

The Stone Lantern

And How It United Two Families

By CLARISSA MACKIE
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The Japanese servant moved noiselessly about the studio, bringing order out of the chaos that always followed one of his master's busy days. The priceless oriental rugs were straightened, the window draperies carefully adjusted to admit the fading glory of a reflected sunset, and Nasogi vanished from the room at the moment Ethan Stanley entered from the adjoining bedroom.

The young man surveyed the luxurious appointments of the studio with a discontented frown on his handsome face. With knitted brows he crossed the room to the easel where his last picture was hidden by a curtain.

Presently he dropped the curtain and turned to find the Japanese standing at attention in the doorway.

"What is it, Nasogi?" asked Stanley. "The telephone calls, sir," replied the man.

"Who is it?" "Mr. Clayton, sir," Stanley was saying over the wire. "Certainly. Delighted. Bring the whole crowd. I was going to dine alone, but Nasogi is a magician and can spread a feast for a dozen. Eighty-three. Good. Be sure to bring your fiddle. Goodbye."

"Nasogi, Mr. Clayton and four friends will dine with me tonight at 8:30. There will be three ladies in the company. Can you manage it in three hours?" He looked at his watch. "Most certainly, sir. It will be ready at the hour. I will go to the market again immediately." In an instant the Japanese had bowed himself from the room and Stanley was alone. He flung himself into a deep chair and sighed a sigh of relief.

The pagoda shape of a stone lantern was outlined against the twilight space of the window and reminded Stanley of the gray day he had first seen it in a neglected garden beyond the gates of Tokyo. It was what he had been looking for ever since he had come to Japan. He might have bought a score of stone lanterns in the oriental shops of New York, but his particular stone lantern must be found by himself in some place where it had stood in the garden of some home or among the ruins of a temple. These things have associations or they could find no place in his collection.

He remembered the day, gray with a fine mist of rain. He had bowed out of the city with his favorite rickshaw man between the shafts, and when the first light shower came the runner had turned into a tiny tangled garden where a small house stood deserted among the plum trees.

As Stanley found shelter in the veranda he spied the stone lantern nearly overgrown with some clinging vine. "Who owns this house?" he asked quickly.

The runner named a man in the neighborhood. "It was his daughter who lived in the house with her husband. They were newly married, and they called it the abode of peace and joy. But the husband went away to war, and he never came back. The daughter lives with her parents, an inconsolable widow, and the little house is a place of sorrow."

Stanley thought over the little tragedy that had been briefly played out here, and then when the rain had stopped he sought the house of the owner and found it easy to purchase the stone lantern.

"My daughter will be glad. It grieves her to see even a distant glimpse of her former abode. I shall tear down the house one day and turn the place into a playground," said the dignified old gentleman.

It was dark now, and his pipe had gone out. Stanley switched on the electric and then extinguished them, lighting in their place several softly shaded lamps.

As he dressed for dinner he wondered idly who the girl was that the Claytons were bringing with them. Bob had said it was a friend of his wife's, and Mrs. Clayton had so many friends it was useless to puzzle his head over that. The other couple were the Lesters. The Claytons and the Lesters were his most intimate friends and had been Celia's, too, before she and Stanley had quarreled and separated. Celia had returned to her parents, and Stanley had gone to Japan and lately had returned to occupy the studio alone. Under the circumstances he rather wondered at the Claytons bringing along a strange girl.

Years of travel and hard work had not softened the blow of Celia's desertion after the bitter, foolish little disagreement. He had written once, but she had never replied to it. He tried not to think of her. In that way alone there was peace of mind.

Exactly at 8:30 the elevator stopped at his floor, and Nasogi threw open the studio door to announce the guests. Maud Clayton and Bessie Lester came in first, and close behind them was a third figure, at the sight of which Stanley's heart jumped into his throat and stayed there for awhile. Bob and Tony brought up the rear, covering the awkward situation with frivolous talk and laughter.

"Shall we take off our things in here,

Ethan?" called Mrs. Clayton over her shoulder, one hand on his bedroom door.

"Certainly! You all know the way. Celia," he found time to murmur as her hand rested in his for a brief instant, "this is a surprise—a pleasant surprise."

"I am glad you feel so," she breathed quickly. "They urged me to come, and I gave way to the impulse." Then she had disappeared with the other women, while her husband joined the men at the fireplace.

