

# THE IRON LANTERN

By H. BEDFORD-JONES

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The note read:

"To the Hon. Sir Gladwin, savior of the unworthy life of his slave, Kaga-ichi, greeting.

"I return to-day to the Land of a Thousand Delights; and returning I send the thanks of one saved from destruction, and also the gift of his grateful spirit. May your ancestors preserve!  
KAGA-ICHI."

Then I remembered. Some months before I had saved a Japanese from the fury of a gang of roughs during one of the periodic anti-Japanese outbreaks which took place along the Pacific coast. The man had thanked me, in perfect English, and disappeared; here was the testimonial of his gratitude. I turned to the box which had come with the letter, when my servant announced Harold Varnim, I hailed him with delight, for he was an authority on things oriental, having but recently returned from many years spent in the east.

He entered, a big, handsome, full-blooded man, and I showed him the letter. His ruddy face paled a trifle, I thought, as he read; but he merely remarked:

"Let us see what the box contains. I have heard the name of Kaga-ichi before and any gift from him will be of some value."

Opening the box, I found, wrapped in many layers of thin paper and rice-straw, a queer iron object and a small box. Then I saw that the former was a lantern, but unlike any that I had ever seen. It was a square of wrought iron, with overhanging roof, and sides of delicate openwork. The body of the lantern was covered with very thin traceries of copper; and inside were



"Hast Thou Come for Expiation, Brother?"

hung curtains of fine crimson silk, bordered lightly with gold.

But I had barely glanced at it when Varnim seized the lantern and cried in amazement:

"Why, man, you have a treasure! This is one of the sacred temple lanterns, hundreds of years old; and I have rarely seen so beautiful a one. Look at these copper characters, and this silk! It is a jewel—you have something here that no money could buy. Look at this!" and he took up the chain attached to the peak of the iron roof, showing me a series of marvelous cloisonne characters inlaid in silver, and seemingly embedded in the solid iron links. Varnim was in ecstasies, and even I could appreciate the wonderful workmanship. For half an hour we raved over the lantern before I thought of the smaller box. When it was opened Varnim's amazement was complete.

"Sacred candles!" he exclaimed; "look at the shape of them!"

There were three candles, oval at the top, and about two inches in width, narrowing down to a small round base. Their color was a dark green.

Varnim was very excited. He seized a candle, throwing open the door of the lantern, and inserted it in the high socket, large end up; then he drew back and gazed at it.

"Gladwin," he said, "you are the only man who ever owned one of these lanterns. I tried for three years once to get a candle, and I only got a stub then." He seemed so unlike his usual genial self that I tried to get the thought of days oriental from his mind.

"If you will stay for dinner," I said, "we can while away the evening before a coal fire and try the lantern."

He accepted eagerly enough, yet with an air that I could not recall in my acquaintance with him. Together we suspended the lantern in a corner of the study and I promptly forgot it.

After dining we returned to a comfortable grate fire, and as Varnim lit a cigarette I asked:

"Shall we try the lantern now?"

He nodded, and I thought his hand shook a little.

I struck a match and lit the candle-wick, then switched off the electric lights. Varnim sank back into a big chair before the fire, while I occupied my desk chair; the lantern hung in the opposite corner.

A warm crimson glow emanated from the silken side curtains; a radiance of shimmering, mysterious flames seemed to wrap the lantern in its folds. I was fascinated by the transformation of the cold metal to this wonderful mass of color; in the semi-darkness the copper traceries seemed almost to phosphoresce, and then—

Varnim and I were mounting the steps of a great temple approach. All about us were giant trees, of that peculiar growth one finds only in the ages-cultivated gardens of old Japan. Through the trees we could glimpse a trickling silver cascade, leaping down the hillside, from terrace to terrace. Suddenly Varnim gripped my arm; he seemed all tremble. Descending toward us was a priest, and as he drew near I saw that his face was the face of Kaga-ichi.

Greeting me with a slight smile, he then addressed Varnim in the most fluent English.

"Hast thou come for expiation, brother?"

"For expiation, brother," echoed Varnim, dully. His face was drawn and gray.

Turning, the priest led the way. We mounted the foot-worn stone steps in silence, and at the top found a long avenue. This terminated in one of those ridiculously small shrines which are the central point of miles of approach, terrace, and wonderful scenery. Behind the shrine was a low stone building, and this, it seemed, was our goal.

