

# THE HEART OF FORT TCHOU.

By E. and H. HERON.

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VERLOOKING the blue waters of the China sea and in its turn overlooked by a tropical sun stands an ancient fortification, from the summit of which the British flag flaps lazily in the still air. Away to the rim of the shallow swells wash among many sprinkled islands where the dim life of the far east still dreams on untouched by the centuries. It is water junk haunted, and where it slips up into the mainland through long and tortuous inlets pirates are said to dwell in sun smitten lagoons—yellow pirates, blue amethyst seas, black and unhandy sailing craft and occasionally the long smoke trail of a big steamer nearing the end of her run toward the rising sun. The site of the fort had been chosen by some long forgotten strategical. Its natural powers of defense were remarkable, and a good deal of modern masonry ingrafted upon these old world beginnings still lifted an uneven yet solid front seaward.

Such is Fort Tchou viewed close at hand. From the home standpoint things look different. It is no more than an outlying post of the empire, about which we worry very little, although feverish Canton correspondents invariably mention it in connection with French interests. Yet we refuse to believe that the French have coveted Fort Tchou for at least a decade. Their gunboats and cruisers nose stealthily in and about the little bay under the fort to reconnoiter, their officers are entertained by Tchou's small garrison, and afterward long reports as to the strength of the batteries and outworks somehow find their way to Paris for the edification of the war office there, for it happens that a mile or so to the southwest and almost out of sight behind the sheltering ridge an island roofed with houses, its shores fretted with shipping, lives out its hot, busy life under British rule. The foot of that island live serves as a dream to the gables of the world.

During a certain war scare not yet grown gray a French gunboat of a thousand tons, more or less, drew slowly up out of the shimmering dawn and lay to in the bay, and the rattle of her anchor chains struck clear across the lonely morning water. The French captain was on the bridge with his first lieutenant, standing at the twin hills, at the right of one of which the old fort sat like a broken crown. "My friend," said the captain, a short legged Gaul, with a pointed beard, "we must not fail. Presently we go ashore, when you will carry the little camera. Sir Ronald Brusil has given me a letter of introduction to Colonel Lennard. They say M. le Commandant has a daughter." He grinned significantly at the slender, handsome young fellow beside him. "You, Francois, will engage the attention of this young lady and by some little ruse of a tender nature procure for me photographs of the defenses we have so long desired. To lugger with mademoiselle on the roof after dinner—low natural, how delightful! You comprehend?" Lieutenant Francois intimated that he entirely understood. He only deprecated the fact that mademoiselle must inevitably possess the teeth of Albion, so large, so on evidence.

M. le Capitaine shrugged his shoulders. It was not a question of teeth, but of photographs of the defenses, the strength and position of the batteries. For his part, he had met several beautiful English women. Here he laughed in a suggestively reminiscent manner. For the sake of his lieutenant he hoped the girl was beautiful; but, if not, he urged upon Francois that the ugly ones appreciate fattery all the more. However, one would see. To begin with, Colonel Lennard would be invited to inspect the Loup-garou. Francois remained on deck while the dawn changed into orange morning, and he reflected that, after all, in China even an English miss would help to pass the time, besides keeping his hand in for future successes among the most desirable of his own countrywomen. As he thought over these things the chink of pipes from the direction of the fort traveled to his ears, and the watch of the Loup-garou came aft with sandstone, buckets and brooms to clean the decks in anticipation of an exchange of international courtesies.

Meantime the Fort Tchou garrison awakened to the fact that a gunboat had come up from the Tsoung station. They heard of the Loup-garou and of her commander, Captain Merveigne, before. He had been recently appointed and was proportionately full of zeal and curiosity. "I know exactly what we shall all be expected to do," Miss Lennard said to her father over the breakfast table while the breeze from the sea fanned the pretty chestnut curls upon her forehead—"go through the same stupid programme—two formal visits, our diners to them and their invitation to us to visit the ship, and all the while bowing and complimenting for you and Mr. Cannon."

