

ON THE STREET IN JAPAN.

Strange Sights That Greet the Eye of the Stranger and Cause Him to Stare.

When one's work is done, there is left the mild excitement of walking up the great alimentary canal of Nikko. All that is doing in Nikko may be seen, writes Charles Hovey Pepper, in the World To-day. On the veranda of a house madam is having her bath, her head sticking above the steaming water. The youngsters in their original suits are hailing you: "Sinko san, ohio!" "Mr. stranger, good day." An array of great gilt lotus flowers and leaves on long stems shows that a member of the family within is dead. In the front room, unprotected from the street, one sees the square kagolike box in which, with knees against the breast, the last journey is taken.

A bevy of gayly dressed geisha girls, with attendants carrying kotos and samisens, are bound for some dinner or entertainment. Their hair black and shiny and filled with bright ornaments, their faces and necks white with rice powder and their lower lips bright with scarlet paste. They are chattering in the shrill and penetrating voices which are peculiar to them.

The merchant steps out from his shop to tell you he has some new Kakemono or carving to show, antiques from 300 years old to those so recent that the lacquer is hardly dry. "Step in, sir," cries a young man, waving his hand in the air as he points with an imaginary brush an imaginary picture, "and see our Japanese artist using his brush." He hands you his card and you are pleased to read the motto of his house is "Earnest is the best policy." "I was waiting for you," says a pretty girl, smiling, "will you please come in my shop? I have brack racker and red racker trays. Yes, very pretty." She spends all her time in the front of her shop between the two bridges. If she sees one cross either bridge she is already waiting when he has crossed. No one escapes.

TYPICAL FINNISH EXILES.

Thousands Who Come to America Are Ordered Out of Their Native Land.

Of the 200,000 Finns who have come to America, thousands are not mere immigrants, but exiles and refugees, the flower of the nation. "Almost all who enter here nowadays," says Gilson Willets, in Everybody's Magazine, "are patriots whom the czar has honored by including them in the lists of Finlanders ordered out of the country. Brofelt, the man who is now my office manager, is a typical case. He was not only acknowledged as one of the foremost Finnish writers, but was president of the college in Kuopio. He was given four days in which to leave the empire, and when he asked the reason for his banishment, the Russian police officials laughed in his face, saying: 'We don't give reasons for driving out disturbers of public tranquillity.' He was not at home when the order of expulsion was served, so the police forced their way through his house, breaking open doors and drawers in search for incriminating papers.

"We are daily expecting the arrival of the most distinguished of Finnish patriots," added Mr. Hornborg. "I mean Regual Wolff, the Pierpont Morgan of our country. He was the chairman of the board of directors of the steamship company which I represent. He was one of its founders, indeed, and it was while attending a directors' meeting to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the line that he was served with an order of expulsion from the Russian empire. With interests in a score of enterprises, he was allowed only 48 hours, instead of the usual four days, to settle his varied affairs and leave the land of his birth, perhaps forever."

A Quiet Indiana Episode.
"Maw," said little Freddy, as he hurriedly entered the house and threw his cap on the lounge, "what have you got for supper—besides stewed rhubarb?"

"Sassafrax tea," said the good mother, complacently. And peace and quietude settled over the household.—Indianapolis News.

BIGGEST OF GOLD NUGGETS

Accidental Finding of the Rich Treasure in the Wilds of Australia.

Could even fiction or east side melodrama suggest any situation more romantic? Figure to yourself, as the French say, four men sinking down exhausted in the arid Australian bush, way back in the "Never-Never" county, where rain does not fall for years at a stretch, and the only plant that forces its way through the choking sand is the dreaded spinifex, or Australian spear grass, whose points pierce the pedestrian like a lance.

They sank down to die, says the New York Herald. Their horses, too, were exhausted, and one of these in stumbling struck its fore-foot against a small piece of rock that projected a few inches out of the sandy soil. The eyes of one of the men followed the stumble, and the next moment he had struggled to his feet, shouting: "Gold, gold!" Sure enough, the supposed "rock" struck by the iron hoof glistened in the pitiless sun, and a moment later all four men were digging eagerly, with bleeding fingers around the place.

