

**JAPAN'S COMMERCIAL GROWTH**  
(Continued from Page 1.)

ing constructed, where only a short half-century ago sampans and small junks were the only craft thought of."

The present condition of Japan is, in fact, as Mr. Stead assures us, such as renders her one of the leading Powers of the world. To quote this writer's language:

"Not only has Japan become one of the eight great Powers of the world, but she has successfully demonstrated that she is the one great Power which dominates Eastern Asia. The wonderful force lying in Japan's hands is not even yet properly realized, and there are unknown potentialities of which the other nations have not even a suspicion. But before very long this nation, which is able to think out problems as thoroughly as any Oriental, and act upon the result of the thought as energetically as any western race, will receive its full recognition in every branch of national life. The force which is possessed by a people, efficient in every department of national life, and possessing the unique impulse of a sentient practical patriotism, and an individual public opinion is so unknown, so enormous, as to defy measurement by any standards possessed by the western world."

**WHAT HE WENT AFTER.**

**The Office Boy Gave the Business Caller Some Information.**

The big bell in the city hall tower had just banged forth the noon hour, and the office buildings were emptying throngs of workers into the streets to fill the lunchrooms.

In an elaborate office, seated in a large chair, with his feet comfortably resting on the edge of the manager's desk, was Plugxy, the office boy of Janworth & Co., brokers, says Lippinsett's Magazine. His head was cocked on one side, and with evident relish he was puffing a huge cigar which his employer had neglected to finish.

Suddenly the door opened, and Mr. Whit, a client of the firm, rushed in. "Where's Mr. Janworth?" he demanded excitedly.

"What's that?" said Plugxy, slowly removing the cigar from the far corner of his mouth.

"I want Mr. Janworth right away. Where is he?" repeated Whit.

Just then the bell of a fire engine clanged below, and Plugxy leisurely rose and walked to the window.

"Gee," he said thoughtfully, "people do git skeered o' them fire carts, all right, all right!" Turning around, he continued: "Boss ain't in. I'm runnin' th' business just now. Want any quotations or?"

"No, you idiot!" yelled the client. "Where has he gone—downstairs?"

"Yep."  
"Will he be back after lunch?"  
"Naw," yawned the future firm; "that's what he went out after."

**EYESTONES.**

**Most Genuine Specimens Found in the Province of Astrakhan.**

The collection of eyestones is a dying industry. In New York the principal sources of supply are sailors who touch the Baltic sea, and, as might be imagined, the supply is precarious.

Eyestones are analogous in some respects to hemons, as they are a concretion found in the stomach of the European crawfish. Most of the genuine eyestones, crabs' eyes, crabstones or Laphin cancerum, are procured in the province of Astrakhan, in European Russia.

There appears to be some confusion regarding the nature of the eyestone, for some authorities speak of it as a concretion in the stomach of a certain crab and others as of a peculiar shell formation which is separated from the crab at the time it sheds its shell.

The so called crab's eyes are found fully developed at the end of summer, as the crabs begin to shed their shells. It is noted that these concretions are absorbed into the stomach of the crab during the shedding season and there pulverized and absorbed, the dissolved calcareous substance being used, it is supposed, for the formation of a new shell. When these calcareous shells are not normally developed and absorbed it is observed that the shedding process is interrupted, and the crab dies an early death.—American Drugist.

**Two Remarkable Recoveries.**

A bride at whose wedding I had been best man lost her guard ring on her honeymoon on the Scarborough rocks. She and her bridegroom spent hours in vain search for it. A year later, while sitting on the same rocks, she said to her husband, "Why, this is the very spot where we sat together last year when I lost my ring." "There it is!" he cried in answer, seeing it at the bottom of a little pool in the rocks, where it had been washed by a year's tide.

A lady lost a ring on the underground, but did not discover her loss until some time after she had left the station. When she returned to report the loss an inner circle train entered the station, and on the step of one of the carriages the ring was found. It was the carriage in which she traveled, which had just completed the circle.—T. P.'s Weekly.

**Anatomy.**

The Professor—Some of you gentlemen are not giving me your closest attention. Mr. Biggs, what do you find under the kidneys? Future M. D.—'Loast, sir.—Puck.

