

The Times' Daily Short Story.

The "Salted" Mine

(Original.)

"What are you doing, John?"

The question was asked in a mining camp in the far west. A man had dumped several bags of ore on the kitchen floor and was mixing them in one heap.

"Hist, Molly. Don't be asking too many questions."

"But I want to know."

"Well, then, I'm preparing to make Molly Drake a rich woman. There's a fellow come out from New York hunting for property with which to organize a big mining company. He's been looking at our ten acres on Cobble hill. I've told him I've struck the rich vein of the Sally Ann mine in the middle of our property."

"Well?"

"I'm preparing to make sure he's not disappointed."

"John Drake, do you mean to tell me you're going to 'salt' the property?"

"Salt it? Don't you know that this is a world in which the shrewd ones live on the fools? What does he want the property for? To make a balloon of it. To do this he must have something to show. If I don't give him rich ore he'll go to the next man, who will; and I'll be left in the lurch. He doesn't want to know too much. It would spoil his plans. There he comes now."

Leaving the kitchen he shut the door. The stranger came on. As he did so Molly Drake fixed her eyes upon him in wonder. The color left her cheek, and she bit her lip to restore her equanimity. As the man approached he, too, started, but the woman cast a meaning glance toward her husband and put her finger to her lips. When the newcomer and the woman met they were introduced by the husband as strangers.

"Molly, this is Mr. Sydney, a gentleman from New York looking for mining property."

Mr. Sydney and Mrs. Drake nodded to each other, and Drake, evidently fearing that the purchaser might get a look into the kitchen, soon took him away, but not before Sydney and Mrs. Drake had managed to make an appointment to meet that evening in the wood back of the cabin.

As soon as dark came John Drake harnessed a horse to a cart and, taking the salted ore, drove away. He had scarcely gone when his wife went back into the wood. Sydney was waiting.

"Molly?"

"George!"

It was the old story of a lovers' misunderstanding. George Sydney had gone off thinking that Molly Parker had dismissed him, Molly thinking that he would come back. After a time John Drake, who had the name of being a money maker and had accumulated some means, won and married her. Hearing of a gold strike on Wolf

creek in the far west, he had taken his money and gone there to be on hand for a good investment.

Sydney began to speak of the cause of their estrangement.

"That's all past, George," interrupted the woman. "What are you doing here?"

"My father and certain friends of his have great confidence in the gold producing qualities of this place and have sent me to buy any property that looks well. When I fell in with John Drake I—"

"Yes, yes. What are you going to do with this property if you buy it?"

"Work it."

"Organize a company to boom the stock and sell out?"

"Molly?"

"Or get what there is in it for the purchasers?"

"If we buy a mine, I am to stay here and manage it."

She stood a moment thinking, then said, "Come with me."

Taking him to her cabin, she opened the kitchen door and with a candle held low showed him the dust left from the mixed ore.

"If you buy his property, that's the sample you will buy it on."

He looked at her in wonder. "Do you mean?" he began.

"That John has gone to salt the hole where he claims he has struck the Sally Ann vein."

For a few moments Sydney continued to look at her as if some great mistake was being made. Then he exclaimed bitterly:

"Oh, Molly, why did you send me away?"

"Go. I have nothing more to tell you; no further warning."

"Go? And leave you here with a man you can't respect. Go? I will only go if you go with me."

"Neither the law of the land nor of God permits that, George. Go."

When John Drake drove the team up to his cabin at midnight and put it away he went into the house and found his wife awaiting him.

"John," she said, "you'll find the house in order and provisions for the rest of the week. I'm going back to my father."

The man started as if he had been struck.

"For heaven's sake, Molly, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I will not live with a dishonest man."

Something in the resolute tone of her voice told him that she was not to be dissuaded. He saw her pass away in the darkness and, going into the house, fell on his face. He had considered "salting" ore not as a criminal offense, but a shrewd operation.

Sydney made every effort to induce Mrs. Drake to take some action with a view to their possible union, but she steadily refused. Ten years later her husband died, and she married the man she should have married in the first place.

CHARLOTTE ATWOOD.

TOGO

Reminiscences of the Japanese Admiral's Career in England.

A retired English naval officer who, when a lad, was on board the training ship Worcester at the same time as the prominent Japanese Admiral Togo tells the following reminiscences of the commander of the Japanese naval forces, says London M. A. P.

Togo was constantly the victim of all manner of chaff from the young Britishers on board, who called him "One-go-two-go-three-go." Disliked at first, perhaps because he was unlike his mates, he grew in popularity on account of his remarkably alert mind and agile body until at length he became a general favorite with officers and boys.

