

An Episode of the Russo-Japanese War.

(Original.)

At the commencement of the Russo-Japanese war Sessan Herano, a young Japanese, left his weeping mother and sweetheart to go with his battery to Manchuria.

While the separation and knowledge of their beloved Sessan's peril constantly wore upon the women, they were from time to time made happy by news of the young man's steady rise, he soon attaining the rank of captain of a battery. His promotions delighted the loved ones at home, and little Tsusima Amakuki's eyes alternately shone brightly at the hope that her lover would come home a great warrior and were sad with the thought that he might never come home alive.

But one day news was received of a very different kind. Captain Herano had been stationed at an important point with his battery and ordered to hold it at any cost. He had been attacked by a small force, which had come on steadily in face of a terrific fire with no loss whatever, and before they reached the Japanese position Herano and his men found it necessary either to desert their guns or be taken prisoners. Herano drew off the command, leaving the guns, which it was impossible to save. But before the Russians came near enough to prevent him he seized a caisson containing ammunition and with the help of his men dragged it away. This was the only part of the battery saved.

His general, seeing his retreat, rode up and ordered him to go to the rear under arrest.

"General," said the captain, "I have a request to make. I desire that the caisson we have saved be placed under the care of my first sergeant."

"What's a caisson compared with a whole battery?" snarled the general. "You should have died at your guns."

"That would have involved the death of many more who may live and conquer by my retreat."

The captain had been an excellent officer, and the general was too much engaged with weightier matters to hear more at the time, so he granted the strange request and ordered the first sergeant to take charge of the caisson. As soon as there was a lull in the fighting a court martial was ordered to try Captain Herano for his inglorious retreat. When his little sweetheart heard of his disgrace she was more pained than if he had died in defense of his guns. Sessan wrote only the facts, not venturing any opinion as to what punishment would be meted out to him. His case was a mystery to his superiors, for they were all aware of his brilliant record up to the time of his disgrace.

Finally the court convened, and the captain was brought before it under a charge of cowardice and inefficiency, the specifications being, first, that he had not died at his guns, but had himself given the order for his men to retreat; second, that he had not trained his men in marksmanship, since his shots had done no damage to the enemy; third, that he had dragged away a caisson of ammunition when the same effort might have saved a gun which was far more valuable.

Some witnesses testified that the guns were fired too low, others that they fired too high. One witness declared that he could tell the difference by sound between a shot and a blank cartridge, and that Captain Herano's guns were not shot. This was the most damaging testimony of the prosecution, for a commander who would receive an enemy with blank cartridges must be mad. When the evidence against him was all in Captain Herano was called upon for his defense. At his elbow stood his first sergeant, at whose feet were piled a dozen shells. At a word from Herano the sergeant took up a shell, which he lifted with such ease as to surprise all present, and placed it on a table he hid which sat the president of the court.

"There," said the accused, "is one of the shells with which we defended ourselves in the recent attack."

Taking a heavy artillery suter from the sergeant, Herano raised it and held it poised for a moment above the shell. The court, seeing his intention to bring the sword down on the explosive, jumped from their seats, but too late the suter's edge descended with terrific force on the shell.

Was Herano so desperate as to commit suicide and kill those who sat in judgment over him?

No. There was a surprise in store for those who looked on, with eyeballs starting from their sockets. The shell was split in two like wood—which it was—and out poured a heap of sawdust, while a red dust of brick rose from the parts.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, "do you wonder that we were beaten with such means of defense? You think we should have died at our guns. Well, suppose we had, who would have known of the character of this ammunition?"

Every shell proved the same, and the court was convinced.

In a few days Tsusima was delighted to hear of her lover's acquittal and reinstatement.

Two hours after the arrival of the news it was announced that the officer in charge of an ammunition manufactory had committed suicide.

The government, having need of an officer it could trust to inspect all ammunition sent to the front, promoted Herano to be major and brought him back to Japan for the purpose. Thus in less than a year of service he was enabled to marry his sweetheart and live at home.

ROBERT C. GIDDIS

USES FOR POISON IVY.

