

THE HEART OF FORT TICHEU.

By E. and H. HERON.

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In the morning Merovinge took occasion to congratulate him on his success. "That appeared to go"—here Merovinge winked in a highly complimentary manner—"as the Americans say, on wheels!"

Francois replied with happy self appreciation, adding a warm comment upon Miss Lennard's attractions. "She is beautiful! Ah, yes! Have I not said that there are English women—ah, the most bewitching?" The captain sighed retrospectively. "I? Yes, yes, I know it!"

But Francoise had little interest to squander upon Merovinge's past triumphs. "The back of mademoiselle's neck," he went on, "white, innocent, exquisite—one sees its counterpart only in a little child or in the picture of an angel."

Merovinge came back from his own tender recollections with some dissatisfaction. "Indeed?" he said rather coldly. He had not observed the back of mademoiselle's neck, but he was prepared to take his charms on trust.

Time Francoise could have all the love he found necessary to fulfill the duty France required of him.

The party from the fort that came aboard the Loup-garou for déjeuner included Colonel Lennard, his daughter and a pink faced young subaltern of marines.

Cordelia was handed up the gangway by the incomparable lieutenant. He paraded her about the deck. He spoke to her of his hopes and his struggles of his past, of his future, of his ambitions. He was plainly making rapid headway in the girl's heart, judging from the absorbed attention with which she listened to his rhapsodies.

She plied him with such apt and intelligent questions. She realized, with a fullness the affections alone can teach, how great were the dangers he must face in his career, the storms, the fevers and the climates.

He perceived himself to be the envy of his comrades in arms and glowed with a racial exaltation of spirit. When Pat Cannon came aboard later, smart, straight, alert, as usual, with many apologies for the delay duty had forced upon him, Francoise received him with effusion. This kindly feeling was yet further increased when he observed Cannon go up to Miss Lennard and say a few words, to which the young lady gave a short answer and promptly turned her back upon him.

"You can fetch your adorer and his monkey gang along any time tomorrow," Pat Cannon had said, rather solemnly. It must be admitted, for Cordelia's behavior toward the dapper French lieutenant pleased him little. She was playing a part perhaps, but it appeared to him that she entered into the fun, if fun it was, with a quite uncalculated amount of zest and enjoyment. Cordelia only replied, "Very well," in her coldest tones and took up the running with Francoise immediately.

Now, Francoise had had his own preparations to make for the reception of his fair guest. Early in the morning after shaving and accoutred in his cabin by taking down the photographs of the girls of yesterday, his former conquests, and hiding them in a book. It was not desirable that the present and the past should meet. So Cordelia of the Opera Comique and handsome Marie Girrol of Marseilles, the girl who lives beyond the market, were deposited.

Now, it must be understood that Francoise in the depth of his consciousness recognized the fleeting character of his own regard for the English girl, yet he desired above all things on earth to leave upon her memory a tender recollection of himself that should never be effaced. In the future he would dwell with a delicate pleasure upon the knowledge that faraway Cordelia Lennard still sighed for his loss, still treasured his words and looks in her heart. Even when married to some dull, coarse grained British husband she would turn back through the years with appreciation of the superb young lover of long ago.

Filled with these praiseworthy intentions, he fluttered about her, endeavoring to deepen the impression he believed himself to have already made. The wind had blown the soft chestnut curls about her brow, her ears, her neck, and she seemed more than ever adorable. He took her below to show her where her lieutenant lived. He fancied she would always picture him there, his hair wet with the spindrift of the stormy seas and other heroic concomitants. She would make that cabin the home of her romance. As a matter of fact, she didn't. She merely thought it stuffy, but was too civil (and interested) to say so.

By an unfortunate mistake she put her hand upon a book that lay upon the table, the book into which Francoise had put the yesterdays. A yesterday fell out. It was a striking photograph of Cordelia of the Opera. Francoise picked it up skillfully.

"My beloved mother," he said, "before her marriage to the hero, my father."

"Which?" asked Cordelia innocently. She had caught sight of more than one.

"The others are my sisters," he hastened to add.

"You have a great many sisters," she remarked, with interest. "How many?" Now, Francoise had no means of knowing the exact number of yesterdays which Miss Lennard's sweet blue eyes had seen, so he left an easy margin and answered: "Fourteen!"

"Really? Fourteen? Do let me see them."