We entered in silence unbroken. The place was shrouded in heavy curtains, and the small room was filled with a clear, bright lantern light. The priest led Varnim just beneath an image of bronze, facing the door. I was unable to recognize the god, but it was one of great antiquity, and held a bronze knife in its outstretched right hand. The priest addressed the image, still speaking in perfect English.

"Most Holy One, thou hast commanded that thy servants shed no blood. It is well. Ten years ago thy servant Kaga-ichi had a sister. When a foreigner one day would have profaned thy temple, thy servant's sister saved his life from the fury of many men. But this stranger lived in the land, and he acquired our customs and became thy servant; also he married thy servant's sister. When he had served in thy house for the space of three years and thy servant's sister had borne him a manchild one day there came a letter, and he disappeared.

"Most Holy One, it was well if it pleased thee that thy servant's sister should die of grief, and her babe with her; but it was not well that thy mysteries should be profaned and thy servant forget them in other lands. We may shed no blood nor life; so here Most Holy One, thy penitent yields him to thy justice."

The priest ceased and knelt on the floor, his head bowed. Varnim seemed as one stupefied, but his eyes filled with an awful horror. I followed his gaze—and then I saw.

The hand of the bronze image had risen! It poised in air an instant, then fell swiftly. The knife struck Varnim, but he remained standing, only giving a low moan. I was paralyzed with horror.

Then the arm was raised again, slowly, remorselessly. But as it was about to fall, I came to my senses. Seizing a dish of rice from the offering table I hurled it into the bronze eyes: there was a crash—

And with a cry I switched on the electricity.

My brass cigar lighter had crashed into the lantern and extinguished the candle. Varnim lay by the fire, his coat dabbled with blood, and by his side a queer bronze knife.

He was only slightly hurt. Over a cup of coffee he laughed at the whole matter, although I saw that his voice was not natural.

"We were both rather nervous," he remarked; "you were hypnotized into seeing that vision, and I was playing with my knife when it slipped and cut me and I fainted. I would not use that lantern much, if I were you; you seem rather susceptible to its influence."

He was so evidently shaken that I did not say that the knife in his hand and that held by the image were the same.

Next morning I took one of the candles to a chemist for immediate analysis; he could give me none. Opium, and some other drugs, he found; but there were substances that could not be named. As I was returning home a paper was thrust into my hand. Glancing at it, I saw headlines of the strange suicide of Harold Varnim the night before at his apartments. No cause for the act was known.

I am still wondering whether Kaga-ichi's gift was one of gratitude, or—purpose. Some day I am going to burn another candle.

## NOW COLLEGE GIRL

### MISS HELEN TAFT STILL PURSUING HER STUDIES.

Will Have Little Time for the Frivolities of Washington Society—College Customs to Rule at White House.

When Miss Helen Taft, Bryn Mawr college for women, 1912, watched the inauguration of her father as president of the United States, the college girl came into her own indeed, into the highest social position in America. For the next four years, at least, the college girl will be featured in White House life.



The college girl of to-day is distinctive. And certainly Miss Helen Taft is just a little different from any other president's daughter who has gathered young friends around her in the capital's first mansion.

The college girl is bookish yet not a bookworm or blue-stocking. The college girl is grammatical in speech, but she has the jolliest, chummiest jargon of slang that ever rolled from under a pink tongue. The college girl is a tremendous reader, keeping right in touch with all the movements of the day, yet she never neglects outdoor sports. The college girl is a social creature, but she uses society and does not allow society to use her. And above all things she dresses simply and does not march her hair.

All these things is Miss Helen Taft—and more, and there is no doubt that she means to establish college customs and entertain at the White House.

Just 18 is the new daughter of the White House, and she will spend comparatively little time in Washington, for she is now in her sophomore year at Bryn Mawr and will have only such holidays as fall to the lot of other students. Incidentally, Bryn Mawr is not the sort of college where a girl can shirk work or skip classes or lectures, so Miss Helen Taft's trips to Washington will be infrequent and brief.

This daughter of the new president is five feet, eight inches in height, with her mother's slenderness of figure and her father's dimpled chin. She has clear, rather deep blue eyes and a trick of looking right through you with them. Blue is her favorite color, dark blue for street wear, dainty pale colorings for house and evening frocks, and just a touch of blue somewhere if her gown be white.

