The Times' Daily Short Story.

A Girl From The Country

[Original.]

The Empire express rolled into the Grand Central station at New York. The gate was opened. Those waiting formed a line on either side, and the passengers alighting came forward. A man dressed in the clothing of a gentleman, though his features were those of a commoner, carried a suit case in either hand, the two articles differing somewhat in size, though of the same drab hue. Beside him was a young girl. She had been traveling alone, and on getting out of the car the man had offered to carry her suit case for her. Just before reaching the gate he looked ahead, and his eye evidently lighted on some one he knew.

"I'm sorry I must hurry, miss," he said, and, putting down one of the suit cases, he went on ahead of her. When he reached the gateway and was passing through it a man tapped him on the shoulder.

"I'll carry your hand baggage for you, Mike Conover," he said.

The traveler looked at him without any marked surprise and willingly relinquished his baggage. The other led the way to a hansom, put the traveler in and got in himself with the case.

"We'll go to headquarters and have a peep at this," he said as they drove away.

Meanwhile the girl took up the suit case the traveler had put down, passed through the gate and on reaching an exit was accosted by a man from behind.

"Carriage, miss?"

The girl walked on without noticing him.

"Carriage, miss?" he repeated.

"No, thank you. I'm going to take a street car."

"I'll take you cheap," he said, making a grab for her suit case.

A policeman standing on the sidewalk saw the act and, taking the man by the collar, threw him into the street.

"You'd better take a carriage, miss," said the officer. "That fellow is a well known crook and was trying to get your baggage."

"Oh, I can't afford a carriage," replied the girl, but the policeman insisted, and before she had recovered her equanimity he had called a cab and put her in.

When Mike Conover alighted from the hansom at police headquarters he went upstairs with his captor, and the latter said to the inspector on duty at the desk:

"I think I've got the funds taken from the —— National at Albany. They're probably in this suit case; but, not having a key, I couldn't open it."

Then the suit case was pried open before the inspector and found to contain ladies' underwear, combs, brushes and like articles.

The inspector and the detective looked at each other with a disappointed expression.

"We'll hold him anyway," remarked the former, and Mike Conover was locked up.

Mabel Croxton, the young girl who had come in on the train, reached a boarding house in which she had engaged board by letter and was shown to her 7 by 9 apartment. She sat down on the only chair and, as girls put it, had "a good cry." She was a country girl, barely eighteen years old, who had come to New York to make her living behind a counter, and the cheerless look of her new home, together with her unpleasant episode in having narrowly escaped robbery, had rendered her very homesick. But her poor old mother would be looking for a remittance, and it behooved her to keep a stout heart. So she lifted her suit case on to the bed with a view to making her toilet before dinner. Taking out her key, she inserted it in the lock; but, attempting to turn it, it came to a dead stop. Then she looked at the suit case and noticed that it was larger than her own. After all she had been robbed. The polite man who had carried her hand baggage had exchanged with her. She sat down on her bed and had another "good cry."

After dinner she took her landlady into her confidence and told her of the exchange. The good woman advised her to report the matter to the police. So without waiting Mabel took the suit case and in company with her adviser got into a car and started on her quest. The landlady knew a bit about New York and took her to the police headquarters in Mulberry street. Once there the two were ushered before the inspector.

"Mr. Inspector," said the landlady, "this young girl has been robbed." And she proceeded with the story. As soon as the inspector heard the words "exchanged suit cases" he pricked up his ears. Then he saw the case in the girl's hands and, seizing it, picked up a screwdriver, the same that had opened Mike Conover's case that afternoon, and ripped the thing open. Removing some linen, he exposed large packages of bank bills pinned in narraw strips of brown paper.

"What luck!" he exclaimed, and, rushing to a telephone, he called up the president of a bank in Albany and reported that he had secured a find which he believed to be the whole of the bank's loss. Then, taking the hand of the timid girl before him, he said:

"My dear, I congratulate you. This is the money of which a bank has been robbed, and I think it is all there. If so you'll get the reward, $10,000 for the recovery of half the amount and $20,000 for the recovery of all."

