

ST. JOHN STAR, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1904

## The End of Kim-Sa-Chong.

Little Tragedy at Ping-Yang Throws Light on the Alertness of the Japanese.

(Willmott H. Lewis, in N. Y. Herald.)  
PING YANG, May 2.—A little tragedy and some light on the Japanese methods of intelligence work came to me this morning, a change after yesterday's weary ride from Chinnampo. The tragedy was the shooting of a Korean employed by the Russians as a spy, and the story is worth telling from the beginning.

Kim-Sa-Chong was a laborer of the Wiju district, where unhappy destiny decreed that he should acquire a smattering of Russian. It served him only to keep a poorly paid position, and then war came, robbing him of even that. Upon a day, however, there opened before him a heaven's door to riches. He was to journey south as far as Anju, there to count men and cannon, watch the movements of the Japanese garrison for a day or so, return and report. Money for the journey? But certainly! And much more when he should come again to tell his story.

Kim-Sa-Chong, hope in his heart and several ruble notes in his pocket, trudged blithely over the roads where Cosackes moved to and fro, crossed the Anju river, entered the city, and found a hostler. Many things had been told him and these he faithfully remembered. Yet was he ignorant that robbers were in Anju as popular as a fox in a fowl yard. Kim-Sa-Chong drank of the wine of his country and tendered a note in payment, thinking how great a man was he to carry the paper of foreigners. The Korean waited near him, whose distant sound seemed what strange, at this point rose and left.

### SHOT TO DEATH.

That afternoon, guarded by two soldiers, Kim set out for Ping Yang, his heart sore within him. Near him walked the Korean who had left the inn, row, to Kim's astonishment, speaking easily and fluently in Japanese. The cords hurt Kim's ears, and he was glad when the long tramp was over, even though the accommodation given him was not of the best. Later came his examination, as to which nobody would be interested to hear, and, besides, nobody knows save certain Japanese officers, and they will not tell.

I saw Kim today, when the sun was near the noon point in a cloudless, pale blue sky. It was a very much altered man, and all around were doings of great interest. Yet Kim, for the first and last time in his life, was the central point of attraction—a very cynosure. Out from the north gate he came, bound as before, armed soldiers to front and rear of him, a curious crowd in undress uniform hanging back somewhat from the main body, and twenty or thirty of his own race fringing the procession. As he passed he turned on me the look of quiet curiosity which foreigners in this country know so well, and my heart warmed to him, for I saw that he was not afraid. I have seen men bashed in China, and give no sign of shrinking, but they were dragged. Once a man, denied the mercy of an anesthetic, made

a scene which will not bear description. Kim was led to the tree, while behind the white man loved, and I followed him.

The procession came to a halt perhaps a hundred yards beyond the last of the thatched houses which are written out the walls and hard by a leafless tree. The armed men formed up as Kim was led to the tree, while behind them their comrades of duty crowded, expectant. A little apart a native orator on a little mound held forth on the nature of Kim's wrongdoings and perorated fervently in periods urging all men to assist Japan.

A BULLET HIT HIS EYE.  
Kim was being bound to a tree while a Japanese major read the statement of his offence and the order for his punishment. As he ended four soldiers stepped two paces from the range and a bandage was tied about Kim's eyes. Every one was very quiet and the murmur and stir of the busy life within the city came strangely sharpened to the ear. An order snapped and one man stood out from that rigid line of four. Again an order and he raised his rifle and a third, followed by the crack which broke the tension. The bandage by the tree was shaken convulsively, the head lolled queerly forward, dripping red upon the white gown, and on the tree trunk beyond you could see the scar of the bullet which had gone through the skull and spent its force on wood.

The scar on the tree trunk remains, and near by a little wooden board marks the last resting place of "Kim-Sa-Chong. Aged 46. Shot as a Spy."

Somewhere near Wiju a wife wonders what strange adventures have befallen Kim, that he should be away so long.

Over the length and breadth of Corea and throughout Manchuria Japan has for years been accumulating a mass of information which is now of incalculable value to her. Into these countries have gone her agents, applying themselves to learn the habits, the customs, the scores of cases adopting the native dress. Many have long since lost identity as Japanese, and they will not tell.