"None for you, Cordella? That does not accord with my experience," Colonel Lennard laughed. "Oh, of course, a share for me too. But I don't like the French. They are too—too—what shall I call it?—too French. In fact, still, there may be some amusement to be got out of it. Who can tell?" she ended thoughtfully. Colonel Lennard put down his coffee cup and wrinkled his forehead.

"No amusement for me, at any rate. The fact is, Cordella, the French want something. They never come here without reason. This time they have brought a letter from Sir Ronald, and are to have a run of the bay for a week while they are waiting for the next collier that comes along, and that means incessant bother. I must send for Cannon."

Now, it happened that at this period Fort Tchou was credited with possessing

ing a heart for probably the first time during the variously calculated number of centuries it had frowned from the bare desolation of the Wang-Tschou-Fung ridge. The explanation is simple. Miss Lennard had appeared at a few of the rare festivities given along the coast, and some British subaltern in an amorous moment had spoken of her as "the heart of Fort Tchou." The epithet clung as epithets will, especially since, for many reasons, it was considered a peculiarly happy inspiration.

Miss Lennard helped herself to fruit while she listened to the echo of rapid feet ascending the long flight of steps behind the veranda. "I hear some one coming," she said as a young man in a white uniform appeared between the whitewashed pillars at the farther end of the veranda. He gave her a quick look from his brown eyes as he came up to the table before he shook hands.

"The French are in the bay," says the Shan Van Voght," he quoted, laughing. "Are the French officers coming ashore at once?" asked Cordella, with quite unnecessary interest. "How delightful! You know I like the French." Colonel Lennard stared a little at this, but he had not been the father of a pretty grown up daughter for the last ten months without learning that there are things in heaven and earth not dreamed of in male philosophies. "Look at this, Cannon," Colonel Lennard handed a letter across the table. "Brusil says the French are at us again, and that we must humor them in one way or another. There is, it appears, a little soreness among them at present, and he thinks if we could give them a show in here and soothe them down a bit it might serve our interests at a moment when some blamed idiot has been saying that Fort Tchou is being placed on a war footing. How anything has leaked out I can't imagine, but it's infernally awkward. I really don't see how we are to please them."

"Cannon raised his alert red head after a moment's thought. "Faith, I'd show them round, sir. That would gratify them anyway." The commandant rose abruptly from the table. "Don't be a fool, Pat," he said testily. "I rather relied upon you for a suggestion. I tell you, it seems to me just one of those stupid dilemmas that a little tact should help one out of. Yet I can't see my way to it." "Just so, sir. I wouldn't show them round all at once. I'd let them see things by degrees—round the northeast batteries, for instance."

"You don't mean—Why, they will see—" "I can arrange all they will be interested in seeing in 48 hours, sir. They'll be off in a week. After that—" Lennard suddenly burst into a great laugh as his subaltern's meaning grew clear to him. "Gad, yes, Pat, show 'em round."

Many things fell out as Cordella Lennard had foreseen; also some other things which she had not, openly at least, predicted. The formal visits were exchanged, the formal invitations to the customary dinner were sent out to the Loup-garou by a yellow messenger in a little white boat, and meantime Pat Cannon sweated and slaved and awoke and hardly gave himself time to sleep while he worked continuous gangs of men along the galleries of the old northeast front. The mound for three days was as busy as an ant hill, although from the outside it appeared empty and placid enough, and Cordella's fair face looked prematurely sad and wistful under the moon as she said in a low voice:

"Have you?" Francois afterward declared that he could have died of that charming whisper. "Tonight, mademoiselle!" he answered rapturously. And then—ah, evil fate!—it was time to say good night and depart in the captain's gig. But even separation had its alleviations. He paced the deck of the Loup-garou during his watch and saw the daylight grow into a pallid circle through the porthole of his cabin while he still dwelt ecstatically not only upon Miss Lennard's claims to admiration—her eyes, her hair, her figure, even her pretty, hesitating French, although it was the French of Montreux and Brussels—but also upon the flattering response his attentions had drawn from her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Queer Frontier Experience. In narrating the frontier experience 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 fed, 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 preservative 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 grudging. Relief reached them just in time to prevent a sad ending to the experience.

