

# A MINUTE OF TIME

By ANNIE ASHMOLE

A long tunnel? Yes, sir, and a dark one, too. Frightened? Well, no, sir, not exactly that; just a bit sick like. The smoke? No, no, sir; it's the memory of what once befell me in that same tunnel. I've gone over this line some ten times since, and every time my heart gives the same twist. If that big lion they call Arthur's Seat was alive and growling, I couldn't feel more scared every time I go or come from Edinburgh. You would like to hear what happened? Well, if you care to pass an hour hearing the plain story of a plain woman, I'll do my best. I'm bound for Glasgow, and if you're the same, we'll just have the hour.

All my kinsfolk belong to Glasgow—I'm going to visit mother now—but John, my husband, sir, is an Edinburgh man. Maybe you've noticed that big fruiterer's shop on Prince's street, with the queen's crown over the door, and "John Maitland, Fruiterer to Her Majesty," across the front? You've been in it? Oh, thank you, sir, to say so. Yes, John is a pleasant-looking fellow, and just as good as he looks. But that's neither here nor there.

Three years ago, when he kept shop away down in the old town, and never dreamed of becoming queen's fruiterer, we were married at my mother's on the eleventh of this coming month, and I took my first trip to Edinburgh as a bride.

I had on a white bonnet with orange blossoms in it, and a white cashmere shawl that my brother brought me from India, and John had brought me a great wedding bouquet of real orange blossoms and white camellias and lovely white roses from his own greenhouse, which I was so proud of that I must carry them all the way back again. To this day the scent of orange flowers and health thurs me deathly sick. Pity, isn't it, that one's nose should have such a long memory, as one might say?

Well, as mischance would have it, what with bidding them all good-by, and running back to pass wedding cake through the ring for Sister Jessie, and crying with brother, ours was the last carriage that rattled to the train station, and John had barely time to get our tickets, put me into an empty compartment, and rush to get the baggage on board.

While he was away a gentleman jumped in very hurriedly to the seat opposite to me, and beckoning to a guard, gave him half a crown, and some directions. The next moment the door was shut, and we were moving off without John.

I tried to open the window and to scream for them to stop, for it wasn't very pleasant, you'll agree, for me to take my wedding journey home alone; but it was the express train, bound to be at Edinburgh to the minute, and there would be no stoppage at any station by the way where I could get out and wait.

While I was shaking at the window, the tears of distress running down my cheeks, I was pulled forcibly back by the gentleman I have mentioned, who cried, sharply: "Keep inside, or there will be a head off!"

He struck his hands together, and looked so fierce as he said "a head off" that I felt quite startled, and sat down.

He was the only person in the compartment with me, and had such an odd—such an unaccountable appearance—that the more I looked at him the less I liked him.

He had the dress and air of a gentleman, but his face was curiously bleached, and his great, burning black eyes never rested for a moment on anything; and what with a queer habit he had of licking his lips like lightning, and biting his nails till the blood came, every other minute, I thought him the most unaccountable kind of a stranger I could have been left alone with.

Just as I had come to this conclusion a conductor opened a window to get our tickets, and stood on the narrow footrail outside, holding on. "Oh, sir!" I cried, "can't you leave me off somewhere? I've come away without my husband."

"Impossible to change until you reach Edinburgh. Don't be uneasy, ma'am; I'm pretty sure your husband got into one of the cars behind. Saw him jump on," said the good-natured official.

# :- The Queer Side of Japan. :-

By J. INGRAM BRYAN, Professor in the Imperial College of Commerce, Nagasaki, Japan.

If any one is disposed to regard antiquity as the sole repository of incredibly strange things, let him come to Japan; here mythology is still in the making, and the world retains the wonder that it had of old.

Few of us there are who do not at some time wonder what the life of the ancients was like; we would grasp with eagerness an opportunity to get a glimpse of "the daily round, the common task" of an old Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek or Roman. Yet such a vision would not greatly differ from that afforded by the daily avocations of the Japanese peasantry, who live much the same as their forefathers did in Central Asia 3000 years ago. At least, little is recorded of the ancients that one may not find some unexpected elucidation of among the Japanese.

The lower orders of the animal creation were credited by the ancients with many an abnormal feat, if indeed that time can be called ancient wherein all differences were adjusted by tooth and claw. Yet, only the other day, what may be truthfully described as the most unique civil conflict in all history occurred here in the land of the gods. One afternoon, not long ago, the inhabitants of the little town of Oji-Mura, in the prefecture of Arima, were disturbed by a most unearthly clamor proceeding from the surrounding marshes. The din of the tumult was that of a myriad peevish whistles which had combined to serenade the town and drive the population mad.