Dreaded Weed Is by No Means Utterly Without Merit.

There are few summer boarders in the eastern part of America who are not familiar with the common poison ivy—its sinister three-fingered leaf creeping alongside the harmless five-fingered woodbine or Virginia creeper. Some persons are immune, and may pick the leaves at will, but others are so susceptible that the wind will carry the poisonous vapor and bring discomfort without contact with the plant itself.

Cows and horses feed with impunity upon the vine, but it is terribly poisonous to dogs, producing convulsions which result in death. A volatile substance which forms salts when combined with alkalies has been isolated from the leaves, known as toxicodendric acid. This resembles formic acid, and is the source of the poisoning. More interesting to the many sufferers is the fact that a certain cure for the painful skin blisters is found in a solution of potassium permanganate.

This blistering effect on the skin was taken advantage of by old-time doctors and administered in cases of skin disease. One reads that in 1640 the poison ivy was introduced into England, and in 1798 was used as a medicine in Europe. Even before this, the juice of the plant had been used as a marking ink, and is to-day widely employed for that purpose. It resists soap, acids, alkalies, and bleaching powders, and yields only to ether. So when the nature writer is out in the wilds, away from stores and human dwellings, and his ink gives out, a splendid substitute may be found in the juice of the poison ivy—which will guarantee the physical permanence of the record of his observations—if not the veracity of the facts themselves. Another commercial use for the juice of this plant is in the manufacture of a blacking fluid for boots and shoes.

Newest Cooling Process.

A new artificial cooling apparatus just installed by a prominent New York Interurban banking house, and believed to be the only one in the financial district, had its first trial in the hot weather recently. The apparatus combines ammonia pipes and other artificial freezing apparatus with a ventilating system calculated to keep the air dry and also in circulation. It dispels humidity as well as heat, beating the barometer to death and getting the better of the thermometer outside from 8 to 15 degrees, according to the pressure applied. The same house last year tried a system which supplied nothing better than a musty, disagreeable atmosphere. The new one has worked perfectly up to the present, and is supposed to draw the attention of employes entirely away from thoughts of vacation, for the firm sweeps them with cooling breezes at their desks in the city. Though the apparatus is declared to be successful, it is hardly likely to be popular. The cost of installation is reported to have been \$20,000, and the expense of operation is considerable.

An Appetite Cure.

How appetite subsides before a well filled menu card was shown in a city restaurant recently. The dramatic personae were two well dressed women fresh and hungry from the bargain counter.

"How would roast turkey do?" asked A, glancing at the list. "Cranberry sauce goes with that."

"Excellent!" commented B. "But here's a sirloin steak smothered in onions. Shouldn't we try steak?"

"Just the thing!" agreed A, "unless you care for fricassee of chicken."

"Why, they have fried kidneys," suggested B; "they'd be tasty enough."

"My dear," softly whispered A, "I notice there's lamb stew on the bill."

"Lamb stew," repeated B, "is it possible?"

"Or would you prefer mutton broth?" ventured A.

"No, dear," replied B with a sigh. "I don't feel like eating to-day."

Then "Let's make it pie!" came in chorus from the women, and pie it was.

Domain of White Vests.

"I know several places," said the Washington salesman, "where the white shirt waist has its nose put out of joint by the white waistcoat. That is in the sections of the city peopled mostly by our colored citizens. If you want to see white vests in such numbers that you can't count them just take a stroll through those districts and look at the laundry windows. In place of the lacy shirt waists that fill the window space in other laundries you see there dozens of waistcoats of linen and pique. All belong to the colored beaux of the neighborhood. There is nobody on earth who has quite such a strong predilection for a white waistcoat and who wears it with such obvious pride as your gentlemen of color. From early spring until late in the fall he arranges himself in washable garments and thus becomes the launderer's best patron."

Her Intention.

Miss Meanley—it may not be your intention to offend, but doesn't it occur to you that your treatment of me is rather calculated to make us bad friends?

Miss Cutting (coolly)—No; I had the hope that it would make us good enemies.

BUT ONE WOMAN TO WED.

(Original.)

