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IN THE CHINA SEA

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER I.

STARTING OUT IN THE WORLD.

It may have been indigestion or it may have been loneliness. The coffee did not taste as it should. Either it lacked aroma, or I lacked appreciation of it. I sat at the table, idly watching the people come and go. Some would run in as if all of life must be crowded into the next half-hour, hastily give an order, swallow the food when it came as if manna from heaven, and then, with a look of relief, they would turn and go. Others would sit at the table, looking at the clock, waiting for the time to come when they could go home. I was alone. I was alone. I was alone.

It was at noon. I had finished my midday meal in a restaurant in San Francisco, and sat thinking, not very pleasantly, of the scenes around me, and of the uncertain prospects in a certain name called "life," in which I was about to start as a professional man. I had just graduated from the Ann Arbor Medical College, and equipped with my diploma, a few hundred dollars and what of experience and hope studies to twenty-six years of age, I had come West to build up a practice.

I had but recently reached the Golden Gate of the great Western slope, and had spent the first few days "seeing things." But now I had had my fill of "illnesses." I was anxious to get to work, both for the pleasure of occupation and the financial endowment thereof, of which I would soon be in need.

I was practically alone in the world. It had been but a year to the second year of my college life. My father was a merchant of St. Louis. He was very fond of me. He and I were all that was left of a small family. He had generously provided for me during my school-days, and been extremely liberal as to my allowance after I entered the university. But he succumbed to a sudden attack of pneumonia, leaving me entirely alone. After settling up his affairs, I found myself with enough money to comfortably see me through college, and leave me the little I now possessed as "working capital."

I had not yet opened an office. That was to be my work that afternoon, so, shaking off the somewhat morbid spirit that had come over me, I paid my bill, and strolled out of the restaurant.

I had noticed in some of my walks through and around the city that in the northern suburb, where many new houses were being built, there were comparatively few physicians' signs. In this direction I turned my steps. I did not know a soul in San Francisco, save those whose acquaintance I had made during my recent short sojourn. But I was full of the pluck of youth. My ambition was to become a successful practitioner and, some time, to be the owner of one of the beautiful front ranches that make California famous.

I experienced little difficulty in securing an office. The rent, after all, was a little higher than I had expected to pay, but, after something of a search among dingy and ill-ventilated places, I fell in with the good-natured janitor of a fine new flat, who offered me at what was really a reasonable figure the four front rooms of the first floor. This would leave him and his wife the four rear rooms—all they needed for their comfort. The rooms were nicely decorated and well lighted; and as flats were something of a novelty in San Francisco, I paid a deposit and concluded the bargain, reasoning to myself that the very novelty of itself would serve as an advertisement.

I expended four hundred dollars in getting my new abode furnished. The front room, which, if occupied by a family, would be the parlor, I furnished neatly but not expensively as a reception and waiting-room; next to this my consulting and operating room; then a small, cozy affair of a library, in which I stored my books, instruments, charts, skeletons, relics and the various trophies incident to student life.

I had a good lot of books, of which I was very proud. Part of them were medical works I had purchased during my college career, but the greater portion of them had been my father's.

Back of the library was my bedroom. Having arranged these things to my satisfaction, after a careful survey, I considered myself the best-equipped physician on the hill. I listened with a degree of pride to the laudatory remarks of my friend, the janitor, and his estimable wife, who faith would believe me already on the road to professional glory. In fact, I had yet to earn my first dollar. Next door to my flat, a motherly sort of woman kept a boarding-house. Acting upon the advice, freely given, of the janitor, I made an engagement at this boarding-house to take my meals there.

Nothing could exceed the pride with which I contemplated the perfecting of my plans. The last thing in the completion thereof was a sign, which I had already ordered of a brass-work shop downtown. I gazed with pardonable pride at the shining plate when I had screwed it to the door-post. It seemed to me the most or-

namental finishing that my landlord, whoever he was, could have for his apartment house.

I stood off and studied it. I read it aloud.

"It looks all right and sounds all right," I said to myself with gratification. "I read thus:

—MEDICAL CRICKETMORE.

PITTSBORO, CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C.

OFFICE HOURS: 10 A. M. to 6 P. M.

—That will leave me time in which to make my calls—if I ever have any to make," I said hopefully to the janitor, who had come to admire my sign with me.