Going out to reconnoitre, a sight was encountered that would have staggered the imagination of even Aristophanes himself; thousands of frogs were engaged in a fierce and deadly combat. The belligerents were composed of three armies, a larger one of some 4000 and two smaller ones of about 3000 each. The latter forces were allied as the invading army, and fought with a desperation and a valor worthy of Waterloo.

The battle presented a scene impossible to portray adequately. The ditches around the marsh were crowded with entranced non-combatants, who beheld the carnage with feelings ranging from terror to sheer amazement. As the conflict deepened and the amphibious legions charged and recharged with ever-increasing fury, the shrill uproar was deafening beyond credibility—worse than a hundred nights of caterwauling combined in one. This was the only un-Japanese feature of the affray, for the soldiers of the Mikado make no sound in battle beyond the clash of arms or the report of ordnance.

The invading army, some 6000 strong, appeared from the first to be having the best of it, with very open countenances emitting high-pitched denunciations, they furiously bit and clawed at one another with an appearance and action that were truly repellent, until the defending army was overcome in an overwhelming manner. Loud and long the battle raged, the embattled ranks holding out for nine hours. Not until over 700 were killed, and more than 2000 hopelessly wounded, did silence again reign and the village resume its wonted composure.

Another remarkable incident of recent occurrence, which, under the circumstances, suggests the gruesome side of prehistoric times, comes from the village of Yamai-Chiba, in the prefecture of Kanagawa, where a man has just been sentenced to a term of imprisonment for eating his neighbor's dog. The prisoner pleaded that since the dog had not been registered, as the law required, it was not private property, and, therefore,

free prey to any citizen who cared to indulge a healthy appetite; but the court ruled otherwise. The man then pleaded altruistic motives in the case, alleging that he himself had not devoured all the dog, but had considerably invited to the feast a number of his friends, who had heartily partaken of the delicious repast. Again the court failed to catch the point, or to discern in the said charity any alleviation of the crime. The man, one Matsuta, whose canine pet had proved so tempting and toothsome a morsel to his neighbors, came in for a heavy fine for defying the law in not registering his dog before exposing it to the appetites of the public.

In Japan the lower orders of life not only make war and supply meat, but evince sundry other peculiarities that render them invaluable concomitants of civilization. A few days ago a number of people were seen gazing intently toward the upper limbs of a large pine tree. Stopping to learn the secret of this unusual interest, a man was observed descending the tree, while a crow was furiously cawing and beating about his head; then it was seen that the trespasser had possessed himself of one of her brood, an unprossessing little chick that no one could be imagined to fancy for a pet. Asked what he intended doing with the young crow, he replied that it made excellent medicine for the blood: "Chi-no-michi-no-kusuri," to use his exact words. To ensure the efficacy of the medicine, he explained, the bird must be taken before it leaves the nest, if possible, or, if it has left the nest, before it gets to where it can drink water; for, he asserted, if it has of itself taken water, it loses all virtue as a blood cure. The process of preparing the remedy is, first, to encase the body in an air-tight covering of cement or clay. The mould is then baked for two or three days in a hot fire. When the clay crust is removed, naturally the crow will be found to be black; a lump of pure charcoal. This is pulverized and converted into pills of the "pink" order, which are very popular here as a blood regulator. He reminded his interlocutors that the medicine was very rare because of the difficulty of finding a crow that had not taken water. The man was perfectly sincere, and appeared extremely proud of his success in having secured the bird. He was reluctant to leave the tree lest there should be another one on the ground somewhere.

Those who, since the brilliant achievements of the Japanese Red Cross Society in the late war, are accustomed to take for granted the advance of medical science in this country, will, of course, bear in mind that the practitioner under consideration had not at this time acquired membership in any legally recognized therapeutic fraternity; but probably his nostrum was quite as effective as much of the medicine that is sold to a large constituency at a higher price in other portions of the globe.

Another favorite remedy for undiagnosable ailments in this country is human liver, and a citizen of the empire has just been arrested on the charge of having killed several women as a means to obtaining this somewhat unusual commodity. This phase of Japanese life seems rather to increase the ambiguity of the old aphorism that whether life is worth living depends on the liver. At any rate, it may be justly counted among the queer things of Japan, to relate all of which would necessitate going on ad infinitum.—Harper's Weekly.

**Not For Publication.**  
The engagement between a wealthy Baltimore belle and an impecunious clubman of that city was at one time last winter perilously near the "breaking off" point, and all by reason of the unfortunate mistake of a florist's assistant of whom the young man had ordered flowers for his beloved.