Almost in less time than it takes to tell it these unfortunate fellows had unearthed the largest mass of virgin gold that the world has ever seen. This is known as the famous "Welcome Stranger" nugget. It is of the enormous weight of 10,000 ounces, and every ounce of it virgin gold, there being practically no alloy whatever. It is in the shape of a rough cross.

This marvelous find acted as a tonic upon the men and they were enabled to make their way to the nearest township, which chanced to be Ballarat. Here the "Welcome Stranger" was deposited in the bank, and after it was melted down brought at the rate of \$20 an ounce, so fine was the quality of the gold. A full sized model of the "Welcome Stranger" may be seen by American visitors to London in the department of minerals and precious stones in the great Natural History museum in Cromwell road, South Kensington.

SEARCHLIGHT'S DEAD SPOTS

"Beam of Darkness" That May Conceal the Form of a Torpedo Boat.

"One of the complications that make us unhappy on a battleship when we expect a torpedo attack," said an American naval officer, "is the fact that there is a dead spot in the beam of the searchlight. If a torpedo boat can hit and lie in the center of this beam of darkness that plays over the water wherever our beam of light plays, it can lie there with impunity. We cannot see it from the ship.

"I had an excellent opportunity to test the truth of this during the mimic war off the New England coast. I commanded a small dispatch boat, and when we were off an island at the entrance to Long Island sound, I was sent in to scout and report what I could discover of the batteries on the island.

"We ran in until we raised the searchlight on the fortifications. Slowly we proceeded then, dodging it until we were in full range of it, so that we had to lie still. We waited until the operator of the light ceased for a moment and held it steady. Then we pushed in quick and lay almost in the center of the dazzling white pencil of light. It seemed to us on the ship that we must be shining forth like a set piece on a stage, for the fierce beam illuminated every ripple on the water around us; but our little ship was right in the center of the dead spot, and as long as the light was held steady we kept steaming, boldly and unseen, in toward the fort. Of course the moment the light was moved we were discovered. But by that time we had seen all we wanted to, and approached so close to the guns that we were entitled to claim a point for our side, which we did."

Water in Grass.

The amount of water given off by an acre of grass is estimated at 30 hogheads a day. About 300 parts, by weight, of water pass through a plant to one part fixed and assimilated in its tissues.

Yet No Burden.

The biggest thing about some men is their opinion of themselves.—N. Y. Times.

APPLES AS MORAL AGENTS.

They Tend to Keep Their Consumers from Indulging in Many Evil Habits.

Scarcely too much can the apple be extolled since it has been almost entirely the creation of man. Starting with the crab apple of Europe, man has produced a fruit that has no comparison with its original. Nature could only furnish the germinal and is not given to making improvements, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. When Superintendent Stimson of the pomology department of the world's fair says: "There is no doubt that apples are a cure for the drink habit, the tobacco habit, the 'Indian' habit and many others that may be called objectionable," we appreciate deeply what the apple has done for man and still more deeply what man has done for the apple. Prof. Stimson adds: "Apples elevate the morals of persons who eat them and if the United States were a great apple-eating country we would have less crime and fewer woes. When you want to smoke eat an apple and you will find the desire in a measure satisfied. Do the same if you want a drink."

It will be seen that the apple is the enemy of the saloon and of the vice of smoking. The moral effect of apples has been too much neglected. We have tried to reform entirely with the gospel and moral sunation. Had we gone into the haunts and hotbeds of vice and crime with an apple in one hand and the Bible in the other we might have had better success.

Mr. Stimson says that apples are good for the "Indian" habit. This is something that has never been tried in all the efforts to reform St. Louis politics. The "Indians" have not had apples enough. Bar's have been opened in plenty but not apple bar's. Clayton conventions would be impossible on a diet of apples. Hereafter the sturdy farmer should go to his convention with a dozen apples in one pocket—and a well-oiled .44 in the other.

WAR CHESTS OF EUROPE.

Large Sums of Money Kept Constantly on Hand to Uphold National Power.

