

IN THE CHINA SEA

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

Illustrations by JESSE ROBERTS.

CHAPTER IV.
CONTINUED.

Suddenly there appeared at the window a queer little face, peering into the lighted room from the outer darkness. It was but a moment, however, for the next instant the owner of the face was in the store.

"Here is a customer," called Phister, who came to the front or rather a side window. Phister did not like Chinaman, and this fellow was decidedly a Mongol.

I have good reason for remembering that face and that night. Looking back now, after all these happy years, I can see that face look up in this window as clearly and as startlingly as it did then. It was not a pleasant face. It was a crafty, hateful face, but the almond eyes were opened wide with anxiety or fear. I know not which. The rich oriental clothing was tattered and begrimed. The water ran from his rivulets as he stood, panting, before Phister.

"Doctor here?" he asked in a mien English common to the California Chinaman.

Phister nodded. He was not disposed to treat the Chinaman graciously. He did not say that I was the doctor.

"Chin, quick!" "Not much," returned Phister, darting out at the door and slinging his shoulders. "I am not the doctor, and if I was, I wouldn't go out to fight for the best Chinaman in San Fran."

A look of apprehension into the old doctor's face.

"Who hit?" he asked, looking at me.

"That's the doctor," replied Phister, "and if he goes out to-night he's a bigger fool than I think he is."

"What is it you want?" I asked, not inclined to be too severe with the fool because he had been unfortunate enough to be born a human being.

"Not Chinaman sick," Chinaman only wanted some Mexican lady sick—very sick, maybe the Chima, doctor, clean sayer her get big pay very big. "Chin we go now."

He took hold of my coat and began pulling me toward the door.

"Where is it?" I asked.

"No far, Chin Mexican lady down while sit here."

"Well, Phister," I said, putting on my coat and shaking myself. "Stand by your medicines, and off I go and see what's the matter."

Phister was very much disengaged and while he was getting the medicine tools for me, he felt out something very much to the satisfaction of my intellect. I had little mind that of Phister. It was so many ways and I felt rather induced with the spirit of adventure and was bent to see the thing through. I had better to my own sins having so much to do and so bad my medicine, a suddenly rolling up the bottom of my coat sets, I said to the Chinaman.

"Go on, fool the way. I'll follow."

I did not know how any Chinaman did not know how they measured distances, but if the fool who fellow gave me that night was a short one may I forever be spared a long walk with the company under like circumstances. He passed on just ahead of me, chattering to himself in unintelligible lingo. The hands were tucked in his sleeves. With my head ducked, to keep the rain out of my neck, the collar of the jacket turned up as high as I could get it and my medicine case under my arm, my hands deep in Phister's pockets, I strode after the chattering Chinaman. We passed innumerable physicians' signs. I did not then then, but in after days I wondered what impelled that beaten past so many den-saries and doctors' houses on his way up the hill to Phister's. In the light of subsequent events it was apparent that he did not want the physician to know the neighbourhood into which I was going.

On and on he went down one street, over another, till districts that were entirely new to me, until I was satisfied that he was trying to mislead me as to our direction. I began to think he was going to take me all over San Francisco. And yet we were in a tremendous hurry, but he would not ride in a street car, nor would he let me hire a carriage. At last my mysterious guide stopped before a gloomy-looking house, the windows of which were dark, as if there was no life within. Had I stopped to think, I might even then have given up the job, but what with my curiosity and my eagerness to earn a large fee, I was determined to see the adventure through.

The Chinaman passed through the iron gate, the bars of which were so close together that I could not get through. I followed him into the dark interior, where he led me up a flight of stairs, and then into a small room, the door of which was closed.

"Ah, she is here!" I said. "We will live."

"Good God! Me no want die. Very bad wife! No die!"

I eyed the Mongolian contemptuously. The thought that I was expected of being so simple as to be called by his words made me angry.

The Chinaman was now beginning to get restless. It was very evident that he regarded all need for my services ended when I said she would die. I knew he did not want me to be present when the girl returned to consciousness. I was in doubt what needs. My impulse was to take the girl in my arms and light my way to the street. It was not arrived. I did not doubt that every Chinaman in the house was armed as he looked. Again, there was no doubt that they would not stop me to return to the end. But then it came over me, suppose the story the old villain told me should prove to be true. The ridiculous spectacle of Abramfeldt Pickwick, M. D., bringing a Chinaman's wife out into the street at that unseemly hour, with a gang of cut-throats at his heels, was not a pleasant one to contemplate. I would, at least, under these circumstances, make a great impression for the crowd, and probably insure my present safety. At any rate, I would be the laughing stock of the Golden Gate Club. I soon convinced myself that a such course in the matter would accomplish no good, and might, possibly, be fatal. Whatever fate was in store for the beautiful girl, I did not believe she would be harmed before she became unconscious. Then a happy thought struck me. One of those sparks of genius that occasionally light up a dull mind and then go out again. I would administer a sleeping potion that would prevent her becoming conscious for at least four hours. In that time I could do whatever seemed best to do.

"Young man," he said, "you have never got yourself mixed up in affairs Chinese seems as though he doesn't care for this sort. But if you're really fit better on. Where's the house?"

The Chinaman passed through several doors and two low ones on the door, and it was open. The smell of a hot, fat atmosphere came out into the face and nearly suffocated me. Almond eyes from two bulging faces peered at me from the dimly litted hall as I followed my guide inside. There was a moment's chattering, as of scurvy monkeys, and I felt a queer sensation as I heard the hairs dislodged behind me. I was in, as it now, come what may.

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Then came the continuation:

The Latest Medical Novelties.