"You'll make plenty of calls, doctor, never you fear," he replied, rubbing his hands in pleasurable anticipation of my coming greatness.

"I hope so, I assure you, Mr. Roberts."

"Oh, you will! I know it! You see this is a star location. No mistake about that. Why, there's old Doctor Belding, who has been here twenty years. That old fellow, sir, just called up today. But he never had such an office as this. That'll tell you."

"And then, you see, the advertisement you have. When you are dashing around making those calls, my old woman, in a white apron, covers the bed and says, 'Oh, you want to see the doctor? Well, come right in and wait. I think he will be here soon, but Lord knows, poor man, he is worked to death. He is busy all the time.' Oh, how would that sound?"

"Or something like this: 'Your little boy sick? My, my! But that's bad! But the doctor will be in soon, and I will send him right around before he lets his mind wander from his horse! Oh, well, wait!'"

I laughed at the picture—especially the horse.

"I am amused, at any rate," I said, merrily. "And if no one sees it to employ me, it will certainly not be my fault."

"Faint! Faint! I see the money running into your pockets now," replied the sanguine janitor.

"It must be an edifying sight," I answered. "It would be my eyes good to see it just once."

Returning to my library, I took down "Gross on Surgery," and soon became deeply interested in the interesting details of the various operations that it is as deep as I could be with my eyes waiting for the tickle of my bill.

"The sound that would first announce the beginning of my career."

CHAPTER II.
A MYSTERY.

Despite the prediction of my friend, the janitor, I had not stumbled into a mine of wealth in my new abode. I did not find the populace waiting with outstretched arms to welcome into their circle that most distressed of all men, a young physician. Success, if such a thing existed for me, was coming very much as success always comes, with slow and halting steps. It is true, now and then I had a call. Not much of a call, generally, but nevertheless, a call. A servant brought her hand, and I attended the injured member—for which service I was never paid. A hostler in a stable on Nob Hill was kicked in the knee, and I explored a dislocated joint. A Chinaman, minding around late on Saturday night, with laundry-work for his patrons, slipped and fell. The weight of his basket, together with the shock, broke his arm. With a fearful ado he was brought to me, and the fracture I was successfully set. For this, as for everything else I ever did for my class in San Francisco, I was paid in cash, consisting of ten-cent pieces and nickels. These were my first three or four months in San Francisco.

I had plenty of time for reading, and I greedily devoured the latest novels and books of travels. A portion of each day I managed to spend in study.

I was not a recluse. My nature demanded companionship. And in pursuit of this I met with a steady growth of success than in the practice of my profession.

Within a few blocks of my office there was a magnificent church, where the singing was grand, the music superb, and the preaching very beautiful.

Here I was wont to betake myself Sunday morning, and sit calmly and quietly, restfully listening to the words of the great organ, as, under a master hand, it sent forth melody unsurpassed.

I had always made a point of dressing well. I did not go in for fads; I was not a walking fashion-plate; but my clothes were stylish and at all ways fitted me. To be truthful and as modest as possible, permit me to say that I was tall, broad-shouldered and not badly looking. At school I had been an athlete, and now possessed, as relics of those days, sundry medals and prizes won in the athletic arena.

That all this had anything to do with the pleasing reception I had in the Park Street Congregational Church, I could not be so complimentary as to believe myself best to hint. But, be it as it may, I was received. The pastor, a man not more than fifteen

years my senior, welcomed me cordially into his circle. I respected the great truths expounded by my learned friend. My daily life and habits were not in discord with a churchman's rule. I had no vices; not because my principles were so strongly against them, but I had inherited a rugged will from my father, and, like him, I considered a man who allowed himself to be controlled by vicious tastes a fool.

My acquaintance continued gradually to grow. I knew plenty of young ladies, but I was not a ladies' man. I knew a large number of young men, some who like myself were but starting out in their chosen life-work, and others who had no need to grind, but who were the fortunate sons of wealthy men.

Nor was my acquaintance limited to the younger element of San Francisco society. I was the recipient of many gracious bows and handshakes from the substantial men and women of the Park street congregation, some of whom lived in the residences on Nob Hill.

I also became a member of the Golden Gate Club, a club composed of many of the prominent and most of the rising men of San Francisco. In the comfortable clubhouse I spent many pleasant hours. I had been proposed for membership by Arthur Langston, then a young lawyer, whose success at the bar just opened equalled my own success as a physician.

