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IN THE CHINA SEA

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER XI.

[CONTINUED.]

The two Jumars and Miss Arnold sat and gazed at me wonderingly. But I told them no more. The time to tell them my plans had not come yet. When it did, I felt that I would find them ready to aid me.

Mr. Avery heaved a sigh.

"Well, Crickmore," he said, "you doubtless know your own mind. But you are running into great danger."

"Not more than I am here," I replied. "Here we simply wait for death to come to us. If death must be my portion, I propose to meet it half way. This inactivity is irksome. I must do something toward effecting our release."

The weight of the subject was too much for everybody. After a futile attempt to resume conversation, Mr. Avery and the two Jumars went away. As they were leaving, I once more reminded Oso-Bark of his promise.

"Oolek, do not fear," he said, "I will gather the bark before I sleep this night. The good teacher can bring it to you in the morning."

"And one other thing I want," I said. "Bring me a suit of clothes similar to those you wear."

"That, too, Oolek," he said, and they were gone.

"What is this dangerous thing you are going to do?" asked Miss Arnold, as I was leaving her with her dusky companion. "What plan have you?"

"Do not worry," I replied. "I shall do nothing rash. I am going among the people to study them. I am going to study also the resources at our command. I do not feel that the Talmooch chiefs have done themselves justice in submitting for twenty years to Chinese rule."

"And then what? Suppose you find resources that have been overlooked; what will be the result?"

"War."

CHAPTER XII.

THE MISSION OF WAR.

"What is the name of this street, Mr. Avery?"

"This is called the 'Street of the Lost Children.' That broad avenue stretching away to the eastward is called the 'Street of the Invaders.' It was down that avenue the conquerors came, twenty years ago, and it was the scene of havoc, carnage and outrage. These streets had other names before the fall, but in these gruesome titles the Jumars love to perpetuate the memory of their sorrow."

We were standing on the porch of Mr. Avery's house in Galmeor. Before us the wide Street of the Invaders stretched away into a pleasing vista of spreading palms and comfortable houses. These houses were nearly all of one pattern, some, however, being larger and more pretentious than others. Mr. Avery's was the largest of them all. It was well adapted to the hot climate. The rooms were well lighted and aired with plenty of windows. A wide porch nearly surrounded the house.

I had taken my first meal with Mr Avery in his own house. It was my first appearance in Galmeor as a Jumar. I was as brown as Oso-Bark himself, and sought to bear myself with the Spartan-like calmness of Garu-Saak.

The sorrowful Hankannan knew me at once, and hung constantly over my chair while we were at the table.

"My good Hankannan," Mr. Avery had said, "do not annoy our guest. Please be calm in our presence."

"Ah! Is he not the Oolek?" she cried. "Does he not know the sorrow of my heart? Can he not soothe it? Can he not restore to me my Gorgret—my son?"

I signaled to Mr. Avery not to speak harshly to her. This woman, whose faith in me was so strong, who so readily accepted the authority with which she believed me to be invested, would perhaps be most useful to me in the future.

"Be calm, my good Hankannan, be calm," I said to her, putting my hand on her head. "All in good time. Your Gorgret is now at Quiental, fear not that you shall not see him again. It is not time now—but soon."

As I have said, after our meal, we stood on the porch.

"Crickmore, you are playing a daring game. I do not know your plan, but whatever it is, there is danger in it. I do not seek your confidences. When it is time, tell me what is to be done, and I will help you."

"My plans are yet very crude," I answered. "Everything depends on how I find the people—whether they are all willing to place in me the blind faith that the two Jumas we have seen have shown, and that still greater faith of Hankannan's, or whether I shall be called upon to fight my way among doubt and mistrust. Mr. Avery, I am going to teach rebellion."

"Ah! 'Rebellion!' That is a mighty word, Crickmore. That arch-fiend who holds court in Quiental would crush rebellion under his heel, and leave no lives to bear its memory."

"The arch-fiend will of necessity be up and doing to crush the rebellion I am going to lead. I am simply developing my plan on the lines laid down by yourself when you advised me to allow myself to be considered a king sent to deliver these people from bondage. If I can—with your assistance—firmly implant in their minds the belief that I can lead them to victory, half the battle is won."

"But—but—why, I am staggered by the stupendous project. You have no guns—no army. How can you expect to succeed?"