Many years ago there existed in Europe a principality, Calpurnia, so small that its population numbered only a few thousand persons. They were very exclusive, never adopting foreign citizens and intermarrying among each other. The consequence was that hereditary diseases became so plentiful among them as to threaten their ruin. Theodore VII, then prince, at last issued a decree prohibiting marriage between persons related within the fifth generation. Under this law marriage was extremely difficult.

One of the first persons on whom the edict reacted was the hereditary prince, Theodor, who, like the people, unmarried within the principality. At the time it was issued he was studying at a foreign university, but was about to finish his course and was expected to return and marry in order to secure the succession. Meanwhile his father directed the heralds to examine the family trees of the nobility with a view to discovering some family into which the young prince could legally marry. They reported that but one family, the Count of Vervin's, came within the limit. In this family was one unmarried woman, Vergilla, twenty years old, in every way attractive and a very suitable match for the young prince.

Theodore at once sent the prime minister to the count, Vergilla's father with a proposition for his daughter. The minister returned, reporting that the count felt greatly honored by the proposition, but his daughter had declared that she was not inclined to marry. She was a wayward girl who had always been used to having her own way, and her father's command that she should return a suitable answer to her sovereign had had no effect upon her.

Theodore was much perplexed. He wrote of the refusal to his son, Balthazar, who paid no attention to it at all soon after his graduation wrote his father that he was minded to travel. To this his father replied, advising him—he was overfond of the boy and seldom commanded—to come home at once, that the only woman he could marry was accepting the attention of a young foreign artist who had recently appeared and solicited the privilege of painting her portrait. She sat to him every day, and her father feared the headstrong girl was in love with him and would disregard not only the wish of her sovereign, but the national custom of marrying only within the country. To this warning the prince did not reply, and his father concluded that he had gone beyond the reach of his letters.

Meanwhile the artist, Rodrigo Nunez, a young Spaniard, was busy with his portrait. He was very respectful, keeping his distance from the highborn dame, but she noticed whenever he strove to interest her in order to catch her best expression that he was a man of culture. Gradually as Vergilla gave him encouragement as shown by his manner that he loved her, and one day forgetting herself, she called out declaration. Then the girl, with her eyes bent upon the floor, told him of the proposition for her hand for the young prince.

"And will you accept?" asked Rodrigo mournfully.

"I have declined it thus far."

"And in the end?"

"What would you consider my duty?"

The artist did not reply. Turning to the portrait, he painted absently. The girl repeated her question.

"It is for you to make up your own mind what that duty directs," he said.

"If I do not marry the prince on people will be the sufferers."

"And if you do marry him—you will be the sufferer."

"Yes."

Her face was averted. He stole in beside her, placed his arm around her waist, and her head dropped on his breast.

Suddenly he released her.

"I love you too well," he said, "to ask you to do that which you do not conceive to be your duty."

When the artist left Vergilla it was the last seen of him in the principality. Where he went or what became of him no one knew. In time Vergilla informed her father that she would do what the interest of her sovereign and his people required of her. Her decision was communicated to the young prince, who wrote her a frank letter thanking her for at last giving her consent. "Perhaps you love another," he said, "but I trust to win your heart in time."

He did not seem inclined to hurry home, and rumor said that the women of foreign countries were loath to lose him. Finally, however, when his father pointed out to him that under the circumstances his continued absence was delaying and endangering the succession, he wrote requesting the court to make preparations for the ceremony to announce the date, and he would return in time.

While the preparations were making Vergilla remained shut up at home. The story got about that she was sacrificing herself for the common good, and she was much beloved for it. The young prince, on the contrary, was becoming unpopular for remaining abroad at such a time.

It was the very day of the wedding before he arrived. However, he made amends for his inattention by going straight to the home of his affianced bride, having sent word ahead asking that no one might be present at their first meeting. When he entered the room Vergilla fell fainting through excess of joy into his arms. The prince and Rodrigo Nunez were one and the same person.

HOPE HOPKINS

TOLD OF OLD-TIME HEALERS.

When Gold-Headed Cane Was Indispensable Paraphernalia.