Francoise was transported with his luck. "Alas, dear mademoiselle," he replied, "with what joy and dispatch would I come! To see the fort naturally affords me precisely the excuse I need to bring some of my comrades with me, but that favor is denied to us by your jealous country."

Cordelia stood for a second thought. "Should you really care to come?" she asked demurely at length. The ardor of his reply left nothing to be desired.

"Then I think I can manage it. My father always allows me to do as I like. Why should we not go over the fort?" She looked inquiringly at him.

"But Captain Cannon—what of him?" Some instinct told Francoise that Cannon's red head held the acutest material available at Fort Ticheu.

Cordelia opened her eyes with a certain dignified astonishment. "Are you not aware that my father is the commandant?"

Had Francoise belonged to any other race he must have betrayed his real meaning by some useless denial. As it was, he tried to touch the fingers that somehow eluded his, while he replied with a fine theatrical earnestness: "I comprehend that, dear mademoiselle, but were I M. le Capitaine Cannon I should use every artifice to keep other men from worshipping at the shrine of my own devotion."

Cordelia colored. "My father is calling me," she answered coldly.

He followed her on deck, trying to soften her evident annoyance, but it was only at the last moment, when she was already on the gangway, that he ventured to whisper, "A demain?" but Cordelia gave no sign.

Thus another day passed. The Rebecca arrived with coal and the little gambat was filling up her bunkers when Francoise in desperation sent on

implored note to Miss Lennard begging her to see him again; that if it facilitated matters the whole ship's company were ready to go ashore with him, for in the interval he had begun to imagine that Cordelia's invitation to others besides himself meant a natural desire on her part to veil her real motive, which was no doubt to secure a tete-a-tete.

A couple of hours later an invitation to luncheon arrived from Colonel Lennard for Captain Merovinge and the officers of the Loup-garou. Francoise was naturally of the party that went ashore in response. He had no manner of doubt that the festivity had been worked by Cordelia and was in some shape an answer to his impetuous appeal.

At luncheon he surpassed himself. Even Merovinge gave place to him. The others had also their orders and were as comparatively silent as it is given to Frenchmen to be. They allowed Francoise to take the floor, so to speak, and he availed himself of the chance in a manner that thrilled his companions. He was magnificent. He summed himself in the smiles of the fair, he told stories of the duels he had fought and the dangers he had braved, he dwelt on his approaching departure with a point and a quiver of feeling that won him many compliments later on round the mess table on board, and all the time Cordelia's attention never flagged. She sympathized and looked terrified in the right places. In fact, she satisfied even the exigent vanity of her admirer.

Francoise, however, directed most of his conversation to Pat Cannon, whose labored politeness delighted Cordelia, for in spite of all Cannon was as jealous as a red haired man has a right to be. He was a young fellow of parts and sagacity, but he was very human, and Cordelia, like many another woman, dealt hardly with an affection of which she felt secure. Colonel Lennard understood of the various elements of the scene wonderfully and smiled from time to time grimly enough under his heavy mustache.

At length lunch and Francoise's tales of his own prowess came to an end. It was still too early in the day to go upon the roof, and Cordelia proposed an expedition by some sheltered passages to the fort, where in a cool gallery, with embrasures open to the sea breeze, the men might smoke and saunter for awhile.

There was a pause. Then Colonel Lennard slowly agreed to the proposal. Cannon denounced a little, but his objection was overruled, and Francoise led the way with Cordelia, his heart beating in his throat as in imagination he saw himself being decorated for his achievement.

Cordelia had put on a big white hat that only made a frame to enhance the beauty of her face.

What Francoise said during that memorable hour, his eloquence, his pathos, can never be written down, but he cunningly led the fascinated girl hither and thither, past endless sentries, who, however, stood only rigidly stupid as the couple paced the length of the fortification. It may be added that Cordelia herself was astonished at the extraordinary number of men on guard, the fact being that Cannon had no idea of allowing her to be for one moment out of earshot alone with her enamored companion.

After a time a favorable opportunity offered and Francoise made the request he had been working toward since he arrived in Techeu bay.

"Dear mademoiselle, you will permit me a recollection?" he said, with eager-

ness, as he produced his camera. "I scarcely dare to ask so much, but in the lonely moments at sea, when perchance the last storm that I am destined to hear is blowing, I will take one last look at that exquisite face. You cannot refuse me?"

Cordelia's eyes were aghast. Never had she looked so beautiful. "To place with my mother and sisters?" she demanded, with what Francoise deemed to be a shy delight. That was as it should be. She had clearly no suspicion of his real design.