"Before I strike, all these must be obtained. But it is too soon to talk of that now. Let us take a walk through the town."

Galmeor was not unlike some of the quaint old cities to be found in Spain or rural France. There was, however, a striking difference between it and any quaint old city I had ever seen. It was cleaner and more healthful.

We walked through the Street of the Invaders, and as we walked we talked. Evidences were abundant that the strange people among whom Mr. Avery had lived so long fully merited his unstinted praise as to their industry and refinement.

We passed many houses that would have reflected credit upon an English or American occupant, so scrupulously clean and neat were they kept. Many of them boasted of gardens, and these were kept with great care. The houses, almost invariably, were of the low, wide portioned and piazza style that was so conducive to comfort in that salubrious climate, where most of the time man lived out-of-doors. In some of them the women could be seen at their work. The Jumars had no idlers. Every man and woman seemed to be busy.

"Now, there is a house I like," I said, pointing to one a little larger than the others. "It is, in its way, imposing."

"That," said Mr. Avery, "is the residence of the greatest living Jumar—none other than our friend Garu-Saak. He is now at the mines. Somewhere among those mountains beyond? There he is at work. But his wife must be at home. She is never anywhere else. Let us go in."

Mr. Avery ascended the steps leading to the wide porch, and without ceremony opened the door.

"Come, my good woman," he called out in Jumarese. "You have a guest."

At first there was no answer.

"She is probably in the garden. Come, Anna Bac," he called out in a louder tone, "we want to see you face."

"Ah, the good teacher! Is it you?" asked a gentle voice.

The woman came in and bade us be seated.

"I was busy," she said. Then, looking at me, she said, curiously: "But our friend—he is a Jumar, and I do not know him? Whence came he? Perhaps he is a Kalek and away from his task. If so, the soldiers of the governor will be pleased to find him."

"He is a Jumar—and he is a Kalek," replied Mr. Avery.

"How? That is not easy. Can you explain, good teacher, how he is a Jumar of Galmeor and a Kalek of Bromportah in one?"

"Listen, Anna Bac! Can you keep a secret until we say to you: 'Spread the news'?"

"Sire, the wife of Garu-Saak can keep many secrets. In her bosom there are locked many now. You can tell."

"That is so. Well, you remember you came to me one day and told me that the women, while at prayer one day, saw a man dressed in gold, belonging to them."

"It is so. I remember well," she said.

"This is he."

"Ah! This is the Oolek. I know. Garu Saak has told me, but has bid me seal my lips."

She threw herself on the floor and kissed the polished wood before me.

"Look here, Mr. Avery," I said in English. "This is very embarrassing. I don't know what to do with so much worship."

"Tell her to rise," he said gravely.

"Rise, my good woman," I said, in the native tongue. "I do not want the homage of my people, but their love and obedience."

"Oolek, you will have them both. Rely upon Anna Bac. The wife of Garu Saak gives you promise that the women of Galmeor will serve you and help you as we can."

"That is well—and all that can be asked," said Mr. Avery. "Now let us go on."

In this way we went through Galmeor, meeting and speaking only to those who were considered by Mr. Avery to be the safest custodians of our secret.

We passed out into the country and saw many beautiful farms. They were all well cared for. The people in every means to promote prosperity. If the iron grasp of the tyrant could be shaken. The ground was ready to give forth in great abundance. The mountains hid vast fortunes not yet mined or discovered.

On our way back, we stopped at the farm of Oso-Bark. The big Jumar saw us as we were entering the gate. He looked ugly. He was carrying two pails of milk from the cow-sheds into the house. He said nothing to us, but we followed him inside. I apprehended that something was going wrong.

In the living-room of Oso-Bark's house there sat a Chinese officer and half-a-dozen soldiers. Drawn up in the porch was a wagon, to which a horse was harnessed. In the wagon were several large cans. The daily rounds were being made to collect the milk and honey of the island for the garrison at Quiental. When Oso-Bark had poured the milk into the nearest can, the tax-collector ordered it to leave. As he passed us, he drew his sword and wantonly pricked Mr. Avery's arm. I made a motion forward. I was going to knock the miscreant down. Mr. Avery held me back.

"You would ruin all," he said. "Do not be impetuous. I am accustomed to such as this."

My own turn came, and I too felt the officer's courtesy. One of the soldiers kicked me as he passed. My blood fairly boiled within me. I wondered how the fellow would act if he knew he was kicking an American.