A gold-headed cane used to be considered a necessary part of the physician's outfit, as indispensable to the profession as the medicine bag or the general air of wisdom. In the rooms of the London College of Physicians there is preserved a gold-topped staff, which is famous as having been carried by a succession of prominent doctors whose lives extended over a period of nearly a century and a half. Dr. William Macmichael has published an account of it in a quaint little book in which the story of the various owners and their characteristics is told.

The cane originally belonged to the great Dr. Radcliffe of the seventeenth century. The doctor himself rather quick as to temper, was once treated to a biting bit of repartee. Radcliffe's garden adjoined the grounds of Sir Godfrey Kneller, the king's chief painter. A door in the wall made easy communication between his majesty's doctor and the artist. Some of the doctor's workmen, however, littered up the artist's beautiful flower beds and aroused his anger. He sent word that if the thing continued he would have the door bricked up.

"Sir Godfrey can do what he pleases with that door so long as he doesn't paint it!" retorted Dr. Radcliffe.

"Did my good friend say that?" remarked Sir Godfrey, when the slap at his profession was repeated to him. "Well, go tell him that I'll take anything from him but physic."

The cane passed in succession from Dr. Radcliffe's hands to those of Mead Askew, Pitcairn and Baillie, all famous in their day and generation. Of Baillie the following incident is told:

He was a gentle and patient physician by nature, but his immense practice and crowded hours sometimes made him hasty with the importunate.

At one time, after listening to a long story of her ailments from a lady who was so little ill that she intended to go to the opera that night, the doctor left the room with a sigh of relief. He had just got downstairs when he was called back.

"Doctor," feebly asked the lady, "may I, on my return to-night, eat a few oysters?"

"Yes, madam," roared the doctor, "shells and all."—Youth's Companion.

Some English Stage Records.

By appearing 600 times in "The Scarlet Pimpernel" Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson have achieved a feat which may well be proud of, but they are still far from rivaling the long distance records of some of their predecessors on the stage.

Mr. Penley personated "Charley's Aunt" 1,466 times in London, Mr. Hawtry appeared more than 1,900 times in "The Private Secretary," and Mr. James convulsed the house 1,362 times in "Our Boys." Augustus van Blens' appearances in "A Broken Melody" now number several thousand, and "Dorothy" and "A Chinese Honeymoon" can furnish several records far exceeding 600 performances of the same role.

In older times Shiel Barry and John Howson played the part of the miser in "Les Cloches de Corneville" thousands of times, and Patti Oliver sang "Pretty See-ee-ee" 1,775 times at the Royalty in the late '60s.—Westminster Review.

How to Get Rid of Prejudices.

There is nothing like getting well acquainted to knock erroneous notions out of people's minds. At least two-thirds of the complications of the past which led to serious disagreement, if not to open hostility, have been traceable to the differences due to distance and lack of close intercourse. Modern methods, which by means of steamship and cable lines are bringing everybody into touch, are steadily doing away with causes of misunderstanding. Intelligent and unbiased men and women, no matter what their own beliefs, political, religious and social, who travel about the world and learn to know the natives of other regions, have most of their prejudices removed and find that there is a great common humanity where all can meet on fairly equal terms.

Wanderings of a Seagull.

On Oct. 28 last there was shot at Oushy, on Lake Lemman, a seagull, aged about 16 months, which was found to be wearing on its claw a silver ring engraved with the words "Vogel Station, Rossiten 20." Rossiten is situated on the Lido of the Courland lagoon, between Konigsberg and Memel, in the Baltic, 1,500 kilometers from the Lake of Geneva. M. Florel, of Lausanne, communicated with Dr. J. Thienemann, director of the ornithological station at Rossiten. According to the latest notes the full No. 20 was hatched there and was marked with the ring when a few weeks old, before it could fly, on July 4, 1905. It seems probable that it had thus made two winter migrations before it fell a victim to the human barbarian.—New York Herald.

In Days of Old.

Cain rushed up to the fig tree in a fever of excitement.

"Oh, pa," he exclaimed, breathlessly, "I just saw a pterodactylus catch a big glyptodon and swallow him whole."

