

**JAPANESE CARRYING THE RUSSIAN POSITION AT
KIN-CHAU, WHICH HAD BEEN DEEMED IMPREGNABLE.**



A SPLENDID FEAT OF ARMS.

One of the most splendid feats of arms in the present war in the East was the battle of Kin-Chau, in which the Japanese charged and captured the heights held by the Russians, thereby establishing their place among the foremost military people of the world. The heights were strongly fortified and were deemed practically impregnable. Nevertheless the Japanese, after silencing artillery fire, carried them by the bayonet, driving the Russians from the trenches and sending them in quick retreat toward Port Arthur. Our illustration is from the Illustrated London News.

SAILING.

Wind and wave and gold-washed weather.
Wind fling loose and wave set free;
She and I alone together
Sailing on a sapphire sea.

Clang and clamor of the crowded
City street is heard no more;
Only billows, foam enshrouded
Freighting music to the shore!

Sail full blown and sloop prow flinging
Floods of song on either side;
White gulls in the wide blue winging—
Gipsies of the roving tide!

Peaks afar that know the splendor
Of the sunset's waste of wine;
Twilight sky grown strangely tender
Like the eyes that look in mine.
—Leslie's Monthly.

A New Cinderella

JACK BERENSON caught sight of her as he was going to the office after lunch. He frequently caught sight of her, but this was the extent of their acquaintance. He had groaned more than once to think conventionality forbade a more extended one. She was not the kind of a girl with whom one might scrape up a bowing recognition, to be later elaborated into an interchange of commonplaces that might culminate in permission to call. Indeed, if she had been, it is safe to conclude Berenson would not have troubled his head about her, for he had a social position to maintain, a good deal of personal pride and more than the average sense of exclusiveness.

"Hallo!" he said, suddenly, and stopped short.

The girl ahead had paused. She was evidently in some predicament, for she stooped as though to extricate herself or to pick up an article dropped. Almost at the same instant, however, a tremendous dray, piled with boxes, bore down upon her, and at the shout of the driver, who was striving to rein in his huge Percherons, she sprang toward safety and reached the sidewalk.

Berenson let the dray pass. Looking down directly on the spot where the girl had hesitated, he saw that which had arrested her, and bending quickly, he pulled out of the thick, black, sticky mud an absurdly small rubber, with its wrinkles holding the arch of a high little instep.

"Well!" he ejaculated, "here's luck!" He felt ridiculously elated. So pleased did he look, in fact, that a friend jostling him as he reached the opposite sidewalk remarked his satisfaction.

"What gone up, Berenson?"

"No—rubber!" laughed Berenson. And his friend walked off, wondering what there was in fishing footwear out of the mire to make a fellow look so idiotically pleased.

"It was mighty muddy, too!" he commented disgustedly.

This accusation could not be made against it an hour later, cleaned and polished to the highest possible degree by the man who kept the shoestand in the office building where Berenson had a suite. He took his prize upstairs, and deposited it, wrapped in tissue paper, on the top of his desk.

Then he sauntered to the window to look over at the skyscraper across the way, where at a certain window,

in a certain tier, he had often seen a certain head. It was a shapely head, ringleted as close as a baby's with sunny brown curls. Indeed, so frequently of late had he gone to his own casement to discover if that particular bonnie head and rose-leaf face were within range of his vision that his business began to suffer from such erratic absences.

Not that Jack Berenson was bothering himself about business. During those minutes he stood, absorbed in day dreams, staring apparently at the uninteresting wall of an uninteresting building, he was thinking for the most part how strange it was that he, who had come gaily up the road of life, heart whole and fancy free, until he had reached his thirtieth milestone, should all at once be beset by the most chimerical hopes, the most futile desires, the most glorious of chaotic imaginings.

It was lunacy, he told himself—stark, staring lunacy—that he should go on his way with a bounding heart and a feeling of the most senseless exhilaration, just because he had passed a girlish figure on the sidewalk, met the indifferent glance of violet, black-lashed eyes, looking forth from beneath a white brow, or caught the faint, elusive perfume of her demure garments. And the worst of it was that he could not bring himself to be indignant with himself for being such a fool!

"You like to be a fool!" he told himself angrily. "You're hugging your folly! And much good it will do you! You've not got enough sense, Jack Berenson, to last a crazy man till breakfast time!"

With which final shot he was apt to break away from his vigil, return sternly to his desk and plunge into work until—until he began to wonder if she might have returned to her chair in the window, or by any chance be going out. Though whether out or in, there had seemed slight chance of making her acquaintance before Fate, in the guise of a treacherous street crossing, had placed a belonging of hers in his possession.

