these brain-whittling, nerve-racking runs.

"One of the greatest difficulties of the real mountain roads, like the Colorado Midland, the Rio Grande Western and the Denver and Rio Grande, is in getting engineers," said the city passenger agent of the Rio Grande Western road. This gentleman is familiar with all the intermountain roads, where the trains have to all but fly to reach some of their destinations.

"One might suppose that all roads would look alike to the experienced engineer, but they don't. Along some of the practice roads an engineer can take a run on a new track almost as well as on one he has traveled for years and knows with his eyes shut. But here in the west it is different. Down in Colorado, where are some of the greatest monuments to the railroad builder that have ever been erected, an engineer has to travel over the roads sometimes for weeks with old, experienced engineers who know the track before he will be trusted with a train. It isn't a question of engineering ability; merely one of experience.

"It is enough to take a fellow's nerve to sweep around some of those mountain curves and passes for the first time. Some good men never take more than their first ride. I have seen engineers come from the east, men of gilt edge character and ability, who lost their nerve with the first trip and took the first train for a flatter country. Dizzy reverse curves, trestles that seem to totter in the wind, precipices that seem to yawn for a fellow's life and grades that are a revelation of horror to the newcomer crowd in bewildering confusion on the view, and unless a fellow is as stolid as an ox or as nervous as the mischief he is apt to lose his head.

"You would be surprised at the number of young engineers who are on the mountain roads. For one thing, a man does not last there as he does on a less picturesque, more prosaic run. It takes youth and strength and courage of a rare order to stand it all. The companies are the most appreciative in the world, for they realize how hard it is to get a good man, and they treat a good man royally. But even this does not attract a surplus of the right sort.

"The principal dangers are in the heavy grades and in the sharp curves, though landslides are far from unknown. One must know his train and his road like a book to get through with his life on the Marshall pass, for instance, where you seem to plunge headlong down the mighty hill. A rock on the track, a broken wheel, a runaway car or a failure of the brakes would result in a smash up that would startle the whole country. The hill might be a glare of ice or frost, it might be wet or snowy, and if you stop the airbrake too hard so as to start the wheels sliding down the hill you go like a gigantic toboggan, with death and destruction at the end of the ride. The management of the airbrake and knowing where the curves and dangerous places are is the greatest part of an engineer's education in the mountains.

"For my own part, knowing the dangers as I do, I feel nervous after riding 100 miles over the wildest parts of the roads even as a passenger. I rode through the Royal gorge on the engine a few weeks ago and was glad when the ride was over. It makes a fellow feel trembly like to think what might be, though the worst rarely happens. Such is the care taken in equipment and in getting the best men that the mountain roads have as small a proportion of losses as the dead level roads of the plains. But it takes a man of nerve to pilot a train through some of the wilder regions.

"A freight train is the worst, in that it is much heavier than a passenger and is expected to make almost the same time. All the heavy stock trains going east, 25 to 30 cars, make passenger schedule. A freight is so loosely coupled as to be very unmanageable at critical points. The stock trains are the terror of the engine drivers and all the trainmen.

"A fellow isn't necessarily a coward when he throws up his job as engineer over the mountain roads, after seeing what the dangers are. Not one passenger in 10,000 would assume the same danger. The position calls for absolute steady nerve, and one who feels that he is likely to get rattled is dangerous to himself, to the company and to all who ride behind him. A man must think and act like lightning in the face of so many dangers that he must be sure of his ability to stand the strain. No one stays any great number of years. It is beyond one's power to do so and be safe. A man may be brave and willing and all that, but these are not enough. He must be sure and proof against stamper. Such a man is worth everything to the companies, and they treat him like a prince."—Butte Inter-Mountain.

## FOND OF THE GIRLS.

### The Love Affairs of the Father of His Country.

George Washington's love affairs began at a very early age, and he was to the day of his death "fond of the girls."

The first sweetheart was one Mary Bland, with whom he fell in love when he was only 14 years of age. This is ascertained from an entry in one of his diaries, where he refers to her as his "lowland beauty." Having tired of Mary, he wrote to a friend that he had decided to "bury his chaste and troublesome passion," which, having done, he soon found himself enamored of Lucy Cary, a sister-in-law of Colonel Fairfax. His affection for this young lady lasted for some years, being only interrupted now and again by his natural Virginia passion of making love to every pretty girl whom he met.

In 1752 his first serious love affair was shattered. Having fallen in love with a certain Miss Betsy Fawcett, he determined to ask her to become his wife, but the fates had destined him to marry another, for she rejected his proposals. He afterward came back to her, but found that she had not changed her mind on that score.