In a financial as well as a military sense Germany is probably best prepared for war. A special war treasure of \$30,000,000 in coined gold is always kept at Spandau. France and England are both richer, however, than Germany, and their war chests are well lined with gold. Their people are also better able to put their hands in their pockets in an emergency than the Germans. Heavily taxed as France is, it is estimated that her taxpayers could meet a demand of fifty millions more for the war chest under a sounder financial system and administration.

Two years ago Russia's war chest was practically empty. In fact, instead of having savings in her box, Prof. Geffcken, who is an authority, says she is always borrowing money in times of peace. France has lent the most money to Russia, the debt in that quarter being not less than five milliards of francs. Of the important states, Italy is the worst off, her people being taxed to the verge of starvation to keep a comparatively small sum in the war money bag. Even salt is so taxed that the poor can afford at present only half as much salt as in 1871. The army has swallowed up all the savings of the country and more. Germany's full money box would certainly make it possible for her to take the field of war more quickly than any other power. She prides herself upon a war force of 2,549,918 men, which could take the field within ten days after order, and backed by the war chest with its six millions sterling, this would be a formidable showing.

No Use for Paintings.

Pigment—I saw you at the art exhibition last evening. I suppose you are very fond of paintings?

Gamboge—Oh, dear, no! I hate them. I'm an art critic, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Confession.

"Bag anything while you were out hunting, Newshot?"

"Bagged my new spring pants at the knees."—Detroit Free Press.

RICHES IN CORNS AND TEETH

Englishmen Who Have Made Fortunes from Cutting and Selling One and the Other.

It gives one rather an ache in the mouth to reflect that a gentleman who died recently in London has left an estate of nearly £170,000, all from making artificial teeth. Better that way than the fashion in which his prototypes raised their wealth, says the St. James' Gazette. Before the artificial tooth was created deficiencies had to be made good by the real article, so body-snatchers ravaged the cemeteries at night, breaking up the jaws of the dead to extract their teeth to sell to dentists for insertion in live men's mouths. An army of these ghouls followed Wellington. They were licensed as cutlers, but, once night fell, out came their pliers, and out came the teeth of those dead and dying on the battlefields. It is a horrible idea, but we are not so much more refined to-day. Only 18 months ago somebody was exploiting the bones of our soldiers who had fought and died under Lord Wolseley in the Ashanti war. The poor relics were shipped to London, taken to an auction room to be sold as "curios," and only at the last moment was public opinion too strong to permit the wicked transaction to be carried through. Not so far from where the prosperous tooth factor has just died there used to live a cutter of corms. Everybody knew him—old Wolf. He did not aspire to the title of chiropodist—simply a cutter of corms. More than a thousand clients paid him their three guineas a year. One of them was an archbishop, who, while he submitted a painful corn to the razor, plied his persuasive tongue upon the cutter. Here was a Jew to be converted. "Sir, of you will go on talking, I shall cut you," was the only response of Shylock. "If I make you bleed you'll die," was another grim way he had of silencing his clients. In his dingy old room, patronized by all the lions of the stock exchange, and everybody who was anybody with a corn, he piled up a fortune of over six figures, and was still coining money up to the date of his death at the age of 84.

JAPANESE ARE VERY POLITE

In Conversation Formality Is Ever Observed and Self Set Always at Naught.

Japanese politeness is a marvelous thing and without it their language, as it stands at present, would fall to pieces, says Modern Society. Everything that is addressed to the "honorable side" of the room—that is, to "you"—or in any way refers to your possessions or concerns, must be modeled on a certain form of adoration, overwhelming, almost suffocating. But anything that has to do with the "groveling side"—that is with "me" or my concerns—must take on a peculiar belittling, indifferent and even contemptuous form.

Thus, at setting out one has to learn that all one's own things are low, mean and vile, while the other fellow's are admirable, honorable, august, divine. If Jones wished to borrow a knife from Smith to sharpen a pencil, he would say: "May I taken your honorable knife in my dirty hands to sharpen my still dirtier pencil?" And Smith would reply: "Certainly, here is my filthy knife; when you have deigned to sharpen you august pencil with it I beg that your augustness will condescend to hand it back to decayed me so that I might place it in my filthier pocket."

Origin of Knives.

