Tea-House, Iris Gardens, Japan

As We Pass Along

The Clergyman and the Novel.

Although a large and alarming number of pernicious works of fiction are now to be reckoned with as menaces to humanity, the clergyman of the day does not often carry this important theme into the pulpit. "When I was a young man," said an Indianapolis lawyer, lounging in a book store cozy corner, "all novels came under the ban of the pulpit, and were preached against, particularly in the Methodist Church, with as much regularity and vim as dancing, theatrical entertainments and card playing. Persistent novel readers were booked for a terrible doom, and it was frequently held up before them. One day I was browsing in our little old home town book store, when the Rev. Stephen Bowers came in and asked to borrow a novel. He said he had a sermon to preach on the subject, and, as he had really never read a novel, he would like to qualify. The book store gentleman, with a genial and wicked twinkle in his eye, leveled at me somewhat knowingly, gave Mr. Bowers 'Pendennis,' which was just then in the prime of its first fame. We warned him that he would not be able to say much harm of Thackeray, but he went confidently away with 'Pendennis' under his arm. Of course, I was interested enough to follow the fortunes of Thackeray's arraignment by the Methodist Church, and in about ten days I learned that the clergyman had returned 'Pendennis' with a request for another of Thackeray's books. If his sermon against novels was ever delivered, we never heard of it."

One Dentist's Ways.

Now that the whole world has nerves, and nervous people we have with us always, the everyday man, in all lines of business, learns to adjust himself to all possible manifestations of all phases of the universal disease.

"Nerves?" said a local dentist who looked a trifle nervous himself. "Yes, indeed, everybody has nerves nowadays, and the dentist, by experience, gets an acquaintance with nervous troubles that a doctor might envy. With what I know of nerves, in fact, I could run a rest-cure and turn out, perhaps, as many restored-to-health patients as the average nerve specialist. As a rule, however, I don't have time to give elaborate treatments to the average patient. I have to economize time, so I use mind-cure. With most all men, who quite often shrink from pain or imaginary pain as much as women, I generally use the irritation antidote; that is, I try to make the man vexed with me, just a safe trifle.

"'A big fellow like you afraid to face a little pain,' I say. Why, Thompson, half your size, was in here yesterday and had two teeth pulled without flinching. Or, I remark quite placidly:

"'Your wife stands pain better than you do, and she's very nervous, too.' That braces the man at once, and he gets gritty clear through.

"Women I always feel sorry for, they are so much frailer than we are; but they respond like a flash to mental bracing. To a white-lipped woman who says with a faint smile:

"'Oh, I can't stand to have that tooth out, doctor,' I can infuse courage in an instant.

"'Yes, you can,' I say; 'I know you can. Little women always have big grit; it takes big, fat men to act the baby.' So she gets her pride aroused, and the worst is over.

"But it is not really light business," the tired-looking dentist concluded. "We have to keep up our nerve, and other people's nerve, too."

The Cheerful Telephone.

In a general summing up of the numerous mechanical inventions which contribute largely to the gayety of nations, the telephone, it appears, does not fall behind.

"It just occurred to me the other day," said a woman in a little group of club loiterers who were having a social chat after the club had adjourned, "that we do not give the telephone its just dues of praise as a cheer distributer. One hears a good deal, now and then, about the useful telephone, the wonderful telephone, the convenient telephone, but really, I have never heard any one call it the 'cheerful telephone.' Perhaps, however, one needs to be a suburban dweller to realize what an entertaining and agreeable companion the telephone is. In trite phrase, words can hardly tell what a valuable affair the telephone is in the country. In the dull winter days, when my husband was in town and the children at school, my spirits would sometimes flag. Instead of flying to a quinine pill or a dose of cut-rate tonic, I would simply fly to the telephone, call up some one of my treasured relatives or intimate friends, either in town or in the country, get a little pleasant sparkle of talk or harmless gossip over the wire, and go back to my sewing or work refreshed and braced in mind and body.

"'Unbeknownst,' too, as good old Sairey Gamp would say, I often administered the telephone-cure to my husband and children. If Henry yawned a good deal in the evening and didn't seem to care to read, or to talk, I would say carelessly:

"'Henry, call up George Blanke, and ask how they all are over there; we haven't heard from them for several days; or, Henry, call up your mother and ask how all the folks are; tell her we want to know.' These little telephone symposiums would brighten dear old Henry up amazingly. When the children were at home from school with colds, too, the telephone was our great comfort. Indeed, I think the world at large is ungenerously silent concerning the countless glorious messages of golden cheer which, day by day, in every direction, flit along the telephone wires."

"Saint Elizabeth."