A few days later Mabel Croxton, after having identified Conover, went back home with a check for $20,000 in her pocket. Then she and her mother had a "good cry" together, but this time it was for joy.

HENRIETTA CHASE.

TRAITS OF JAPANESE.

Elements In Their Character Pointed Out by Colgate Baker.

SUICIDE CONSIDERED HONORABLE.

He Says the Japanese Are Honest When Honesty Is the Best Policy, Dishonest Whenever It Seems Advisable—The Nation Has Assimilated Everything In Civilization Except Christianity.

The following is taken from "The Real Japanese Character," which appeared in a recent issue of the New York Independent and was written by Colgate Baker, who was born in Japan and lived there many years.

The leprous spot in the Japanese character is the moral element, which is absolutely dominated by this inborn philosophy.

It has been stated that the Japanese have no morals, but this is quite untrue. They have no moral ideals, so cherished by western civilization. The beauty of the moral principle—right for right's sake—is quite incomprehensible to the Japanese mind. In the Japanese philosophy it is right to do anything which is wise and wrong to do anything which is foolish; beyond this there is no right or wrong, good or bad.

In business the Japanese is honest when honesty is the best policy. The merchant who does not take advantage of an opportunity to cheat by giving short weight or substituting an inferior quality of goods considers himself a fool. The man who does not break his plighted word if it is advantageous for him to do so is stricken by his philosophic conscience.

To the Japanese mind personal chastity is a matter of no importance except in the wife and mother. This attitude is consistent with the inborn philosophy that dominates the Japanese character. The interests of the home and posterity make it necessary that the wife should be virtuous, and in justice to the Japanese wife it must be said that she is a model of virtue. If the husband can find happiness in being a libertine, or in keeping a number of concubines, it is considered right for him to do so. It is only when the husband squanders more than he can afford in riotous living that he is considered to be doing wrong. The principle upon which a libertine husband is condemned in Japan is purely a material one and not a moral one. A young girl may be bonded to a brothel or placed as a concubine by her family if financial reasons make it advisable, and to the Japanese mind it is perfectly proper. The Buddhist doctrine of self sacrifice upholds the girl who sells herself for the sake of her parents, and although she becomes for the time being an outcast from society she is esteemed for her act.

Suicide has always been considered honorable in Japan, the wish to die being considered sufficient justification for the act. No moral principle against suicide is apparent to the Japanese mind. In past generations the samurai code prescribed suicide if it was impossible to live with honor. The passing of the samurai has not witnessed the elimination of his fantastic theories concerning suicide in Japan. The cause of suicide in Japan is almost invariably dishonor.

The religious element in the Japanese character is strong in the women, but the men are materialists pure and simple. The women are the temple goers. Buddhism and Shintoism have taught the women the beauty of self sacrifice, which is the keynote of their character. The religion of the women has created a state of affairs in the Japanese home which is most agreeable to the lord and master, man. The wife finds delight in being her husband's slave and exaltation in her self immolation. She seems to always have in mind the saying of the blessed Buddha, "Only through self sacrifice shall you enter into heaven."

The character of the Japanese people as a whole has not been affected by Christianity. The number of Christian converts is insignificant in comparison with the population of Japan, and the influence of those converts on the national character is not apparent. The average Japanese looks upon the efforts of the Christian missionary in his country with a kindly spirit. He is well aware that the progress of Christianity in Japan is not sufficiently rapid to endanger any of his social institutions for generations to come at least, and he is also fully convinced that his own philosophy of life is infinitely superior to Christian doctrine. The young Japanese who becomes a convert to Christianity while studying abroad sometimes meets with kindly indulgence when he returns to his family in Japan, but more often with mild ridicule, particularly from a Buddhist mother.

The Japanese nation has assimilated everything in Christian civilization except the Christian religion and its standard of morality. Today Japan is equipped to hold its own in warfare, in science, in industry, art and commerce with any nation in the world, but it does not accept Christianity because it considers the Japanese philosophy superior.

