

The Times' Daily Short Story.

WHO KISSED HIM?

(Original.) The shell seemed to burst in my very face. There was a flash, an explosion, and I was sent sprawling backward. Why I was not killed I don't know. A fragment broke my arm, but that was all the damage that was done by the shell. The concussion did much more, and either flame or gunpowder or both put my eyes in a critical condition. The army was moving every day, and what hospitals were established were full. Those for whom there was no room were left in homes along the way, and I was in one of these houses. I lay on a bed with my eyes closed. The surgeon insisted on blinding them, but I protested, and he laid my handkerchief over them, telling me that if I opened them I would lose my eyesight. I lay thinking of home and the care I would receive were I there. We pity the soldier worn with tramping, cold, hunger; we pity him dead. It is not in either of these conditions that he really needs our sympathy, but sick or wounded, with so many of his comrades in like condition that he cannot receive attention. As a starving man will pass his time ordering imaginary dinners, I dwelt upon the acts of loving kindness my mother and sisters would lavish upon me were they at hand, or, rather, were I in my own room at home, in my old four post bedstead, my favorite pictures on the wall and decorations with which I had always been familiar on every side. Thus thinking I fell into a semi-slumber, my day dream merging into sleep dream. My favorite sister came to my bedside and, saying softly "Poor boy," bent over me and kissed me. Before her lips were taken from mine I was awake. Yet the dream did not vanish with the waking. For an instant longer I felt a pair of lips on mine, and they were extremely lifelike. I took no thought of the surgeon's warning, but, seizing the handkerchief, drew it away and opened my eyes. Before my impaired vision became accustomed to the light the person who kissed me had vanished. I heard a rumble of wheels at the door, a hospital steward and two men bearing a stretcher entered, and I was carried out in an ambulance where there was room for one more and taken to a hospital. There I remained a short time, then was sent away to get treatment with a view to saving my eyesight. The youngster of twenty-three who could submit to ignorance as to the identity of the one who has kissed him must be indeed untouched by romance. I surely could not. During days and nights that I was obliged to sit or lie with closed eyes my mind was constantly on her, for it never occurred to me that the person who kissed me

almost forgot to tell you he never wears a hat playing golf, for the sun exposure he considers a hair tonic. When I caught up John was in the bushes around the first tee, with his head covered with leaves and—well, we were both pretty scared, I tell you. I crawled in near him, and John cursed his serving man as a coward—the fellow had bent as all out in the run in—and wondered if the crank really would throw the bomb before Peter caught him, when suddenly Peter appeared up the hill with the fellow by the coat collar. We saw that he had a bottle in his hand—that is, the anarchist had—and he had long hair and a red nose. Well, John yelled out before me: "Hey, there, Peter! Stop where you are and—destroy that bomb or do something. Can't you see, you idiot? Don't come any nearer!" The anarchist laughed grimly at this, and I was dumfounded to see Peter grin too. I began to suspect a conspiracy and was preparing to take a flying start back through the bushes when the anarchist sings out: "Mr. Rockefeller, I believe. Well, I have here"—He held up the bottle, but before he could throw it Peter had jerked him back, and the bottle went out of his hands and up into the air. When we took our heads from the ground there the bottle lay, emptying a red liquid into the grass, and the anarchist looking sad and Peter holding on to his mouth like a fool. "Thank God!" says John, eyeing the broken glass suspiciously. We got up on our feet, and suddenly when I looked at those two fellows I began to feel a bit uneasy and as though I'd been sold. But John didn't. "Well," says John, going right up to the anarchist, "your bomb, I am sorry, sir, didn't work." "Bomb?" says the anarchist haughtily. "Your servant, sir, has destroyed my magical hair oil. But allow me, Mr. Rockefeller, to—" "But John and I were through with golf for that day."

OIL KING'S WILD RUN.

John D. Rockefeller's Flight From Crank With Hair Tonic.