Simple and Effective, but Costly. "When I came to town, I noticed a little, round swelling on my wrist," said a visitor from the country. "It bothered me, and one day when I saw a sign, 'Dr. John Doe,' I thought I'd go in and have it looked at. Well, I was shown into a blue room, and in a minute a pleasant looking man came in. 'Dr. Doe?' I says and held up my wrist. 'Ah, a weeping shew!' says he, as if he'd been waiting years for a chance to study a case like mine. 'I didn't say anything, but kept my wrist out with the band hanging limp while he took down a book from the shelf. I expected him to turn over the pages and look up my trouble under R or W and then prescribe something. Instead he gave me a crack on the wrist like a thousand of brick! It was right on the swelling and hurt like a maul blow. I jumped high in the air and yelled. 'Your weeping shew's gone,' said the doctor quickly. 'Three dollars.' 'I was too much surprised to say a word, and I paid it. But no wonder—your city doctors get rich. Three dollars! Any blacksmith would have done that job for the fun of doing it.'

## A BURSTING BOILER.

How It Looks When a Locomotive is Blown Up.



"I am one of the very few persons who ever saw a locomotive blow up," remarked an old railroad man to a reporter the other day. "Generally the man who witnesses the explosion of a steam engine are so dead when the smoke has cleared away that they are never able to give an account of the disaster. 'Like many other accidents, the one I saw was the result of carelessness—low water in the boiler—for the engine had just come from the shops and was in complete repair. It was on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in West Virginia a number of years ago. I was on a locomotive some distance behind the one which exploded and was looking ahead out of the cab window, so that the ill fated engine was immediately before my eyes. Suddenly I saw the machine rise in the air. It seemed to me to be about as high as the telegraph poles beside the track, which, as you doubtless know, are not so high as telegraph poles in the city. Then came a cloud of dense black smoke and dust, which hid the engine from view, and almost simultaneously I heard the roar of the explosion. 'Both the engineer and the fireman were killed, and the locomotive was fit for nothing much but the scrap heap when it fell to the ground. The crown sheet over the firebox had blown out. 'The strange thing about the explosion was that no white steam was seen. You know that perfectly dry steam is invisible, being like the air, and before it had time to condense it was probably smothered by the cloud of smoke and dust raised by the bursting of the boiler.'—Baltimore Sun.

## PREPARED CHALK.

How to Prepare an Effective and Economical Dentifrice.

Practically all the tooth powders of commerce have the same base—prepared chalk. This is mixed with some innocuous compound, flavored a little, put up in an attractive bottle or jar and, behold, a tooth powder costing from 15 to 50 cents per vessel, according to the place you buy it and the celebrity of the name on the label. For 15 cents enough tooth powder to last a family a year can be put together. Buy the chalk in bulk and with it some ground castile soap, which all druggists sell. Put them together in the proportion of one-eighth soap to seven-eighths chalk, mix well and fill any and all the empty tooth powder jars or bottles that you may have around. If flavoring is liked, it is easy to add a little wintergreen or peppermint. So with the various antiseptic and disinfecting solutions that, attractively bottled and judiciously advertised, coax pennies unnecessarily out of our purses. There is no better cleanser and general sweetener than a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda. Fill a pint or a quart bottle, if you want to, with clear water and add bicarbonate of soda got from the druggist, not the grocer, until the liquid will take up no more. Keep this on your toilet shelf and use it as a mouth wash, etc.

When it comes to an antiseptic fluid, any surgeon will tell you that there is practically nothing in materia medica better than salt and water. It is always at hand and is safe and effective. —New York Post.

## An Ample and Sweet Revenge.

Our young Englishman had been repeatedly and unnecessarily annoyed by the St. Malo custom house officials made up his mind to get even with them. The last time he had crossed he had brought a ferret over with him, and a minute or so before landing he transferred the creature to a black bag, which he carried with extreme care and an evident desire not to attract attention. This immediately fetched one of the douaniers, and he swooped down on it with joyful alacrity. Our young Englishman pretended not to understand the official until the Frenchman made his meaning clear by unmistakable signs. Then he slowly and reluctantly unlocked the bag. The douanier plunged in his hand, and—my pen (let me put it down to my pen) refuses to adequately describe the dramatic scene that ensued. Suffice it to say that the bare recital of it was balm to my wounded spirit. I only hope it was our friend at the custom house who made the ferret's acquaintance. Revenge is sweet. —Continental Chit-Chat.