In this enigmatical world, fancy is continually colliding with fact, and the wisest man, fortunately, seldom gets wise enough to believe that it may never happen again. Only by his patient self-renewing ideals, as it were, is man's faith in life kept sweet and cheerful.

"It hurts a man to keep a girl on a pedestal for several years and then get her rudely jounced off," remarked a tall, slim, serious-eyed young man. "In our dry goods house, upstairs somewhere, for a number of years, there has been employed the most angelic-looking blonde girl—not over twenty yet. Her clear, innocent blue eyes and her long yellow plaits wound round her head in simple German fashion, always made me think of Marguerite in 'Faust.' She came down into the store from the dressmaker's establishment to match samples and buy materials, and I have often waited on her. Her manner was so refined and gentle, her garb so neat, and her face so pretty and innocent that I took a great interest in her, and named her—to myself only—'Saint Elizabeth.' The charm of her simplicity was so great that I never dreamed of uttering a commonplace remark to her. She attended to her business and I attended strictly to mine. I had so fixed her in my mind as 'Saint Elizabeth' that I had never even wondered where she came from or how she lived.

"One pleasant evening recently on my way home from a walking trip on the outskirts of town, I saw 'Saint Elizabeth' under other circumstances. She was sitting with some other girls and some rather rough-looking men, on a curbstone before a tenement house. Elizabeth had on an old red shirtwaist, without any collar or belt and a shabby skirt; her long blonde plaits hung loose and frowsy and her shoes were not laced up. A 'growler' was circulating freely, and as I waited for the car, Elizabeth, amid much loud laughter, took the tin bucket and disappeared in a neighboring side entrance. I could hardly believe my eyes, but I had to. 'Saint Elizabeth' was of ordinary clay."

Chained Books of To-Day.

According to book catalogues and bibliophiles, chained books are rare relics of an early period throughout the old world, but according to human experience with old book-shops, and with old book-lovers, the chained book of another kind is still to be encountered.

"When you really want an old book," said a brouser in second-hand book-shops, "try to buy it, if you can, from the clerk in the old book-shop and not from the proprietor. In an old book-shop that I know was an old edition of Pepys's Diary, which I had long admired and desired. It was in a good old dusty corner and seemed likely to stay there. One day, reading that a new edition of Pepys's Diary was to come out, I made cheerful haste to buy the old edition, fearing the new edition might attract some buyer to these old volumes in the darkest corner of the darkest old book-shop.

"Well, sir, when that old scamp of a bookman learned that I had come to buy the Pepys, didn't he go and open the books and nose into them and hang over them and finally tell me that he wanted to look at old Pepys himself for a few days—and would send me word when I could have him. Yes, sir, he did that. I've been in twice since and the clerk tells me that Pepys hasn't come back yet; he is out at the old bookman's house. There's a chained book for you. I'll never see that old Pepys's Diary again, and I ought to have bought it from the clerk.

"Yesterday I met a nice old Dutchman whom I know, and he had a grievance to tell which invloved also a chained book.

"'Wot you tink,' he said, 'I know some goot ol' Dutchman an' he have some nice lots o' goot books, an' he say I shall take some nice goot book home mit me an' read him, 'cause I don't get me so mooch educations as doze odder ol' Dutchmens. Vell, I takes dat nice goot book home mit me, an' I sits by mine fire at night, mit a lamp—an' dat nice goot book; an' here comes de boy of dat odder old Dutchman's an' he say I shall send home right quick by him dat nice goot book; his fadder say he can't have dat nice goot book from his house out all night already. He 'fraid of fire in my house. So, I sends back by de boy de nice goot book of de odder old Dutchman's, an' I don't get me some more educations already out of dat goot book—no. Ain' dat great, heh?'"

In Japan.

I.

Where do cherry blossoms blow
In their glory lauded so?
Iris and chrysanthemum—
Where do they in beauty bloom?
Quaint with art and fantasy,
Where do pines grow charmingly?
Most they please the heart of man
In Japan.

II.

Where do mountains greet the eyes
Like sweet dreams of Paradise?
Where do tiny patchwork farms
Feast the soul with rural charms—
Girding hamlets, mud and thatch,
Where men Eden beauties catch?
These are visions given man
In Japan.

III.

Where do quaint arts yet abide?
Where has artist glorified
Bronze and wood and ivory
With the touch of Deity?
Where do marvels, needle-born,
Fabrics costliest adorn?
Fair with art diminutive,
Where do dreams ceramic live?
Lacquers, highly wrought and old,
Worth full oft, their weight in gold?
Seek for these, art-loving man,
In Japan.

IV.