"How much longer shall this endure!" meaned Mr. Avery when the lends had departed.

"Not longer than God Almighty withholds from me the power to bring these fellows down," I replied, savagely. "That was a rascally act. But we shall have our day. But I am thirsty, I suppose, Oso-Bark, your milk is all gone to feed our dear friends a Quiental."

"Not all," replied the Jumar. "I ask having my cows rained by not milking full. But I flinch when the axmen have gone. Come, I will show you."

The cows of Talmooch are small, fat animals, sleek and lazy, but they give rich, sweet milk.

"See, I divide with the governor," said Oso-Bark.

He soon had a small supply of the white, rich liquid. He handed me a cupful, warm, which I drank.

"I drink to the downfall of Hen-Ko-Fi," I said.

"May it be soon," added Mr. Avery.

"After dark," I continued, turning to the Jumar, "I want you and Garu-Saak to come to the cave. I have something to say to you."

"We will be there," he said simply.

On our journey back to Mr. Avery's house we passed a guard. He was mounted on a fine horse, and as he rode along he gazed at us impudently.

"I wonder what that fellow would give to find you out," said Mr. Avery. "It would make him a general at least."

"Is there danger of treachery?" I asked.

"Not a bit," he said, with emphasis. "If the Empire of China were the prize, no Jumar would be bought."

"You will come to supper with me," I said, when we reached his house. "I want to talk to you about something."

"Very, well, I am at your service," he replied.

We passed into the cellar and then into the underground passage. From this passage we went into the subterranean river-bed—a wide, smooth roadway to the sea. The sides of this extinct waterway were very steep and high.

"It is of this place I wish to speak," I said, pointing around me into the black depths.

"And of it—what?" asked the missionary.

"We must now begin active work. We must manufacture arms and implements of war. I propose to establish workshops and forges here, and have the work done in the secrecy of the night. The smoke will be a bad feature, but flues can be cut near the roof to carry it away."

"It can be done, but it is dangerous."

"So is inertia, my friend. If we risk nothing we gain nothing. We will see what the Jumars think of it."

"They will agree to anything you suggest, but I myself doubt the success of your plan."

"I make no promises. I can do nothing alone. If I have the united support of the people I can accomplish much."

"Ah, you are safe," said Miss Arnold, when we entered that portion of the cave where she had her abode, "I have been imagining all sorts of evil things. I am glad your first adventure brought no harm to you."

"It has brought me more of an appetite than anything else," I said. "Has the good Hankannan brought us of Mr. Avery's bounty?"

"Yes, good soul that she is. She has been here two or three times today to tell me that she had received word from some passing woman that Mr. Avery was seen at this or that place. Of course, I knew that if he was safe you were also. Here is our supper ready. Hankannan is a master-hand. She loves to make me feel comfortable and, if possible, happy, and her own soul is bowed down with grief. It would be a great day for Hankannan if the independence of Talmooch were restored."

"That is a long time hence," said Mr. Avery.

I did not reply to this. The old man was the victim of the lack of confidence that has held the Jumars down for twenty years.

After supper, Oso-Bark, true to his promise and habit, appeared in the cave with Garu-Saak.

"You had something to say to us, Oolek?" said Garu-Saak, in his natural voice, standing sternly before us. "We await your commands."

"I have no commands to give," I replied. "I want your help and advice."

I saw that they were greatly pleased.

"You know the dimensions of the river-bed under us?" I asked.

"Yes, we know," they answered together.

"How far into the land does it go?"

"Many miles," said Garu-Saak. "The widest part is under Bromporah."

"That suits exactly. Does it run near the mines?"

"It runs under the mountain-head Galmeor, where the craftsmen—"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

STORIES TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Feared He Wouldn't—An Intermission—Home Attractions—He's Well Trained—She Had Them Often—His Opportunity—A Rare Genius, Etc.

He was nervous. "Time now for him to propose," the maid for he said, but he couldn't. She was nervous. "Time now for him to propose—" She loved very much that he wouldn't. —Philadelphia Press.

An Intermission.

"How is your club for the protection of birds coming on?"

"Oh, we stop meeting just before it is time to think about turkey."—Detroit Free Press.

Home Attractions.

Mrs. Gadd—That new minister isn't much on visiting, is he?

