

MARCH 14, 1916

THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

7

The Kokuro Vase

How It Established a Man's Good Name

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"It is understood that I purchase the house as it stands now, with all of its contents," warned John Day, as he sat in the office of the Japanese agent.

The Japanese bowed deferentially. "Yes, Mr. Day, it shall be as you desire. My clerk has made an inventory of the contents of the Tatsuyo house, and you will find that not even a shoji is out of place or a kakemono missing from the walls."

John Day nodded approval, and before the day closed he found himself the owner of the Tokyo residence of the late Henry Burdick, a self exiled American, whom he had known many years ago in the United States.

The house sat back from the street perhaps a hundred feet and was surrounded by a high stone wall without a door or any other sign of entrance to break its rough surface.

At the end of the wall was a red lacquered gate that led into a narrow lane bordered on either side by bamboos, whose feathery tops interlaced and formed a pale green roof overhead.

Halfway down this lane of bamboos was a door set in the wall leading straight into the garden of the house purchased by John Day. This was the main entrance and led up a flower bordered path to the veranda of the house.

Farther down the lane there was another door in the wall that gave entrance to the kitchen gardens and the servants' quarters.

The Tatsuyo house, as the place was called in reference to the original builder and owner of the pretty residence, was now the home of John Day.

On that first evening spent in his new home Day wandered from one room to another with the inventory in his hands, checking off the contents of each apartment, until he felt assured that since the day of Henry Burdick's death not one article had been disturbed.

Henry Burdick's will had been a brief one. It directed that the house be sold and the proceeds, together with certain securities, be given to his relatives in New England. To John Day's surprise, he found himself named as an executor of the will.

It was a surprise because he and Henry Burdick were bitter enemies and had been since Day had discovered that Henry Burdick had deeply wronged him in a business matter and fled to Japan. Day's appearance in Tokyo a few days before Burdick's death was purely accidental, and he did not know that Burdick was aware of his presence. But the hastily drawn will and naming of Day as an executor gave color to his suspicion that Burdick had known of his presence in the Japanese capital and for some reason had desired to bring him in close touch with his affairs.

In their youth these two men had both been employed by the same firm of jewelers. A magnificent diamond was missed from the safe, and suspicion was divided between John Day and Henry Burdick. Burdick managed to clear himself of blame, but John Day was judged guilty by his firm, but permitted to remain with it and repay the value of the missing gem.

By denying himself of everything, even the barest necessities, by remaining unmarried and devoting himself entirely to earning and saving money to pay back something which he had never taken, John Day had worked for twenty years. And now, forty-five years old, he found himself clear of debt to the jewelry firm of which he had been elected an honored member and was taking a well earned vacation and a trip around the world. It was a strange coincidence that landed him in Tokyo a few days before Henry Burdick's death, and that brought him into close touch with the affairs of the man who had deeply wronged him, for Day had always believed Burdick guilty.

"If Burdick had that diamond and never disposed of it, and I can find no trace of it in any of the markets of the world, then it is either untouched among his possessions or else he dropped it in midocean," mused John Day as he completed the inventory of the contents of the house.

He was strongly of the opinion that Burdick had concealed the diamond somewhere in the house, trusting to John Day to discover it and thus, in a fashion, right the great wrong that had been done.

The drawing room of the house was the most promising place, for it was furnished in a style that combined the rich simplicity of the orient with all the comforts of the occident.

John Day lingered long in this room before he went into the library adjoining. This room was a replica of the other, save that the walls were lined with bookshelves, which were burdened with curios.

Here Henry Burdick had spent many hours, and this was the room which must have witnessed his remorse if he had ever felt any for the dishonor he had brought upon John Day.

John Day touched a bell and summoned the house boy. It happened that he had been fortunate enough to engage the same faithful Japanese who had served Henry Burdick during his long residence in Tokyo.

"Hatsu," began John Day, looking keenly at the impassive face of the oriental, "I wish to ask you a few questions concerning the last hours of your late master, Mr. Burdick."