Where does reverence for age
Give to her the tutelage
We as erringly grant youth?
Does politeness live in truth?
Where does gentleness appear
Part of e'en the atmosphere?
Where does chivalry abide?
Fair old bravery reside?
Where shows woman sweetest grace?
Not in Western land or race;
These things most remain to man
In Japan.

V.

Cart, oft drawn by woman's hand,
Engine steaming through the land,
Old-time garb and public school—
Where have these an equal rule?
Orient and Occident
Where have they together spent
Thirty years of wedded bliss?
None, methinks, could answer miss.
Child of East and West men scan
In Japan.

VI.

Where do men now turn their gaze
While to God the prayer they raise
That enlightened liberty
May despotic cruelty
And unholy greed repulse?
Lo! they turn with one impulse
To that land unknowingly
Armed for all humanity.
Much for freedom lives for man
In Japan.

VII.

What is land most asked of God
Western truth to spread abroad
In the old far East? In this
Giant doors of prejudice
And of bigotry to make
Open wide? And through them take
Progress and humanity—
E'en the Christ of Galilee?
God most asks this task from man
In Japan.

Huntington, Ind. —Edith Wright.

Japan a Pleasant Land to Travel In, Even Outside of the Cities

Dr. Foxworthy Recalls Some Incidents and Impressions of a Tour Through the Country Now Making History So Rapidly...Curious Festival in Honor of Ancestors

DR. FRANK FOXWORTHY, of this city, was for two years an army surgeon in Manila, and after leaving the service he made quite an extensive trip through the Orient, which extended in and about Japan, where he made a close study of the people and their customs. Dr. Foxworthy's trip was from Nagasaki to Nikke and then back by the inland sea, which is one of the greatest sights of that country. Dr. Foxworthy has been taking much interest in the war between Japan and Russia, for he has great faith in the fighting qualities of the little Japs. In talking recently to a representative of the Journal about the country he said:

"Japan is one of the most beautiful countries I ever saw and is an admirable place for tourists from the fact that one can travel there with little inconvenience and is not overcharged for everything. I made the trip, and for one month it only cost me $75, which included my hotel bill, railroad fare and expenses for a guide, who also acted as interpreter.

"Did you make the trip alone?"

"No; with me was Congressman E. J. Hill, of Norwalk, Conn., who was there studying the commercial and manufacturing advantages which that country offered. He and I visited all the large manufacturing concerns and through our interpreter talked with the laboring classes directly in all the places we visited.

"It was in 1901 when I was over there, and, of course, while they are making advances all the time things now are practically as they were then. We came into the Nagasaki harbor, which, of course, as everyone knows, is one of the largest in the world, and it is there that the Japanese have their naval fortifications. In that harbor one sees ships from all over the world, and it certainly presents a very unique sight. I remember distinctly when I was there a number of Russian ships were plying about and I thought that they were the filthest things that I ever saw. They were simply reeking with dirt."

He was asked if he visited the naval fortifications while there.

"No," answered Dr. Foxworthy. "No foreigners are permitted to do so. The Japanese are very strict about this and there are few, if any, exceptions made to the rule. The harbor is very long and it took us something over two hours to enter it. I, however, visited the large number of dry docks that they have there and the big navy yard where the majority of the Japanese warships are built."

"Did you remain in that city long?"

"I spent little time in the cities. For there you cannot see the Japs as they really are. In the larger cities and around the treaty ports the natives come in contact with so many foreigners and they are such apt imitators that they lose their original manners and seem more like the people of other countries; for that reason I spent most of the time in the interior, where you see the people as they really are.

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.

"To an American these people following their native customs are very interesting, and the scenery, which is the finest there is in any of the Eastern countries, also appeals to any one who can appreciate the beautiful. Speaking of natural scenery, I think one of the greatest sights is that of Fujiama, which is a mountain rising 12,000 feet out of the level plain. This can be seen for twenty miles and the coloring, which is of various hues as it nears the top, is exquisite. This is the mountain which appears as the background in most of the Japanese paintings and also in much of the embroidery that comes from there."

Dr. Foxworthy was asked which of the numerous Japanese customs appealed to him as being the most unique.

"The strangest custom that I saw while there," he said, "was the ancestral festival. This occurs during the month of May and in one of the towns visited it was in full sway. The town was decorated very gorgeously. It is the rule that while this festival is going on the inhabitants take the bones of their dead ancestors and parade them through the streets, thus giving their dead relatives an outing, and it is for their amusement that this festival is held. While it is going on all kinds of jovial times are had, and the streets are thronged with people. Of course, all of the decorations were in gaudy colors and gave the place a very gala appearance, and one would have hardly thought that the festival was anything pertaining to the dead.