Mr. Gadd—No. I guess maybe his wife is a pretty good cook herself.—New York Weekly.

He's Well Trained.

"Did you hear what that man next door calls his big freckled blond wife?"

"Birdie?"

"No; he calls her 'Little Sunshine.'"—Indianapolis Journal.

She Had Them Often.

She—Isn't it strange? I had a presentiment——

Her Husband—Indeed? I had a presentiment that you were going to have some kind of a presentiment.—Puck.

His Opportunity.

Miss Athyns—Do you know, sometimes it seems to me that the prettiest girls marry the homeliest men?

Mr. Wilkyns (promptly)—Am I homely enough for you, Miss Athyns? Somerville Journal.

A Rare Genius.

Critikus—D'Auber is certainly a genius.

Palette—What's he been up to now?

Critikus—He has just sold a five-hundred-dollar picture of a one-hundred-dollar horse.—Chicago News.

The Question.

"Addie," said the fond mother, "is anything the matter with your head? You are rubbing the spot where a girl naturally thinks of marriage."

"Time," replied the father, regretfully, "has do you suppose we can afford a son-in-law?"—Chicago Post.

Justice Done at Last.

"Your Honor," said the clerk, "I have to report that the jury is hung."

"It is queer," mused the court, "how chance will sometimes execute a just sentence. Have the bodies cut down and removed, Mr. Clerk."—Detroit Times.

It Was Not Surprising.

Morrell—Every rose has its thorn. For instance, a man may reach the very pinnacle of fame and still be unhappy.

Worrell—That's not surprising. Did you ever sit on a pinnacle?—Philadelphia Press.

A Wife's Circle.

"I don't like to make calls with my wife."

"Does she pick you up afterward on your grammar?"

"No; but she makes me give her ten cents for every lie I tell."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Worm Turns.

"Yes," said Mr. Henpeck, "I too have my favorite flowers."

"And what may they be, pray?" snarled his wife.

"They are the ones that 'shut up' at night," he bravely managed to articulate.—Harper's Bazar.

The Classification of Scientists.

Professor—There are only two kinds of scientists.

Inquiring Mind—What are they, professor?

Professor—Well, we classify them as bacteriologists and way-back-fossilists.—Indianapolis Journal.

His Complaint.

"A poet has said that there are sonnets in the silvery," remarked the young man who carries a tassle roll.

"Yes," answered Mr. Bigkins. "The trouble is that so many people refuse to let well enough alone and insist on dragging 'em out."—Washington Star.

Still Unconvinced.

Benedick—It is said that most of the people who commit suicide are unmarried. How are you going to get around that?

Catch—Oh, well, I s'pose after a fellow has been married a while he gets so he can put up with almost anything.

Suit—Her Just as Well.

"Don't you think a man—a real man—ought to acknowledge when he is in the wrong in an argument with his wife?"

"Oh, I don't know. George never owns up, but he always goes and buys me something real nice and expensive."—Detroit Free Press.

An Appeal to Her Reason.

"It is true," she said, in cutting tones, as the quarrel waxed fierce, "that I had nothing when you married me. It is true that you gave me a wedding journey around the world. But you had to standing in society, sir. I have introduced you into the highest circles!"

"Then here, in the name of Reason!" he wailed, "can that make us square?"—Chicago Tribune.

Genius Rewarded.

A schoolmaster, not famous for his personal beauty, swooped down on the inattentive boy and found him drawing caricatures. He picked up the and read the boy in a voice of thunder, "Is this meant for me?"

"Please, sir," said the victim in a state of terror, "please, sir, I did not mean to make it so like."

The master destroyed the picture and let the matter drop.—London Globe.

STOOD BY HIS BARGAIN.

The Chariot Seemed a Bit Gaudy, But He Was Willing to Use It.

"It's a hard life," declared the old circus man, according to the Detroit Free Press, "and I always say at the close of every season that I am through with it. But there is something in the life, the smell of the sawdust ring, the glitter and noise, the changing scene, that appeals to a man who has once been in the business, and it is seldom that one leaves the life until death steps in. There is a good deal of humor in the business, too, as we are brought into contact with all sorts and conditions of men.