If Miss Taft has her own way, the tennis courts will not depart from the White House grounds with the passing of the Roosevelt regime, for she is an ardent tennis player. She also swims and rides horseback, and keeps up a good pace when walking with brother or father.

She inherits her father's keen sense of humor, and his philosophic disposition, which is extremely fortunate in a young woman who, as the president's daughter, must face many trying situations and, perhaps, some unnecessary and unjust criticisms. From her mother she inherits extremely good taste in dress, and the fastidious will never be offended by seeing her appear in garish color combinations, wearing jewelry and ornately dressing her hair, as many girls of the day do.

Despite the fact that the Tafts have always been well-to-do, Miss Helen was taught by her mother to cook and to sew. Her domestic accomplishments are not limited to making fudge and Welsh rabbit in a college study, but she could step into her mother's shoes in an emergency and run the Taft menage without a hitch.

Unquestionably Washington's younger set will gain much by the acquisition of Miss Taft.

### Congressional Committeemen Strange

Illustrating the magnitude of the house of representatives, and the ever-increasing whirl of business in which its 391 members are engaged, Congressman Redenberg of Illinois tells how, on a recent journey, he introduced two gentlemen, who on becoming acquainted, were surprised to discover that they were members of the same congress. In the course of conversation, one asked the other:

"On what committee do you serve?"

"Railways and canals."

"The deuce you do!—why, I'm a member of that committee, and I don't remember you."

Now, congressmen are proposing to have some kind of social function at which members of the several committees may meet each other before the regular work of the session begins. All agree that it is surprising how few men they become acquainted with during a session.—Joe Mitchell Chapple, "Affairs at Washington," National Magazine.

Castles in Spain would be delightful if one only could keep them from toppling over.—Sunday Magazine.

## DOLLAR WHEAT HAS COME TO STAY

### IN LESS THAN FIVE YEARS CENTRAL CANADA WILL BE CALLED UPON TO SUPPLY THE UNITED STATES.

A couple of years ago, when the announcement was made in these columns that "dollar wheat" had come to stay, and that the time was not far distant when the central provinces of Canada—Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—would be called upon to supply a large part of the wheat consumption in the United States, there were many who laughed at the predictions and ridiculed the idea of wheat reaching the dollar point and staying there. Both of these predictions have come to pass. Dollar wheat is here—and it is not only here, but is here to stay; and at the same time, whatever unpleasant sensations it may arouse in the super-sensitive American, Central Canada is already being called upon to help keep up the bread supply, and within the next five years will, as James J. Hill says, literally "become the bread-basket of our increasing millions."

There are few men in the United States better acquainted with the wheat situation than Mr. Hill, and there are few men, if any, who are inclined to be more conservative in their expressed views. Yet it was this greatest of the world's railroad men who said a few days ago that "the price of wheat will never be substantially lower than it is today"—and when it is taken into consideration that at that time wheat had soared to \$1.20, well above the dollar mark, the statement is peculiarly significant, and doubly significant is the fact that in this country the population is increased at the rate of 65 per cent., while the yield of wheat and other products is increasing at the rate of only 25 per cent. For several years past the cost of living has been steadily increasing in the United States, and this wide difference in production and consumption is the reason.

This difference must be supplied by the vast and fertile grain regions of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. There is now absolutely no doubt of this. Even the press of the country concedes the fact. Results have shown that no other country in the world can ever hope to equal those provinces as wheat producers, and that no other country can produce as hard or as good wheat. Said a great grain man recently, "If United States wheat maintains the dollar mark, Canada wheat will be well above a dollar a bushel, for in every way it is superior to our home-grown grain."

With these facts steadily impinging their truth upon our rapidly growing population, it is interesting to note just what possibilities as a "wheat grower" our Northern neighbor possesses. While the United States will never surrender her prestige in any manufacturing or commercial line, she must very soon acknowledge, and with as much grace as she can, that she is bound to be beaten as a grain producer. It must be conceded that a great deal of the actual truth about the richness of Canada's grain producing area has been "kept out of sight," as Mr. Hill says, by the strenuous efforts of our newspapers and magazines to stem the exodus of our best American farmers into those regions.