Father Adam shook his head.

"Better be careful, my son," he warned, "or some one will accuse you of being a nature faker."

For even in those days it was not wise to exaggerate about the habits of big game.

A Woman's War.

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Fifteen years ago there appeared in New York a woman about thirty years old who gave the name of the baroness Stein and who claimed to be the widow of a German baron who had been deceased a couple of years. She spoke German, English, French and Spanish. She had three or four servants, lots of baggage and seemingly no end of money. On the contrary, she persisted, refused invitations and explained to all that she was on a mission. Instead of seeking society she sought capitalists and speculators. During the three months she remained in the metropolis with frequent visits to Washington, she had interviews with half a dozen leading capitalists as many members of congress.

What is not generally known to this day is that the Baroness Stein was a real and not an adventuress from Brazil. She had even been the consort of heads of South American states. While in this position she had learned of new diamond fields. The property was owned by private individuals. She desired to possess it, but so did the president. The result of individual greed was a quarrel and a separation, and the president was probably rejoicing when she pocketed a certain sum of money and sailed away for the United States, leaving him to work his own private schemes to enrich himself. I thought he knew the baroness pretty well, but the results astonished him: To capitalists, senators and others she proposed a combine or trust to get possession of these mines. It could not be done without a revolution, and she proposed one. She might have tempted one alone had she had sufficient funds. She would throw in her all and go back and be the head and front of the affair.

One day the Baroness Stein sailed away, bag and baggage, and she did not leave a debt unpaid. She landed at a certain port in South America and began her work. She had interviews with adventurers. She had talks with solid men. She sent for the owners of the mines and told them of the plot of the president and brought them into the combine. She used money, and she used her personal influence, and the day came when she had the backing to return to the president and say:

"If you want to come in with us all right; if you don't I will sweep you out of power within three months."

The president laughed grimly. He was solidly seated and had been for eight years. He was at peace with the neighboring states. His people were never so contented. The idea that he could be boozed out, and that by a woman, was so absurd that he laughed in her face. She reiterated, and he sent her to prison to teach her his power and dignity. In three days she won over her jailers and disappeared. Two weeks later the president made his move against the owners of the mines. They were not residents of his state, and his plea was that they were seditionists who were fomenting rebellion. They were summarily arrested and thrown into prison, and in due time, had things gone the even tenor of their way, evidence would have been manufactured to hang or outlaw them. But something happened. At sunrise one morning a revolution broke out in a town distant from the capital. The president spoke of it sarcastically. Another and another town followed, and he finally gave the order for troops to march against the rebels. The troops refused to stir a foot. On the contrary, the general in command informed the president that he was under arrest and marched him away to prison.

A new dictator appeared. He was a man chosen by the baroness. He had aims and ambitions, and he had agreed to become her fool. The revolutionists were armed and equipped from the United States, and inside of ten days the baroness was the power behind the throne that was directing everything. It was an almost bloodless revolution. A woman had guided and effected it. She had even marched at the head of the troops. The old president was glad enough to be shipped out of the country, and the new one, formally elected by the people after being placed at the head of affairs, set out to obey the mandates of the woman who had put him there.

Then followed the greed of capitalists, the lack of honesty of the politicians and the ingratitude of man. The conspirators had the diamond mines and a good thing all around, but they were not satisfied with that. They demanded concession after concession until the people of the state began to wonder what would be left to them. Their investments profited them a thousand per cent, but still they must have more. The baroness and the new president were almost ignored. They were made the victims of sharp practice. In time they became only puppets in the hands of the trust. The trust could buy assistance and allegiance outside of them, and it did so. The day came when they practically controlled the state and defied its people. Then came another revolution, and it was swept out of power and made to disgorge, but it had made millions. The baroness in one way and other had been plucked of her all. She who had engineered the whole thing had to leave the country as a stowaway passenger, while the "ring" sailed away with a full treasury. She landed one day at Bahia, broken in health and penniless, and that night in a cheap lodging house she committed suicide. In overthrowing a republic she had accomplished what a hundred men might have failed to do and in trusting to the integrity of capitalists and politicians she had worked her own downfall.