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are so agreeable that children eat them like candy, yet there is not a remedy in the market so effective and thorough for the

Cure of Constipation
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and all troubles caused by inactive digestive organs such as **Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pains in the side, etc.**

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RUSSIA'S BEAUTY COLONY.

Building "an Earthly Olympus Peopled With Apollos and Hebes."

At the time of the Russo-Turkish war M. Reshetnikoff, struck with the inferior, ill nourished physique of many recruits, set aside annually out of his large fortune the sum of 10,000 rubles for the purpose of eliminating the unfit by encouraging marriage only between young people of exceptional beauty, health and intelligence, says the London Chronicle.

To attain this end he employed as workers on his estate only the handsomest and healthiest villagers. These he encouraged to enter upon matrimony by free grants of land, payment of all marriage fees and an annuity of fifty rubles a year for every child born.

He succeeded in removing from his estate by rather harsh means all deformed and sickly persons and attracted handsome giants from all parts of the province by granting them valuable privileges. Those who refused to marry the partners he selected were unceremoniously deported.

Since the institution of this human beauty farm forty model marriages have taken place and over 100 children have been born, nearly all of them being immensely superior to the average Russian peasant children in strength and beauty. The girls in particular are remarkable for their graceful carriage and lithe, active forms.

A marriage has recently been celebrated there with exceptional display owing to the fact that the bridegroom and his bride are the first couple both of whom sprang from unions arranged by M. Reshetnikoff.

The bridegroom, a handsome peasant named Vasilieff, of splendid physique, and the bride, a lovely girl of eighteen, were driven to church in M. Reshetnikoff's carriage and given as a dowry a large wooden cottage and a plot of land. Hundreds of persons witnessed the ceremony, and at the wedding breakfast M. Reshetnikoff delivered an eloquent speech in which he welcomed "the second generation of his nurslings who are to make of holy Russia an earthly Olympus peopled with Apollos and Hebes."

Repetition.

"There was a time when animal worship prevailed in civilization."

"Well," answered the man who reads everything that is published, "judging from the dog and elephant stories turned out by popular writers, I should say we are getting round to it again."—Exchange.

Very Touching.

"Don't you think, after all, that woman's femininity touches and appeals to man?"

"Gracious, yes! My wife is always asking me for something."

Liked His Own.

Jones—Is your son fond of literature? Jenkins—Immoderately. I've known him to read some of his own articles.—Boston Transcript.

INSOMNIA

"I have been using Cascarets for Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for over twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all they are represented."
Thos. Gillard, Elgin, Ill.

Best For The Bowels
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CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablets stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.
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ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

LOVE IN A GARDEN

[Copyright, 1904, by R. B. Shelton.]

It was a roomy, old fashioned garden. Its walks were bordered with low hedges of box; hollyhocks and four-o'clocks bloomed in profusion; a bed of sweet william spiced the air, and tufts of striped grass rustled pleasantly in the breeze.

In the midst of the garden was a huge colonial house of red brick. The house, the garden and the high brick wall gave one the impression of a bit of another century, quietly but stolidly holding its own against the inroads of a latter day commercialism. Just beyond the gate the trolley cars clanged, and over the high wall were vistas of smoking chimneys towering heavenward. The hum of loom and spindle seemed strangely antagonistic when one stood near the sweet william bed and listened to the clatter.

Some such thought had taken possession of Mr. James Thornton as he stepped through the high, white gate that led from the street and strolled down a box lined path. At the very moment Thornton unlatched the gate Miss Janet Calvert came from beneath a wistaria trellis near the house and entered the other end of the same box lined path. They met near the bed of mignonette. Miss Calvert bowed with something of condescending graciousness; Thornton removed his hat, and his rather stern features lighted with a smile of genuine pleasure.

At this juncture the little god entered the garden. (How he managed his entrance is quite immaterial.) He perched himself on a ruined sundial and looked over the pair thoughtfully.

Young Miss Janet was good to behold. Generations of high bred Calverts had given her the proud poise of her head, the beautiful modeling of her features, the bewitching arch of her instep and the delicate lines of her little hands.

Thornton was young, sturdy and broad shouldered. The clear cut lines of his clean shaven face pronounced him an aggressive man of action.