"Were there many Americans over there whom you knew that came from around here," asked the doctor.

"Yes," he replied. "At Nagasaki I visited Charles E. Harris, of Goshen, Ind., who was at that time consul there. At Yokohama was Louis Eppinger, who was long connected with the Grand Hotel of this city, and there he was conducting the Grand Hotel. I had a pleasant visit with him, and he served one of the best meals that I had while traveling in that country. Speaking of meals reminds me of the experience I had in obtaining food while traveling. There is plenty to eat in Japan and it is very inexpensive, but to the American the dishes are unpalatable, and whenever I started out I always took a supply of provisions and water sufficient to last me until I got to the next city.

"The water that I had was called 'tansan,' which is similar to our apollinaris water. I remember in one place where Congressman Hill and myself ordered some of the tansan water the girl who served us could not speak a bit of English, with the exception of two words. When we filled our glasses and held them up just before putting them to our lips she, I suppose, thought we were offering a toast, for she held up the bottle, and in very plain English said, "Here's how," which no doubt she had learned from some American soldiers, for it is a phrase of theirs when drinking to one another's health.

THE TRAVELER'S LUNCH.

"In traveling they seldom serve lunch, or tiffin, as it is called. At each of the railway stations boys appear when the train stops, and they have lunch boxes for sale which cost 7 or 8 cents apiece. These boxes are made of white pine, and contain about three-fourths rice and one-fourth dried fish and a very sweet paste, which an American cannot eat. There is one redeeming thing about the Japanese cooking, which is that it is exceptionally clean, as is everything else in that country."

"The cleanliness of the Japanese is conspicuous in every respect, is it not;" he was asked.

"Every family there," Dr. Foxworthy replied, "has its own bath tub, and every day the whole family takes a bath—the oldest member of the family bathing first and the rest following according to their ages. They all bathe in the same water, so it is a little rough on the baby.

"The Japanese, though, impress everybody alike who has ever visited them in their own country. Commercialism is their god, and their whole purpose is to 'get on' in this line. They imitate very closely in everything. Their greatest fault is that their women, who are most beautiful, are not given the status they deserve. They are invariably kept in the background and the women of the lower classes are compelled to do the most laborious work. At Nagasaki all the ships are coaled by hand, and the laborers who do this are women. In the hotels the 'bellhoppers' are all girls, and because women are so numerous it is often necessary for them to perform work that is ordinarily done by men. In the field the greater part of the work is done by the women, and it is a common sight to see one of them yoked up with a horse hauling quite large burdens.

"It must also be said of the Japs that they are great readers of newspapers, and as an instance illustrative of this in Osaka there are two daily newspapers each of which has a circulation of 150,000. In the larger cities, of course, the circulations are in proportion. The newspapers there are conducted very much as they are in this country, and the better ones have their daily cartoons."

Druptomeria Road at Nikko, Japan

Ancestral Festival at Ujii, Japan

The Missing Man

A Thrilling Tale of Mystery, Dealing with a Startling Phase of Hypnotic Influence and Double Personality

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Arthur Hamilton, of Grovedale, N. H., takes leave of his wife and two little children one May day to go away for an absence of two weeks on a mission which he does not explain and to a place which he does not name. A like mysterious trip has been taken during every May of their married life and has formed the only cloud between them. The wife is loyal, but doubts arise in spite of her. She watches her husband on this occasion from an upper window and sees a strange woman emerge from the village inn and greet him on his way to the railroad station. A week after his departure a clerk from the bank in which Hamilton is employed as cashier comes to her residence to see him and tells Mrs. Hamilton that he saw her husband at the bank at 8 o'clock the night before. She has not seen him and is greatly alarmed. Investigation develops that no one has seen him but the clerk. No suspicion of dishonesty is felt by the other bank officers at first, so great is their trust in Hamilton, but they begin to fear foul play. Mrs. Hamilton employs a detective and also advertises for the missing man. The president of the bank receives a mysterious letter, without postmark, signed by Hamilton, saying he cannot return at present and testifying to the perfect honesty of Osborn, a clerk, who has been under some suspicion. A bank expert finds that certain notes have been fraudulently raised from the amounts originally written. The wife refuses to believe in his guilt, though the time is long past when he should have returned. The detectives, after long search, finds a man resembling Hamilton has figured in fraudulent bank transactions in Kansas, in company with the strange woman answering the description of one seen to speak to him on the morning of his departure. No further trace can be found of either, however, and the detective is finally obliged to give up the search. Late in the summer the bank clerk finds a traveling cap of Hamilton's in the weeds along the river bank. Another detective is engaged, who follows up a gang of Italian workmen, and finds in possession of one of them a gold button which had belonged to Hamilton and which he claimed to have found near the spot where the cap was discovered. The question then was whether he had met with foul play or whether the articles were dropped with intent to mislead. The next development was the appearance, in church one morning, of a man who in many respects so resembled the missing Hamilton as to startle Mrs. Hamilton, but his hair was dark and his eyes had a different expression and he showed no sign of recognition.