M. QUAD.

MIXED UP THE PRESENTS.

Bride in Frightful State of Unrest Because of Carelessness.

"We have some funny experiences in June right when the weddings are the thickest," remarked a jeweler, "but I never had anything quite like that one—nothing exactly like it," as he jerked his head in the direction of an alarm-eyed little woman who had just flitted out the front door.

"She came in with about four packages, one large salad fork, cut glass bowl, soap ladle and silver bread box for me to identify. Of course, she could tell where they were bought by the boxes. She said she had got all mixed up on who gave them to her—lost the cards or something—and unless I could remember who bought them she would be up against it—wouldn't know who to thank for the things.

"It happened that I knew the woman who bought the salad fork and I remembered selling the bread box to a man whose name I didn't know. I gave her a description of him, and after a while she gurgled, 'Oh, yes, I know now.' So that fixed two of them for her. The clerks that sold the other two things couldn't remember what the people looked like that bought them, and she'll just have to write to the most likely people and thank them, without mentioning just what for.

"I've had people come in to inquire the price of things, but that's the first request for identification of that sort."

WHERE IS "DICKENS' SLAB"?

Famous Piece of Mahogany Has Disappeared From St. Louis.

"I would like to know," said an old saloon man of St. Louis, "what has become of the famous mahogany slab that once formed the bar counter of the old Planters' house. People called it the Dickens slab, because when the novelist was in this city he staid at the Planters' house, and they do say that he spent a good deal of his time resting his elbow on that slab, which thenceforth went by his name. When the Planters' house was taken down the big mahogany slab nearly 20 feet long, three feet wide and two or three inches thick, was bought by a saloon man, but his house, too, a few years later, came under the hands of the wreckers, and the Dickens slab disappeared. A piece of mahogany like that could hardly be bought now for any figure, for mahogany is among the costliest of woods and now used only for veneering. The slab would be worth several hundred dollars to a furniture maker, but more than this to somebody who cherished old associations, for while that slab was in the Planters' every old citizen of St. Louis who drank at all, and every celebrity who came to town, help to shine the elbows of his coat by friction on that slab."

Nature-Faking Fads.

To print a photograph on an apple no sensitizer is used, only the delicate art of "nature-faking." The necessaries are an apple tree bearing a fruit which rapidly reddens as it becomes ripe and a little film negative of your loved one. Simply attach the film to the sunny side of the apple with white of egg and let nature do its work.

The whole apple may be incased in a black paper bag and a vignette cut over the film part, which adds to the effect.

Young ladies who go to the seaside to acquire a summer coat of tan have made use of the same "sensitizer" to imprint on their arm a photograph of—their father or brother.

The Rare Old Grizzly.

The grizzly has now become so rare that even his habits and history are frequently misstated, and by those, too, who should speak with authority. It is a very common supposition that he is an animal of seclusive and solitary nature, who wanders alone along the snow-line of the Sierras and the Rockies, descending only occasionally upon predatory visits to the valleys, as Thomas S. Mosby points out in Harper's Weekly. But the grizzly is solitary only because he is now facing extermination, and he inhabits the snow-line because he has been driven from valley and plain, and there is nowhere else to go.

A Word for White-Headed Heroes.

The world will ever have its youthful prodigies, but with age come reason and experience. The world will ever welcome youthful enthusiasm, but the governing heads must be seasoned with the years. We can ill afford to part with our heroes because the hand of time has whitened the hair, for beneath the hoary locks is the seasoned brain that has helped successfully to guide the course of the American ship of state.—St. Louis Republic.

Wrong Guess.

"Ah!" said the doctor, "you ride a great deal in the trolley cars, you say?"

"Yes, sir," replied the new patient.

"I see. Your trouble is due to your sedentary habits. Now, when you're at work, what do you do?"

"I'm a motorman."—Philadelphia Press.

Putting Him Next.

"When a new baby arrives at a man's house what is the proper thing to do?"

"If it is the first one, write him a note of congratulations; if it is any thing over two write him a note of condolence."—Houston Post.