

IN THE CHINA SEA

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE DENIZERS BEYOND THE WALL.

The following morning we were early astir. I shot a pheasant for breakfast. This morning ceremony being down the coast. We walked slowly, carefully studying the sky, the ground, the trees—everything.

I hoped to meet with some person. Even a savage would be welcome. I knew that most of the semi-civilized tribes on the Chinese border were warlike, chiefly when pressed by an enemy or when forced by hunger to pillage.

At every step we trod beautiful blossoms into the yielding earth. No conquering hero returning from his victories ever walked his charger over a pathway strewn with roses of such rich a perfume as had these that were destroyed at every step we took.

Birds of wonderful beauty hovered around us, as we tramped along. Among them I noticed golden pheasants, cranes and a bird unknown to me, but excelling all others in the brilliancy of its plumage and sweetness of its song.

None of these excited the least fear, and we could, had we been so inclined, reached out and caught numbers of them.

The sweet songs of some of these feathered beauties made cheerful music to our lagging footsteps.

From among the branches over our heads the faintest of little brown monkeys peered at us in the most friendly way. Some of them seemed about to extend us the hand of fellowship.

Here and there, bounding from tree to tree, or scuffling through the ferns and flowers, were playful squirrels. We reached apples and oranges as we went along.

"One thing is certain," I said. "There is no fear of starvation. We have plenty on every hand."

After a walk of some miles we halted for a rest. Miss Arnold sat on a mossy mound, and I reclined on the grass near her. I told her of America, about the wonderful lands of California, about the wonderful growth of cities west of the Rocky Mountains; how railroads sprang up; how mining lands were developed.

"I don't know," I replied. I have read of the Chinese Wall, but did not expect to find it in the South Seas. There must of course, be men beyond that wall. The thing is to scale it.

"Do you think there can be any opening in it?" she asked. "I can easily find out," I answered. "The land is probably not very wide here. I noticed when we landed from the yacht the land sheered in this direction on the left, while we have followed the coast to the right. If so, we are on a peninsula, which for some reason has been walled up. Now, if you are not afraid to remain here alone, I will follow the wall as far as I deem it advisable and seek a place to get through it."

"No, I found no gate, but that doesn't signify. This much is reasonably sure. That wall did not grow. It was built by human hands, and not centuries ago, either. If this wall is all that separates us from human beings, we will find a way to get over it. But now I am going to reconnoiter."

"What are you going to do?" asked Miss Arnold. "I had unbuckled my sword and laid it on the ground. I then selected a tall tree and commenced to climb it."

"If I can't get up that wall, I can get up this tree," I said, "and it is sometimes quite an advantage to see how the situation looks to a man up a tree. Don't laugh, for I may be not so nimble at this sort of thing as I was years ago."

Up, up I went, until I reached the higher branches. Settling myself where I could stand without discomfort, I looked over the wall. The scene upon which I looked was a startling one.

Back from the wall, extending several hundred feet, was a clear space. Upon this space were about a thousand women, kneeling with their faces toward the wall, evidently engaged in some kind of prayer. Gestures of entreaty and supplication were easily distinguishable.

"These women were of dark-brown color. They were clad in garments that were simple, comfortable and adapted to the climate. A critically inclined observer might claim that they were only half dressed, but this would not be literally true. Their garment was a gown, loosely hanging around the neck, reaching, belted at the waist, and a skirt reaching a short distance below the knee."

"What do you see there?" asked Miss Arnold. "You look interested. Are we near a town?"

"I don't see anything that looks like a town," I replied, "but there is a gigantic prayer-meeting going on over there. All women. And they are as brown as tan. Their features are much like our own. They all kneel, facing this way, and are praying aloud. They don't look like civilized people, nor do they look like savages. I have a hunch that they are some of the denizens of the island."

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"I put down my rifle. Miss Arnold looked outrageous again. There was no mistaking the honesty in the old man's voice."

"Then if you are a dweller here, tell us where we are and how we can get to Hong Kong," I said. "Again the old man's lips parted in his mischievous smile."

"The one were easy to tell—the other, impossible. But I offer you my hand. See, it is the left one. My right is powerless."

"You mistake. I am not a general," I remarked. "You wear the uniform of a Khan—an officer of high degree in China."

"It is simply a stolen one—taken from a fallen foe. I am an American, I was lost at sea. My companion is Miss Arnold, an Englishwoman of Hong Kong. We drifted about in a yacht and were grounded on this land. We know nothing about it, save what we saw on our way through the forest and what I saw over the wall. I was up in a tree and saw a strange sight."

"What did you see?" asked the old man, eagerly. "I saw about a thousand women kneeling in prayer. They rushed away when I called to them. Then two Chinese soldiers appeared."

"Then—what?" asked the old man. "Did you call to them too?" "No. I simply watched them until they went away."

"Ah! It is well. Had you disclosed your presence to them, you would now be a dead man and your companion would be a captive."

"All that I ever saw. There may be good ones, but they are not here. But you said you were going to eat, shall we not?"