## What Two Scotchmen Did.

In the early days of California two Scotchmen emigrated thither. One of them, an enthusiastic lover of Scotch food, took with him a thistle, the national emblem. The other took a small swarm of honeybees. Years have gone. The Pacific coast is, on the one hand, cursed with the Scotch thistle, which the farmers find impossible to exterminate; on the other hand, the forests and fields are laden with the sweetness of honey, which has been and still is one of the blessings of the western slope of the Rocky mountains.

## He Could Cook.

"Can he cook?" asked the proprietor of the restaurant. "Cook?" echoed the caller, who was rooting for a friend out of a job. "Can he cook? Say, I've seen that man make four squab pies out of one old pigeon!" —Chicago Tribune.

## Propos of the Money Question.

A man in public life or out has yet developed a scheme which will give everybody all the money he wants. —Philadelphia Ledger.

## Looked the Part.

"Is Snuggles a camera fiend?" "I don't know, but he certainly looked like it in the first snap shot his wife took of him." —San Francisco Bulletin.

## Few Men Ever Reach the Top.

Few men ever reach the top, probably because the top grows away from the average man as fast as he climbs. —Chicago News.

## Best Us on Time.

"Oh, come now," exclaimed the Britisher. "You must admit we're ahead of you in a grite many ways." "In one, great particular I admit you are," said the Yankee. "And that is?" "Time. It's 8 o'clock in London, and it's only 3 here." —Philadelphia Record.

## POOL TABLE POCKETS.

They Are Made For the Most Part in Farmers' Homes.

"An odd occupation, surely," said a man acquainted with the business, "is that of knitting pool table pockets. A few persons find steady employment at it, but the greater number of those engaged in it take it up incidentally to some other employment. 'Of all the pool pockets used the largest proportion is made in farmhouses by farmers' wives and daughters. The women who do this work are mostly Germans and Swedes. 'Pool table pockets are all handmade. The largest producer of pool pockets at this work about thirty families, those mostly residing on Long Island. The bundles of material for the several families thus employed are made up in the shop and delivered to them, the finished pockets being at the same time collected. 'The knitting is done with a needle twenty inches in length, and the pockets are knitted with a peculiar knot that will not pull out. You might cut a hole in a pocket with a knife, but the hole would go no farther. As the pocket is knitted it will not pull or draw apart. 'Pool pockets are made of cotton, of wool and silk. The first are sold for \$1.25 or thereabouts a dozen. Silk pockets sell for about \$10 a dozen. 'I should say that of all the pockets made perhaps half are of cotton, three-eighths of wool and one-eighth of silk. The pockets are most commonly green, but they are made in other colors as well—in maroon, for example, and in yellow and in blue for tables with cloths in those colors. 'Output? Well, the production of them is somewhat scattered. I should say that it might amount annually to about 10,000 dozen, valued on an average, roughly estimated, at \$4 a dozen, making the total value of the output somewhere about \$40,000.'—New York Sun.

## THE HOME DOCTOR.

A soft linen bandage saturated with a 1 per cent solution of carbolic acid is excellent for a blistered finger. To relieve a nervous headache apply hot water to the temples and back of the neck. A hot footbath will also materially aid. Earache can frequently be cured by wringing out a flannel in boiling water, sprinkling a few drops of laudanum on it and applying it to the ear. A small quantity of vinegar will generally destroy immediately any insect that may find its way into the stomach, and a little salad oil will kill any insect that may enter the ear. When your feet are very tired and hot, plunge them into a basin of cold water and keep them there until a sensation of warmth begins. Then dry them and put on fresh stockings and shoes. A writer states that a teaspoonful of finely grated nutmeg in a teacupful of cold water taken six or eight times a day, repeated on the third day, is a sure cure for boils.