It appears that the young fellow had hastily dispatched to the florist's establishment two cards, one bearing an order for roses to be sent to the young lady's address, and the other intended to be attached to the flowers.

# YELLOW FEVER SUPPRESSED.

Triumph of the Medical Science Achieved in Panama.

One of the greatest triumphs of medical science has been achieved on the Isthmus of Panama. Under conditions far more difficult than those at Havana results equally gratifying have been obtained. There has been only one case of yellow fever in 1906. The last case reported was in the city of Panama, November 11, 1905. In August, according to the official report of Colonel W. C. Gorgas, chief sanitary officer, there were three cases of smallpox, all at Colon.

The chief cause of death has been pneumonia, and for August there was a considerable decrease in the mortality from this disease. In July 13 patients died from pneumonia; in August only ninety-four. From malarial causes the number of deaths in July was 105, and seventy-eight in August. There was an increase in typhoid fever from seven deaths in July to twelve in August, while the mortality from dysentery was practically the same for the two months. From beriberi there were five deaths all in the city of Panama.

This report covers the whole population of 75,000 in Colon, Panama and the Canal Zone. At the time of this report there were 29,555 employees on the Government payroll, the largest force yet employed at one time, and nearly double the number the French had at work at any one period. In October, 1884, they had on their rolls 19,243 men. Of the more than 29,000 employees on the American roll in August, 1906, 153 died, only eight of them whites. Four-fifths of the whites employed are from the United States. Of 4900 Americans only two died. One of these fatalities was due to an explosion of gunpowder and the other to a railroad accident. The most fatal disease in the Canal Zone and on the Isthmus is pneumonia, and this occurs almost exclusively among the blacks. Of the sixty victims of this disease only one was a white.

The sick list shows that out of more than 29,000 employees only forty-two reported on the daily sick list out of every 1000 men; this in August, when sickness is at its maximum.

There were no deaths in Colon in August from either typhoid fever or dysentery, the two principal water borne diseases of the Isthmus. Nothing could be more encouraging to the American people or better justify their support of the great canal project than this report of the department of health of the Isthmian Canal Commission. It shows the value of the careful preliminary organization which has been effected and guarantees the most perfect protection of life possible to those who dig the Panama Canal.—New York Sun.

**Kentucky's Strong Parson.**  
Senator "Joe" Blackburn, of Kentucky, tells of a good old Methodist minister in his State in the pioneer days who was a considerable scrapper, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"One day," says the Senator, "after the parson had found it necessary to administer fistic punishment to several young toughs who persisted in disturbing the meeting at one of the churches he served, one of his flock, noted as being something of a hard hitter himself, got up in meeting and said:

"It is a solemn duty of this hero congregation to stand by Parson Johnson. He does not seek trouble, but he will not show the white feather when trouble is forced in his way. I believe that, unrestrained by divine grace, Parson Johnson can whip any man in Kentucky. The Lord is with him. Let us pray."

**Overdid It.**  
The late Joseph Jefferson was well known for his kindness of heart, a kindness which extended to the smallest of animals, but nothing annoyed him more than affection in this regard.

Upon one occasion he was dining with an acquaintance when a fly dropped into the other man's coffee. The man carefully fished it out and called to a waiter.

"Here," he said, "take this poor little fellow—he very careful or you will hurt him—and put him out of doors."

Mr. Jefferson laid a restraining hand upon his shoulder.

"Why, how can you think of such a thing, my dear friend? Don't you see that it is raining? Suppose the poor little fellow should catch cold!"—Harper's Weekly.

**Phosphorescent Waves.**  
An unusual amount of phosphorus has floated in toward shore at Long Beach. There was a slight display last night, but to-night the spectacle afforded was beautiful. When the breakers rolled in thousands of lights of all colors could be seen. When the waves broke against the boats at anchor the same result followed. Fish could be detected swimming beneath the water by the faint electric sparks they left. Once in a while a large fish could be seen in the phosphorescence chasing a smaller one.

The phosphorus extends about a mile out to sea. During the day it presents a muddy red appearance. The fish get out of the phosphorus-covered water as quickly as possible. There were few fishermen along the pier to-day as a result. The present condition will last perhaps a week, it is said.—Los Angeles Herald.

**Grain-to-Bread Record.**  
A record time for converting grain into bread has been established by a Canadian farmer. Wheat which was in the sheaf at 3 o'clock in the afternoon was made into loaves before 6. When operations began a wagon stood in the barn with about half a load of grain in the sheaf. Beside it was a threshing machine connected with a gasoline engine. The engine was started, the sheaves were fed into the threshing machine, and the grain was deposited in a bin. The power was then transferred to the cleaner, and the work of changing the newly threshed wheat into flour was quickly carried through. The rest of the task was easy.—Chicago Journal.