"I am glad the house went to you at the auction, Mr. Thornton," said Miss Calvert, with a little catch of the breath.

"When I used to shake down horse chestnuts in this very garden for a little pink and white tyrant, I was Jimmy," he said chidingly.

"Jimmy, if you wish it still, then," she said, with the faintest flush.

"I do," he asserted eagerly. The little god snickered and pricked up his ears.

"You'll build a big, unsightly block here, I suppose," she said.

"No," he said quietly.

She raised her brows inquiringly.

"The land is very valuable," she suggested.

"Too valuable for business purposes," he explained.

"Is anything more valuable than business?" she asked, with the barest touch of irony in her voice.

"Yes," said he; "sentiment."

"Isn't sentiment rather an expensive luxury?" she asked.

"Not in dollars and cents," he replied. "In other ways quite so."

"I didn't know you were a sentimentalist," she said.

"I'm not," he returned shortly.

The little god scratched his head in puzzled fashion.

"You came here today for a last look at the place, I presume," he went on.

She nodded.

"Are you angry with me for buying it?" he asked.

"Oh, no! It had to be somebody, but—well, of course, I'm very fond of it."

"You thought I'd shut you out of it perhaps?" he continued.

"I thought you might change it," she said.

"Well, I shan't," he said emphatically.

The little god was uncertain whether he should smile or frown.

"Everything shall be kept just as it is," Thornton said.

The girl was silent.

"I want the house just as it was," he said. "Yes, even to the occupants. I want you to live here again."

She shook her head. "It's your house now, you know."

"With me," he pleaded in a low, shaken voice.

"Oh, no, no, no," she said in almost a sob. "Don't!" as he came a step nearer. "You are good and kind and"—

He drew himself up.

"Forgive me for being a fool," he said coldly. "I was idiotic enough to think that because you have met with misfortune and I with a little paltry success the gulf between us was lessened. You are still the little pink and white tyrant, and I am still the ragged little urchin. I worshiped you from a respectful distance then. Perhaps it is better to do so now."

He turned on his heel and walked down the path. The little god on the sundial covered his eyes.

Miss Calvert's condescending graciousness had fallen from her. The proud poise of her head had gone too. She watched him go with eyes which suddenly filled with tears. She took an uncertain step in Thornton's direction.

"Mr. Thornton," she called weakly.

The little god suddenly uncovered his eyes and sat up. Thornton walked steadily toward the gate.

"Mr. Thornton—Jimmy! Oh, Jimmy!"

Thornton turned. He saw her coming toward him. He stared stupidly like a man suddenly awakened.

"I—oh, I thought it was because you pitied me—only. I didn't understand," she said falteringly.

"Janet," he said hoarsely as he took her in his arms.

The little god on the sundial held his sides and wept tears of merriment.

T. BLAIR EATON.

CIRCUS MONTPELIER THURSDAY, AUG. 4th

THIS IS THE GREAT INTERCONTINENTAL SHOW OF GREATEST FEATURES

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Vast Circuses, Menageries and Hippodromes United, which for successive seasons have, in every way, broken all Arenic Records in Madison Square Garden, New York City.

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THRILLING, TRANSCENDENT AND TREMENDOUS FEATURES

Nowhere else to be seen on earth, and everywhere and at every performance including those Only North Pole Discoverers,

14 FULL-GROWN LIVING POLAR BEARS

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Seven male and female arenic geniuses in their phenomenally original performances, "ON THE WAY TO THE GRAND PRIX RACE, PARIS." The only altogether new equestrian feature in circus annals for over HALF A CENTURY.

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Who, in a seeming desperate dash to sure destruction, leaves his headlong course to fly fifty feet awheel through space and then regains his narrow pathway unscathed. Among their heroic, historic and marvelous military features, those incomparable masters of manual and drill,

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The Only Troupe of 9 Hungarian Magyars in the wondrously wild, weird and emotionally eccentric dances, melodies, and almost savagely strenuous acrobatic originalities of their mysterious race.