His next heartache was caused by a girl in New York after he had become a colonel. She was the heiress Mary Phillips. His business called him away from her; but, having finished this, he returned to New York and proposed to her, but was here, as before, disappointed by her refusal.

In 1758 at Wayne's Ferry, while traveling to Williamsburg with dispatches, he met his future wife, Mrs. Martha Dandridge Custis, the widow of Daniel Park Custis. We learn from history that she was young, pretty, intelligent and rich. He had been with her all of an afternoon and was to ride away to his home the next morning. On his way he stopped at her home and then and there told of his love and asked her to become his mate for life.

This time, contrary to his previous proposals, he was accepted.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## He Was Accommodated.

A conjurer was performing before a rough and ready audience in one of the prohibition stores of America, according to an English paper. "I am now about to undertake a feat," said he, "in which I shall need the use of a pint flask of whisky." There was a dead silence. "Will some gentleman in the audience favor me with a pint of whisky?" There was no response, and the conjuror began to look blank. "Surely," he continued, "in a southeastern prohibition town I ought not to have to ask a second time for such a thing. I give my word I will return it intact. Is there no?"

"Stranger," said a tall, gaunt man as he rose slowly from a front seat, "wouldn't a quart flask do as well?"

"Why, certainly! I merely—"

But before he could finish the generous, open handed audience had risen like one man and were on their way to the platform in a body.

## His Unlucky Day.

Even the least superstitious are often struck by the misfortunes which attend some persons on certain dates. A large firm in the city has in its employ a living instance of the fact. On June 12 an employee lost his left arm by coming in contact with machinery. The accident disabled him for his then employment, and he was given that of a messenger. On another June 12 he was run over in the Strand while on an errand—result, a broken leg. The next accident was a fall on the stairs in the firm's buildings, again June 12; the right arm broken this time. The fourth mishap on another anniversary broke three ribs. The firm took the case into consideration and issued an order that in the future the employee was to take a holiday on that date, an order with which he has now complied for several years.—London Chronicle.

## Chopin on Piano Fingering.

This is from a fragment of piano fingering left by Chopin: "No one notices inequality in the power of the notes of a scale when it is played very fast and equally as regards time. In a good mechanism the aim is not to play everything with an equal sound, but to acquire a beautiful quality of touch and a perfect shading.

"For a long time players have acted against nature in seeking to give equal power to each finger. On the contrary, each finger should have an appropriate part assigned it. The thumb has the greatest power, being the thickest finger and the freest. Then comes the little finger, at the other extremity of the hand. The middle finger is the main support of the hand and is assisted by the first. Finally comes the third, the weakest one.

"As to this Siamese twin of the middle finger some players try to force it with all their might to become independent, a thing impossible and most likely unnecessary. There are, then, many different qualities of sound, just as there are several fingers. The point is to utilize the differences, and this, in other words, is the art of fingering."—Huneker's "Chopin, the Man and His Music."

## The Dictionary.

If you want to be read with interest, read the dictionary. It will tell you how very badly other people spell our language and, incidentally, what a tiny couplet of words we each dip up out of its ocean.—Minneapolis Times.

## WORKING IN PUBLIC.

### Show Window Artisans Can Command Good Remuneration.

A Broadway shoe manufacturer was asked what method of advertising he found most profitable.

"Placing my men near the window," he said, "so they can work in view of the public. I don't know of anything that catches the attention of the passer-by more quickly than the sight of a demonstrator sitting close to the window running a machine for dear life."

"Manufacturers of all kinds of goods have adopted this plan. Watchmakers put their most skilled workers on exhibition to show how the finest garments are cut and sewed. Cigar manufacturers take the public into their confidence and let them see the process of rolling as performed by the cleverest hands. Men who deal in mechanical contrivances have found that it pays to have at least one machine set up near a window so the crowd outside may observe the intricacy of its parts and the rapidity of its action. Jewelers have stationed their most expert lapidaries within view of the street that possible customers may see how precious stones are cut and polished and set.

"It isn't everybody who can work in public. It takes a person with good strong nerves and concentration of thought to do difficult work in a show window. I have men in my employ who are excellent workers, but they get flustered when subjected to unusual surveillance and ruin everything they put their hands to. I have tried some of them as window operators, but they can't get used to it.

"A man who can run a machine at full tilt or can paint a picture or fry pancakes or iron a shirt in the full gaze of the public eye and not lose his head is an artist and worth several dollars more a week to his employer than the more modest individual. And he gets it too."—New York Sun.

## MEN'S VIEW OF WOMEN.

Earth has nothing more tender than a plump woman's heart.—Luther.