"I am reminded of a funny thing that happened to me a good many years ago when such a thing as moving a circus by rail was not thought of. It was part of my work at that time to drive our great $20,000 chariot, not only in the parade, but between towns as well. What little sleep I got I had to catch here and there on my seat while we were on our way to another town. One night my doze turned into a sound sleep and when I awoke I discovered that the team, left without a driver, had turned into a farmyard and come to a stop before a big stack, where they were quietly eating. While I was rubbing my eyes and trying to grasp the situation the old man who owned the hay came out where I was and walked around the chariot and looked it over with a critical eye.

"Well," said I, with a grin, 'what do you think of it?'

"'Gosh,' said he, 'ain't hit jes a trifle too gaudy?'

"'Well, what do you expect?' said I, indignantly, at this implied reflection upon the great moral show that I represented.

"'Well, I suppose hit is all right,' answered the old man, doubtfully, as he looked it over once more. 'I ordered hit, and I'll stand by my bargain. Hit seems to me that hit is jes' a bit loud. But I suppose I ain't used to city ways.'

"It was now my turn to be surprised, and I was about to ask him what he was driving at, when he added that I might as well unhitch as the funeral wouldn't be until two in the afternoon.

"Then there were explanations all around. It seems that the old man's wife had died, and he had sent to the nearest city for a funeral car, and had mistaken our great $10,000 chariot for it. There had been a good deal of rivalry in the undertakers in regard to funerals, and the old man had made up his mind to outshine them all, and I think he was disappointed in the end when he discovered that he had been mistaken."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body. It preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than counterbalances all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us.

To meditate daily, to pray daily, seems a means indispensable for breaking this surface crust of forcefulness, habit, routine, which hides the living springs of wisdom.

Never be discouraged by trifles. If a spider breaks her thread twenty times, he will mend it as many. Perseverance and patience will accomplish wonders.

To commiserate is something more than to give, for money is external to a man's self, but he who bestows compassion communicates his own soul.

Despise not any man, and do not spurn anything. For there is no man that hath not his hour, nor is there anything that hath not its place.

More deeds unrecited by deeds, are the unframed pictures. They do not long retain their freshness and wholeness and beauty.

Generally, to despise the young, comprises the desire and the effort to benefit others without returning to self.

The loveliest things in life are but shadows, and they come and go and change and fade away as rapidly.

An avowal of poverty is a disgrace to no man; to make no effort to escape from it is indeed disgraceful.

In friendship, as in love, we are often happier through our ignorance than our knowledge.

Nothing can be further apart than true humility and servility.

Cuban English.

Many of the visiting Cuban teachers during their stay in this country picked up a few words and phrases of English, the meaning of which they hardly understood. Near the University of Pennsylvania a coal cart driver, who was standing beside his team, started a conversation with a stout Cuban senor, says the Philadelphia Record.

"So you're a Cuban, are you?" he asked.

"Sure," was the rather slangy reply.

"You like this country?"

"All right."

"Were you born in Cuba?"

"Sure."

"How old are you?"

"All right."

This ended the conversation, as the coalcart driver's efforts were not so quickly rewarded.

The Polite Physician.

A lady of literary taste once requested Dr. Relt, the celebrated English writer, to call at her house. "Be sure you recollect the address," she said as she quitted the room. "No. 1 Chesterfield street." "Madam," said the doctor, "I am too great an admirer of politeness not to remember Chesterfield, and I trust the address can not be forgot. Number one."—Argonaut.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

A Military Touch on Gowns.

A military touch on dress and cloth skirts waits for youthful wearers in just now the correct thing. This is brought out very prettily in making a band of red cloth for the cloth collar and fastening it with rows of very narrow gold braid, put on in the military manner. This is illustrated on a cream-white cloth where the collar is of red cloth, only covered with rows of the gold braid and matching white and gilded silk.

The Migration of the Cat.

"Bring on her kittens and puppies if you please, but don't let her come!" Well and naturally the hair may be of any kind with the latest novelty in dog and a pair of cuffs on the sleeve of her sleeves. Cuffs are supposed to belong to the removal of the sleeves, but for a plain band of the sleeves of the cuffs of different shapes. The shoulder cuffs are very small and at the cuffs are very small at the armsize have cuffs.

In its migration it has spread to shoulder cuffs and has now passed on its way on the sleeve of the sleeve of the cloth coat. It is only a matter of the sleeve has a band of material, usually the same fabric as the coat. The cuffs are of the sleeve of the sleeve of the sleeve