At table there was much curiosity about the stone lantern. "Flandra has one that he picked up in the Aomori province. It has all sorts of a history—battles, murder and sudden death," remarked Bob Clayton to his host.

"Mine has a more modest history," hesitated Stanley, his eyes meeting Celia's across the table for an instant. "It is more of a romance, although there is a note of tragedy hidden therein."

"Tell it," they urged in concert, although Celia Stanley's voice was scarcely heard.

Nasogi, with his strange intuition of things as they should be, had arranged the table so that Celia sat opposite her husband—in fact, it was her old place as the mistress of his household, only it so happened that Nasogi had never before seen or heard of Celia, nor did he know that his master had a wife.

Ethan Stanley looked around the table and with a slight stiffening of his shoulders proceeded to tell his guests the story of the stone lantern.

"And so," he said in conclusion, his eyes avoiding Celia's wistful gaze, "the abode of peace and joy lies desolate. The widow, broken hearted because her loved one did not return from the war, makes her home with her indigent parents, and somewhere in Manchuria's unfriendly solitudes there lies the one who did not return. In the studio yonder is the stone lantern that lighted the garden at night when the plum trees were in bloom and when the wistaria hung in long purple clusters from the trellises. The abode of peace and joy has become the home of sad memories."

There was silence then for several moments. Even Nasogi had paused with extended tray, his bendy eyes fastened on the narrator's face with unmistakable excitement. The conversation shifted to another topic and was for the moment forgotten. The Japanese moved noiselessly to and fro, the impassive mask of his face now and then breaking into queer distortions that might be construed as expressing joy or sorrow or a mingling of both.

Before they adjourned to the studio for coffee and while they lingered at the table the Japanese glided from the room. When they entered the studio he was standing beside the lantern rubbing his hand on the stone in a manner which in any other person might have been construed as a gesture of tenderness.

"Excuse!" he said diffidently as he passed from the room. Stanley saw his face and followed him into the dining room.

"What is the matter, Nasogi?" he asked quickly. "Have confidence. Remember I am your friend. Are you in trouble?"

A look of proud reserve froze the emotion from the man's face; then, with Stanley's encouraging smile, tears came into the onyx eyes, and his head bowed humbly.

"Master, the story of the abode of peace and joy! A soldier returned from the wars to claim his beloved wife. Ere he reached home he was confronted with the story that she believed him dead and had married another, and rather than disturb his happiness and because he was jealous that she had cared so little for his memory the soldier turned back and went to the new country that in another land he might become wise and great and learn to live without the love of woman. And the place he came to was a great city, and after a few years had passed he served a new master, one who brought into his studio the very stone lantern that had once stood in the soldier's garden in faraway Japan. The soldier recognized it immediately, but he did not understand until he heard his master's story."

"You will want to go home at once," said Stanley heartily. "Get your things together, Nasogi, and start tonight. Come to me for money before you go."

"When my work is done," said the man gratefully as he began to clear the table.

"And the lantern, Nasogi—you will want to restore that to the abode of peace and joy?"

"Excuse," said the Japanese softly. "If my honorable master will keep it as a recollection of much happiness he conferred upon a foolish servant it will cause me gratitude. My garden will have joy and peace even if it lacks the lantern," he said happily.

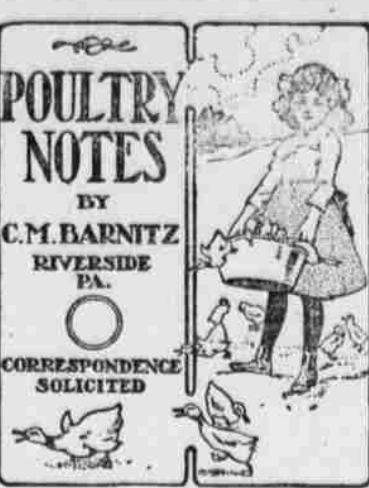
"Mine will have the lantern, while it lacks joy and peace," said Stanley rather bitterly.

But Celia's hand was thrust through his arm, and her soft cheek rubbed against his shoulder.

"Cannot we have joy and peace and the lantern, too, dear?" she whispered. "I am so sorry, Ethan. I wonder if I may not stay with you. I have never had a word from you all the long years, and—"

Nasogi had vanished. From the studio came the first dreamy chord from Clayton's violin and a low murmur of voices as the others talked.