AN INCIDENT OF THE GOLF LINKS

Major Blossom of Cleveland Tells of a Most Remarkable Game With the Millionaire—How Both Flew When Bottle of Tonic in Supposed Anarchist's Hand Fell as He Was Jerked Back by a Servant. Major Carlos H. Blossom of Cleveland, O., who went to New York recently to see the horse show, has been playing golf all summer and fall with his friend and neighbor, John D. Rockefeller, not at the Encined club nor the public grounds, but at the eighteen hole course on Mr. Rockefeller's estate, The Highlands, Cleveland. Major Blossom had this golfing experience with the great oil magnate to relate, says the New York Commercial Advertiser: "John is quite rich," said he blandly, "and of course is bothered with cranks, who think that a man with money and brains ought to be shot. As a matter of self protection, therefore, he has his golf course surrounded with a high steel fence and the gates guarded by six green coated henchmen, who are strictly ordered to let no one pass on any condition. If any one insists on coming in—myself for example—John always comes down from the house to see who it is himself. Well, this last month (October) I was playing around with John as usual. We were just leaving the twelfth tee, I think, when the serving man just aside of John gave a yell, 'Look out!' dropped a glass or two off his tray, and the next thing I knew John had dropped his brassy and was off down the hill like a whirlwind. I followed along, kind of looking around to see what was the trouble, when all at once I caught sight of a figure flying over the knoll back of us with his hair straight back from his head and something black waving in his hand and a six footer with his green coat flapping coming behind like a steam engine. "Well, then I started after John, who was just clipping the sod off the sixth hole bunker, bareheaded, of course, I

Nature's Pepsin



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TO HARDEN ARCTIC SEED.

Plan of Swedish Authority to Grow Grains Able to Resist Frost. In view of the scarcity of seed grain inured to the arctic climate of the northland and of the fact that Canadian and other foreign grains sown in the vicinity of Stockholm, Sweden, have not produced seed, Paul Hellstrom, chief of the government biological institution at Lulea, has projected a method of hardening oats, barley and other plants to frost, says the Chicago News. His plan is to grow the plants in a greenhouse, where the temperature can be regulated by means of a refrigerating machine. The lowest temperature the plants will stand without being frost-bitten will first be ascertained. The temperature will then be lowered slightly below this point and the hardy plants that survive left to mature seed for next year. Seed obtained in this manner will be sown and subjected to a temperature slightly lower than that which the parent plants survived. The seed produced by the survivors of the second year's freezing will be subjected to the same treatment, and so on for five or six years, when, it is supposed, plants grown from these seeds will be able to withstand the night frosts which so frequently destroy the crops in the northland. The government has decided to bear the expense of the experiments, which, if they succeed, may avert a recurrence of famine in the northern province.

SENATORIAL REPORTEE.

Colloquy Between Hanna and Proctor on Their Morning Greetings. The other morning salutation between Senator Hanna and Senator Proctor was enlivened by a little repartee, says the Washington Post. The Vermont came upon the triumphant Ohioan and spoke out curtly, but kindly, in that fine basso profundo voice which has no peer among all the basso profundos in congress: "How's the old man?" "You should answer that question yourself," retorted Senator Hanna, looking at the aged head and towering figure of the questioner. "Now, you might not think so," Senator Proctor came back as he leaned against a convenient table, "after I had taken you on a hunting expedition or for a day's fishing." "No, no, I'm not going to do that with you," replied Senator Hanna in a deprecatory tone, as though he were ready to throw up his hands at the suggestion. But he quickly turned the colloquy to one of Mr. Proctor's hunting expeditions in northern New England not many weeks ago that ended in an appearance before the local magistrate for shooting out of season. He made Mr. Proctor tell how he spied the raccoon which brought him so much publicity over the country up a tree, whereupon the two senators were willing to call it quits on their morning salutation.

NO KISSING IN ZION CITY.