"Yes, honorable," returned the man, but Day fancied that the impassivity of his face was broken by a quiver of surprise.

"Did Mr. Burdick appear to be particularly concerned about any matter? Was he troubled in mind?"

"He had that appearance," returned Hatsu cautiously, after long thought.

"In what way?" asked Day sharply.

"He talked much to himself, and he was usually a silent man," said Hatsu thoughtfully. "One day, the very day he passed out into the hands of the gods, I found him wandering about the rooms, looking into hole and corner, and he was muttering words."

"What words?"

"I could not make for sure, honorable," returned the man after another interval of thought, "but it seemed that he wished to hide something, for he said over and over that he must conceal it, yet it must be found. 'Hidden and found, hidden and found,' those were his words."

"I was alarmed at his behavior, and I ran out for help. When I returned he was stretched on the floor of this room senseless, and it was later in the day that he died without a word."

"And you found nothing in the room—the thing that he might have tried to conceal?" questioned Day.

"Nothing, excellency," returned Hatsu.

Day dismissed him, and later in the evening when all the servants had retired to their quarters John Day made an exhaustive search of the house. He left the library till the last, and it was long after midnight when he turned into that dimly lighted room.

He looked around.

Where would he conceal a large diamond as big as a hazel nut if he had been minded to conceal such a gem?

Under the rug? Within the vase? In a niche of the carving? Within that grinning idol?

There were a score of places to choose from.

He began with the rug, groping carefully over every inch of their surface for the missing stone.

The rug refused to divulge the secret.

Then the innumerable curios. The grinning idol when shaken gave back a dust of sandalwood and a smell of joss sticks. The ivory elephant refused to offer any hiding place.

The Kokuro vase on the mantelpiece—

John Day looked at its graceful outlines. There was a gray surface traced with delicate cherry boughs and flying birds. The neck was very small. He took it down and examined it. The missing diamond would never have entered that tiny orifice, yet it must be somewhere.

Suddenly in the silent house there came a sound.

John Day extinguished the light, replaced the vase and stepped behind a carved screen.

Into the darkened room came a bent form holding a lighted lantern. The glow of the light showed the tense features of—Hatsu, the house boy.

He looked furtively around, and then his feet led him swiftly to the mantelpiece, where he took down the Kokuro vase. He glanced over his shoulder into the dusky corners, turned the vase upside down and shook it vigorously. Just as he replaced it there came the sound of another step in the room, and there was the evil countenance of the gardener peering in.

Hatsu turned, saw him, and instantly the two men leaped for each other's throat.

They wrestled silently, each one struggling for a death hold. John Day, standing there behind the screen, marveled at the deadly struggle.

What was it that each one desired—the Kokuro vase?

He stepped forward, removed the vase from its place and slipped it in his pocket. Then as the forms remained silent on the floor he glanced once at them, and, convinced that they would fight it out between them, he went upstairs to his own bedroom and locked every door and window.

He wrapped the vase in a cloth and then shattered it against the edge of his trunk. When he unwrapped the broken pieces there fell into his hands an envelope rolled into a tube. In one end was something round and hard. The envelope was sealed with Burdick's private seal, and on the outside it was addressed to the firm of jewelers in New York of which John Day was now a member.

He slipped the sealed envelope into his inner pocket, and then, his search ended, he went to the library to discover that the fighting servants had vanished. He never saw either of them again.

John Day's trip around the world ended there and then. He took the next steamer for San Francisco, and six weeks later he stepped into the private office of his firm with Henry Burdick's confession and the missing diamond.

Why the guilty man had deferred his confession until the day of his death and why he had never had the courage to use his ill gotten gains no one ever knew. The great diamond had been a curse to him, and its possession had undoubtedly shortened his miserable life.

Now that he was vindicated in the eyes of his fellow men John Day married the girl he loved and retired from business. But he directed that the house in Tokyo be sold, and so the lovely house in the garden by the lane of bamboos has passed into other hands.