## A Four Footed Bird.

There is a four footed bird, the Opisthocomus cristatus, which has such anomalies of structure that it is impossible to class it along with any other family. It is one of those survivors which tell us of extinct groups of whose past existence we would otherwise have remained forever ignorant. These, the only species of four footed birds, inhabit the island of Marajo in the lower Amazon. It is only during infancy that this remarkable feature of these birds is seen, the two fore feet appearing early in the development of the embryo and continuing perfectly formed for several days after hatching, when they are gradually shed. It is also known as the hoatzin or evil smelling bird, the flesh having an unpleasant odor, making it unpalatable to both man and carnivorous animals which is probably one cause of its survival.

## People Who Used to Eat Spiders.

The enjoyment of spiders (one of food is, after all, a matter of custom, and the African who revels in white ants is no more peculiar in his tastes than the European who eats cheese mites. A lady whom M. Reaumur knew was accustomed to devour spiders as fast as she could catch them, and a German lady gave it as her opinion that these creatures resembled in taste the most delicious nuts. A fellow countryman of this lady was in the habit of regularly hunting spiders in his own and his friends' houses. He used to spread them on bread. Bozel tells us, and vowed that they were far pleasanter to the palate than butter. —Cornhill Magazine.

## The Last Nickel.

The Philadelphia Record tells of a little Sunday school boy who always receives a nickel from his father to play in the collection plate. Last Sunday his father gave him two nickels, saying, "One is for the Lord, and the other is for yourself." As it was too early to start for Sunday school the little boy sat on the porch steps, playing with the two nickels. After awhile he dropped one of them, and it disappeared down a crack. Without a moment's hesitation and still clutching the remaining coin in his clenched fist, he looked up at his father, exclaiming, "Oh, pop, there goes the Lord's nickel!"

## A Houseful of Sandbag.

A sandbag is a very useful thing to have in the house. Dry the sand thoroughly in the oven and then make a flannel bag about eight inches square. Fill it with the sand, sew up the opening carefully and cover the bag with cotton or linen. This will prevent the sand from sifting out and will allow of the bag being quickly heated when required by placing it in the oven. Sand holds heat a long time and is softer to the feet of an invalid than the ordinary hot water bottle.

## Who He Was.

"Wait a minute, John. Don't read so fast. Who was it that there crowd turned out?" "Eh? Turned out?" "Yes; you read it there that the crowd turned out N. Mass. Who was N. Mass?" "Why, I suppose he's some Frenchman. You ought to listen closer." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## A COLUMBUS STATUE.

The Story of a Brass Founder's Transformation of Gambirius.

A story is told of a brass founder who was one day visited by a friend acting as agent for one of the cities of Central America. The agent asked what it would cost to cast a statue of Christopher Columbus for the public square of the city. The amount was far in excess of the sum which the man had at his disposal. He was about leaving in despair of being able to secure the statue when the brass founder said: "Come back in the junk yard and let us see what can be found there." He went back, and the brass founder showed him a colossal statue of Gambirius, recently removed from the front of a large brewing establishment. Under his feet rested a beer keg, in his hand was a large and overwrought schooner, his beard was long and shaggy, and about his brows was wreathed a garland of barley and hops. "Why, this will never do," said the commission merchant. "I want a statue of Columbus." "Wait until I have touched this one up. Come back in about a week and see what you think of it. If it suits you, you can have it for the amount you have at your disposal." As soon as the visitor had gone the brass founder set two men at work on the figure of Gambirius. They removed the beer keg from under his right foot and placed there an anchor and a coil of rope, from his hand they removed the goblet and substituted a globe, with the continents traced on it; from his brow they took the wreath of barley and hops and substituted a wreath of laurel and then proceeded to trim up his whiskers. The finishing touch consisted in putting at the base of the statue "Cristoforo Colombo."

When the commission merchant came, he was delighted with the figure and, purchasing it, shipped it to the Central American city, where it adorns the public square and is looked upon with veneration by the citizens of that town. —New York Times.