Remember, woman is most perfect when most womanly.—Gladstone.

Lovely woman that caused our cares can every care beguile.—Beresford.

He that would have fine guests let him have a fine woman.—Ben Jonson.

A woman's strength is most potent when robed in gentleness.—Lamartine.

Disguise our bondage as we will, 'tis woman, woman, rules us still.—Moore.

Oil and water, woman and a secret, are hostile properties.—Bolwer Lytton.

Women need not look at those dear to them to know their moods.—Howells.

Kindness in woman, not their beautiful looks, shall win my love.—Shakespeare.

Raptured man quits each dozing sage, O woman, for thy lovelier page!—Moore.

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill to turn the current of a woman's will.—Samuel Tuke.

The most beautiful object in the world, it will be allowed, is a beautiful woman.—Macaulay.

If the heart of a man is depressed with cares, the mist is dispelled when a woman appears.—Gay.

## Taking Sunday Collections.

An old and not yet obsolete mode of taking a collection in a Scotch church is by means of a ladle—a small wooden box at the end of a straight wooden shaft about four and a half feet long, the top of the box being sufficiently open to receive contributions of money. For all special collections this was the usual mode in the chief churches of Edinburgh when I was a boy at school there 50 years ago, but it has gradually gone out of fashion and is not often to be seen nowadays.

For ordinary Sunday collections the general custom has been to have a metal plate or basin on a small table at the church entrance superintended by an elder—a mode which was often called the brood. When ladies are used, they are handed round the congregation by elders after the sermon or after the last psalm, and the common Scotch phrase to "lift" the collection may have come from this custom.—Notes and Queries.

## Some Queer Verdicts.

What is "a reasonable state of intoxication" apparently just missed precise definition by a coroner's jury in Mississippi which stated in its verdict that "we, the jury, find that deceased came to his death by a stroke of an east bound train, No. 204, on C. & O. Railroad, at Pentress, Miss., in Choctaw county, he being in a reasonable state of intoxication."

A somewhat similar indelicateness of legal conclusion was a verdict of a neighboring Georgia jury to the effect that "we, the jury, and the defendant almost guilty."

Equally as uncertain and ambiguous as these statements by laymen is the opinion in an early Maryland case which "acknowledges the corn" by saying that an occurrence referred to took place "at a former sitting when the court was full."

## Why She Wanted to Know.

"Is this Hazel street?" asked a young woman in one of the back seats of an East Tenth street car who was carrying a diminutive poodle dog under her arm.

"No, madam," said the conductor. "I will tell you when we come to it."

Later on she repeated the question, and the conductor answered with some show of impatience. Finally when Hazel street was reached, he rang, and the car came to a stop. "This is Hazel street," said the conductor.

"Oh, I don't want to get off at that street. I only wanted to know where it was. I go to the end of the line."

Then as the car started again she looked down at the poodle and said in tones of extreme affection: "There, dearie, there's where your mummy lives."—Indianapolis News.

## Too Liberal.

Wife—Here's an advertisement in the paper that you'd better look into. It says a man is wanted, and he won't be worked to death, and he'll get paid enough to live on.

Husband Says he won't be worked to death, eh?

Wife—Yes; and they promise pay enough to live on.

Husband—Some catch about that!—Pick Me Up.

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## A Queer Frontier Experience.

In narrating the frontier experiences of "The First White Baby Born in the Northwest" in "The Ladies' Home Journal" W. S. Harwood tells of a queer experience that befell the family in the first year after settling on a farm far removed from the settlements.

The winter had been unusually long and severe, and their stock of provisions ran low. It was a long distance to the nearest base of supplies, and communication with the outside world had been cut off. Indians in the neighborhood one night broke into the granary where the wheat was stored and stole a quantity. In doing this a large amount of broken glass became mixed with the wheat which the Indians left, so for many days, amid much merry story telling and many a joke and laugh, in spite of the serious situation, the family gathered about a large table in their living room and spent the short winter days picking over the wheat, kernel by kernel, in order to free it from the pieces of glass.

For this wheat stood between them and starvation, and none of its precious kernels must be lost. Their stock of flour had long since wasted away, as had most of their food supplies, so they boiled and ate the wheat without grinding. Relief reached them just in time to prevent a sad ending to the experience.

## Arab and the Telephone.

We had a party of Arabs along with us and took them all over a great newspaper office. Everything was wildly astonishing to them. They had imagined that the Koran contained all the knowledge and wisdom of the world, yet here were the telegraph, the telephone, the electrolyte and the printing press. The place was a veritable enchanted castle to them. They would never have believed in the telephone if I had not called up their hotel and got one of their own party at that end of the wire.