CYCLONE whose miraculous and incredible feat of scaling awheel the narrow, absolutely perpendicular interior circle of "THE DEVIL'S CHIMNEY," has gained for him the title of "The Mounting Maniac of the Bewitched Bike."

And still another pre-eminent Parisian phenomenon,

MONS. HUBERT

Whose combined bareback Sulky and Park Cart Juggling innovations, in the course of which, Holding a Sulky aloft by its thills, he springs from the ground to the back of his running thoroughbred, and balances a Park Cart on his chin, are surpassing illustrations of skill and strength.

The Four Martineks Gaul's Greatest Grin Geniuses in *A French Foot-Boxing Match, The Comic Catapult, The Miser and His Gold, The Pinched Parisians,* and other Frogland Frolics, together with fifty other of the World's most famous and funniest fools, in THE CAROUSING CAPITAL OF CLOWNLAND.

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A hundred acts and rivalries in three rings. 100,000 feet of aerial space, on elevated stages and a grand colisseum course. *The Chariot Races of the Roman Cæsars. The Superlative Siamese Twins of Natural History.* Never before were seen her savage representatives in such huge, ferocious and varied form. *THE MIGHTIEST HERDS OF WISEST ELEPHANTS,* and towering colossally in fame among them *THE FOREPAUGH DANCING ELEPHANTS. THE SELLS BROTHERS SOLDIER ELEPHANTS.*

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POOLE'S DRUG STORE, - - MONTPELIER, VT.

HE MISSED THE BEARS.

A Question That Rid President McKinley of a Beggar.

No one asking assistance was ever turned away empty handed from the McKinley door, and many were those who applied. One day a rather old man, with every appearance of belonging to the species hobo, called and asked for aid. He was given a small sum of money and, evidently thinking he had struck a soft spot, returned the following day and from then on went back every few days until finally, on what proved to be his last visit, the president came out while he was talking to a member of the household and, learning the man's errand, entered into conversation with him.

The man stated, in reply to the president's question, that he was a naturalized American citizen, but was born in Switzerland. The president asked if he had ever been in Berne, and he said he had lived there. The president then asked if he had ever seen the bears. This question rather stumped the old man, and he stammered that he could not understand. The president merely smiled and passed on.

Now, as every one who has any knowledge of Switzerland knows, the coat of arms of the city and state of Berne is a bear, and in a pit in the center of the city a number of live bears have been kept for years out of memory and are likely to be so kept for years to come, frequent bequests having been made for their comfort and many thousand francs being deposited in the banks of Berne for their maintenance. The old man, not knowing these facts, certainly could not have been from Berne and was a self convicted disciple of Ananias, and as he disappeared from the neighborhood it is to be supposed that some one must have shown him the joke.—Leslie's Weekly.

FOUR BELIEFS.

The nominalist believes that individuals only have real existence. Nominalism is the thought after the thing.

The fatalist believes that results are foreordained, that effects are not produced by causes, but by inevitable predetermination.

The realist believes that ideas, though possessing a real existence, exist only in individual objects. Realism is the thought in the thing.

The idealist believes that ideas have an independent existence apart from individual objects and that they exist before the latter. Idealism is the thought before the thing.—New York Press.

Oklahoma's Marksmen Best.

Three of the best marksmen in the United States navy, curiously enough, hail from far inland Oklahoma, says the Boston Transcript. One is C. W. Johnson, who made the world's record with the huge sixteen inch gun recently installed at Fort Wright, on Fisher's island, New York harbor. J. W. Creitz, of the new battleship Maine, made eight shots in a minute with a six inch gun and hit the target eight times at 1,600 yards, the ship meantime going twelve knots an hour. Bart Barnes, a son of ex-Governor Barnes of Oklahoma, is now a first lieutenant in the navy, but previous to his promotion he made an excellent record at the target. He is now on duty at Panama.

World's Toymakers.

Most of the cheap toys in the world are made in Germany. Large numbers are made by the peasants of the Erzebirge, who each carry on their own business under the roof of a general factory they themselves have built. They can earn more money in regular factories, but prefer to be their own masters.

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