## Devastating Power of Locusts.

A swarm of these insects stopped the advance of a Russian army. They filled the air and blinded both officers and men, so that the former could give no orders, and even if they had done so the men could not have obeyed them. The horses would not face them, and they lay on the ground many inches thick. Every man and horse in the army was incensed with the insects, and their clothing was literally eaten off the men as they stood helpless and blinded. The railways were useless, as the locusts covered the rails, and the oil which exuded from their bodies when crushed prevented the driving wheels from "biting." After they had settled whole regiments were detached for the purpose of trampling them to death. Trenches were dug across their path and filled with burning coals, but the crowding swarms actually smothered the fire, so vast were their numbers. Even in a little island like Cyprus in one year one-fifth of the entire revenue was spent in destroying the locusts, and especially their eggs. When these eggs are laid, they are inclosed in a horny envelope called a "pod," each pod containing 35 eggs in seven months 1,330 tons of pods were destroyed. Now, a single ton of pods contains 60,000,000 eggs, and yet, in spite of this almost incredible destruction, the locusts are still a dreadful plague and show little if any symptoms of diminution in numbers.

## She Started Early.

A martinet of a sergeant deciding to get married, some of his men decided that when the happy event came off it would be a fitting occasion to pay back with interest old scores, especially as their friends decided to keep up the time honored custom of throwing rice and old shoes at the happy couple. On the eventful day when the happy pair emerged from their quarters they were greeted with a perfect shower of rice and old shoes, but one Tommy had slyly substituted a big pair of regulation Bluchers, which he threw with such unerring aim that the missile caught the sergeant just above the eye, inflicting a nasty cut.

## 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 electrotype and the printing press. The place was a veritable enchanted castle to them. The sergeant never had 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 plous. 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.

## Dolls.

The ivory doll of the Roman child was too costly for the ages that followed the fall of the empire. For many centuries dolls must have been chiefly of home manufacture. The first stop made dolls after the middle ages were the jointed wooden dolls of the Netherlands. These were known in England and in this country, too, in colonial times as "Flanders babies."

## Fatigue and Disease.

You will find in every day's practice that fatigue has a larger share in the promotion or the permission of disease than any other single casual condition you can name. —Memoirs of Sir John Paget.

## Well Forged.

Joakley—I understand there's considerable talk now in naval circles about some orders that were forged very skillfully. Conkley—Aha! Another scandal, eh? Joakley—Oh, no. They were orders for some eight inch guns. —Exchange.

## He Got in the Way.

Junson—You say your wife threw the poker at a stray dog and hit you instead. Jester—Yes, but it was my fault. I had no business standing behind her when she threw. —Ohio State Journal.

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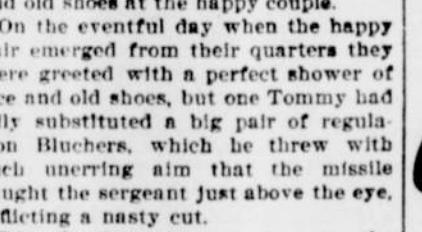
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Pronounced ca-fay-accen-ton last syllable.

## Look the Other Way.

There are many thousand fathers who are terrorizing their little sons by seeing too much. Let all such learn to look the other way at times. Don't see everything your boy does. Give him some latitude and longitude. Don't keep the little fellow in a shiver of apprehension lest you find out some peccadillo. He must have his fun or die. If you see too much, he grows thin. Look the other way.—New York Press.

## He Didn't Think So.

"Do you believe all geniuses are egotists?" "No. Look at me. Ever since I can remember I have kept myself back by placing too light an estimate on my importance and ability." —Chicago Record-Herald.

## No Screaming.

Gladya—Were you alarmed when he kissed you? Ethel—Dreadfully! Gladya—And did you scream? Ethel—Oh, no! It was a still alarm!

## Tried to Improve.

A little girl who made frequent use of the word "genius" was corrected for it and told to say "brilliant" instead. A lady friend, noticing the admirable set of the little girl's apron, asked something in regard to the pattern. "Mamma don't cut my dresses an' aprons by a pattern," said the small lady. "She just looks at me an' presumes!"

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