Langston and I had met at some of the social gatherings, in which I was beginning to become, at least to feel like—a familiar figure. My legal friend was possessed of no more of this world's goods than I was. But, being a shrewd, capable fellow, his practice gradually began to show signs of life. Langston was a good man; at least, his mind was always at ease, and he took a humorous view of life. He was a favorite with all who knew him. I regarded him in the light of a brother. On one occasion at the Golden Gate Club, Langston and I were almost invariably found at the same table.

When I was not at the Golden Gate or attending to my professional duties or lounging in my comfortable office, reading my unimportant moments were generally spent talking to another new friend, Doctor by name, who kept a well-appointed drug store near my office.

I would have been a good fellow, somewhat plump, and a little fat, but his mind was always at ease, and he took a humorous view of life. He was a favorite with all who knew him. I regarded him in the light of a brother. On one occasion at the Golden Gate Club, Langston and I were almost invariably found at the same table.

My associates at the boarding-house remained almost strangers to me, for I was very little, and I generally got my breakfast there, and sometimes my lunch, but Langston and I were extravagant enough to partake of our dinner at the Golden Gate.

Langston had more of my confidence than any other person in San Francisco. At the time even when I needed legal assistance, Langston was the lawyer of all lawyers, whom I would have sought with my first-fruits of patronage. And, if, for the time being, I needed a lawyer, I would have sought with my first-fruits of patronage. And, if, for the time being, I needed a lawyer, I would have sought with my first-fruits of patronage.

Many and many a time I have over my coffee and place brilliantly for the future, and when the walls of our castle became dangerously high, we would tumble them down with a laugh and find companions for a while.

Matters progressed in this way for nearly a year. Gradually my little practice grew, and with care I could live within my income. My circle of friends slowly increased as well, and I began to feel myself in a position which might in time become a profitable one. My mind was at ease, and I was able to have a practice that would enable me to live well and keep a span of fast horses. I looked very businesslike, I thought, for a doctor to be seen driving furiously through the streets, as if the lives of his patients depended more on the speed of his horses than on his skill.

I expected no change in my plans. I was anchored in San Francisco, and expected to spend my life there. I had heard and read of creatures of fortune, swept here and there by the tide of unexpected events, but in my prosaic, humdrum life there was nothing to indicate that such a fate was in store for me.

Perhaps it was better that it was so. One dark night in December, after I had my dinner and made a few unimportant professional visits, I was thrown on my own resources to pass away the time, by the fact that Langston had a very pressing business engagement out of town. As was usual at such times, I wandered into Philster's. Philster was talkative, and as that suited my mood, I sat musing, undisturbed by the flight of time. The wind began to blow, and the rain came down in torrents.

"Cricketmore," said Philster, peering from behind his colored bottles out into the night, "this is the worst San Francisco has had in five years. You are lucky not to be out in this."

"Possibly," I said, with some doubts. "I am lucky to be in here, and then again possibly I am not. You forget that I have got to go out in the rain to get home."

"Not a bit of it, doctor. Just you throw yourself down on the lounge back here in the office, and sleep away till morning. I wouldn't go out to-night for anybody."

"Well, I'll see. But it's early yet—only eleven o'clock. It may sleep by midnight."

"But it did not stop. If anything, it got worse. At midnight Philster came to prepare to leave for his apartment upstairs. While he was fussing around with his lights, counting his cash and straightening up shelves, I sat dreamily looking at the rain."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Marseilles, France, is the home of hair mart.



WOMAN'S REALM

WORK FOR LEISURE HOURS

A Crocheted Edging Suitable For Silk Corset Covers.

Something comparatively new in the way of summer evening work is crocheted silk lace for the edging of silk underwear. It is executed with a fine steel hook and colored knitting silk, not too coarse, and the patterns closely resemble the linen torchon edging. Any one who is skilled in crocheted work can derive her own patterns, or a single mesh of torchon lace may be used as a guide.

The newest corset covers, cut in the French mode, with plain backs and gathered fronts, are made of India or China silk in blue, pink, violet and cream, and are finished with the crocheted edging, an inch or less in width. Sometimes it takes the form of a simple scalloped, and again this is mounted on a "ladder" strip, through which narrow wash ribbon of the same shade is run to be tied in full bows on the shoulders and in front. These French corset covers do not extend below the waist line, but are finished with a belt of ribbon, which made of silk, are trimmed with the same silk lace in edging and insertion. This work affords the simplest and pleasantest form of occupation for life moments on summer days.