I saw Kim today, when the sun was near the noon point in a cloudless, pale blue sky. It was a very much altered man, and all around were doings of great interest. Yet Kim, for the first and last time in his life, was the central point of attraction—a very cynosure. Out from the north gate he came, bound as before, armed soldiers to front and rear of him, a curious crowd in undress uniform hanging back somewhat from the main body, and twenty or thirty of his own race fringing the procession. As he passed he turned on me the look of quiet curiosity which foreigners in this country know so well, and my heart warmed to him, for I saw that he was not afraid. I have seen men bashed in China, and give no sign of shrinking, but they were dragged. Once a man, denied the mercy of an anesthetic, made

## MAY MAGAZINES.

### REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

The Review of Reviews for May is especially strong in its timely "news" features. It may be said that all the important topics of world importance at the present time receive treatment in the Review for May. Presidential issues and national affairs are thoroughly discussed. The great Louisiana Purchase Exposition is the other fact of national importance this year, and the Review handles it in a manner which will be of great service to those who intend to visit St. Louis. The interest of the world in the struggle between Russia and Japan is recognized in a number of thought-provoking articles. The semi-centennial of New Japan, and what she has accomplished in the fifty years since Commodore Perry visited her shores in 1853, are treated in an illustrated article by Adachi Kinokuni under the title of "Fifty Years of Japan." There is also an admirable sketch of Admiral Togo, with a portrait entitled "Vice-Admiral Togo: A Type of Japanese Fighting Man," by Hiramatsu. There is also a description with illustrations, of "What the People Read in Japan," and a symposium of editorial comment on the Japanese press, by Hiramatsu. The value of American sympathy in the war is discussed in two articles. In the larger, more general aspects, the war is considered in two articles: "Torpedoes and Torpedo Warfare," by Hudson Maxim; and "The Climatic Features of the Field of the Russo-Japanese War," by Frank Watkins, who has made a careful study of Siberian and eastern Asiatic weather conditions.

### LECTURES.

McClure's Magazine for May makes the most casual reader stop and think. As usual it covers a wide range of human interest but the impressive effect of the number is produced by another appalling picture of the results of our industrial warfare. It is in Ray Stannard Baker's article on the great labor conflict in Colorado between the striking miners and mine operators under the fitting title, "The Reign of Lawlessness."

Thomas Nelson Page concludes his series of papers on the Negro Problem in a discussion of present conditions, giving many alarming facts and figures concerning the real progress of the race. The article is a real contribution by reason of what Mr. Page believes to be the growing degeneracy of the negro. The more tempting crime, and immorality, all productive of social, civic and industrial inefficiency.

A new serial by the author of "Emmy Lou," George Madden Martin, entitled "The House of Fulfillment," begins in this number. This is Mrs. Martin's first novel and the thousands of readers who love winsome little "Emmy Lou," will rejoice to find that the author has transferred into this larger effort the same story-telling charm and power which have made her earlier work "a classic of child life."

### WOULDN'T PAY TWELVE CENTS; READY TO LOSE \$400.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Saturday.—Customs officials up against a man the other day who was willing to lose \$400 and 80,000 pounds of unshelled peanuts rather than pay twelve cents which he believed to be an overcharge.

The invoice showed that the peanut importation weighed 80,000 pounds, which, at the rate of half a cent a pound, called for a duty of \$400. This amount the importer paid, but when the customs people weighed the goods he scales showed 80,024 pounds, which left a balance of twelve cents duty due. The importer, who was called upon to pay the rest, contending that as the peanuts were weighed when it was raining the excess of twenty-four pounds was rain-water, and domestic rain-water at that, on which there could be charged

neither duty nor internal revenue tax. He threatened to take an appeal to the Board of General Appraisers at New York, even though it cost him several hundred dollars, but the trouble was ended by his broker paying the disputed twelve cents out of his own pocket.

### BIKELET'S LINTMENT TO KEEP THEIR LIMBS AND MUSCLES IN TRIM.

MARK TWAIN'S ANSWER.  
Senator Hoar, after one of the Mormon hearings in Washington, said: "A Mormon once argued polygamy with Mark Twain. The Mormon insisted that polygamy was moral, and he defied Twain to cite any passage of Scripture that forbade the practice. 'Well,' said the humorist, 'how about that passage that tells us no man can serve two masters?'"

