

A CHERRY-BUD IN A FOREIGN HAND

A Japanese Love Story
By Adachi Kinnoyuke

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Westward from the Cascade of Nunobiki, through the ever-shifting tracery-work of pines and wild azaleas, you can see, if you would climb a quarter of a mile, on a spring day, a stretch of land that looks more like a dream than the actual solid footstool of God.

That was her home; there we saw her. Her environment was common—her dress, her cottage, the people about her—yes, the people especially. But all these common things, because of her, seemed to me as if I saw them on the canvas of Millet or Rembrandt. She was a part of the landscape, and if we say of the ensemble that it is just like a picture, I do not know whether the Higher Artist would take it as a compliment or not.

Describe her? Better ask me to pettify a dream. Her lips? Oh!—one folds his hands on his left side when he speaks of them.

Not satisfied with her success in this, her fair masterpiece, Nature placed her in the rustic surrounding to heighten all the charms of the girl through the touch of that potent magician called surprise. Yes, candidly, I was surprised, and so was Mr. Sidney White, who was with me. Mr. White is an American who has spent more years of his life in Paris and abroad than under the roof of his mother. He was an artist—an artist who, as he confided to me once, was trying his best to fall as much

Then the olive velvet of her cheeks became a warmer color, and a smile made her lips like an opening bud. Then slowly she said,—

"I—love—you,—Sidney."

The last syllable was in the merry ring of her laughter. I saw him often teaching her English and French. In those happy hours he looked like a male mother mad with ecstasy over the first faltering words of his baby. He was very proud of her; and day by day she rewarded him with the discovery of the hidden treasures of her simple heart.

Twice winter chained water; twice spring set it free and gave it songs; twice chrysanthemums decked their little garden; and they fanned away two summers. They were too much in love to think of marriage—if that were possible.

Those were happy days for him—

for her.

Then there came a little piece of paper into that studio—to that nest, to speak more correctly, of Art and a couple of spring buds. Upon that paper was a message that came from the other side of the world. Since the receipt of it Sidney White was never the same man. And poor O Tome only wondered. It was rude, to her Japanese way of thinking, to ask many things of a man, and then, if he loved her, he would tell her all she ought to know without her ever asking. So she was silent—said, because he was sad.

"Come with me, O Tome-san," he said to her one morning.

"Where are we going?"

"I have found a nest for you. And I want to see if you like it or not."

And they walked up the hill side of Kobe City.

"You see, sweetheart," he explained to her, "I have always thought that you would like to have a cottage all your own. And I think I've found it. We'll furnish it as you like, and there you can do whatever you want. I will come and see you there very often, and we won't be bothered with people who come to my studio; for I am going to keep my studio as it is."

They saw the cottage, whose veranda laughed full-mouthed towards the entrance of the famous Inland Sea of Japan.

O Tome was delighted with it. It was arranged that everything would be put in order within a week, and at the end of that time O Tome was to move into it.

"But why don't you move your studio, too? I miss the pictures so much," she said to him.

"Oh, sweetheart, you will have all the pictures you want. You see, I don't want any of my studio friends bothering us at the cottage."

It was about seventeen days since Sidney White received a cablegram stating that his parents would bring out his wife with them to join him in Japan, where he seemed to be making such a prolonged study. Sidney expected them seven days ahead. O Tome was to move to her new cottage four days hence.

She could speak English fluently now, and nothing charmed the artist as the honey words from her lips.

Her head nestling in his breast, her left arm around his neck, and the fingers of her right hand going astray in the maze of his hair, making the long, wavy locks ripple like the golden surface of a sunlit sea, she was murmuring:

"Dear, you have such pretty hair; it's like the halos of saints you paint."

There was the sound of many steps in the hall. The housemaid never allowed anyone to enter the studio without seeing if the artist were ready to receive a visitor. But this time the steps came steadily towards the door of the studio. Just as O Tome leaped off the lap of Sidney the door flew open.

There was a vigorous swish of a skirt.

"Sidney!" exclaimed a stronger voice than the dreamy melody of O Tome's throat. And he was lost behind the flutter and whirl of foreign millinery. A resounding kiss.

"Great Heaven, Kate!" gasped a husky voice.

A surprise party, my boy!" shouted his father in the doorway. "We did surprise you!—ha! ha! ha!"