As for the shattered Kokuro vase, John Day treasures it highly. He has had it repaired, and it occupies the place of honor in his library.

DANGER IN MUSHY FOODS.

They Affect the Saliva and Lack Necessary Mineral Elements.

If you want to prevent your teeth from decaying keep your saliva alkaline. The saliva has two functions, the first of which is to saturate the food while it is being chewed and to prepare it for the action of the gastric juice. The second, and no less important, is to keep the teeth and the cavities of the mouth clean.

In an article in the Medical Review of Reviews T. Benedict Furniss says that we have got so far away from natural life that only five persons in 100 have alkaline saliva.

Chewing stimulates the salivary glands. Soft, starchy, mushy foods, from which the mineral salts have been extracted, need little or no chewing, so the salivary glands are not stimulated. And they do not supply the mineral elements that are necessary to the fluids of the body. Such foods stick between the teeth and in the recesses of the mouth, where they ferment and decay and become the breeding ground for bacteria. The bacteria generate acids which eat away the substance of the teeth, making holes in which more food lodges, and so the evil process goes on.

The normal alkaline saliva is one of the best of the protectors of the body against the attack of bacteria. Not only is the saliva slightly bactericidal, but its alkalinity counteracts the acids produced by these bacteria.

Starchy foods should always be accompanied by fruits or berries, for the acid in these has the peculiar property of changing to an alkali in the body, and besides, they are the best of stimulants for the salivary glands.

Coal Mines of Holland.

Though the coal mines of Holland have not been developed to any great extent, yet it is known that extensive beds underlie Limburg, the most southerly province. Strange as it may seem, the coal mines of Holland are probably the most ancient, their records showing workings near Kerkrade as early as 1113. The pits now owned and worked by the state were for many centuries exploited by monks from the abbey of Kloosterade, who continued their mining operations until as late as 1795. The pits, now named the Wilhelmina, the Emma and the Hendrik, gave employment to 167 officials and 4,332 pit men.

A Sort of a Bull.

One day Pat and Mike got into an argument over the height of a mutual friend. For awhile the discussion was quite animated, and finally they began to produce money.

"O' tell yez that he is six feet high!" emphatically declared Mike, holding out his hand. "An', phat's more, here's 50 cints to prove it."

"G'wan, g'wan!" came back Pat in a loud voice. "O'ill bet yez fifty that he couldn't look over the top av that stone wall."

"Shure, an' that stone wall is more than six feet high," declared Mike, glancing at the structure, "but O'ill bet yez that he could do it with his hat on."

A Wise Doctor.

Some time ago Brown began to feel a little under the weather, and a physician was summoned. A few days later a friend called to see how the patient was getting along.

"Sorry to see you panned up, old boy," remarked the caller sympathetically. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Just run down a bit," answered the patient. "The doctor says I will be all right in a short time."

"I see," thoughtfully returned the visitor. "I understand the doctor told you to take plenty of fresh air."

"Yes," smiled the patient. "He knew it was the only kind of medicine that I could afford to get."—Exchange.

WHY WOMEN WRITE LETTERS

To Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

Women who are well often ask "Are the letters which the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. are continually publishing, genuine?" "Are they truthful?" "Why do women write such letters?"

In answer we say that never have we published a fictitious letter or name. Never, knowingly, have we published an untruthful letter, or one without the full and written consent of the woman who wrote it.

The reason that thousands of women from all parts of the country write such grateful letters to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. is that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought health and happiness into their lives, once burdened with pain and suffering.

It has relieved women from some of the worst forms of female ills, from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, nervousness, weakness, stomach troubles and from the blues.

It is impossible for any woman who is well and who has never suffered to realize how these poor, suffering women feel when restored to health; their keen desire to help other women who are suffering as they did.



SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XII.—First Quarter, For March 19, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts viii, 4-17. Memory Verses, 5, 6—Golden Text, Acts viii, 30, 1, c.—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The persecution of the saints, which began with the murder of Stephen, continued under Saul as a leader or at least a very active persecutor, for he is said to have entered every house and committed men and women to prison. The persecution was so great that it is said that all the believers, except the apostles, were scattered abroad through Judea and Samaria, but they went everywhere preaching the word, and thus God made the wrath of man to praise Him (verses 1-4; Ps. lxxvi, 10). Philip, the second of the seven Spirit filled men who were chosen to serve tables, now comes to the front as a preacher and is the prominent worker in the rest of this chapter. First we see him preaching Christ in the city of Samaria and working miracles, the people giving heed with one accord so that there was great joy in that city, many men and women believing the words of Philip concerning Jesus Christ and the kingdom of God and confessing the same by baptism (verses 5-8, 12).

There was a man in Samaria, who had been bewitching and deceiving the people by sorcery, drawing people to himself as a great man, but when he saw greater works wrought by Philip he naturally became interested and professed himself a believer and was baptized. But Peter and John, having come from Jerusalem to help in the good work, found him out when he offered them money if they would give him the power of the Holy Spirit (verses 9-25). The gifts of God cannot be bought, nor does a true messenger of Christ ever seek any honor or glory for himself, for the Lord Jesus never sought His own will nor His own glory and told the people that they could not believe unless they sought honor from God only (John v, 30, 44; vi, 38; viii, 50). The Holy Spirit never honors any mere man; but through men honors Jesus Christ.

We must cease from men and see no man save Jesus only (Isa. li, 22; Mark ix, 9). When Peter and John had helped the believers in Samaria they also preached the word of the Lord in many Samaritan villages as they journeyed back to Jerusalem (14 to 17 and 25). The Lord Jesus had said before His ascension that when they received the power of the Holy Spirit they would be His witnesses not only in Jerusalem and Samaria, but unto the uttermost part of the earth (Acts i, 8). The first part was being fulfilled, but some of the ends of the earth have not heard yet after nearly 1,900 years. How great is His patience! In the power of God, manifest in the words and works of the apostles and evangelists, we have seen something of the interest of heaven in the work of giving the good news to men. We have also seen the ministry of angels in taking Peter and John out of prison and sending them to preach in the temple (chapter v, 19, 20), and now, while Philip is busy in the midst of this great work in Samaria, a messenger from heaven is sent to him to tell him to leave it all and go away down to the desert road from Jerusalem to Gaza, but seemingly without giving any reason as to why he should do this.

Did ever a busy preacher of the gospel receive such a strange command? There did not seem to be any reason or common sense in it, but rather an interference with a great soul saving work. Might not Philip seem justified in saying, as Nehemiah once did, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down?" (Neh. vi, 3). It was an evil spirit who was seeking Nehemiah, but it was the risen Christ who sent His angel to Philip because he saw a man of Ethiopia returning from Jerusalem without having heard the gospel, although the apostles were at Jerusalem. I see two or three important things here—the necessity of trying the spirits to see whether they are of God (I John iv, 1-3), the necessity of always making plain the way of life in Christ lest some hungry seeking soul may go away without knowing how to be saved and the necessity of prompt obedience when God speaks, no matter how unreasonable it may seem to us.

We are glad to read that Philip arose and went (verse 27). If he had any doubts as to whether he would probably have been hindered; but, like Samuel, he was a man of God and had an ear for God and a willing heart. It is certainly most interesting to see this traveler, this treasurer of the queen of Ethiopia, reading the book of Isaiah as he journeyed and to be just at the place which told of a suffering Messiah, which we call Isa. liii, 7, 8, when a stranger approached the chariot, and, hearing the words being read (for he was evidently reading or being read to aloud), he asked, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" Then followed the invitation to Philip to ride and to explain the Scripture, and we see a heart opened to receive Jesus Christ as Saviour and Messiah, a desire and readiness to confess Him in baptism, and a truly happy man went on his way rejoicing, having found in his chariot, by the word of God, what he had not found in Jerusalem. The Spirit of the Lord, who controlled Philip (verses 29, 30), carried him to Azotus, and he went on preaching everywhere.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Literary Beginners.