Prof. W. J. McGee has lately undertaken to trace back to its origin that useful invention, the knife. The first knives, he believes, were fractured stones that happened to have a sharp cutting edge. But the vegetable kingdom also furnishes very keen cutting stone knife easily suggested the shaping of flaked stones, like flint, into the form of blades. Among the Seri Indians on Tiburon Island, in the Gulf of California, the primitive custom of utilizing fractured and water-worn stones for knives still exists.—Youth's Companion.

IN GREATER BONDAGE.

BY R W STANCL.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IDLENESS A CURSE TO MAN.

After visiting Hampton, Va., Uncle Jake returned home with a sad heart. He expected to find in the old soldiers friends who could and would come to the rescue of the freedmen, but ascertained that they were slaves, too, and needed help from some source. In conversation with his wife, he said: "Dinah, ole 'ooman, it's too bad for dem vet'rans to be bound tighter dan ober wuz we slaves fo' de war. Uncle Sam, has a big no licensed saloon (as he's de one what license de cu'sed business, he don't have to git no license, but runs it for de benefit of de ole soldiers an' dem who 'tends to de Home) kep' wide open all day an' part of de night jest to 'comitate de ole soldiers. So Uncle Sam not only feeds, clothes an' furnishes a big house for dem who fought for our freedom, but penshuns dem an' pisen dem wid bad whisky. In short, ole 'ooman Uncle Sam has made slaves of dem who helped to free us. Of all men most pitiable it is de ole soldiers livin' under de shadow of a no licensed saloon, wid plenty money, plenty clothes, a big L-ick house, a yard as big as a cornfield—all adorned wid flowers of every description, an' kep' in good order, wid gravel walks, shade trees, a big fish pond, as big as from Hampton to Norfolk, wid fish as big as whales, an' other accommodations. To look at dem would think dey wuz back in de garden of Eden, where Grandfather Adam an' Grandmother Eve odee lived. But de good Lord never meant for people to live in Eden on dis earf arter man sinned. Eden might do for de sinless, an' wuz a delightful place befo' Mudder Eve ate dat apple what de Lord told her not to eat, an' befo' Adam, her husband, ate jest to please his wife, but God drove dem out, an' put Cherubims an' a flaming sword, which turned every way to keep dem out. Thorns, thistles an' briars growed where flowers once bloomed, an' ever since man has had to eat bread by de sweat of his brow or be miserable an' unhappy. De happiest people is dem who obeys God, an' don't try to make a livin' by sittin' 'round under de shade trees, sleeeppin' on de green or spendin' de live long day sittin' by de big fish pond watchin' de waves beat de sho' an' de white caps bein' tossed by de billows.

"God knew dat man's happiness consisted in constant employment, an' when Uncle Sam makes an Eden like dey have at de Soldiers' Home at Hampton, Va., an' den pays, feeds, clothes an' keeps a great big house all nicely furnished for de benefit of de ole soldiers he works ag'ins God's plan, an' de result is unhappiness, discontent, debauchery an' sin of de lowest type.

"Way, bless your life, Dinah, God said: 'It is not good for man to be alone' an' among three thousand ole soldiers in de home not a woman did I see. Men cook de meals, wait on de table, wash de dishes, sweep de house, make de beds, wash de clothes, men' de socks, patch de pants an' do every thing. What good is a home widout a woman? De flowers in de yard is beautiful, but nothing looks so pretty, my dear wife, as does de face of a woman—a helpmeet.

"I stood for hours and watched dem ole soldiers stroll up an' down de shady walks, some smokin', some wid deir han's behin' dem, an' odders wid deir heads down, as lookin' for a lost 'ooman. Of all de forlorn, destitute, lost abandoned, forsaken, solitary, helpless, friendless, hopeless, abject, wretched, miserable, pitiable men, those old soldiers dat had everything dat Uncle Sam could give dem, except a woman—a wife—a helpmeet—was de worst. Talk about de slaves what dey helped to free, why, dey was happy in comparison wid dem ole soldiers.

"Not being satisfied wid de many luxuries of Uncle Sam dey often wandered out and away from dat lovely home in search of her for whom their hearts longed. Dey frequented de saloons of Hampton and Phoebas, and de bad houses of de latter town in search of happiness, but they found misery, woe, sorrow and shame instead.