"With pleasure. I am anxious to see you tell us of the land we have chanced upon, so full of mystery and romance."

"You may well say it. Trouble binged out Talmouch for its own and has kept it."

"No, I cannot recollect having ever heard the name. Mr. Avery," said Miss Arnold.

"Ah, well, it is no matter. The name of Talmouch is a thing of the past. The island was at one time, many years ago, noted for the superior and lead mines to be found in the mountains away off there, pointing over the wall."

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WOMAN'S WORLD

BEAUTY BRIEFS.

Hints For Women Who Desire a Good Personal Appearance. Never hope for a clear, rosy skin and bright eyes as long as you eat greasy and highly seasoned food.

Brushes must never use borax or soda when they shampoo their hair, nor must blondes use ammonia.

Hot water cleanses, cold water makes fair, and massage makes the face smooth and slightly.

Cosmetics always have been used and always will be, but only a silly woman these days plasters her face or dyes her hair.

The lashes of an adult must never be cut; they will not grow in all cases; hence the risk. Still eyebrows are softened by oil and brushing.

Don't sharply pinch your nails or color them red. Only vulgar women do so.

Blue lips are common. The heart is usually in revolt. Breathing exercises—inhaling and exhaling through the nose—is the very best remedy outside of that gained by seeking a physician's advice.

Very full bloated women are most often victims. Bathe the nose gently with warm water and after a few moments with cold. Massage gently.

"Age wrinkles" are like facts, stubborn things; but "laughter wrinkles" are good natured, and may be coaxed away by smiling them in an opposite direction every day.

Elbow sleeves and scrawny arms are not friendly. To round out the latter, hold the elbows; open and close the fingers rapidly for ten minutes at a time.

A little peroxide in the water, when the hands are very brown, will help to whiten them, but silver sand, shaved mustard soap and hot water are better. Ten minutes' immersion every day.

The fashionable dressmaker is a lady of position, an aristocrat in her own mind, and in her own way. Her house is not outward and visible token of her profession; it is simply a quiet and conservative looking house in a row of others equally modest, and its inmates do not speak and well-appointed windows are like those of its neighbors.

"The fashion of the day is of the past. The island was at one time, many years ago, noted for the superior and lead mines to be found in the mountains away off there, pointing over the wall."

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Chains and Chain Pins.

A variety of gold chain used just now is for the moment a rival to the long lorgnette chain and the conventional necklace. It consists of a short chain, not more than seven inches or eight perhaps, in length. The chain is made of links of fine gold wire, and is finished at each end by a stick pin with head of considerable size.

It is a recent fashion to wear one of these on the neckland of a bodice. The collar bands are now so plain and flat that they can bear being rendered more important. The usual neckband is a broad bias strip of silk. It may or may not be tucked, but the plain bands hold the palm of novelty.

Take your little chain and stretch it over the neckland beneath the chin in about the middle of the neckband. Fasten it beneath the ears with a stick pin, one on each side. It is intended to have the chain go straight across, but the longer eyes will drop a little. If worn over a shoulder, the chain will be set in, just beneath the ears, no further around toward the back.

Another Aid to Matrimony. The ring bearer is the latest fad. In the ring bearer is the latest fad. In the ring bearer is the latest fad. In the ring bearer is the latest fad.

Revers on coats and jackets no longer stretch in wide points from shoulder to shoulder, but are small and rounded, or unbuttoned, the favorite form of collar is the series of small caps, with raw, elegant edges, unbuttoned and unbound. This variation of the eschmann's triple cape is reminiscent of the empire period, and it is seen chiefly on long coats of that persistence. The empire style is appropriate in nearly every department of dress, but especially in coats and jackets.

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OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

Men, the Inevitable—Not Left Alone—His Experience—(Continued)—A Definition—No Reason For It—A Safety Ordeal—A Dangerous Offer, Etc., Etc.

Not Left Alone. "When a man gets down there are few hands extended to him."

His Experience. "Did Hunter have any experience with big game?" "Why, yes. I believe he got away from a black bear once."—Pack.

Congenial. A—"My wife and I agree perfectly." B—"Indeed. How do you manage?" A—"She only sees my faults, and I see only hers."—Illigende Blätter.

A Definition. Little Galen—"Papa, what is a congenial?" Dr. Tombs—"A convalescent. My son is a patient who is not dead yet."—Pack.

No Reason For It. "The Lady of the House."—These vegetables look rather wilted." "The Grocer's Boy."—Well, they ain't to; they've been sprinkled every morning this week.

A Society Ordeal. "Marie, doesn't your needlework do anything but stare when he calls to spend an evening?" "Oh, yes. Ladies, he raves."—In dianapolis Journal.

A Dangerous Offer. "First Artist."—Did Molley make you any offer for your last picture?" "Second Artist."—Yes; he said he'd give me a new canvas for the one I had spoiled."—Chicago Record.

Equally the Case. "Askington."—Was your friend when I saw you walking with this afternoon?" "Teller."—Hold! He wasn't a friend; that's my brother-in-law."—Harper's Bazar.

