

## DOES THIS INTEREST YOU?

A prominent physician, famous for his success in the treatment of kidney and bladder diseases, attributes a great deal of his success to the following simple vegetable prescription:—

One ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion;

One ounce Compound Salutarina;

Four ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla;

Mix, shake well, and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

Your druggist can supply the ingredients, and the mixture can be prepared at home at very little expense.

This, the doctor says, acts directly on the kidneys, assisting them to filter the poisons from the blood and expel same in the urine, at the same time restoring the kidneys to healthy, normal action.

We feel that a great many readers will be pleased to learn of this simple prescription, and knowing the ability of the physician whose formula it is, we do not hesitate to recommend it to any sufferer.

## BEHIND A JAPANESE FAN.

O Kiku sailed her little boat on a river near Kyoto. It was a beautiful summer evening. The water was just wrinkled now and again by a soft puff of sweet-scented wind, and as O Kiku sailed hither and thither, laughing softly with the other maids in their sport of catching fire-flies, her boat ran into some reeds, and all her efforts were not successful in releasing her little craft.

Now it happened that Kusabe noticed the mishap. In another moment he was at her side, and, with his deft hands, pushed O Kiku's boat out of the reeds into the open water again. O Kiku and Kusabe had fallen in love with each other. Their boats were side by side, and no wonder was it that Kusabe made up poetry on the moon shining on the water, or that O Kiku beat forward with a happy, smiling face, sometimes singing a quaint little song. Ask me not how love came to these people on the river, because I cannot tell you. I have a dim fancy that love never comes suddenly, even in old Japan and I know this, that these lovers were too happy to trouble their heads where love came from, or how, or why.

"Kusabe, let us catch some more beautiful fire-flies," said O Kiku softly. So Kusabe fixed his flat fan to a long pole. Sometimes he lightly skimmed the surface of the water, then, quickly drawing it in, O Kiku's small fingers would gather up the shining insects. Sometimes he shook the branches of the trees till the water seemed aglow with stars.

Presently Kusabe removed the wet fan from the pole. When it was dry, he said:

"Be honorably pleased to accept my fan."

O Kiku took it eagerly, and, smiling, gave hers in exchange. That is how they became engaged in old Japan. O Kiku's fan was very dainty and wonderfully made of ivory and painted silk and tassels. I think it once belonged to a lady of the court. Kusabe's fan was shaped like a leaf, and would not fold up. It had a scroll of pine needles dotted here and there with fire-flies.

Over and over again O Kiku said it was time for her to go, and just as many times would Kusabe persuade her to remain a little longer. But at last they pulled into the bank with glad, full hearts and a big longing for the next meeting to come very soon. And so their ways parted.

When O Kiku arrived at her home it was very late. Her mother and father were much vexed with her. When she told them that she had betrothed herself they were very angry, and informed her that they had that day betrothed her to one of their choice, and that nothing would or could change the decision they had been pleased to make for their child.

When O Kiku heard this sad news she

went to her little room and wept very bitterly. She thought of the river with the moonlight upon it, and the fire-flies and the hills in evening mist; but most of all she thought of her lover, and longed that he might come and make glad her aching heart, torn between filial love for her parents and love that was more than filial for Kusabe.

At last O Kiku's love for Kusabe overcame all other feelings. She collected her money together, and a few things such as she thought would be useful, and made her escape without disturbing her parents.

She made enquiries in Kyoto, and learned to her dismay that her lord had just left Kyoto, and no one seemed to know whither he had gone.

O Kiku was a very sensitive little woman and this sad news caused her to weep till the salt tears made her quite blind. All the world seemed turned into night; there were sounds, but she could not see the smile of sweet faces. She could feel the touch of a silk kimono, the petals of a flower, but she could not feel the moonlight. Ah! the moonlight on the river! As O Kiku's money was nearly gone, she realized that she must earn her living as speedily as possible. She had a pretty face and a beautiful voice, so O Kiku went about singing, and people loved to hear her sing, and paid her well. They wondered why O Kiku's songs were always so very sad, and why sometimes she would suddenly stop and say: "I crave your pardon, but I can sing no more to-day. Be honorably pleased to lead me away to a still place where no one will look upon little O Kiku." And so O Kiku wandered from village to village, singing very tender and heart-stirring little songs, always enquiring if anyone had seen her lord.