It is a fact that up to the present time, although Canada has already achieved the front rank in the world's grain producers, the fertile prairies of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have as yet scarcely been scratched. Millions of acres, free for the taking, still await our American farmers; and when these millions are gone there are other millions in regions not yet opened up to immigration. A few years ago the writer, who has been through those wheat provinces several times, laughed with others of our people at the broad statement that Canada was bound to become "John Bull's Bread Basket." Now, after a last trip (and though he is a staunch American) he frankly believes that not only will Canada become John Bull's bread-basket, but it will within the next decade at least BECOME THE BREAD-BASKET OF THE UNITED STATES. Perhaps this may be a hard truth for Americans to swallow, but it is a truth, nevertheless. And it is at least a partial compensation to know that hundreds of thousands of our farmers are profiting by the fact by becoming producers in this new country.

The papers of this country have naturally made the most of the brief period of depression which swept over Canada, but now there is not a sign of it left from Winnipeg to the coast. Never have the three great wheat raising provinces been more prosperous. Capital is coming into the country from all quarters, taking the form of cash for investment, industrial concerns seeking locations, and, best of all, substantial and sturdy immigrants come to help populate the prairies. Towns are booming, seaports and elevators are springing up; railroads

are sending out their branch lines in all directions; thousands of prosperous farmers are leaving their prairie shelters for new and modern homes—"built by wheat" everywhere is a growing happiness and contentment—happiness and contentment built by wheat—the "dollar wheat," which has come to stay. Notwithstanding this, the Canadian Government is still giving away its homesteads and selling pre-emptions at \$3.00 an acre, and the Railway and Land Companies are disposing of their lands at what may be considered nominal figures.

### A Definition.

"Father, what are wrinkles?"  
"Fretwork, my boy, fretwork."

### RASH ALL OVER BOY'S BODY.

Awful, Crusted, Weeping Eczema or Little Sufferer—A Score of Treatments Prove Dismal Failures.

Cure Achieved by Cuticura.

"My little boy had an awful rash all over his body and the doctor said it was eczema. It was terrible, and used to water awfully. Any place the water went it would form another sore and it would become crusted. A score or more physicians failed utterly and dismally in their efforts to remove the trouble. Then I was told to use the Cuticura Remedies. I got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and before we had used half the Resolvent I could see a change in him. In about two months he was entirely well. George F. Laubert, 125 West Centre St., Mahanoy City, Pa., Sept. 25 and Nov. 4, 1907."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

### Mitigating Feature.

Kathryn—Don't you hate the smell of a cigar?

Phyllis—Yes, of course—but it always makes me think of Harry.

### Eyes Are Relieved By Murine

When irritated by Chick Dust and Eye Strain, incident to the average School Room, a recent Census of New York City reveals the fact that in that City alone 18,228 school children needed Eye Care. Why not try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes, Granulation, Pink Eye and Eye Strain? Murine Doesn't Smart! Soothes Eye Pain. Is Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Contains no Injurious or Prohibited Drugs. Try Murine for Your Eye Troubles; You Will Like Murine. Try It in Baby's Eyes for Stuffy Nostrils, Drugget's Sell Murine at 2c. The Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Will Send You Interesting Eye Books Free.

### As It Appears.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men." So from these lines it would appear that those who at all nonsense sneer And curl the lip, no matter when, Are plainly not the best of men.

### Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch* In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

### Matter of Shape.

Mrs. Young—I want three pounds of steak, please.

Butcher—Yes, ma'am. Round steak? Mrs. Young—Oh, I don't care whether it is round or square, just so it's nice and tender.

### Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

E. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

One way to convince a woman is to let her think that she is convincing you.

### A Rare Good Thing.

"Am using ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet.—Mrs. Mattilda Holtwert, Providence, R. I." Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Ask to-day.

When a mother says her boy is full of mischief the neighbors believe that it means trouble for them.

### Kill the Flies Now

before they multiply. A DAISY FLY KILLER kills thousands. Lasts the season. Ask your dealer, or send 25c to H. Somers, 149 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Self-love keeps the life tramping around in a circle.

**DR. J. H. RINDLAUB (Specialist),**  
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.  
 Fargo, N. D.

No man comes to himself until he knows that he belongs to his world.

Take Gartlett Tea! Made of Herbs, it is pure, potent, health-giving—the most rational remedy for constipation, liver and kidney diseases. At all drug stores.

In your version of the story the other fellow makes a poor showing.

Hot Biscuits and Canada Soap