[Chapter IX. Continued from Yesterday.]

"Poor man!" she said glancing about the pretty room and sighing a moment later that Vane was not there. "I will not be niggardly. If he wishes to look at the room, or at the children he may do so. A man with eyes like Vane's may exact so much from me." And so she left the windows undraped for half an hour or more, but she herself was not visible, being busied about some household occupation in another room. When she was ready to sit down she drew the curtains, but she peeped behind the folds to see if he went away. He did directly, and looking she saw him walking slowly and dejectedly, it seemed, down the street. "Poor man!" she whispered, "he has seen trouble, or he was never quite right."

Sunday he was at church again, and as for one moment their eyes met, Constance fancied a new intelligence in his, as if he would establish a connection between them. She immediately decided that henceforth the curtains of her sitting room should be drawn as usual.

But what did it mean, that look? Constance pondered over it during the week, it was so strange ad inexplicable. An intense, dazed, questioning regard, as if he sought to ask her aid. It was a haunting look, a hunted look, a tortured look. It illumined his ordinarily heavy, not to say stupid, manner for a moment only, but for the time he appeared a different person. It startled Constance, as I have implied, and for the first time caused her to question her own prudence in allowing him to look in upon the family sitting room.

The week following it was hermetically closed, but Constance more than once caught a glimpse of the dejected figure, and, she thought of speaking to her uncle to desire the man to go away. But she dreaded to wound him, when it was only too evident that thus far the world had showed its worst front to him, and she fancied he would soon tire of his self-appointed watch. But he did not, and one evening he stood outside in a pouring rain gazing at the house long after the curtains were down, until Mrs. Hamilton grew deeply vexed with his folly.

"It must be stopped," she said to herself, decidedly, and she concluded to go over and talk with Mrs. Fry. Perhaps she could learn something which would explain his strange behavior.

There was one peculiarity, aside from the lisp, which never failed to impress the beholder with astonishment when Mrs. Fry was very busy "flying round," as she termed it. Her bones or joints would crack in an astonishing manner, like a succession of low-voiced pistol shots. On the occasion of Mrs. Hamilton's visits the explosion was frequent, though intermittent, as she at once noticed. A man sat by the stove holding her son's little boy, while she bustled about frying doughnuts.

"You jest walk right into the settin' room, Mis' Hamilton, an' I'll be in in a jiffy."

Constance walked through, but not without seeing that the man was the same she had seen in church, and she recognized the fact with a momentary tremor.

As for the man himself, he looked with an eager regard that seemed to pierce the door beyond which she had disappeared. The child set up a discontented roar, which recalled him to his task, for Mrs. Fry had set little Johnny in his lap, asking him to mind him while she fried her doughnuts. The man resumed the jingling of his keys and the child was quiet. Finally the hot lard kettle was put away, and with a capable swoop of her arm, the boy transferred from the man's arm to her own, and a moment later Mrs. Fry appeared in the sitting room where her visitor was.

"A poor creetur as ever was," she said to Mrs. Hamilton, with a backward sweep to her head, indicating the man in the room she had left. "What's he be'n an' gone an' done but git cold a-stayin' out nights, an' me that's got everything to do has got to take care on 'im."

"Is he sick?"

"He ain't able to work. He was took with a faint spell this mornin', looked white as a sheet, an' Dan told him he'd best lay off for a spell. He seems sorter feverish this afternoon."

"Who is he?"

"Oh, he's one of the mill men that boards here; b'en here most three weeks."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Well, he ain't quite so bright as some men, mebbe, but he seems dreadful good-hearted. He'll do anything I ask him, hold Johnny by the hour, but if I didn't put him in his arms straight he'd just as quick hold him upside down. He did once, didn't he Johnny?"

Johnny gave a howl at the recollection.

Constance could not help a feeling of pity for a man sick, and without a home, compelled to care for a troublesome child, and she asked, "Does he like to hold him?"

"I never asked him," said Mrs. Fry with an air of superlative contempt, "no more'n he asked me whether I like to have him settin' round. I'm good to him. I always be to every one that boards here."

"Do you think he colors his hair or wears a wig?" asked Constance, with sudden recollection of her first agitation at seeing him at church.