But when he had sallied forth with his prize his courage almost failed him. And when the elevator man let him off at the eighth floor, as bidden, it was an insane desire to make his immediate escape by way of the staircase that overwhelmed him. But he pulled himself together and went toward the suite of doctor's offices, which he knew occupied that particular angle of the big building. Some of the physicians whose names were inscribed on the tablet in the corridor were friends of his.

"Hope I don't run into Norton, or Schriener, or MacIntyre," he said. "Hope I don't."

But he did—all three of them. They and a few of their professional associates had met in the reception room previous to attending a medical convention in a body. It seemed to poor Berenson, standing helplessly in the doorway with his package in his hand, that the place was packed with eye-curious, inquisitive, mocking eyes!

But a few voices called out pleasantly enough, "Hallo—how d'ye do, Berenson?" And MacIntyre came forward with a smile that made his ugly countenance quite charming.

"Your—the young lady—" stammered Jack. He held out the package as though it were a letter of introduction. "She lost this, and—" "Oh, I see!" The doctor turned hastily. "Miss Meredith!" he called.

A girl—the girl—came from an adjoining room. She looked lovelier than ever without her hat and coat. Her soft, green gown fitted her as its sheath fits a flower. And the pretty, bewildered look in her eyes made them look more than ever like violet stars.

Berenson knew then how a man felt who performs a deed of daring in the cannon's mouth.

"I was behind you this noon," he began, "and when you lost this"—

"Oh, thank you!" she interrupted, comprehending at once, and taking the offered bundle. "You were very kind to bring it to me!"

"Vera," MacIntyre said, "let me introduce to you Mr. Berenson. You have often heard Alice mention him, I am sure. Jack—this is Miss Meredith, my wife's sister!" And then as they bowed he went by way of explanation, "Vera has been looking after callers at the offices here during the last six months. She would work—you know what girls are!"

Jack didn't know, but he mentally decided to remain ignorant no longer. He would remedy his deficiencies in this respect as soon as possible, at least as far as this one bewitching maiden was concerned. And he vowed that he had never before guessed what a thoroughly delightful chap MacIntyre was until he heard the latter saying before he went off with his friends: "Oh, I say, Berenson! Come to dinner to-morrow night—quite informal, you know. Six o'clock. Alice will be mighty glad to see you!"

Jack looked doubtfully into the violet eyes.

There was a smile in them, though the lips were sweetly serious.

"I'll come!" promised Jack fervently. He wrung his friend's hand vigorously in the ardor of his friendship. "Lord, yes, I'll come!"

And he said to himself as he strode back to the office, with his head in a whirl, that it might not be quite so romantic to find a rubber in Chicago mud as a slipper on a ballroom floor, but that it has its—possibilities! It would serve!—San Francisco Call.

"Holy" Railroad in Canada.

In these days, when railways are run for more for what there is in them for a favored few than for the accommodation of the general public, it may be interesting to recall the fact that there is right here in North America a "holy railroad." This is a little line twenty-one miles long, from Quebec to Ste. Anne De Beaupre. It is sacred because it claims to run "especially for the accommodation of pilgrims," and, above all, because at its opening a few years since it was formally blessed, with all its belongings, by Cardinal Taschereau. Every Sunday the trains are crowded by devotees in search of the blessing of the good Saint Anne, who is credited with the miraculous power of healing, and on July 23, Saint Anne's day, the road cannot accommodate the enormous crowds which flock to her shrine.

Think of riding on a holy railroad! But those who have traveled on it know that they must not expect the comforts of paradise. It may be called "holy," but it seems to be run, none the less, with an eye to dividends. The charges are high and the service poor. —New York Times.

We can't see much difference between the average dress worn in a kitchen and one that has been through a blackberry patch.

Science AND Invention

A new Swiss watch contains a tiny hard rubber phonograph plate which calls out the hours loud enough to be heard twenty feet away. Sentiment can be had by having the words recorded on the plate in the tones of a dear friend—as those of a man's wife or children.

The amount of albumen necessary in man's food has been proven by French physiologists to be much less than has been supposed. From three to five ounces daily was thought to be required, but later investigators found that two and one-half and even one and one-half ounces would suffice. In the new experiments, continued for thirty-eight days, the real need was shown to be less than one ounce per day.

Eucaine, the new local anaesthetic, is adapted for many operations where chloroform cannot be used on account of heart weakness. It is injected under the skin at the point of incision. Cutting may begin in a few moments without pain, and more of the drug is dropped in at intervals of a few minutes as new portions of tissue are exposed. A recent successful operation in London was continued an hour and a half.