Other useful forms of crocheted work are dollies for finger bowls, plates and combs done with linen thread. There is the tumbler dolly, in an open Van Dyke pattern; the finger bowl dolly, crocheted in a square; and the cake plate dolly, in eight small wheels joined in a circle.

Interesting seasonal branches also of sweet grass are easily made of the same without the blossoms. These are cut in uniform lengths of about twelve inches, forming a bunch about the thickness of one's thumb. This is bound round with a cord, leaving a knotted loop for a handle. The bunch of grass is then divided and crocheted on that, like a which broom, and bound round the top with the same silk cord. One of these brooms, by silk being used as a hat band, will perfume a room, and when it gets dried out may be renewed by dampening.

Pleasant souvenirs may be prepared during the summer campaign to send to one's remote and less fortunate friends from the illustrated pamphlets which are generally found at summer resorts. These, as a rule, are set up with handsome photographs of the various points of interest, with colored covers. These covers may be smoothly bound in canvas or linen, with the title and date crocheted or painted by hand thereon. If preferred, the pamphlet may be removed from the binding and placed in a portfolio, tied together with ribbon or twine. It is decorated elaborately they contribute interesting additions to any library table.

—New York Tribune.

Some Autumn Fashions.

The following bunch of gowns are made of the new stuffs and are intended to be worn in the autumn. The first is a crepon of a grayish blue. The skirt is plain on the sides and has a considerable fullness at the bottom. The bodice is fitted and the skirt is made of the same material as the bodice. The second is a gown of a light blue. The skirt is plain on the sides and has a considerable fullness at the bottom. The bodice is fitted and the skirt is made of the same material as the bodice. The third is a gown of a light blue. The skirt is plain on the sides and has a considerable fullness at the bottom. The bodice is fitted and the skirt is made of the same material as the bodice.

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were occupied with the things that specially concern women. After some sobering Sophia Smith without much enthusiasm in some far past was responsible for the village. It is a real comfort to meet one of the few friends of her earlier days, still alive, and to be told that Sophia and her sister Harriet had been large gowns with colored narrow stripes, bought in New York. It is still more interesting to hear that these gowns were made in Northampton and that the two Smith sisters spent as much anxious thought on them and on the English hats to be worn with them as any Smith girl today on her last party costume. There were other gowns of the sisters, too, rich and beautiful for that day, hanging in the closet off the street chamber, where the great family bed, with its valance all about, nestled in a corner. The room was by old formal repose. The room was by old formal repose. The room was by old formal repose.

in winter, but if the guest was a little person with not too many dresses of her own, she could not but have an added examination of the treasures behind the closet door before she slipped out her candle and crawled under the covers—Harper's Bazar.

Chinese Dress of Female Beauty.

General Ts'ung Ki Tung gave some interesting information about Chinese dress of female beauty. In a book by him, which has just been published, "In Praise of the Chinese," the preference for large eyes, full hair and a Greek nose. In China, on the contrary, we only admire small eyes, snub noses, black hair and shiny skin. In both countries, however, teeth white as pearls and small hands and feet are regarded as beautiful. The Chinese poet says of his muse that her beautiful eyes are full of tears, and her eyebrows remind him of the silhouettes of distant mountains, that her eyes are as clear as a lake in autumn, and that her lips resemble the source in the richness of their color.

A Chinese lady of to-day arranges her hair very simply and not in quantities of building it up as formerly, over a turned wire frame. The hair of the upper class has adopted a style of arranging the hair similar to that in vogue here, but they never wear curls. Curls, indeed, have never been fashionable in China, and hair which curls naturally is hardly ever seen. The Chinese is kept in place by a broad gold or silver pin, which is curved in the middle, and around it are sometimes placed six ornaments of various small flowers.

Embroidered Robes and Irish Linen.

French linens can now be obtained in the most delicate shades of pink, blue, green, yellow, and white. They are much used for table cloths, and in the Irish houses the best of yellow linens or Irish linen linens to be found as well as from India, but with almost or even better results than the Irish linen. The Irish linen is much used for table cloths, and in the Irish houses the best of yellow linens or Irish linen linens to be found as well as from India, but with almost or even better results than the Irish linen.

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