"No, indeed; he don't care enough for his looks to color his hair, an' most certain he hain't no wig on, for I see him comb it every day by the little glass in the kitchen there."

Constance looked through the door and saw a seven by nine mirror just opposite. The man was not in her range of vision, but they had talked in low tones and no doubt he had not overheard them. One thing she need not fear, that he would venture out for a day or two, or peep in at her sitting room.

A good-natured, harmless person could do no hurt, anyway. She would try to think nothing about it. Doubtless he would himself turn to something else very soon. Mrs. Fry seemed to think his intellect might be impaired, but she could not think this exactly, remembering the eager gaze he had fixed on her face at church. Slightly nonplussed by this recollection, Mrs. Hamilton did not immediately take her leave as she at first intended, but, instead, asked Mrs. Fry if she knew the man's name.

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Fry, with a puzzled air.

"Why, how is that? Did he give you no name when he came?"

"He said his name was Primus Edes, and I don't believe any man ever had a name like that."

"Oh, that is not so very odd a name, Primus Edes. I knew a family once named Edes."

"Did you, now? But what's his clothes marked H. A. for if that's his name? Not as he's a man to be suspicious of."

"Are his clothes marked H. A?"

"Yes, they be, what is marked. There's a handkerchief an' a shirt."

"Are they nice?"

"Jest common."

"It may be some one gave them to him."

"Yes, so they might. Dan thought he might 'a' swapped with some other man. They do sometimes, sech folks."

"That may be the secret of it," said Mrs. Hamilton, rising to go. "If he should be sick let me know, and I will send over anything you may lack for his comfort."

"That's jest like you, for all the world," said Mrs. Fry. "If there was more like you, Mis' Hamilton, the world would be a dreadful sight better'n 'tis."

"You think too well of me, Mrs. Fry," said Constance, gently and blushing a little. "To tell the truth, this man interests me strangely, for in some ways he reminds me of my husband, does not he you?"

"Bless your soul, no, not one mite!" said Mrs. Fry, turning a wondering gaze upon her visitor.

"The resemblance is not striking perhaps, but it exists," said Constance, decidedly. "Well, good-by!"

"Good-by!" said Mrs. Fry at the front door, where she had accompanied her. "Well now!" shutting it after her, "whoever heard the beat of that? Looks like witchwork! A man with a'most black hair, shorter and sorter bent, an' not over an 'bove bright, look like Mr. Hamilton! Wall I never did in all my born days!"

CHAPTER X.

LIGHT OR DARK?

Was it witchwork, the sort of magic to which Mrs. Fry referred, that kept Primus Edes so much in the mind of Mrs. Hamilton during the week, or some esoteric influence of which she was alone conscious and of so subtle a nature that she dare not entertain it? She chose rather to consider herself swayed by the resemblance which she alone could see to her husband, although she was forced to own that it was not of a striking nature, except about the eyes. The hair was darker in the case of Edes, and the complexion also. If she could but know that neither was darkened by any process! What then? Did she think her husband, Vane Hamilton, would sneak back to Grovedale, disguised, go to work as a laborer in his own mill, board with a woman he knew, and attract attention to himself by watching his own house? Could anything be more foolish, more futile, if concealment was desired? If not desired, the course was palpably more foolish still.

Constance knew all this, but she was strangely fascinated by the man's personality, so like her husband's, she imagined. In a few days, as she saw nothing of the person, she decided to call on Mrs. Fry and inquire whether he was still confined to the house. Mrs. Fry would not deem it strange, for she always called to see sick people, and sent them delicacies. So with a tumbler of currant jelly Mrs. Hamilton approached the little house one morning, but went to the front door instead of the side one, as usual, for she did not care to see the person who so strangely interested her. She only wished to ask Mrs. Fry some questions in regard to his hair and complexion.

"Some jelly for your boarder if he is still sick, if not, for yourself," said Constance, to Mrs. Fry when she opened the door.

"Lor', now, how thoughtful you always be! But Edes is better'n gone to work. He's b'en real sick, though not so sick but he'd gone off to walk last night, if Dan hadn't a followed an' fetched 'im back."

"Mrs. Fry, I wish Dan would just look after him a little in a gentle way, you know, and not let him come to my house."

"Your house! You don't say he never went to your house?"

"Just into the yard, Mrs. Fry, and under the trees, where he stands looking in at the sitting room windows."

"That's a sassy piece of business, an' Dan shall put a stop to it right off," said Mrs. Fry, indignantly.

"But tell Dan to be kind about it. The poor man means no harm, of course. He only likes to look in. I think he took a fancy to Clare at church, that is all. But, you see, I am just a little uneasy."