Mrs. White released him at last. She turned round to signal the old people to follow her example. The slim figure of O Tome stopped her eyes. At once they flashed back at Sidney and found him ashy, all in a tremor. Something hard entered the blue of her laughing eyes.

"Pray, who is that, Sidney?" Her voice sounded like the breaking of an icicle.

Sidney was a human flame in an instant. He stammered,

"Husband, for Heaven's sake—cried the lady, and then, turning to O Tome roughly: "Who are you?"

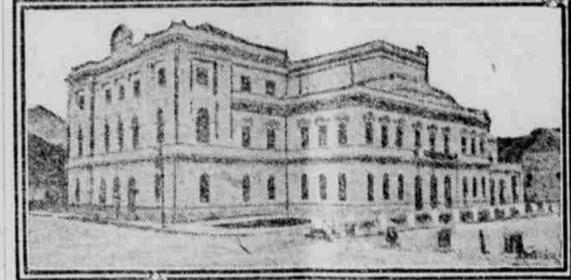
"I am just his model, madam," she said quietly in English with her head down. Mr. White wanted to paint me."

She walked out noiselessly.

That was the last time Sidney White saw O Tome. Yes, he is hunting for her now—ever hunting. But I think he would find an insane asylum long before he would find O Tome.

ACROSS the Isthmus

FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC IN LOCOMOTIVE



GOVERNMENT PALACE, CITY OF PANAMA



OLD SEA WALL AND WATCH TOWER OF THE CITY OF PANAMA

I swung up into the cab of the locomotive at Colon and cuddled down on the warm leather seat with a nod of recognition and a handful of Panamanian money to the engineer. It is not every evening that one gets the chance of riding from the Atlantic to the Pacific in the cab of a locomotive. The distance from sea to sea at Panama is 44 miles. The Panama railroad curves some and in one or two places I was reminded of a railroad down in West Virginia where the curves are so sharp that the fireman often throws coal into the headlight of his own engine.

The track from Colon, Panama, is what railroad men call a red-hot track; that is, it is jammed all day long with passenger trains, ten cars to a train, and trains of flat cars loaded with dirt from the Culebra excavation. At night the freight goes through from the big ships waiting on one side to vessels at the wharves on the other. It takes two hours and a half to cross the Isthmus and the fare is \$2.40. Our special train whirled through station after station—about a mile apart—and the buzzards hopped off the track and the other regular traffic stood aside to let us pass. To right and left the rank vegetation crowded right up to the rails—cocoanut palms and banana trees, bejucos vines and celba trees. As you leave Colon it's hard to tell where the green scum leaves off and the solid land begins. Everything is green—a poisonous, verdigris green.

The main thoroughfare of the Panama railroad swings around quite outside the Culebra cut, sending spur tracks into it to fetch the spoil away. From Paraiso you can look back between the mighty walls of the cut with terrace after terrace, where the steam shovels stand, eating out seven or eight tons of clay at every bite. On this particular occasion it was too dark to see more than the vague outline of Gold Hill and then directly in front of us the moon rose, round and pumpkin yellow, as our locomotive charged up hill toward the east, and it really seemed as though we were going to take a header right straight into the moon, when we should get to the top of the grade.

So we rocked and reeled onward through the soft flooding moonlight, and at all the stations near to Panama the platforms were crowded with Americans in evening dress and their partners in white muslin and chiffon, waiting to take the regular train to Panama, to attend the new year's dance of the Culebra club. So when we got to Panama and I had clambered down out of the cab and said my grimy and perspiring adieu to their satanic majesties of the brocade and the firebox—there was the Tivoli hotel, where the dance was to be held, ablaze with light and festooned with bunting and vines and all manner of creeping things, all ready for the fiesta.

I ran upstairs and put on a boiled shirt and a black coat, with two tails to it, and the usual evening regalia of one who is "condemned" to live in the midst of a "clean and shaven race." When I got down stairs a band over in the corner was vigorously going it. There was no piano, but they had about 1½ trombones, a violoncello, a flute and the parts of several violins. It really made very tolerable music.

At a few minutes before 12 o'clock when I turned in, the dancers were still hopping and gliding about. Suddenly the whistle of the ice plant and the bells of the cathedral found out that the new year was born and then the whole town at once was in an uproar. The Chinese were setting off long strings of firecrackers; the bull-bell drums and tambours, the tin cans full of stones, the barking dogs and

the yelling urchins, the locomotives at the roundhouse and above all the whistle of the ice plant, drove sleep far from one's pillow. And I was particularly anxious to get to sleep, because at 3 a. m. the chief of police was coming round to take our party on an alligator hunt.