They were on one of the bastions. Two old sun warmed guns frowned innocently out over the gleaming water. Francoise begged Miss Lennard to place herself by one of these, turning an apt compliment out of the contrast. He was inclined to be a little contemptuous of the girl's blindness and her facile responses to his flattery and advances. Moreover, he highly despised the British, who could look with complacency upon these obsolete pieces of artillery or remain ignorant of the very patent fact that their sole fortification would be about their ears in ten minutes under the shells of a man-of-war, against which they must be utterly helpless, as none of the ancient specimens of cast iron he saw about him could throw any projectile more than 100 yards and that crooked. And then he turned with zest to take a look at the picture which was "dehors mademoiselle." Before the last she was—

But never mind. Miss Lennard might read this story, and then where should I be if I do?

That evening Merovinge said: "My friend, let me embrace you. You have achieved a success. You have achieved an immense service to France and to me. Be tranquil. You will have your reward."

Francoise responded as was expected of him, but his heart was unreasonably heavy, and though he tried to persuade himself that the great desire he felt to develop his plates was only the outcome of professional zeal, that it had nothing whatever to do with the human interest contained in the photographs, he was obliged before long to own that his motives were not purely patriotic—were, in fact, a little mixed.

So the Loup-garou put out to sea, and Francoise, gazing back at the receding fort crowned ridge, acknowledged to himself that he had indeed conquered, but the conquest was left a bitter in his memory. As the shores of China were growing with every moment more indistinct there came across the amethyst water a dull, reverberating noise, and then again, and yet again. It was, at first as if blasting were going on. Captain Merovinge opined that the English were probably trying to fire a salute from "those guns."

On the Tonquin station it is very difficult, almost impossible, to get leave of absence, and so a weary month wore on while Francoise yearned to return to China. The photographs and information had been duly sent to the proper authorities in Paris, and upon their answer Francoise built hopes of securing time to return to Fort Ticheu, for that desolate spot he now knew had an irremediable hold upon his heart. Judge, then, of his feelings when a letter arrived for him bearing upon it the unforgotten handwriting of mademoiselle.

He clasped it to his heart and retired to his cabin to read its contents. Goodness only knows what he expected them to be. What they actually were is given here, together with the comments of the gentleman to whom they were addressed.

Dear Mr. Francoise—I hope you have not quite forgotten Fort Ticheu and ourselves. (Nevaire, mademoiselle). Do you remember that picture which you took while you were here? (Francoise cast his eyes upon one of them which hung over the locker). I am going to ask you a favor. It is almost granted, but I believe I am very fond of the old fortifications, but our stupid government had condemned them as effete. (Don Diego). I don't know whether I mentioned that to you when you were here. (What perfectly!) They were destroyed the day you left. There are new ones on the ridge looking toward the sea. But though they are new, they are not nearly so picturesque as the old, and I should feel very grateful to you if you would make me a copy of one or two of the views you took that day. My best regards to all, thinking to all on board the Loup-garou. And, thanks to you beforehand, I remain yours sincerely, Cordelia Cannon.

How to Broil and Roast Birds. The directions for broiling are the same for all small birds. Broil in mind, however, that for the extremely small ones a very hot, bright fire is needed, as the birds should be only broiled; consequently the time required for broiling them is very brief. Singe and wipe the birds, then split down the middle of the back, remove the contents, pound the birds lightly to flatten the breastbone and wipe thoroughly with a damp, clean towel, taking care that everything is removed and the birds are left perfectly clean for cooking; season with salt and pepper, rub thickly with soft butter and dredge with flour. For squabs or quails about ten minutes are required for broiling. Smaller birds require less time.

To roast birds draw and wash quickly, wipe dry, season with salt and pepper and pin a thin slice of pork on the breasts; put the birds in a shallow pan in a hot oven and bake for 15 or 20 minutes. Partridges require 40 minutes. Serve on toast with currant jelly and with bread sauce, which is made in the following way: One pint of milk, one half cupful of fine bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of chopped onion, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half spoonful of white pepper, two thirds of a cupful of coarsely bread crumbs and another tablespoonful of butter—Sally Joy White in Woman's Home Companion.

A Brutal Threat. Mrs. Jigby (the discussion having become somewhat personal)—You may talk till doomsday, George Jigby, but you'll never get me to admit that a wife is bound to do as her husband tells her.

Mr. Jigby—By golly, madam, if I outlive you I'll have it engraved on your tombstone that you were a good and obedient wife!—Chicago Tribune.