One day it happened that Kusabe sat in a tea-house, beautiful with purple chains of wistaria, a tea-house by a lake laden with its white burden of lotus—and over the lake was a bridge like the bridge on a willow-pattern plate. As Kusabe sat drinking his tea, he heard a song—a wonderful song. At first he was only moved by its sweetness and pathos. Then the words of the song came back to him, and he remembered that O Kiku had sung on the river.

When the song was over, he still sat lost in a dream of the past. It happened that the master of the tea-house passed him. Kusabe motioned him to his side, and made enquiries concerning the woman who had sung the song. When the master had told him all he knew concerning her, Kusabe realized that the singer was none other than O Kiku. With a glad heart Kusabe wrote a message, and bade the master of the tea-house deliver it to O Kiku. It was a simple little message, a request that O Kiku should meet him on the river near Kyoto on the anniversary of their meeting.

On the evening arranged for their meeting Kusabe fell very sick. An old friend stood by him, and Kusabe knew that ere the sun had set, he, too, would pass out into the night of eternity.

"Moroso," said Kusabe, very faintly. "I have promised to meet my love tonight on the river near Kyoto. Carry me there and put me into a boat and push the boat into the stream. And when O Kiku comes, bid her go out to meet me; bid her come, for I would meet her tonight on the river, Moroso." And Moroso, with a heavy heart, consented to do so.

At the hour of sunset Kusabe died, and Moroso carried him down to the river, and sat him in a boat and pushed it out into the stream. And presently Moroso saw O Kiku, led by a little maid.

"Your lord sits in a boat on the river," said Moroso, bowing. The old man forgot that O Kiku could not see his tears.

O Kiku was too full of joy to say very much. She thanked Moroso for his kindness, and bade the little maid get a boat.

As Moroso returned he saw a boat skimming, ever so quickly, over the water, and farther down the stream he saw Kusabe sitting.

"Can you see him?" asked O Kiku eagerly.

"Yes, yes," said the little maid.

"Oh, that my eyes could see him now! How does he look? Is there a smile on his dear face? Tell me, tell me!"

"He sits in a boat holding a fan. He sits very quietly looking at the fire-flies," replied the little maid simply.

"And he does not speak. He does not welcome me. Are you sure it is my lord?" said O Kiku, in a faltering voice.

"Yes, I am quite sure it is Kusabe. It is your fan that he holds."

At last the boats came side by side, and the little maid helped O Kiku into Kusabe's boat, and then withdrew a short distance.

O Kiku put out her hands eagerly and touched the fan that she knew so well. How those small fingers loved in their touching that night!

"Speak to me, dear lord. I am with you. Be pleased to catch me some more fire flies. Oh, the joy of being with you is almost too much for my heart tonight. Let me sing to you."

And O Kiku sang the love-song she had sung upon the river just a year ago. The notes rose and fell softly. Never had they sounded so beautiful as on that night. And oh, how O Kiku's poor, blind eyes tried to see as she sang that song!

When the song was finished, O Kiku began to weep, and no hands caressed her, and no voice spoke. Between her sobs she said: "Tell me, dear lord, is the night beautiful? I cannot see. Do the fire flies shine over the water, and do the mists dream upon the mountains?"

The little maid, hearing the weeping of O Kiku, timidly drew near. She saw Kusabe sitting rigid in the boat, and she knew that Kusabe was dead, and only his body sat in the boat, and that his open eyes, for all their silent looking, could not see the fire-flies, could not see O Kiku as she clung to him, and the little maid knew there was a fear-some difference in the blindness of these lovers.

"Come away, dear O Kiku," said the little maid; "your lord sleeps tonight."

O Kiku did not answer. She pressed her head against her lord's breast. "I cannot hear him breathe," said O Kiku after a long pause.

"He sleeps very soundly tonight. Almost too soundly. Oh, come away, come away, dear O Kiku," implored the little maid beseechingly.

The blind eyes of O Kiku, so full of tears, looked almost angrily in the direction of the little maid. "I shall not come away," said O Kiku. "My love is in his heart, behind the fan of our betrothal. If he sleeps, he will wake again. If he sleeps ever so soundly, I know he dreams of me." And O Kiku once more rested her head on her lord's breast, like a little, weary child, and gazed into his face with blind eyes that could see as love sees.