A French doctor recommends a course of staying in bed as the best cure for somebody else, and would

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OF

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One square, one insertion \$1.00
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POPULAR SCIENCE.

Nearly half of the beginning stroke reported occurs in the spine, thirty-four per cent in bones, eleven per cent, tendons and muscles, and one per cent.

It appears that the lifetime of the mosquito is but three months. Mosquitoes have been kept alive in captivity for eight days. It is said that the ordinary mosquito, when fed upon the larvae of mosquitoes, is highly efficient as a mosquito killer, keeping down their numbers.

The olive could be known by one of the most isolated of living animals. It has been described as the only species of its genus and the only member of its family. "With an close living relatives and no known species." Recently, however, Professor J. W. Gregory has discovered in the British Museum what he believes to be an accessary of the lonely olive found in a fossil sand of the Cretaceous period, called Polytopomus.

Captain G. E. Shelly, an English ornithologist, who has devoted special attention to African birds, says that Africa may fairly claim to be the "metropolis of song birds." It is the winter home of a large proportion of the most attractive small birds of Northern Europe, including the nightingale, the swallow and many of the warblers, and the bush-sparrows with their melody. African possess a great number of remarkable and beautiful birds of its own.

Dr. Isaac Roberts, whose beautiful photographs of nebulae and star clusters well known, gives a somewhat startling account of the manner in which the images of faint stars and slender disappear from the photographic plates. On one of his plates, in 1886, he caught 462 stars; the same plate in 1895 showed only 27 stars; the range of 131 having entirely disappeared. This leads to the suggestion that celestial photographs, in order to be of permanent value should be immediately reproduced by some process enabling pictures not subject to change.

Asks the question, "Is it important to think away it is important to think of the small things? The big ones? The care of themselves? We seem never forget that we do that as a reaction from the milliner. But the major or case of plays, the extra diapers, and indeed the thousand and one little nothings that may fairly make or mar the whole trip in rear quickly. A woman's first thought would be, 'such a room livable?' and livable invariably means convenience and comfort."

Generally when a woman inspects a house or a room, she imagines herself arranging the furniture in the different rooms and living in them. If fancy she locates the dressing table in the most convenient place for it, the window and gas lights are not properly placed so as to make dressing her hair a comfortable process either at morning or night the room is condemned at once. If there is not sufficient clear pink space for the bed to stand against without blocking a door or window or shutting off a window, it is difficult, if not impossible to reconcile her in it at all.

Houses that have been wholly or partially planned by women show a marked improvement over the ordinary dwelling, particularly in the kitchen, pantries and other workrooms. No man can have a practical knowledge of the requirements of a well-appointed kitchen, unless he is a cook or a butler.

There are many other points about houses that, when considered, add to its pleasure and, if neglected, make it a compound source of annoyance. Women ought to know best what these points are, and for that, if no other reason, it is urged right to study the architect's profession more generally. It would give a new hold of labor and the power almost to sweep away forgetfulness which we too often find the resort shop so woefully lacking a real assortment as it is "steep" in price. They take this way of getting even when as for buying nothing but "necessities."

The Farmers' National Congress has passed strong resolutions in favor of the "wheelmen" way of getting good roads. The State road systems shown in the resolution require that the cost of construction of first-class roads involving farms with market towns be considerably higher than for farm property along similar as the census population is benefited directly and indirectly by good roads, all property ought to contribute strongly to the maintenance of such roads. The Highways Act, strong law by which State and county governments are required to contribute the amount of money necessary to maintain the roads, has been introduced in New York, provides for division of the cost of road construction among the State, the county, and the local townships, and it is said many of the towns, fearing themselves of it, will soon turn outside sources for their livelihoods if they raise themselves while in the large cities, with it will pay more of the funds, the tax will not fall more heavily than one cent per thousand dollars of the assessed valuation. It is by making such contributions that the League of American Wheelmen has sought its way to the Farmers' sympathy.

It is no wonder that the farmers feared the cycle at first. The man on wheels was at first looked upon as a devil in horseless, but, for fun riding with his best girl, who demanded that others should, without cost to him, smooth the roads that he might have more pleasure. Then the Wheelmen's League spent vast sums of money printing illustrated road books, thousands of which have been distributed, free of cost, and other thousands freely at cost. In various quarters they have raised large sums to build cycle paths between sections of country, on which the cyclers pass to and fro in business and pleasure. Money has been spent by them as in Mr. Doremus' case, in representing at conventions and to spread what they have to tell the gospel of good roads, and now in Baltimore, Cleveland, Chicago, and other cities, the League of American Wheelmen, and the American Automobile Association, have joined in working for it. The very few people who gain success in their first throw have the same.

"Now, on the contrary, if I had crossed, I would have carefully noted how the ball hit and tried to have corrected it on my next throw. The投手 that was too low and too high, as well as too much to one side, would have been valuable lessons to me, and in the end I would have succeeded in placing a stone where I wanted it. That would have been a great pleasure to me.

"I had that first impressed upon me only the other day. I changed during an idle moment to pick up the empty bottle, and something started out thoughts back to my boyhood days when we camped 'bottle' (bottled) in a field march to throw stones at. Smiling to myself at the childishness of it, I set the bottle on a landing post, and after carefully selecting a number of stones, I stood off about thirty feet and prepared to make a test of my skill. The very first stone that I threw caught the bottle fairly in the center and shattered it into a hundred pieces. I threw away the stones that I had carelessly gathered in disgust. I had accomplished what I had set out to do on my first throw; but I fully realized that it was only a fluke and that I might throw fifty more stones and not come anywhere near the mark.

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