"Sure enough, an' no wonder; though as you say he don't most likely mean no harm. He's dreadful fond of children, an' has a sight of patience with Johnny. Wall, Dan'll see to that, Mis' Hamilton."

[To Be Continued To-morrow.]

Questions and Answers

Why were the Confederate soldiers called Johnnies in the civil war?—J. W. W.

After the nickname, "Johnny Reb," given by Northern soldiers.

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Of submarine telegraph cables, which own the most, governments or private parties?—B. W. M.

Private parties, by more than six to one.

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What is the relative nutriment in egg and beef?—D. S.

According to Frankland, the comparative nutritive values are about as three to two.

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How many miles was the famous "Retreat of the Ten Thousand," under Xenophon, and how long did it take?—G. N. A.

About 1,500 miles and over eighteen months.

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Which is the most productive gold mine of the United States and of the world, and what are the figures?—E. V.

The Homestake, in South Dakota, with annual yield of about $5,000,000.

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Has any person or firm ever offered money as a prize for a nonrefillable bottle? If so who offers it, and what are the specific requirements.—R.

We are unable to learn that such a prize has been offered.

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Which are the three largest manufacturing cities in the country?—C. E. K.

The three largest in population—New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, the respective figures in 1900 being, in dollars, $880,000,000, $534,000,000 and $476,000,000.

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Does the republic of Mexico have a coinage like that of the United States, and if so, what is its value?—M. B. H.

It coins gold in dollars, 2½, 5, 10 and 20-dollar pieces and silver in dollars and fractions. The silver dollar is worth here $.443, the gold $.983.

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Were the clearings for the New York clearing house for 1903 lower than those of the three previous years?—Asset.

No; they were lower by about $4,000,000 than those of 1902, and by over $6,000,000 than those of 1901, but exceeded those of 1900 by nearly $19,000,000.

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What is the record run across the Atlantic? 2. What was it in the civil war period?—W. A. N.

Five days, seven hours, twenty-three minutes. 2. Up to 1893, nine days, one hour and forty-five minutes. In that year it was reduced to eight days, two hours and forty-eight minutes.

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How high is Washington monument? 2. How high in stories and in feet is the highest building in New York? 3. When did Santa Anna die? 4. Are the Ethiopians of Africa to-day savages or civilized?—J. O. D.

It is 555 feet, 5½ inches high. 2. Respectively, 29 stories and 309 feet to the top of the roof, 382 feet to the tower. 3. June 20, 1876. 4. The civilization of the Abyssinians is rude, of the early feudal type, but improving under Menelik.

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Will you give the date of the first railroad in the United States?—S. M.

This distinction is claimed for a bit of track laid on Beacon street, Boston, in 1807, but clearer of record is a three-quarter mile stretch laid in 1809 at the stone quarry of Thomas Delper, in Delaware county, Pennsylvania. These, with several later roads had rails of wood topped by iron strap, and horses supplied motive power.

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Will you make a list of important events in United States history occurring in April, with the year of each?—D. A. C.

In 1775, battles of Lexington and Concord; 1789, Washington inaugurated first President; 1792, establishment of first United States mint at Philadelphia; 1803, purchase of Louisiana; 1846, Mexicans crossed the Rio Grande, beginning the Mexican war; 1861, Fort Sumter fired on; 1865, Lee surrendered and Lincoln shot; 1898, war with Spain opened.

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Is there any simple and inexpensive means of preventing damage to small areas from late spring or early fall frosts?—Flowers.

Watering at nightfall will be a help, since thus will be provided vapor that will check radiation from the ground. Then a smudge may be made by setting fire to moist straw or like substance that will burn without flame. The frosts will come usually late in the night, so smudge treatment should be provided then, if at all.

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What is the cause of dry rot, and how is it prevented? 2. How does Portland cement differ from Rosendale? 3. What are hydraulic cements?—D. H.

Fungi. That called merulius lachrymans causes it in timber, and various sorts, most of them in the toadstool class, cause the trouble of the same name in trees. Thorough seasoning and painting are recommended for timber. 2. Portland is three times stronger than the other. 3. Those that will harden or set under water, or in a damp place from which the air is excluded.

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Will you give me information on Rembrandt's masterpieces?—E.

Of the groups of the early period of success when he painted in full light, there was the famous "The Anatomical Lecture," showing a group about an anatomist making an examination of a dead body. Of his later period, "De Stallmeesters," showing the presidents of the guild of clothiers, and the "Night Watch," showing a squad of the civic guard. Of his many remarkably fine portraits, those of himself and his wife had especial interest. Perhaps the most remarkable of his landscapes was "The Mill." Of fine religious subjects were "The Descent from the Cross," and "Presentation of Christ in the Temple." Of his etchings, all of which rank as masterpieces, "The Descent from the Cross," "Christ Healing the Sick" and "Landscape with Three Trees," are well known.