He stood all chaff with a certain amount of bravado unless it touched on his resemblance to the Chinese. To one fellow sailor who dubbed him a Chinaman he said with emphasis, "You wait; when I am 'the' admiral I hang you on the yardarm."

One day that Togo had his leave stopped for some small offense, "Liberty boys to go ashore," was piped, and the boys went up to him and said, "Are you to go?" "No," he replied. Immediately the youngsters got round him and pinched him for telling lies, shouting at the same time, "You are Togo!"

His Christian name being rather difficult to pronounce, Togo was told by one of the boys to shoot his godfather and godmother on his return home. "We do not shoot gods in Japan," was his reply.

When Admiral Togo was at the Thames nautical training college, where he began his education for a sea career, the examiners did not credit him with those gifts which he has since turned to such good account in dealing with his country's foes.

By a curious accident, when the proofs of the "lists" were sent to the head master, he found Cadet Togo's name appearing as "No go," an error which was at once corrected, and rightly so in the light of more recent knowledge.

The great fighter will no doubt smile in his quiet way should he come across this little story, which so well illustrates the aphorism, "Never prophesy unless you know."

RUSSIAN PRIEST'S HEROISM.

Father Takebackofsky Tells of His Assistant's Part in a Battle.

Among the wounded from the battle of the Yalu river who arrived recently at Liangyang was Father Stephen Takebackofsky, the priest who led the charge of the Eleventh regiment at the battle of Kintiencheng. Father Stephen said:

"On the 1st of May I arose at 3 o'clock a. m., knowing that there would be a terrible battle. I was determined to do my duty and to show an example by my death. At 4 o'clock I prayed, then laid down my Bible and stood with the company. As the company moved forward to the charge I blessed the soldiers and went in front of the flag with the cross in my hand, standing by the side of my assistant, Joseph Perch. Bullets were flying all around us.

"I never felt my first wound. The second bullet struck my shoulder, and I fell, losing consciousness. When I opened my eyes I found my assistant bending over me, with a smile on his face. Seeing that I was alive, he clutched my hand and then took me off the field of battle. If ever there was a hero, Joseph Perch is one."

The other wounded who arrived seemed to be in good condition and excited the admiration of the foreign attaches. Many of them asked General Kurapatkin to return them to the front. There was an extraordinary incident on the arrival of the second detachment. Two of the wounded implored the surgeon to recommend that they be immediately sent back to the front. When the surgeon refused they escaped from the hospital and endeavored to rejoin their regiment.

The mandolin.

The mandolin was an old instrument a couple of centuries ago, having then, after a long series of evolutions, reached its present shape at Naples, which city has always claimed the honor of its origin.

Washing the Hands.

According to a German physician the art of washing the hands is not an easy one. To insure absolute cleanliness the hands must be first carefully washed with potash soap and water as hot as can be borne and then with a 5 per cent solution of carbolic acid.

DRIVERS OF JAPANESE

Varied Character of Some of Its Exhibitions.

NO DREAD OF DEATH DISPLAYED

A Soldier's Leave Taking of Wife and Children—Admiral Togo's Example—Hirose's Desire For Death. Officer's Blood Written Letter—Development of Fortitude in Children.

One of the men making plates for stereopticons is in despair because he cannot get a touching picture of a parting between soldiers and wives, says the Tokyo correspondent of the New York Post. All popular sentiment about war, he says, begins with this scene. What will his employers, the maker of "views," think of him if he makes this hallowed episode?

Let them forgive him. In Japan, there are no embraces, no kisses, no demonstrations of affection. There is no weeping at parting, or visible agitation—no sign of that sweet emotion which displays itself in the eyes, no sudden pressing of handkerchiefs to faces wrought up with misery of heart. There is only, when the soldier leaves his wife, a profound obeisance from her at the threshold; a bow that brings her to her knees and touches her forehead to the floor.

Marching to the station the soldier is merely one participant in the general salutation which the mikado has recommended the people to give—lighted lanterns and cries of "banzai!" if at night, and if by day banners and lifting of hands and the same benediction—"Ten thousand years!"