And presently a soft breeze stirred the air, and the little boat, with its burden of love and death, drifted down the river. And from the boat there rose, ever so faintly now, the sound of a sweet love song.—F. Harland Davis, in Black and White.

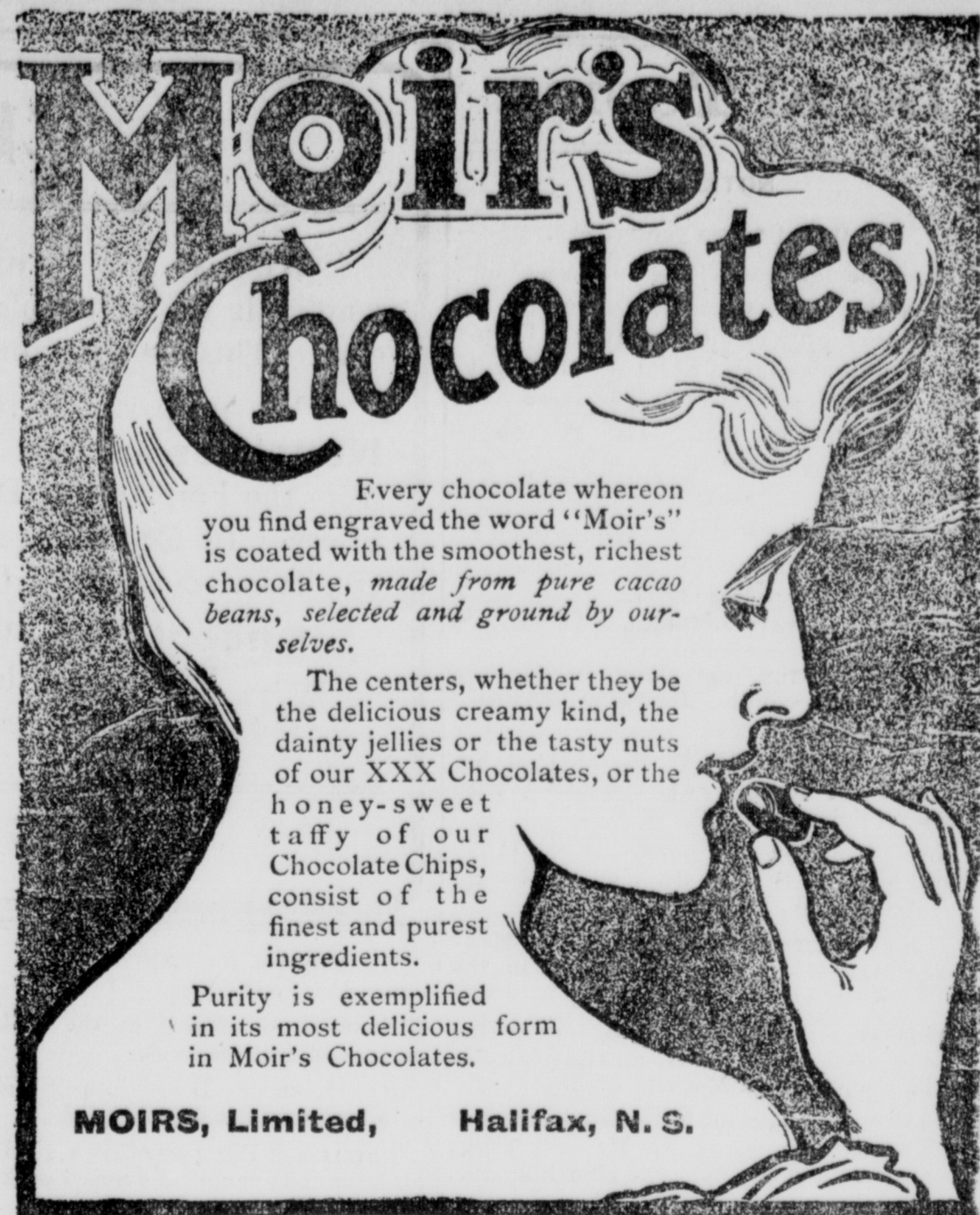
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