Highly Ingratious in His Salary. "Young Lady on a trip to sleep."—Have you a heart that beats with love?" "Assistant Upholsterer."—No, ma'am, I should consider it highly imprudent on a salary of ten dollars a week."—Tit-Bits.

Ingrateful. "Miss."—So your sweetheart has deserted you? I am very sorry to hear it." "Cook."—Yes, ma'am, and after all I did for him he weighed over two hundred pounds there at the last."—The Aristocratic Blatler.

And to Ahead Students. "Philosopher."—And now, after having reviewed all philosophy with you, there is only one law that I can lay down for your guidance." "Student."—What is that?" "Philosopher."—When you are sure you are right, you should suppose that you are wrong."—Life.

Brutal Bard. "Ah! Mr. Frankley, your sonnets are so beautiful," sighed Miss Winkle. "You are surely the great poet." "That's what" replied Frankley, who had been dragged to this point against his will. "You can't get on an argument with me on that subject."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Inexhaustible. "He may be a little tedious at times, but his fund of information is inexhaustible." "Yes," answered Miss Corvine. "There's no doubt of it. He takes so much time to tell every little fact that there is no danger of the supply ever giving out."—Washington Star.

Advice to Wears Willie. "I see you movin' out, boss," remarked a very disreputable looking Wears Willie, who had stopped to watch the operation. "Is dey anything you don't need at I might take?" "Yes," snapped the crusty subaltern, tossing a bundle into the van. "A bath."—Catholic Standard and Times.

FLOATING FIELDS.

Besides Their Beauty They Are of Practical Use in China.

It was Dr. MacGowan who some years ago described the manner in which floating fields and gardens are formed in China. In the month of April a bamboo raft ten feet to twelve feet long and about half as broad is prepared. The poles are lashed together with interstices of an inch between each. Over this a layer of straw an inch thick is spread, and then a coating two inches thick of adhesive mud taken from the bottom of a canal or pond which receives the seed. The raft is moored to the bank in still water and requires no further attention. The straw soon gives way, and the soil also, the roots drawing support from the water alone. In about twenty days the raft becomes covered with the creeper and its stems and roots are gathered for cooking. In autumn its small white petals and yellow stamens, nesting among the round leaves, presents a very pretty appearance. In some places marshy land is profitably cultivated in this manner.

Besides these floating vegetable gardens there are also floating rice fields, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Upon rafts constructed as above, reeds and adiantum were placed as a flooring soil, which, being adhesive and held in place by wood roots, the plants were maintained in position throughout the season. The rice thus planted ripened in from sixty to seventy in place of 100 days. The rafts are called to the shore, floating on lakes, pools or sluggish streams. These floating fields serve to avert famine, whether by drought or flood. When other fields were submerged and their crops sodden or rotten, these floated and flourished, and when a drought prevailed, they, provided with the falling water, and while the soil around was arid, advanced to maturity. Agricultural treatises contain plates representing rows of extensive rice fields moored to sturdy trees on the banks of rivers or lakes which existed formerly in the lacustrine regions of the lower Yangtze and Yellow Rivers.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

There is no doubt of the essential nobility of the man who pours into life the honest vigor of his soul above those who compose the feather-foam of fashion, who considers the insignia of honor to consist in wealth and indolence, and who, ignoring the family history, pours coats-of-arms to cover up the leather aprons of their grandfathers.

A greater value should be set on having received instructive and useful lessons than on possessing great store of wealth, for the latter is a transitory good, the former is durable.

Two things fill the mind with ever new and increasing admiration and awe the often and the more steadily we reflect on them: the starry heavens above and the moral law within.

Attention is an awkward and forced imitation of what should be genuine and easy, wanting the beauty that accompanies a state of nature.

Happiness is like a netting. It hinders and goes out and in it is blacker than before it came. People are often deceived as to their true interests.

Of things that are in our power are our opinions, impulses, pursuits, avoidances, and in brief, all that is of our own doing.

He who would not be frustrated of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poet.

Nothing in the world is more haughty than a man of moderate capacity when once raised to power.

How seemingly unattainable are the heights of purity from the depths of wickedness.

Chinese Constancy. Engagements once contracted are seldom broken. A broken engagement is apt to be interpreted as a reflection on the character of the girl, and the latter is hence very loth to have it broken. Marriage is a permanent institution in China, writes Wu Ting Fang in Collier's Weekly. Even the promise of marriage is held so sacred that many a girl, whose fiance has died before her marriage day, has vowed never to marry. Her wish is usually respected, especially if the family of her betrothed is rich. In that case she says, "I will become a widow," and goes to the family of her deceased bridegroom and lives with them as a daughter. If they are not wealthy they may not care to be burdened with her support, but then she devotes her life to the family of the man who might have been her husband. A widow who has children very seldom, if ever, marries, but continues to live in the family of her late husband, rearing his children to perpetuate the family name. If she is childless she consults the wishes of her mother-in-law, and may feel at liberty to go and marry again.