"Not another word, sweetheart," murmured Ethan to his wife. "We have both been to blame. We have both suffered for our folly. Together we will start anew, with the stone lantern to light our abode of peace and joy."



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HE WOULDN'T BRAY TODAY.

When Alexander Selkirk posed and claimed to be the all of everything that lives and moves on this terrestrial ball "The very plain his better half Was not like those today Or he would not have bowed himself And got off such a bray."

"The plain he never helped clean house Nor saw a holiday. When women take men by the neck And make them big bills pay. Nor had he bought a Paris hat And mortgaged all he had for that. O Alex, smart! O Alex, gay, You wouldn't have so much to say."

Especially if her mother came! She would your domineering tame, And a new baby in one night Would knock your conceit out of sight. You men of this smart Alex style Had better hunt a desert isle, For if you're snared by woman new She'll sweetly stoop and conquer you. C. M. BARNITZ.

CROSSING EMBDEN, TOULOUSE AND OTHER GEES.

Whenever you see a gander on the green there rises to your lips that old question, "Goosey, goosey, gander, where do you wander?"

Well, if you ever mate a White Embden gander and a Gray Toulouse goose and raise the green gosling rubbernecks to the age of the original of our picture (seven months) when you take a birdseye view of the tender offspring you will wonder where the



A CROSS OF EMBDEN AND TOULOUSE.

shape and style of the old gander and goose went, for the only resemblance you'll see will be in the white and gray markings. Nevertheless it's a good cross for market purposes.

Both of these big breeds run to fat, which is shown by the dewlap under the chin and the abdomen dragging on the ground.

The Toulouse, too, is rather flabby and coarse of flesh. But, strange to relate, by this cross you get a fowl of graceful lines and finer, firmer fibered flesh.

This makes a more popular fowl, for market buyers aren't after goose grease, and you can imagine there's grease to burn when the gander and goose of these breeds weigh twenty and eighteen pounds respectively.

The other geese mostly used for commercial purposes are Gray African, White and Brown Chinese and the Canadian or wild. These are much different from the Toulouse and Embden, the Gray African only equalling them in size, the African and Chinese having big knobs on their heads and the Canadian being a sort of missing link between the duck and goose.

Good crosses are made by mating Canadian or Embden gander with African, and Embden gander with White China.

Geese should only be crossed for market purposes, and pure bred fowls should only be mated. Such offspring are called mongrels and mules. Mules do not breed, and those who confidently expect to breed something wonderful from their mixed geese seldom get eggs to set, and when such an exception occurs the eggs are invariably infertile.

DON'TS.

Don't expect the show manager to give your birds extra care without extra pay.

Don't say you value your hen at \$1,000. Such homemade opinions look awfully cheap.

Don't fail to quarantine your show birds on return from the exhibition. You might have an epidemic.

Don't expect your town paper to puff your winnings when you advertise 1,000 miles away.

Don't forget that the early hatched chicks are the best birds for show. February and March are for show birds best; April and May best for nest.

Don't use commonplace cuts on your stationery, and in describing your stock don't use all the adjectives in the dictionary.

Don't let the turkeys roost out in stormy winter weather. The wind will blow them off the trees into a snow drift to freeze.

WATERING THE STOCK.

Not in Wall Street, but in the Big Cattle Markets.

Water is the only thing in the marketing of live stock that figures clear profit. Feed corn at \$1 per bushel, hay \$20 a ton, the charges made by stockyards companies for yardage and the charge for selling made by commission companies tend to reduce the shipper's profit, but when he sees his bunch of cattle properly yarded, fed and quietly drinking at the water troughs he knows the amount of water the cattle drink will cost him nothing and will sell at as much per pound as the weight gained by expensive feeding.

If cattle at the big markets were yarded and sold without a chance to get water it would mean a large loss to shippers yearly. The average steer or cow will drink twenty to fifty pounds of water at the marketing point, according to the distance it has been hauled and the length of time without water. The hog being much smaller and capable for drink limited, the water bill seldom exceeds five pounds per head. Sheep drink little water at markets, but to get the proper bill due them the big sheepmen who cover several hundred miles with shipments bill their sheep to some feeding station near the market, hold them on feed and water several days and at the proper time resume the journey.