ABOUT GAS METERS.

WHY THESE ERRATIC INSTRUMENTS DO NOT EXPLODE.

Such an Accident is No More Likely to Happen to Them Than to Milk Bottles or Salt Bags—What Does Happen in Case of Fire.

The proneness of the average newspaper reporter to attribute cellar conflagrations to the explosion of gas meters represents what appears to be an ineradicable race trait. No amount of contradiction and no accumulation of proof that such an accident is an impossibility seems to reach the newspaper-gatherers, who go on reporting the explosion of gas meters, doubtless because the firemen have a tradition that meters are explosive and give this explanation of every fire which they cannot otherwise account for.

For the reassurance of nervous people it gives us pleasure to say that no world meter ever exploded since the world began, and until they are made on very different plans and contain gas of very different composition from that now used for illuminating purposes such an accident is no more likely to happen to them than to milk bottles or salt bags.

The domestic gas meter has a more or less well deserved reputation for habitual mendacity, though as likely to lie against the gas company as for it; but it has never done anything to warrant the suspicion that it is liable to go off with a bang. It is a tin box of a little less than one cubic foot capacity, put together with soldered seams and japanned.

Into and through it passes the gas, which enters through the service pipe connecting the main with the house, usually of half an inch diameter. It has very little capacity for gas storage, and is not strong enough to carry gas under a greater compression than, say, half a pound per square inch. More than this would bulge its sides. In point of fact the pressure of gas in meters is rarely more than enough to balance a column of water two or three inches high.

If a gas meter is exposed to great heat from external fire, nothing very serious happens. The soldered seams will probably melt, allowing the gas to escape. This gas is not explosive, however. It becomes so only when mixed with air in certain definite proportions.

Should this admixture exist in a meter, which is almost impossible, its shell is not strong enough to offer any great resistance, and should an explosion occur by reason of fire reaching this admixture of gas and air the meter would be wrecked, but it is doubtful if any other damage would result. Some has been wrecked from this cause.

If the seams of the meter are opened by the melting of the solder or by fracture from accident, the gas within it would escape, and if it had the chance, burn. Outside the meter it might have opportunity to form the explosive mixture with air and do some damage.

What actually happens in the case of fires attributed to the explosion of gas meters is usually this: Gas which has leaked from defective pipes or times explode with fatal results in saw factories, but the excellent old lady who, after reading of such an accident and recalling that there was an old grindstone in one corner of the cellar which had been there twenty years, hired a couple of tramps to carry it to the extreme corner of the garden and pour water on it for an hour, meanwhile giving thanks that it had not blown herself and family into eternity unbeknownst to any of them.

Gas of those who, through fear of gas meter explosions, are all their life-time subject to nervous chills.

There is not a gas meter in use under which it would not be perfectly safe to build a bonfire, provided, of course, there was not a quantity of gas outside of it which the same fire could reach.—New York Times.

Why Snow is Not Black or Red. Why is the snow white? Is a question frequently asked. Because black snow would be dangerous; so would red or yellow. These are "warming up colors," and they change the sun's rays to heat. Such snow would soon melt again and prove a very poor protection. But white snow throws back the sunlight in just the form in which it receives it, and thus the snow can be long on the ground. Throw dirt on the snow and its dark color quickly makes it eat its way in whenever the sun shines on it. After a snowstorm, once let the horses' feet mingle the dirt of the road with the snow and slighting will soon be over.—Professor S. C. Schmecker in Ladies' Home Journal.

Speaker and Speakers. There is a tale to the effect that while John Thomas Brackett Reed wielded the gavel, a gentleman took his little boy to the gallery of the house of representatives. Looking down upon the more numerous branch of the federal legislature the child asked, "Father, who is that large man sitting in the pulpit with a mallet in his hand?" "He, my son," replied the fond parent, "is the house of representatives."

"And who are those other men sitting in semicircles around him?" inquired the tiny chap.

"They are the speakers of the house of representatives," answered paternalistically.—Channp Clark in Leslie's Weekly.

MISLEADING MAXIMS.

Some That Are True Actually, but Often False Metaphorically.

Perhaps no maxims are so misleading to the judgment of those who implicitly believe them as those which assert what is absolutely true actually and very often false metaphorically. For instance, "Where there's smoke there's fire" and "straws show which way the wind blows." If by smoke we understand scandal and gossip, then there is often a good deal of very nasty smoke and no fire at all. Neither, metaphorically speaking, do straws show which way the wind blows, for such are the cross currents of character that you can seldom judge of its general trend by a trivial action. A man may save a penny and yet not be mean or throw away a pound without being generous or even habitually extravagant.