"A lost man is bad enough, but a lost woman is worse, and when a man whose chief happiness consists in a helpmeet like God gave Adam—a pure, spotless, virtuous woman—a wife in de true sense of de word—is shet up in a home wid three thousand men and not a woman in all dat home, you may know he is in a worse fix dan Adam was when he was alone.

"Uncle Sam don't provide nice homes for de soldiers' wives and daughters, and when a soldier goes to de home, if he has a wife and daughter, he has to leave dem behind and go alone to de home. Some rather go to de home and live without work and spend their money with harlots than live at home with wife and daughters and work. Poor, blind souls! They are to be pitied. I visited de home to find help, sympathy and encouragement from dem I thought was de freedmen's friends, but alas! Those from whom I expected help, is in a worse condition by far, dan we freedmen is or ever was, even in de time of slavery. We have got our wives and some of us is a little religious, but dem

ole soldiers at de home have neither wives nor religion, and Eden without either or both is hell.

"Why, Dinah, I would rather be in my grave than to be cooped in a big home with two thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine other men and not a woman to keep things in order. De men dey smoke de offensive weed, chaw tobacco and spit de nasty juice on de floor and has things topsy turvy. Dem soldiers is not happy. Uncle Sam feels under obligations to dem because dey served their country so faithfully and fought for our freedom, but it's a poe' way to show favors by shutting men up right under de shadow of a no licensed saloon and pension dem to live in idleness. By so doing Uncle Sam makes drunkards, demoralizes and encourages idleness. De whole thing is contrary to God's way, and when Uncle Sam or anybody else works against de Almighty he is laying de foundation for misery, woe, sorrow and ruin.

"Uncle Sam not only sells whisky himself, but licenses others to do it. It is enough for him to ruin men, much less to sell others de privilege to do de same. Jesus says, 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' When Uncle Sam sells whisky and sells others de privilege of selling also, he is divided against himself. Whisky makes criminals. Uncle Sam makes laws to prevent crime and decrease criminals, and den opens de saloon and licenses others to do de same, and thus works against his own self and de interest of de home, de church and de school.

"De foundations of America rest on four pillars—de home, de school, de church of Jesus Christ and good government. De saloon is de hot bed of vice and crime, and is a toe to de four pillars on which rests dis great and prosperous nation. De saloon breeds anarchy, lawlessness and many ungodly deeds, and when Uncle Sam sells whisky and 'lows others to do de same, he is destroying de pillars upon which rests dis government. So as it now is, it is a house divided against itself, and must fall, unless de saloon is abolished and dem now in greater bondage is freed."

(To be continued.)

Presidential Inauguration Rates.

The Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Ry., announces that on March 1, 2 and 3 tickets at about one fare for the round trip will be on sale to Washington account Inauguration of President Roosevelt and Vice-President Fairbanks. Tickets limited so that passengers can remain in Washington until March, 8th. Round trip rate from Chattanooga \$17.75 Nashville \$21.30, Memphis \$23.25, Jackson \$22.25, Martin \$22.25, McKenzie \$22.25, Paris \$22.25. Proportionately low rates from other points.

Pullman sleepers leave Nashville every night at 9.50 running through to Washington without change, reaching there the second morning at 6.42. Route via Chattanooga, Knoxville, Asheville, Salisbury and Lynchburg. Rates also apply via Atlanta. Passengers from West Tennessee can take train which arrives at Nashville 8.35 p. m., making direct connection with the through Washington sleeper. For space in this sleeper make application to W. M. Hunt, C. P. & T. A., N. C. & St. L. Ry., Nashville, Tenn. For other information, folders, etc., write to W. L. Dauley, G. P. A. N. C. & St. L. Ry., Nashville, Tenn.

Misses Inez Luten Birdie Mc-Lemore, Mary Lou Davis, Dot Mays and Mary Atterberry, of Cayce, are visiting Jim Fields and family near town.—Fulton Leader.

Mrs. B. F. Shaw who has had quite a hard struggle with typhoid is reported better we are glad to hear.

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