In the course of a long historical play at the leading theater there is a representation of the family farewell. It occurs at the end of the seventh hour after the high points of the Shogun era and the main conflicts of the China war have been touched upon. The scene is a room in a Japanese officer's home—sitting screens of exquisite neutral coloring, two women sitting by the inevitable charcoal burner which lights cigarettes and pipes and receives the ashes. Enters a man rubbing his eyes; he has had a dream and he sits by the hibachi and relates it. "Negotiations would be broken off because Russia is an enemy of peace," etc.; and at the moment an orderly struts down the aisle through the audience to the outer door of the house on the stage. He raps; one woman, the servant, goes to the door and receives a note, which she delivers to the dreamer.

There is no effort to keep action going or to hold the audience by reading the note aloud. The officer reads it silently, then tells his wife:

"War has come. I must join my ship. I go at once into port."

He brings from another room his samurai sword, his ancestral arm, and lays it upon his wife's knees, who gazes at it and says nothing. His little boy comes in and looks at the sword.

The officer retires, leaves off his kimono, appears in an English looking naval uniform, delivers his samurai sword to the waiting orderly, who smilingly bears it away to the ship. Then to his wife the officer says that this is no doubt a final sakayama; she will never see him again. She bows low. The little boy approaches and presents a photograph of himself. The father pins it to his lapel and goes to the threshold. The wife follows and kneels while he fastens on his shoes. He starts to go, saying no more, when he feels the child's hand restraining. Long silence.

"You must let me go," commands the father stiffly, drawing away and turning the photograph underneath his coat. The mother bends, touches her brow submissively to the carpet and does not rise.

"Now, how," the stereopticon man lamented, "can I hope to stir Keith and Proctor audiences with a domestic parting like that? Even a kinetoscope couldn't give it life."

In the succeeding scene the officer is on his bridge, going into action, and he tears his boy's picture to pieces and throws it upon the water. This and the other business are not mere play acting. They show the truth. When Admiral Togo went aboard the battleship Mikasa his friend Arimura came in a sampan to ask if he had a last message to send to his wife and children.

"Tell them not to distract me by sending letters," he answered.

All the news his family gets of him is that which the navy office gets.

The silent, studious Hirose, who was a poet—one fragment of whose body was buried with high honor in Tokyo by his friends and one fragment with high honor in Port Arthur by his enemies—Hirose before starting on his first attempt to sink a vessel in the Fort Arthur channel wrote verses which were exhibited at the Jiu Jitsu gymnasium the other day. They said:

May I be granted seven more lives, reincarnations, each of which I may use to serve the emperor and my country, dying as I am about to die now.

He did not die. He and seventy-seven marines took the stone ship Hokoku Maru to the channel, notwithstanding searchlights and fire from the forts. Everything was ready for the explosion which would sink her there. The crew jumped into a boat. Hirose had left his sword—so the story runs—and climbed back to get it. He tried to die, for how does a commanding officer lose his sword in a time like that?

He recovered his sword before the fuse burnt to the charge. The vessel did not block the channel. She was sunk at the right spot. Hirose tried again, a month later, with the Fukui Maru, in company with three other

Rheumatism Vanishes.

This troublesome disease, as we all know, is caused by impure blood. Impure blood is more often than otherwise the result of a torpid liver and inactivity of the digestive organs. Get and keep your digestive organs in good running order and the blood will purify itself—then Rheumatism disappears.

There is no treatment or remedy more effective in the relief and permanent cure of all ailments arising from a sluggish liver, like Rheumatism, Indigestion, Headaches, Backache, Nervousness, etc., than

SEVEN BARKS.

It is not a Patent Medicine, but a pure vegetable preparation, extracted from the bark of a specially grown species of the Hydrangea plant and is compounded by chemists of long experience.

Try a bottle. If found not all claimed for it, return to the druggist and get your money back, or if you cannot spare so cents for a bottle, write us and we will send you a supply with our compliments. We are determined to satisfy every customer.

LYMAN BROWN, New York City.

RED CROSS PHARMACY, 140 North Main Street, Barre, Vermont.

ships commanded by other officers. His Fukui Maru was torpedoed by the Russians; all took to the boats except Warrant Officer Sugino—and to look him up Hirose returned aboard the sinking steamer. He was hit by a shell and knocked to pieces when re-entering the rowboat. There was split in all this, but what strikes one as the strange and staggish and eastern is the writing that he left on the wall of his cabin on the battleship Asahi:

When one is serving one's country the heart is decided to be dead one. Determined to be successful second time—going on board with a smile.

In the Japan Times the other day appeared this paragraph:

On Tuesday the naval authorities submitted to H. M. the emperor a letter written with blood by Second Warrant Officer Momppei Yamashi of the battleship Mikasa and addressed to Captain Litch of the same vessel, imploring permission to participate in the first attempt to block Port Arthur.