**THE GRASS FENCE.**

**Thrilling Incident of the Battle of Bunker Hill.**

The battle of Bunker Hill gave the occasion for many deeds of valor, and since that day we hold a list of names illuminated in our memory. One of these names belongs to the Knight of Derryfield. Do you remember who he was, and can you recall the song of his bravery? Read of it once more and have impressed again on your heart the implicit obedience and perfect courage of the New Hampshire farmers and their captain, John Moor.

When the forty-five men of the little town of Derryfield, N. H., left their homes to fight for the great cause each knew that no men were ever led by a braver man than their beloved Captain Moor. His courage had inspired many of them in the French and Indian war. So, eagerly, when the alarm came in 1755 they marched with him and his drummer boy son to Cambridge, where he was entered a captain in Stark's regiment.

And now comes the battle of Bunker Hill. Behind a fence, piled thick with grass, Captain Moor's company lay as still as death. An order had come from Colonel Stark that not a shot was to be fired until the British passed a stake that was driven a short distance away. With perfect confidence in themselves and their captain, the farmers waited—waited motionless while that beautiful, death dealing pagant of British warriors swept grandly toward them. With the coolness and wonderful precision of a dress parade the old world came to meet the new, the grenadiers and light infantry marching in single file twelve feet apart, the artillery advancing more slowly and thundering out an insolent defiance to the concealed little rebels, while on each side five battalions formed an oblique line to the fence breastworks. The very flower of the English army, full blossomed in learned maneuvers, resplendent in shining arms and waving banners, advanced to meet a little group of men untrained in tactics of warfare, only half armed, clad in homespun, hiding behind a breastwork of grass.

The dead line was crossed. Bang! Bang! Bang! The little rebels were awake at last. Now, not the stake, but a line of fallen bodies marked the dead line. Thunder and lightning belched forth from that breastwork. A fire, intense, steady, killing, and the brave march of the Britishers was checked. A slight recoil, and the officers, dashing up, again urged the line forward. Not for one moment did the grass fence cease its voice of fire and shot. One by one the brave grenadiers and their dashing, gallant officers fell to the earth. The ranks broke and the proud host fled before the meager handful of New Hampshire men. Ah, if we could only have had grass breastworks and Captain John Moor all along the American line!—C. F. Harrison in Atlanta Constitution.

**A Philanthropist.**

An earnest east side worker says that not long ago she was approached by an old gentleman who has the reputation of being something of a philanthropist with the request that he be permitted to accompany her on one of her rounds of visits. Much pleased, the worker consented. The destitute condition in which many families were found elicited expressions of deep sympathy from the old gentleman, but to his companion's surprise and regret nothing more material. Presently they came upon a small girl weeping bitterly.

"What is it, my dear?" the old gentleman inquired.

The child raised a tear stained face and pointed into a dark alleyway. "Me mudder sent me to buy some bread, an' I lost my dime in there, an' I'll git licked awful!" she sobbed.

"Poor dear!" he remarked in a tender voice, at the same time putting his hand into his vest pocket. "Don't cry. Here is a match. Perhaps you will be able to find it!"—Harper's.

**Misled by Stationery.**

"I wrote a note to my washerwoman about a week or two ago asking her please to bring my clothes home," said the woman. "I needed them. I happened to be in a religious concern at the time and used its paper to write the note on. Bertha came yesterday."

"I've a great notion to discharge you, Bertha," I told her. "Why didn't you bring me my clothes? Must I get enough things to wear a year without having them washed on your account?"

"To tell you the truth," Bertha apologized meekly, "you wrote on that thesh religious paypah, and I didn't pay no 'emshun to it. I jes' thought it was some o' them peopul writin' to ask me to come to prayah meetin'. I didn't know it was youah lettah, miss, till yesterday mawnin', when I got tiabd of seein' it around and opened it, so that was why I didn't git beah no soonah with youah clo'es."—New York Press.

**The Modern Play.**

"I want you to write me a play."  
"What sort of a play?"  
"Well, we have seventeen specialties. Get me up enough stuff to wedge 'em apart."—Kansas City Journal.

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