# I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The stained glass windows where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn;  
And mamma had such diamonds,  
Such beads, and pearls, and stars,  
And papa had such splendid yachts,  
And lovely private cars!

I remember, I remember  
The parties they would hold,  
The dinners and the dances, when  
The favors were of gold;  
For papa was the president  
Of an insurance co.,  
But when the public got too wise,  
Our grandeur had to go!

Teacher—"A miracle is going against the natural order of things. Are miracles performed to-day?"  
Bright Boy—"Yes'm." Teacher—"Name one."  
Bright Boy—"Well, mamma says papa is always turning night into day."  
—Life.

They tell us many a microbe squirms  
"You see, the fellow's really  
Well, we can only say, all  
Its germs we love it still."  
—Boston Transcript.

Premier Safetypin says he intends to inaugurate an iron rule for the purpose of putting down the revolution. Meanwhile the revolutionists are understood to have formulated plans for putting more iron into his system.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Why are you bowing to that man? Do you know him?" asked Madge, in surprise.  
"Yes," said her chum, "he walked over me so many times getting out between acts at the theatre last night that we got real well acquainted."  
—Detroit Free Press.

A young thing of some fifty summers was playing the piano before the open window, and said to her maid, "Maria, do you think the Signor Suzzini opposite hears me?"  
"Yes, Sonoria, I am sure, as he is shutting his window."  
—Il Diavolo.

"Aren't you afraid that horse will run away with somebody?"  
"Friend," said Broncho Bob, "it ain't nothin' in Crimson Gulch for a horse to run away with a man; it's when a man tries to run away with a horse that there's danger."  
—Washington Star.

When a man's a big gun,  
You may make up your mind  
Of his pushed to the front  
By the woman behind.  
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Do you understand the meaning of the word pedestrian?" "Yes, sir. A pedestrian is a man who stands on the curb and watches the autos go by and wonders how he'll ever get across the street in time for his 6 o'clock dinner."  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pretty Daughter—"So you don't like Tom?" Her Father—"No, he appears to be capable of nothing. Pretty Daughter—"But what objections have you to George?" Her Father—"Oh, he's worse than Tom. He strikes me as being capable of anything."

"I suppose," said the newspaper clerk, who was fixing up the death notice, "you'll want the regular 'Relatives and friends are respectfully invited,' etc?" "Lemme see," replied the widower, "ebbe you'd better say: 'Relatives and friends, also the neighbors.'"  
—Catholic Standard.

"Did you ever make any money on the board of trade?" "Yes, I made one hundred and seventy-five dollars there one day in less than twenty minutes."  
"Whew! What did you do with it?" "Oh, they got it back before I had a chance to see it."  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Papa—"Is the teacher satisfied with you?" "Oh, quite."  
Papa—"Did he tell you so?" Toby—"Yes; after a close examination he said to me the other day: 'If all my scholars were like you I would shut up my school this very day.' That shows that I know enough."  
—Indianapolis Star.

**Acorn-Bearers.**  
No doubt the willow oak bears the smallest acorn.  
The Spanish oak's acorns rest in tiny cups.  
Even the dwarf oaks show the most distinct acorns.  
The chestnut oak bears its acorns in pairs.  
Among the small acorns are those of the famous live oak.  
The beautiful burr oak bears big, handsome acorns in fringed, mossy cups.  
The dainty and beautiful pin oak has put forth correspondingly dainty acorns.  
One finds small acorns nesting close to the branches of the laurel oak.  
But there's some distinguishing trait about each and every member of this great family.  
Up to Him.

It is said that Chairman Sherman, of the Republican campaign committee, was recently approached by a somewhat unimportant Ohio politician, who, though formerly a Republican, has of late years voted the State Democratic tickets.  
It appeared from the man's conversation that he had seen the error of his way, and was now once more prepared to vote and work for the party which he had left. At the same time he hinted he would like a job at campaign quarters.  
"I'm sorry," Mr. Sherman is reported to have replied, "that I shall have to disappoint you. Glad to see you back; but in these days the wise prodigal brings along his own calf."  
—Harper's Weekly.

**New Lecture Course.**  
It was not uncommon this morning to see policemen at the rear entrances of business places delivering brief lectures to the porters and others as to what was expected of them under the new order for keeping the streets clean. It will take a little time and some patience to effect the readjustment, but the result ought to be general public betterment.—Boston Transcript.