Robert W. Chambers gave this advice to the literary beginner some years ago, says the London Strand, and it holds good today:

"Have something to say and learn by experience how to say it. The important thing, to be sure, is something to say. The trouble with most people who try to write stories is that they have nothing to write about. Next, don't talk about it; do it. A writer can make his own market."

"It is the only way to do. Write what appeals to you and find a publisher who will take it. Don't go to a publisher and ask him what he wants. Make him want what you have to offer. If it is the real thing you won't have much difficulty. You will 'break into print' with your first effort."

The Janizaries.

The Janizaries were the most fearless soldiers the Turkish empire has ever known, and they were not Turks. It has been said that the most zealous religionist is the convert to the faith, and so it was with these converted Christians. When they took the faith of Mohammed under Sultan Orkhan in 1330 and formed the nucleus of his bodyguard they became the most extreme Mussulmans. It was they who stormed the walls of Constantinople in 1453, the city that had hitherto been considered impregnable.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Franklin's Fate Prefigured.

The fate of Franklin, the famous explorer, was unwittingly prefigured and on the eve of his starting on his last voyage at the hands of his own devoted wife. As he lay dozing on a sofa Lady Franklin threw something over his feet, on which he awoke in consternation, saying: "Why, there's a flag thrown over me! Don't you know that they lay a union jack over a corpse?"

A City Once Too Loyal.

Bristol has always been a loyal city and once displayed its loyalty to its own eminent disadvantage. When Henry VII. paid the city a visit in 1490 the citizens turned out in such style to welcome him that the miserly monarch, casting an eye upon the fiery displayed, promptly levied an impost of £20 on each inhabitant "because their wives went too fine."—London Chronicle.

The Lamp of a Man's Life.

Dr. Holmes said the lamp of a man's life has three wicks—brain, blood and breath—and to turn down any one of them makes the other two go out. The wicks a man will survive and even disregard so long as his head, heart and lungs are unharmed have long been one of the wonders of war history.

Voltaire and the Doctors.

Voltaire despised doctors and, like Macbeth, thought it well to "throw physic to the dogs." The French author once said, "A physician is a man who pours drugs of which he knows little into the body of a man of which he knows less."

Attentive.

"Is Watson still paying attention to that widow he was courting two years ago?"

"You bet he is. They are married now, and he has to pay strict attention to everything she says."

Fame.

Little Lemuel—What is fame, paw? Paw—Fame, son, is a high ladder with grease on each rung.—Exchange.

The Loss of an Eye.

The loss of an eye, it is stated, deprives the individual of one-sixth of the field of vision. The power of attention is also lost, so that a person with one eye cannot hit a given point until he becomes accustomed to the changed conditions.

Impressed Her.

"You will never be able to make her believe that he is a liar." "I wonder why?" "I believe that he once told her she was beautiful."

He Was Out.

Short—If the collector calls with that bill tell him I'm out. Mrs. Short—But that would be a lie. Short—No, it wouldn't; I'm out of cash, ain't I?

The Wretch.

Ethel—Did you tell the reporter that your engagement was a secret? Marie—Yes, and the horrid thing never put it in the paper at all.

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have no Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days.

They do their duty.

Cure Constipation, Bilelessness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. Wood

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

A REPRESENTATIVE WANTED

AT ONCE FOR

Carleton Place and District

For the Old Reliable

FONTHILL NURSERIES

Farmers! Why remain idle all Winter when you can take up a paying agency?

Choice list of varieties for Spring Planting. Liberal Terms. Handsome Free Outfit. Exclusive Territory.

Write now for particulars.

STONE & WELLINGTON

TORONTO ONT

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR'S ADVISER, which will be sent free.

MARION & MARION, LIMITED

MONTREAL