He had made an incision in his finger to get the blood. Rather dramatic, you may say; and so is his recent letter to his mother in which telling of the first failure to block Port Arthur's channel, he writes: "I told you I expected to die at 4 a. m. on the 24th. We could scarcely keep back our tears when we found our efforts had been in vain. * * * I shall try for permission to go again. In that case this may be the last letter I shall write to you."

Just as in the play, emphasis is always laid on the likelihood that the warrior is taking his last farewell.

Now, at heart the Japanese are no braver than Europeans. The quality of their courage is, I think, inferior. But in their religion, traditions, training and organization there are differences which give it effective force. White men are brave, though they dread death; yellow men are brave because death has no terror. The offer of eternal life which Christian missionaries bring to the east seems no boon. To be rid of consciousness either by annihilation or by entrance into some new incarnation is more preferred than "life everlasting."

The true story of the Forty-seven Faithful, those forty-seven retainers of Takumino Kami, who gave up everything—wife, children, home—became outcasts, lived for nothing but to avenge the death of their master, is still of great influence. Pilgrims pray by their forty-seven graves, because these men were patriots, sacrificing all to place the head of his enemy on the tomb of their overlord, the chief of their clan. When that was done they cut their own bowels out and died.

Fortitude is taught to babies. "What

a coward to cry for a little pain—scolds the mother. "What will you do when you lose an arm in battle?" Children used to be sent to witness executions "and made to recital the scene at night alone and leave a mark of their visit on the trunkless head." Every boy was trained to be ready for hardship; every man to expect that some day he would be called as a second to a friend condemned to this death, and to be thus called meant that he should cut his dear friend's head off with one stroke immediately the dirk had done its terrible business in the groin.

Finally, all Asiatics are insensitive. Hard drilled nerves and practiced restraint have left them capable of enduring much. Besides, they are not so delicately organized as westerners. The stereopticon man inquired of his Japanese interpreter, apropos of his lack of demonstrative sentiment at moments of separation, whether the people really felt as keenly as others, and the answer was, "No, I think not." This general callousness, though it coarsens the quality of their spirit of daring and bearing, does not, you may be sure, lessen the value of it for purposes of war.

Merry Bit of Repartee.

At a reception given to the Russian Symphony association in the Breyoort House recently at New York the Russian consul general, M. de Lodjensky, had a merry bit of repartee from an American girl that gave him something to think about.

"I wanted to say something apropos to her," he said to a friend, "she was so pretty. She looked as if she might be athletic, played golf and all that."

"Ah, miss, I inquired, 'do you love outdoor sports?'"

"Oh, I don't know," she replied coyly, "if they're not too odd. Are you one?"—New York Times.

Belted Overcoats Next Winter.

"Belted swagger overcoats will predominate next winter," said a representative of a clothing firm to the Milwaukee Sentinel. "Those are the styles which we are selling now for the winter trade, and they are going faster than any of the other styles. The colors will be loud, gray plaids predominating. These styles came in late last season, and they made such a hit that the clothing men are confident that they can sell them next winter. The box coats are a thing of the past, as well as the solid colors of gray or black that seemed to be the style several years ago."

BASE HITS.

Frank Chance bids fair to equal his stolen base record of last season, judging from the way he has started.

The Boston Nationals will hang on to Shortstop Aubrey for awhile yet, as they have no other extra infielder.

Charles Somers says he would give up a lot of pleasure to see his Cleveland club win the pennant this year.

Pitcher Skopec, late of the Detroit, has signed with the Athletics, an independent team at Kenosha, Wis.

Napoleon Lajoie set a batting standard in one game recently—five hits. Pretty husky under the foul strike rule.

President Kilfoyl denies the report that Cleveland is negotiating a trade of three youngsters for a seasoned twirler.

From all accounts the finds in the American league this season are O'Leary of the Tigers and Turner of Cleveland.

John Titus of the Phillies is making a reputation for himself as a slugger. In a recent week he made three doubles, one triple and one home run.

Three Millions For Charles River.

Washington, May 20.—Acting Secretary of War Oliver approved the general plan for the construction of a dam, lock and draw and dredging canals and channels for the improvement of the Charles river basin, Boston harbor. The proposed improvement is to be made in accordance with authority from the state, and is estimated to cost about \$3,000,000.

HELP FOR SHOPGIRLS.

Social Secretary Scheme Explained by Enthusiasts.