Ukase Against Osculation Issued by Dowle. "No kissing in Zion" is General Overseer John Alexander Dowle's latest battlerey, says a Waukegan (Ill.) dispatch. Lovers and others inclined to the exercise of the ancient art of kissing are likely to have a sorry time of it henceforth, for the flat of the master of Zion City is to be kissless. One Zion City young man has already felt the wrath of Elijah III, as a result of the antikissing ukase. The other night he gave one of the occasional parties which constitute the social pleasures of the community. The shocking announcement was made to Dowle bright and early the next morning by one of his omnipresent detectives that he had seen a tender salute exchanged between a dashing cavalier and one of Zion's coy maidens. The host has been forbidden to give any more parties.

BRYAN ON ENGLISH SOIL

Noted Nebraskan's Method of Sightseeing in London.

MISSES LITTLE AND QUESTIONS ALL

Tradesmen, Policemen and Cabbies, Porters, as Well as Ambassadors and Others of Distinction, Are Thoroughly Questioned—He Absorbs Knowledge at Every Stage and Meets Tipping Problem Without Flinching. During the course of his systematic sightseeing in England, William Jennings Bryan, the noted Nebraskan, lunched at the Cheshire Cheese tavern, on Fleet street, London, occupying the seat which, according to a tablet in the wall, was the favorite seat of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and remarked that he would know the portrait anywhere because of the family resemblance to Tom Johnson, says Charles Michelson in a special cable dispatch from London to the New York American. Mr. Bryan's lunch consisted of stewed steak; but, being a teetotaler, he had to forego the bitter beer which Dr. Johnson found so acceptable. He copied from the menu the Johnson quotation, "No, sir, there is nothing which has been contrived by man by which so much happiness has been produced as by a good tavern," and indorsed the sentiment. Naturally he bought a book about the place, as he buys a book about everything he sees and, what is more, reads them. Bryan is about the most conscientious sightseer that ever the world's metropolis identified, and it does identify Bryan. Wherever he goes he is recognized, and there is about as much curiosity about him as there is about the king of Italy, who is also in London. It was this king who gave Bryan his first sight of royalty. Bryan was returning from the Cheshire Cheese when a procession escorting the visiting ruler came along the Thames embankment from Guildhall, and the apostle of Democracy found himself hemmed in by a crowd in front of Somerset House. The embankment was lined with soldiers and policemen, and Bryan soon found what was expected and waited on the sidewalk for the royal carriage to come. King Edward was not in the procession, but the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught were. So Mr. Bryan had a good view of them; also of the king and queen of Italy. Their majesties looked a good deal bored by the whole proceeding, and something of the same expression was noticed on the face of the great Nebraskan. His only comment on the royal parade was that the English people seemed to take their dignitaries philosophically. The next stage in his exploration of London led Bryan to Westminster abbey. The verger took him through and pointed out the tombs of forgotten kings, murdered princes and beheaded notables in the singsong way peculiar to the tribe of exhibitors of famous places. Here, as elsewhere, Bryan was thorough and systematic. First he thoroughly inspected the beautiful building on all sides; then he took the decorations, panels and carvings in the nave and transept, sternly averting his eyes from the monuments and tombs until he had secured a proper impression of their surroundings. Then he went with the verger, and that gowned guide had a new experience. Bryan did not disturb him in his recital of the names and deeds of mere kings and queens, but he cross questioned him closely about every tomb that holds the body of a man distinguished for what he did for the people. He tarried at the spot from which Cromwell's body was torn after the restoration to be hanged and spent much time in the poets' corner. He would not discuss the effect of so much buried royal splendor, but there was with him all the time his son, William Junior, and it was easy from the manner in which he called the boy's attention to the violence of the death of so many great ones of English history to read his mind. He was tremendously impressed by the beauty of the abbey itself, but the record of murders, beheadings and violations of the sepulcher made a stronger impression upon him than did the glory of the dukes and kings of England. Bryan differs from the majority of American sightseers in London. He really wants to see and hear and does not care who knows that he is a tenderfoot in London. He questions everybody—tradesmen, policemen, cabbies and porters, as well as ambassadors and others of distinction. He pays all charges without objection and meets the tipping question without flinching, but he asks the cabmen all about themselves, their earnings, their history, and absorbs knowledge at every stage of his journeyings. The souvenir books, guides and catalogues which he has already collected would make a first class start for a library of London reference.