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What is or was a Fleet marriage?—S. F.

A secret marriage performed in the Fleet prison, London, in the eighteenth century or late in the seventeenth. Public marriage then was an expensive business, and clandestine marriages became so common that a law was passed fining heavily the clergyman who married couples without banns or license. As the fine had no terrors for such clergymen as were held for debt in "The Fleet," those wishing to marry secretly made a resort of the prison. Competition for this custom resulted in scandalous laxity and in much manipulation of the records of the marriages. Finally these last would not be accepted in court, so the couple with the "Fleet marriage," though wedded legally, could not prove the fact. The consequence was much harm that helped to bring about a law declaring void all marriages not performed in public and after banns, unless by especial license.

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Will you print a formula for "Bordeaux mixture," and a method of making a stock solution of same? 2. How often should it be used for apple scab?—A. O. R.

The proportions are, copper sulphate, 6 pounds; quicklime, 4 pounds; water, 40 to 50 gallons. Dissolve the sulphate by putting it in a bag of coarse stuff and suspending it in about four gallons of water. Slake the lime in as much water, mix the two and add the rest of the water needed. The copper solution may be kept indefinitely, the other but a few days, so the latter should be mixed fresh for each using. 2. Treatment begins before the buds break, with a spraying with copper sulphate solution. Use Bordeaux mixture when leaf buds are open, but before the flower buds burst. When the blossoms have fallen, spray with Bordeaux mixture, in which is a little Paris green. About ten days after the last, use Bordeaux mixture again, and finally repeat the dose of it with Paris green in a fortnight, giving a second repetition two weeks later, if needed.

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Give name and date of birth of the doctor who first operated, in the United States, for a case of "false aneurism of the femoral artery," commonly called tumor of the thigh artery. His greatest feat was a "successful operation of tying the subclavan artery above the clavicle, on the scapular side of the scalene muscles for brachial aneurism, situated so high in the axilla as to make it inexpedient to tie this artery." In 1792 he was appointed professor of surgery in Columbia College.—J. P. M. Greenburg.

The following information was obtained from Dr. Foxworthy, of Indianapolis: "His name is Dr. Wright Post. He was born in North Hempstead, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1766, and died in 1826. He followed Dr. Richard Bailey as professor of surgery in the Columbia Medical School. In 1793 he exchanged chairs with Dr. Bailey and became professor of anatomy in the same college. In 1821 he was elected president of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. In 1812 Dr. Post tied the common carotid artery for aneurism successfully; it was the first operation on this artery for aneurism that had been performed in this country. Dr. Post also performed the first operation in America for false aneurism of the femoral artery and the second operation on record of tying the external iliac for inguinal aneurism. In 1817 Dr. Post's greatest performance was the successful tying of the subclavian artery above the clavicle external to the scalene muscles for brachial aneurism. This is the first successful operation of this character."

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Please tell me some, or at least one, of the days celebrated as great events in the history of England, Germany, France, Italy, Spain.—J. S. D.

Only a few notable events can be mentioned in each country. In English history: Destruction of the Spanish Armada, July 19, 1588; discovery of the Guy Fawkes "gunpowder plot," Nov. 4, 1605; passage of the habeas corpus act in 1679, and the bill of rights in 1689; the act of settlement in 1701, which was the source of the sovereignty of the house of Hanover and gave Queen Victoria her title to the throne; Nelson's victory in the battle of the Nile, Aug. 1, 1798; battle of Waterloo, June 18, 1815. In modern history of Germany: Formation of the Germanic Confederation by act of June 8, 1815; battle of Sedan, Sept. 2, 1870; surrender of Paris, Jan. 28, 1871; proclamation of King William of Prussia as German Emperor and establishment of the German empire, Jan. 18, 1871. In France: Taking of the Bastille, July 14, 1789; crowning of Napoleon as Emperor, Dec. 2, 1804; battle of Austerlitz, Dec. 2, 1805; battle of Waterloo, June 18, 1815; establishment of the republic, in 1871, and adoption of the present Constitution, in 1875. The modern history of Spain has been marked chiefly by numerous losses of territorial possessions, internal dissensions and misgovernment and steady decline of national prestige. An event which brought some relief was the accession of the widow of King Alphonso XII, Nov. 25, 1885, as Queen Regent for her infant child, who became King under the title of Alphonso XIII on May 17, 1902. The selection of all the foregoing dates is arbitrary, and gives a very imperfect idea of the course of history.

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