A recent French invention is a ship's compass so mounted that as it swings round with the variations in the pointing of the vessel it produces automatically, through electric connections, a chart on a sheet of paper, by consulting which the ship's officers can see what the course was at any moment of the voyage. The same apparatus also registers the speed of the vessel by recording the number of revolutions of the screws, each stroke of the piston closing an electric current.

The accelerometer, designed for measuring the power exerted in starting a train and to indicate the proper speed for curves, is the invention of F. M. Gilley, a teacher of physics. It consists essentially of two glass vessels connected by a tube and containing liquid, such as mercury and red alcohol. As the train starts, the liquid passing from the forward glass to the rear one—shown by suitable graduations—indicates the force exerted, and in the same way the instrument, when placed on its side, makes evident the jerk or centrifugal force in rounding a curve.

Joseph Wharton, of Philadelphia, suggests, in a paper read before the American Philosophical Society, that in the prevailing scarcity of platinum the metal palladium might be a practicable substitute. It belongs to the platinum group, although in some respects it resembles silver. Among its valuable characteristics are hardness, ductility and malleability. It is also decidedly non-corroding. It occurs, along with nickel, copper, silver, gold, platinum, iridium and rhodium, in the ores of the Canadian nickel mines in Ontario. Out of 300,000 tons of these ores about 3,000 ounces of palladium are annually produced.

Dr. J. C. Ewart, in discussing the problem of the origin of horses, describes as one of the most distinct kinds now living the Celtic ponies, which are found in the most northern parts of Iceland. They reach a height of only four feet, and are so abundantly furnished with hair that in winter storms they are practically snow-proof. Dr. Ewart observed the conduct of one of these ponies during a snowstorm. As soon as the storm began she turned her hind quarters to it, and in a short time the snow had formed a kind of shield or disk upon the long hair growing about the root of the tail. Thus protected, the pony did not shift her position while the storm lasted, except to turn with a change of the wind.

The Submerged Seventh.

Just after the convening of the new House of Representatives there was a member from the West who was boasting of the enormous majority given him by the voters of his district.

"Why," the new member would exclaim, "do you know I was elected by the suffrages of seven distinct nationalities?"

One day some one asked him to name the nationalities. He gave them: "Irish, German, Polish, Bohemian, Swedish and Greek."

"But you have named only six nationalities," said the seeker after knowledge. "What was the seventh one?"

The new member again ran over his little list, but could not remember the seventh nationality. At this juncture some facetious bystander chipped in with the remark: "Maybe there were some Americans in the bunch."

"Good for you!" shouted the new Representative, lustily, slapping his thigh. "But it was funny that I should forget them, don't you think?"

It is one of the inexplicable attributes of women that they really like to get a long letter.

Catarrh

Whether it is of the nose, throat, stomach, bowels, or more delicate organs, catarrh is always debilitating and should never fail of attention.

It is a discharge from the mucous membrane when kept in a state of inflammation by an impure, commonly scrofulous, condition of the blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures all forms of catarrh, radically and permanently—it removes the cause and overcomes all the effects. Get Hood's.

One Man's Observation.

Greening—I read a paragraph in a medical journal the other day to the effect that people who sleep with their mouths closed live longest. Do you believe it?

Browning—I have no reason to doubt it. It is a well-known fact that people who keep their mouths shut while awake manage to dodge a job lot of worry and trouble.

Confidence of Youth.

"Now that you are through college," remarked a friend of the youthful graduate, "what next?"

"I shall study medicine," was the grave reply.

"But isn't that profession already overcrowded?" asked the friend.

"Possibly," answered the graduate, conscious of his superior knowledge, "but I propose to tackle it just the same, and those who are already in the profession will have to take their chances."

You can't go abroad on a narrow income.

Old Man's Secret.

Alpena, Mich., Sept. 5 (Special).—Seventy-five years of age but hale and hearty is Mr. Jerome K. Fournier of this place, and to those who ask the secret of his splendid health he gives the good advice "Use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

When asked for his reason for so strongly recommending the Great American Kidney Remedy, Mr. Fournier related the following experience:

"I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills because they cured me of Diabetes. I suffered with my kidneys for a long time and suffered terribly from those Urinary Troubles that are so general among aged people.

"Then I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and eight boxes of them cured my kidneys, regulated my water and made me feel like a hearty young man."

Dodd's Kidney Pills make the old feel young because they make sound kidneys. Sound kidneys mean health and health is the other name for youth.

There is a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

After crosses and losses men grow humbler and wiser.—Franklin.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Carter*

The number of opium smokers in the United States is estimated at 1,000,000.

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Genuine **Carter's Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of *Wm. D. Carter*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

QUIT WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.