LONG IDLE IRON PLANTS REOPEN.

Reading, Pa., Dec. 1.—After an idleness of several weeks the Oley street and Ninth street mills of the Reading Iron company have resumed, giving employment to 500 hands. The Carpenter Steel works, with the exception of the crucible department, also started up. It is believed this company will continue in steady operation notwithstanding that it has gone into the hands of a receiver.

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EXCITING WALK FOR \$100.

Harvard Man Won His Wager, but Was Pestered by Hoodlums. Followed by an obstreperous crowd of hoodlums, shouting and shooting at every step, and snarled at by maidens, Mason Whiting of Harvard walked thirty miles, from the Oakley Country club in Waverly to a spot near Scituate Beach, covering the distance in seven hours and twelve minutes and thereby winning \$100 from one of his college mates, who bet that the distance could not be covered in less than seven hours and a half, says a Cambridge special to the New York World. Although Whiting won, his friends had plenty of fun at his expense. Previous to his attempt bills were distributed profusely along the route announcing the day and the hour on which he would appear and advertising that he would distribute chewing gum to the women, tobacco to the men and football suits and baseballs to the boys living in the districts through which he was to pass. Naturally these notices were taken with due seriousness by the juvenile portion of the population, and whenever Whiting appeared he was assailed by crowds of little muckers, whose yells of "Hey, there! Gimme me football pants!" and "Say, mister, where's dat baseball?" followed him as persistently as the clatter of his own footsteps on the hard stone walks. At times these crowds grew to such alarming proportions that he could with difficulty force his way through them. Then, knowing that time was valuable, he would duck into a store where his youthful satellites dared not follow and would throw them temporarily off his track by stealing out the back door and running on through alleys and over garbage heaps as fast as he could. Travel of Wind and Waves. Waves travel faster than the wind which causes them, and in the bay of Biscay frequently during the autumn and winter in calm weather a heavy sea gets up and rolls in on the coast twenty-four hours before the gale which causes it arrives and of which it is the prelude.

CENSOR OF HAND ORGANS.

Hartford's Police Board Calls Upon Chief Ryan to Say What is Music. Chief of Police Ryan of Hartford, Conn., has been declared by the board of police commissioners to be the city's musical censor, and it will be up to him in the future to decide when a street organ is an instrument disseminating harmony and when it is a nuisance, says the Hartford Post. There are people who hold that a street organ is at all times a nuisance and at no time disseminates sweet harmony, but the commissioners came to the conclusion that they did have rights on the streets, and they put it up to Chief Ryan to decide when they exceed those rights. The matter came up in the form of a complaint from C. F. Sweet, a dealer in oils, who wrote that one of the organs ground out distressing strains near his place of business for over an hour and that when he remonstrated the grinder told him to go to that locality where organ grinders have been mentally consigned by thousands ever since they first came into existence. Mr. Sweet went to the police station instead, but was unable to obtain satisfaction. After considering this complaint the commissioners decided that there were times when an organ was a nuisance and placed the matter in Chief Ryan's hands, as previously stated. Naturally the chief will have to hear the music before he can decide the question, and consequently concerts may be looked for daily at the police station. An organ grinder complained of as a nuisance will presumably be hauled to the police station, and there Chief Ryan will give him or his organ a hearing. If the culprit plays "Why Did They Sell Killarney?" or something of that sort he will probably stand a fairly good show of having his efforts considered music, but if he ever strikes up "Hiawatha" or similar selections he will in all probability be adjudged a nuisance on the spot and be locked up in the dungeon. "Washed Silver." The danger of contagion in dirty money passed from hand to hand promiscuously has occurred to many people. Thackeray once wrote of a club in London where it was the custom to give the members such change as they might require in "washed silver." That would not be a bad idea in any business where money is not too rapidly turned over.

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