Dealers in live stock at the Kansas City yards say that weight gained by the use of water at the Kansas City stockyards in 1910 amounted to \$5,000,000.—Kansas City Star.

THE STOLID BELGIANS.

Aviator Sopwith Thought He'd Startle the Peasants, but He Didn't.

Aviator Sopwith describes in the London Times how he landed in Belgium after flying across the English channel in twenty-two minutes:

"Making an aerial detour to avoid some hills, I endeavored to steer toward Chalon by the aid of a compass I carried with me, but I soon lost my way. Just as I was flying over a village about 800 feet high a very ugly gust caught my machine on one side and tilted it partly over. To my consternation the aeroplane refused to regain its normal position even when I exerted the full pressure of the small balancing planes fixed to the rear ends of the main planes. Just when I thought I should slide helplessly down through the air a field near a village presented itself. I planned down and sat still, quite exhausted."

"A Belgian peasant was working on the road near by. His nonchalance was amazing. He merely stopped his work in a leisurely way and gazed at me stolidly for several minutes. The apathy of the villagers, although they had never seen an aeroplane before, was indeed remarkable. Two old women to whose cottage I went did not appear at all astonished that I should have descended out of the air. All they wanted to know was what the weather was like in England."

A Hero of the Charity Bazaar Fire.

Jean Georges, a Parisian cab driver who received the Legion of Honor medal for his heroism at the charity bazaar fire on May 15, 1897, when he saved the lives of fifteen women, lost his life by drowning recently near Bordeaux. For some years after his exploit he and his carriage were in constant demand in the boulevards of Paris, especially by English and American tourists, but the advent of the automobile ultimately forced him out. He then came to this country to seek his fortune, but failed utterly, his return home being paid for him by private subscription. Georges took up his old trade in Bordeaux after that and became lost to sight until his tragic death, which was purely accidental.

Subsidized Theaters.

In Germany there are twenty subsidized court theaters and nearly a hundred theaters subsidized by municipalities. In many cases the theater is granted to its director rent free; in others a subsidy is also given in some cases the cost of the orchestra, the scenery, costumes and the heating and lighting is borne by the town. There is great variety in method and in degree, but the result is that throughout Germany the art of the drama is officially recognized, and the theater is regarded as an essential factor in the town's life, resulting in splendid theaters giving varied classical and modern plays throughout the German empire.—Consular Reports.

The Deadly Baked Potato.

Against Frank Smith, cook at the LaSalle street railroad station, his assistant, Anna Hygick, made the following complaint:

"Frank Smith, late of the city of Chicago, did on Jan. 24, 1911, at the city of Chicago, county of Cook, state of Illinois, aforesaid, then and there being, did then and there with a certain instrument commonly called hot baked potato, said hot baked potato being a dangerous and deadly weapon, without any considerable provocation whatever and under circumstances showing an abandoned and malignant heart, did assault said Anna Hygick with intent to do great bodily injury."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Books of Nickel.

One of Edison's latest suggestions is the use of thin sheets of nickel in the place of paper for books. He says he can make by an automatic process plates of nickel one twenty-thousandth of an inch thick, tough and flexible, at a cost of \$1.25 a pound. The nickel plates are perfect for printing purposes and are practically indestructible.

Dolliver and the Dahlias.
The dahlia is a flower that is almost sacred to Scandinavians. When the late Senator Dolliver was speaking to a Swedish settlement from the rear end of a Pullman car a bunch of dahlias was handed to him, and he bowed his thanks, while the crowd roared its applause for the orator and for the bouquet.

"What kind of flowers are these?" inquired Senator Dolliver of Senator Clapp of Minnesota.

"American Beauties, I guess," replied Senator Clapp.

Dolliver knew better than that, so he heartily thanked the people for their attention, applause and splendid flowers.

When they met in Washington after the campaign Senator Dolliver said to the Minnesota man: "Clapp, you would have had me mobbed if I hadn't been prudent. If I had called those dahlias American Beauties those Swedes would have been killing me."

"Yes," said Senator Clapp, "they are good people and generally do the right thing."—Minneapolis Journal.

How It Was.
"She's very wealthy?"

"Very."

"Money left to her?"

"No. She is the author of a book entitled 'Hints to Beautiful Women.'"

"I presume all the beautiful women in the country purchased it?"

"No; but all the plain women did!"—New York Herald.

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