I was just dozing off when there came a loud rapping at the door and a boy thrust in his head: "Was you de gemman dat ordahed de lee-watah?"

"No," I said, "next room," and combed myself to rest. About two o'clock I was meeting with some degree of success when the same boy rapped again. "Did you wish for lee-watah, suh?"

At three o'clock he came a third time and said the chief of police was waiting downstairs. I had not slept at all, but neither had the chief of police.

We drove, with day breaking above the royal palms and the celba trees past the Chinese cemetery and around Ancon hill to the wharf of La Boca the Pacific terminus of the canal. Here there was a 50-foot launch waiting for us; the American engineers found the launch on the top of the hills at Culebra and put it together. With two Jamaica natives shoveling coal in the cockpit and a Spaniard at the engine, we went up the coast 25 miles through water alive with sharks chasing the mullet clean out of the sea and the pelicans solemnly fishing from the reefs. At the mouth of the Choverra river we turned in. Opposite a stone dock built by a British trading company we anchored the launch and took to four small boats, each boat rowed by two policemen from the Panama constabulary. It was hard fighting up that river. The tide was rushing out nine miles an hour and after passing a native village of miserable shacks thatched with palm, we came to a reef that spanned the river except at one or two points, where the water rushed boiling through. Again and again the oarsmen, yelling, bent to the paddles and forced the boats right into the teeth of the rapids, but the water played with us "as a kitten pats a cork," and drove us back with our gunwales dipping under.

Capt. Shanton, our chief of police, was getting a little discouraged, for he had not seen anything much to shoot at except a couple of water dogs, or soras, that ventured too near the bank, and the captain had given us to expect a happy hunting ground with a whole herd of alligators. As we rounded the corner just above the rapids, I nearly fell out of the boat. There they were on the bank, at least 15 of them—not 200, as the champion liar of the party subsequently stated. The biggest was not less than 25 feet long. They shambled very rapidly on their fat legs to the water's edge and plopped in. The minute their noses came to the surface 12 Marlin 44's gave them a volley, but Capt. Shanton's elephant gun was probably the only weapon that did any damage.

A great hunter was telling me the other night how you proceed with a whale. He said:

"First you get the whale interested and then you kick him in the face."

But you can't do that with an alligator. We probably shouldn't have landed a single one if it hadn't been for the fact that a lady gator was taking a nap in a thicket far above the water line and, hearing the tumult and the shouting, came down the bank in a hurry toward Capt. Shanton's boat, clapping her under jaw like the bottom of a steam shovel bucket at Culebra. The captain was ready and let her have both barrels of the elephant gun, which would have wrecked the shoulder of an ordinarily strong man. A congressman from California was peeping between Capt. Shanton's legs with a Brownie camera, but he pressed the button a great many times and forgot to turn the film, so that the result was decidedly composite. The gator keeled over just before she got to the water and when we were sure she was sufficient to dead we cut off her claws for souvenirs.

Life's Perfect Duties.

Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties. If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say "give them up," for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The distance in traveling seems great when one needs sleep. It is a long lane that has no turn-in.

EARLY BEGINNING INSURES SUCCESS IN SWINE

Many Different Points in the Care, Feeding and Health of Market and Breeding Stock—By A. J. Lovejoy.

The following notes are taken from the address of A. J. Lovejoy, a well-known swine breeder, delivered recently before the Live Stock Breeders' convention at Urbana, Ill.

The pig that is to be sold for meat has but a few months to live, and there should be no let-up in feeding from birth. It will begin to eat shelled corn at three or four weeks of age; and a little sweet skim milk or a thick mush of the same material as that given the mother, is a great help to hasten growth.

Well bred or even good grade pigs should weigh 60 to 80 pounds when weaned at three months of age, and should then go on alfalfa, clover or other fresh green pasture, and have corn twice a day. Late in the summer there should be ready for them

age, and have a well balanced ration.

The summer treatment of young pigs should be about the same as for the market pigs. For late summer and fall, I have made it a practice to have a field of Evergreen sweet corn to feed in the roasting ear. I begin by adding one stalk and ear for each pig in addition to his other feed; in a few days two stalks and two ears, and gradually increase this amount to a full feed, while diminishing the other ration.