"Something of a new profession that will affect the lives of women all over the world" was told the other night at the meeting in New York of the American Institute of Social Science, says the New York World.

The "new profession" is that of "social secretary," an officer of a firm and particularly of firms where girls are employed, whose business is to stand between the employers and employed, possessing the full confidence of both and in a way acting as arbitrator and investigator of grievances. In the case of department stores, where many girls are employed, the "social secretary" is always to be a woman, and the nature of her duties may be summed up in a question which Dr. William H. Tolman, director of the institute, asked in the course of his remarks:

"What would you think of a mother with 2,000 children. Imagine 50,000 women workers mothered by social secretaries seeking to make their life work easier. Think of their task guarding these 50,000 young girls from temptation. I always watch the blonds, a social secretary said recently, particularly the blonds, for they always remind me of the moth and the flame."

Almost every one in the audience made a rapid count of the few blonds present.

Dr. Joseph Strong presided at the meeting. Mrs. Isabelle F. Nye, a social secretary in a department store in New York, and Mrs. Elizabeth C. Wheeler, with a similar position in Providence, R. I., told of their experiences. They supervise the girls in all their relations, advise them as to their home lives and their love affairs and criticize their dress and general behavior.

Mrs. Wheeler told how she had caught the head of a department swearing at a girl not in his department and complained. The man said to Mrs. Wheeler that many others had heard him swear—even his wife.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wheeler, "the first time I heard of your swearing was at your wife in this very store."

After this the head of one department in a Providence store swore off swearing—at women at least.

BREASTPLATE FOR RUSSIANS

Officers Are to Be Equipped With an Italian Safety Device.

The Russian government has bought a new breastplate which is impervious to rifle bullets and swords, and a number of the officers going to the front in the far east will be equipped with this new protection against Japanese bullets, says a special cable dispatch from St. Petersburg to the New York American. The breastplate, which is an invention of an Italian, Giorgamo, is made of soft, elastic material about one-fourth of an inch thick and weighs four pounds.

Experiments made at St. Petersburg show that bullets fired at the breastplate remained in it and were flattened without penetrating or denting the inner surface, though a severe shock was distinctly felt by the wearer when shots were fired at short distance.

Army Schools in Russia.

In every regiment of the Russian army there is a school, and a young man cannot leave the army and go back to his village without having learned to read, write and cipher.

Belgium's Eggs.

Belgium exports annually \$6,500,000 worth of eggs. The shipments are almost entirely to England, where the demand is for eggs which run seven and a quarter to the pound. The Mediterranean breeds—Leghorns, Spanish Minorcas and Andalusians—are the most popular.

Our First Cent.

The first cent coined by the United States mint appeared in 1792. It bore the head of Washington on one side and thirteen links on the other.

We Shall Spend \$500,000 To Give Ligozone Away.

This Company, after testing Ligozone for two years in the most difficult germ diseases, paid \$100,000 for the American rights. That is the highest price ever paid for similar rights on any scientific discovery.

We are now spending \$500,000 to give the product away—one bottle to each of a million sick ones. We are doing this so that every sick one may let Ligozone itself prove what it can do.

Kills Inside Germs

The greatest value of Ligozone lies in the fact that it kills germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. And no man knows another way to do it. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease, as every physician knows.

Ligozone will do for sick humanity more than all the drugs in the world combined. It does what no skill can accomplish without it. It cures diseases which medicine never cured.

Acts Like Oxygen

Ligozone is the result of a process which, for more than 20 years, has been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research. Its virtues are derived solely from gas, made in large part from the best oxygen producers. By a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time, these gases

are made part of the liquid product. The result is a product that does what oxygen does. Oxygen gas, as you know, is the very source of vitality, the most essential element of life. Ligozone is a vitalizing tonic with which no other known product can compare. Yet it is a germicide so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of \$1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill.

The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Ligozone, which—like oxygen—is life to an animal, is deadly to vegetable matter. It is carried by the blood to every cell of every tissue, and no touch of impurity, no germ of disease, can exist where Ligozone goes.

Germ Diseases

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Ligozone kills the germs, wherever they are, and the results are inevitable. By destroying the cause of the trouble, it invariably ends the disease, and forever.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

For this offer may not appear again. Fill out this coupon and mail it to the Liquid Ozone Co., 458-460 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

My disease is..... I have never tried Ligozone, but if you will supply me a 50c bottle free I will take it. Give full address—write plainly. Any physician or hospital not yet using Ligozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Losing your hair? Did not you know how easily you could keep it? And prevent gray hair, also?

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.