The dervish who had come along was bold as well as pious. When he heard that his friend five miles away was talking through the instrument, he made a dash at it. He was greatly excited and yelled in a megaphone voice.

He thought we were tricking him, but here was his friend talking Arabic. He rolled his eyes at me in a despairing manner and then began a search for devils, being quite convinced that the phone was an invention of satan.—Independent.

## Lime-water.

Lime-water has so many uses it is hard to classify. It is good to soften water, sweeten drinks, to keep milk vessels wholesome, to make milk itself set well upon delicate stomachs, to test air for excess of carbonic acid—if there is too much carbonic acid present, the clear lime-water instantly crusts over—to take out marks left by grease spots which have been removed by stronger alkalis—in fact, for so many things it should always be kept on hand. Mixed with either sweet or luscious oil to a creamy consistency, it is the very best household remedy for burns and scalds.

It costs practically no more than the trouble of making. Put a lump of quicklime as big as the two fists in a clean earthen pitcher, cover it six inches deep with clean cold water, stir with a wooden spoon and let it stand six hours. Pour off the clear liquid without disturbing the lime, but let it run through double cheesecloth. Put in small bottles and cork tight. In using always pour off half an inch from the top of a bottle that has stood.

## Unfortunate Deduction.

Sergeant Kelly of the Irish bar in the early years of the nineteenth century used to indulge in a picturesque eloquence, racy of the soil, but unfortunately he would sometimes forget the line of argument and would always fall back on the word "therefore," which generally led his mind back to what he had intended saying. Sometimes, however, the effort was almost disastrous.

One time he had been complimenting the jury, assuring them that they were men of extraordinary intelligence and then branched off into a statement of his case. With a wave of his hand and a smile on his face he enquired, "This is so clear a case, gentlemen, that I am convinced you felt it so the very moment I stated it. I should pay men of intelligence a poor compliment to dwell on it for a minute, therefore I shall proceed to explain it to you as minutely as possible."—Green Bag.

## Cleaning Furniture.

Where a piece of furniture is very much soiled and requires to be cleaned and polished, first wash it thoroughly with warm soapy water, washing only a small surface at a time and drying it quickly by rubbing it hard with a flannel. Mix together one pint of linseed oil and a half pint of kerosene, wet a flannel with the oil mixture and rub the cleaned furniture. Rest half an hour before taking a fresh piece of flannel and then by vigorous rubbing polish the wood until it shines like glass. This will not injure the nicest wood and is an easy method of keeping furniture bright. The odor soon disappears if the windows are left open.

## Where He Drew the Line.

"You don't like walking very much, do you?" inquired the farmer's horse, who was grazing near the canal.

"Oh, I don't mind it under certain conditions," replied the canibalistic mule.

"You don't appear to like your exercise on the towpath."

"No. That's where I draw the line."

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## Café Bland

How to Button a Coat.

The art of properly buttoning a coat—any coat—is, do it the other way.

That is to say that nine out of every ten of us button our coats the wrong way. We commence with the topmost button when we should commence with the bottommost.

The farthest portion of a coat, in respect to shape retaining qualities—no matter how well made—is the region of collar and lapels. The swagger merchant tailor always cautions his customer to "wear it buttoned a few days so that the collar may set properly."

Then, this admitted, it follows that tugs and strains affecting this part of the garment tend to destroy its symmetry. Drawing the coat together by the top button and buttonhole for the purpose of fastening exerts a pull all around the shoulders and neck region, which, by repetition, in time will give the smartest coat a hang dog appearance.—Chat.

Made Good Matches.

She—I can't make out how it is that Mrs. Wise has fish for nearly every meal. It can't be for economy's sake, for she must be fairly well off.

He—She has a large family of unmarried daughters, you know.

She—Now, don't be nasty and say something about girls and their brains. That's so old.

He—Oh, no, I hadn't the slightest intention of doing so!

She—Well, can't you tell me?

He—I don't know, I'm sure, unless it's because fish are rich in phosphorus.

She—I don't see what that has to do with it.

He—Perhaps not, but still it's good for making matches.

Noblesse Oblige.

"What are you staring at, Nellie?"

"Oh, please, ma'am, with your hair like that and your diamonds you do look so like Lady Plantagenet Gingham that I was own maid to! Are you any relation, ma'am?"

"No—at least no near relation. But you can have that pink silk neck waist of mine, Nellie."—Life.

Handy With His Tongue Too.

The following was a speech by a successful competitor for the prize of a foot race: "Gentlemen, I have won this cup by the use of my legs. I trust I may never lose the use of my legs by the use of this cup."—Evening Wisconsin.