Take, for instance, the common Yorkshire saying, "When in doubt, do nothing." How very seldom the principle herein contained can be applied with advantage! How many weak wills, we should like to know, has this presidential title proverb contributed to paralyze? "All things happen to those that wait." And so they do wait, till the only thing which is sure to happen to every one does happen, and they die.

Could they but have realized that "he who hesitates is lost" contains far more truth than its opposite they might have done something in life. Not that this energetic assertion of an occasional fact is by any means a sure guide. Who is not familiar with the man who never hesitates before any decision and nearly always laments his precipitation, usually aloud? Who has not got tired of imploring such a one to make the best of a bad job or of suppressing the obvious comment of "We told you so?"

All the same, believers in a motto which spurs them into foolish action seem to do better in the race of life than those who rely upon one which preaches nothing but caution. And hasty people generally seem to arrive at their goal, in however bad condition.—London Spectator.

Wa Ting Fang's English. Some Washington officials were recently conversing with Wa Ting Fang, when one of them said to the Chinese minister: "Pardon me, but may I ask if you learned English in America or at home?" "I learned the language in China," replied the minister.

"It is wonderful," said the questioner, "You use it as well as I do." "I use it better than you do," replied Wa Ting Fang, "because you live in this country do not use pure English."

The native born American hesitated a moment at the frankness of the minister and then said, "I know we do not but I mean that you speak it as correctly as if you had learned it at Harvard college."

"I speak purer English than I should if I had been taught anywhere in this country," the minister said. "In China when we learn English we learn pure English. At Harvard every one has some Yankee dialect."

Caligula's Gallies. Prince Orsini, who is the owner of the beautiful Lake Nemi, near Rome, has facilitated in every possible way the efforts of the Italian government to raise the two galleys of Caligula which were sunk A. D. 41 off the shores of this lovely sheet of water. Sufficient has been recovered at present to disclose the astounding fact that the vessels in question measure respectively 225 feet and 237 feet in length by 6 feet and 75 feet in width. Their decks were evidently covered with splendid mosaics, and already an immense number of magnificent bronze objects, including a beautiful head of Medusa, are to be seen at the prince's villa, where eventually a museum is to be organized of objects in connection with the sunken galleys.

A Tree Suggestion. A Philadelphian man suggests that trees planted in public squares and on streets should be of the nut bearing variety. He believes that a sense of honor would be cultivated in boys, even in the worst neighborhood, if it were explained that the nuts belonged to them and that they would only damage their own property if they interfered with them before the proper time. They would be taken from the trees under the direction of the city forestry department and a new festival day be inaugurated, marking their distribution.

A Morning Rainbow. The appearance of a distinct rainbow in a clear sky the other morning created a sensation in Richmond, Va. The bow was visible for more than an hour. Dr. Taylor, the state chemist, explains the picture as the reflection of the sun's rays upon minute particles of ice crystals that had been carried high in the sky and by the cold snap of several days' duration. The heat from the sun is sufficient to drive the light through the icy bank, and in the penetration the colors that cause the resemblance of the phenomenon to a rainbow are generated.

Zeno's Paradox. Many persons will recall the famous paradox of Zeno by which he sought to prove that all motion is impossible. "A body," he argued, "must move either in a place where it is or in a place where it is not. Now, a body in the place where it is is stationary and cannot be in motion, nor, obviously, can it be in motion in the place where it is not. Therefore it cannot move at all."

Bodies do move, however, and that is a sufficient answer to the ingenious philosopher.

Artillery and Balloons. Some experiments with artillery fire directed against a captive balloon have been recently carried out in Germany at the school of instruction at Altsee Grobov. The balloon was allowed to ascend to a height of 300 meters (820 feet), and fire was opened upon it at a range of 4,800 meters (very nearly 5,000 yards). Sixty rounds were to have been fired, but at the seventeenth the balloon was struck, the envelope was torn, and the gas ignited, the car falling to the ground.—London United Service Gazette.

FOREIGN FACTS.

The death rate of Madras is now about 110 per thousand, or double the mean of the last ten years.

One-third of the German exports to Togoland and one-seventh of those to East Africa consist of alcoholic drinks. Last year 22,000 Russian emigrants to Siberia returned to their old homes, not being satisfied with their new ones.