In winter the brood sows should have something to take the place of the green pasture. I know of nothing that will equal alfalfa, bright and green, run through a cutting machine. Two-thirds chafed alfalfa and one-third shelled corn mixed together and ground in a steel bur grinder, make



Profitable Type of Swine.

a pasture of rape, field peas or soy beans, besides the corn. If their teeth become sore, change to shelled corn, soaked 24 hours in water, slightly salted.

It will pay to have a cool, shady place where it is rather dark, if possible, for the pigs to lie in during the heat of the day, with free access to a mixture of salt, coppers, lime and ashes. The feeder should watch closely to see that every pig is eating with a relish. If the pigs cough it is probably due to a dusty shed. Worms will also cause a cough, and if the hair becomes starring and dead in appearance, it is well to give a worm powder. Lice can be gotten rid of by nipping, and all of the market dips can be improved by adding crude oil or petroleum. The pigs will be ready for market at any age after six to eight months.

In raising hogs to be used as breeders the object is very different. They are not to go to market at six to eight months of age, but to grow up to maturity. They should be pushed for rapid growth, but must be fed for a growth of frame and bone; not fattened on corn, but expanded by a feed of rich protein. At six, eight or ten months of age, they should show more length of body and more scale than the market hogs, and be smooth and well covered, but not so fat as for market.

This can be very easily done by feeding a mixed grain ration, with ten per cent. of tankage or ten per cent. of oil meal. Use corn, barley and oats ground together, mixed thickly with water, and fed at once while sweet. It is much better to mix three pounds of milk to one pound of grain. If one has no milk the next best feed is ten per cent. tankage. If one has the corn and does not want to buy the mill feeds, he can use 80 per cent. of corn and 20 per cent. of tankage.

WATCH YOUR HORSE'S FEET

Shoer Should Thoroughly Understand Anatomy of the Foot.

It is absolutely essential for the horseshoer to thoroughly understand the anatomy and physical laws as well as the mechanical rules of the horse's foot, for most all ailments to which horses' feet are subject come under his direct supervision.

He is often called upon to treat foot disorders and should equip himself with sufficient knowledge of the subject before attempting to remedy such ailments.

Corns seem to be one of the most obstinate cases that come under the observation of the horseshoer. Some authorities claim that these corns resemble the corns on the human foot, but they are misled on account of the cause and location being generally the same.

It is a misapplied term when connected with the foot of the horse.

The discoloration which appears between the bar and wall is a deposit of blood after a rupture of the blood vessels which form such a complex network around the foot. This part of the foot has to do more than its share of work. Corns are chiefly found on the

an almost ideal ration which can be fed dry or mixed thickly with scalding water; a little salt adds relish. It is a cheap ration and has just bulk enough to take the place of grass. If one cannot have alfalfa, bright, well cured clover is good. Sorghum cane is a good fall feed until heavy freezing. Mangles or sugar beets are of course very good.

It is very necessary that the brood sows have exercise, that they may bring strong litters of pigs, full of vitality. It is best to keep the same sows for several years if they have



Good Friends.

proven good breeders and careful mothers; they will raise more and better pigs than the young gilts.

Mature sows can be kept breeding, raising two litters annually, and can be carried from year to year after weaning their litters, quite cheaply, with little or no grain after the spring litter is weaned until the fall litter comes, if they can have fresh grass or other succulent feed. We should learn to produce as much of the feed as possible ourselves.

inside of the foot because of the habit of fitting the shoes closer to the center of the frog than the outside, thus throwing the work on the inside heel.

Another error is making shoes right and left. Why should this be done when there is no distinction in the anatomy? The foot has as many points of observation as a marine compass and each point must be rigidly observed if we wish to be successful in manipulating the ailments of the foot. The shoe must be an equal distance from the center of the frog in order to balance the foot.

If this cannot be done by nature, mechanical rules must be followed.

The Open-Top Tree.

It is not necessary to go over the tree trying to cut off every little twig. The leaders are the ones that need attention. When heading in these leaders it is best to cut them off to a side branch, rather than to dormant bud. Frequently when an experienced man practices heading-in he is tempted to shear the tree all over and leave it a smooth, oval form. It will be seen that this is very different from the method described above, where only the leaders are cut back and the side shoots thinned, so as to leave an open top. The amount of heading-in to be done should vary from year to year, according as the crop promises to be large or small. As the tree gets older less heading-in is usually necessary.