## Wheel Talk

HAS'N'T it been your experience that a cheap wheel costs more in the end than a good one? A wheel to wear well and give satisfactory service must be built right, and of the right material. The

**MASSEY-HARRIS CUSHION FRAME BICYCLE**

Is manufactured of tested steel by automatic machinery. The new Hygienic Cushion Frame is the latest thing in bicycledom—it makes all roads smooth roads. Write for the Silver Ribbon booklet.

THE CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., LIMITED  
Head Office and Factory, Toronto Junction  
CANADIAN HEADQUARTERS FOR AUTOMOBILES.  
R. D. COLES & CO., Agents, St. John



**THE CURSE OF MANKIND IS CONSTIPATION.** Nine-tenths of the ailments we have can be traced to constipation. The bowels are for no other earthly purpose but to cleanse and keep clean and in working order our systems. Constipation is more prevalent among women than men, but it is too common in both. You may imagine you have dyspepsia, or chronic headache, or rheumatism, or heart affections, or bad blood causing eruptions—you may feel dull and aimless. Unless your case has been diagnosed and you know otherwise, the chances are your trouble is constipation.

**Laxa-Cara Tablets**, if taken after meals, draw nature into her natural course and keep the bowels regular and in healthy action. Ordinarily a short treatment will prove sufficient. In stubborn cases several boxes may be needed. It is only a question of a short time, however, when the whole intestinal system will be made strong and naturally active. Then **Laxa-Cara Tablets** should be stopped.

They come in small, chocolate-coated form, easy to take and palatable. From the first day you will feel their gentle but sure effect. Price 35 cents a box at your druggist's, or by mail postpaid on receipt of price.

**FRANK WHEATON**  
SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA.  
FOLLY VILLAGE, N. S.

**UP OR DOWN STREAM?**  
That is the Fisherman's Question.

**THE END OF AN INSURED GIRL**  
Symptoms Point to a Slow Poison Murder by Degrees.

**SHAM JEWELS THAT ARE WORTH MONEY.**

(Edwyn Sandys in May Outing.)  
In fly-fishing, as in many other arts, there are more ways than one for the successful accomplishment of the object in view. I know experts who, if allowed the choice, never would fish other than upstream, explaining their preference by the fact that the moving, if not rapid, water is then less liable to carry any sound of disturbed stones or foot movement to the fish. This is reasonable enough, and many fine fish are killed in that way. Other anglers scorn the idea of working against the stream, and they look for the most tempting stones and other sounds. The fish always lie with their noses up-stream and their eyes looking for the most tempting stones and other sounds. The fish always lie with their noses up-stream and their eyes looking for the most tempting stones and other sounds. The fish always lie with their noses up-stream and their eyes looking for the most tempting stones and other sounds.

**CAESAR WENT.**  
"A certain friend of mine," remarked Irving Beechler, the novelist, the other day, "was entertaining some bachelor friends at his home one evening. The host's wife did not appear at the party, which was entirely a stag affair. After the high balls had held away for an hour or so, the topic of matrimony fell under discussion. Many views were expressed. The host when his turn came, pounded his fist on the table and said: 'I follow it.' 'Boys, when you get married, follow my example and be a Julius Caesar in your own home.' 'Just then there came a voice from upstairs: 'Caesar, come to bed—immediately!' 'And he went.'"

**THE KING CURE**  
For HEADACHES is the Proper Title for **Kamfort** HEADACHE POWDERS

**SHARP SANTOS-DUMONT.**  
Santos-Dumont on his last visit to America consulted a New York lawyer about certain airship patents. This lawyer, discussing the young man the other day, said: "Santos-Dumont has an alert, quick mind. He is both intelligent and witty. 'He told me of a rather neat retort he had made to a lawyer in Paris last year. He was on the witness stand, he said, testifying in a case that concerned a will. He had no interest in the will, he had only known well the old man who had made it. Nevertheless, the lawyer for the contestants browbeat and bullied him, as lawyers sometimes will, and altogether he made rather a sorry figure. 'He kept an eye open for his inning, though, and sure enough, at the end of the cross-examination the chance that he was looking for came. He said, 'Tell me, monsieur, the lawyer said, 'did not the old man talk to himself when he was alone?' 'I don't know,' said Santos-Dumont. 'You don't know? And yet you claim to have been so intimate a friend of his? Why don't you know?' 'Because,' said Santos-Dumont, 'I was never with him when he was alone.'"