Strong lights, with lamps of petroleum below them, are now used in France to destroy night flying insects that injure vineyards. As many as 4,808 insects have been caught in a basin in one night.

The nickel coinage shortly to be put into circulation in Belgium is pierced. This, it is claimed, will make the pieces of 5 and 10 centimes which comprise the issue much more convenient for business purposes, as they can be strung like Chinese and Japanese "cash."

Germany's oldest seagoing ironclad, the Krona, has been struck from the list of the strength of the fleet. She was launched in England in 1867 and was then considered the embodiment of all that was new and effective in armored warships.

A publisher in Amsterdam, Holland, is getting out a book which contains in alphabetical order the names of many aristocratic Englishmen who have been killed or wounded in the Transvaal. He calls the work "The Almanach de Botha."

There are seven chicory factories in Michigan, with an aggregate capital of \$175,000.

Date palms brought in from Africa are thriving in Arizona and southern California.

If the United States were as densely peopled as San Salvador, the smallest of American states, the population would be 350,000,000.

The cost of the water supply in Manhattan and the Bronx at its present scale is at the rate of more than \$2 per head for every one of the population.

The courthouse in Williamsburg, Va., where Patrick Henry made his famous speech on the stamp act, is still in existence. It is used for judicial purposes, and every Saturday morning petty offenders are tried there.

The sensation among mining men in the southwest is the discovery of rich anthracite coal in Arizona in inexhaustible quantities. This means the development of vast mineral beds heretofore practically useless for lack of fuel.

There are about 8,000 self supporting Pueblo Indians in twenty-six villages, twenty of which have schools, costing the United States not less than \$200,000 annually, besides the much larger sum expended upon the boarding schools.

Bertha Galland was born in Scranton, Pa.

Miss Maude Thomas is considered to be one of the handsomest women of the American stage.

Charles Frohman has engaged Richard Bennett for one of the brothers in "Sweet and Twenty."

An English version of Paul Hervey's new play, "L'Enigme," has been secured by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree.

An Italian actor is endeavoring to found a theater in Rome for the production of old and new melodramas.

Miss Margaret Bourne, who plays the Countess of Hauverie in "The Forest Lovers," is a native of Malden, Mass.

Carrie Behr is the soprano of Hanlon's "Sperber." She will be remembered as a prominent feature in many of the E. E. Rice productions.

Helen MacGregor, who has just been engaged to succeed Cissie Loftis as leading lady in Mr. Sothern's company, is twenty-three years old and has been on the stage for eighteen years.

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A Matter of Opinion. She had been having fun with Dudenkin a long time, and he made up what mind he had to get even. It took the form of a brilliant and cogent conundrum, whose answer Dudenkin thought was locked in his manly bosom.

"I have a conundrum for you, Miss Fannie," he said, when he saw her next. "Ah," she replied, "what is it? Who gave it to you?" "I made it up myself," he asserted, beaming somewhat.

"Indeed? What is it?" "Why are my clothes like the moon?" She hesitated for a moment and Dudenkin began to look triumphant.

"You may think," she said slowly, and Dudenkin somehow felt the sand slipping from under him. It is because they have a man in them, and you have a perfect right to take as you please, but, Mr. Dudenkin, opinions differ.—London Tit-Bits.

Had a Better Story. "Did you see the account of that flash of lightning that burned the hair from a boy's head without otherwise hurting him?" "I did," answered the cheerful lar, "and I was pained to note the incompleteness of the story. Now, I happen to know of a case that is really remarkable. The lightning entered a barber's shop and not only undertook the task of singeing a man's hair, but it rung up the proper amount on the cash register."—Exchange

His Everyday Suit. Dixon—"don't believe your short-legh is half as extravagant as people say he is." Hixon—Perhaps not, but I've noticed that he has a suit of clothes for every day of the week.

Dixon—Is that so? Why, he has always had the same suit on every time I met him. Hixon—Well, that's the one.

No Climbing. "Ah, my friend," sighed old Skinflynt, who was dying, "I'm going a long journey." "Never mind," replied the friend, who knew him. "It's all downhill."—Phisdelphia Record.

There has lately been formed in France an international committee on the price of wheat. It has already received the support of France, Austria, Hungary, Portugal and Switzerland. The object of the association, or committee, is not simply to register after a mechanical fashion the prices quoted in the bourses of different countries, but to obtain influence, little by little, in the ultimate fixing of the market price.