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IN THE CHINA SEA

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER XVII.

[CONTINUED.]

"Twist," I said.

The Chinaman shrieked again in pain.

"Twist harder," I said, after a moment.

"Helpee!" yelled Sid Kee. "Tlakee off! Hurtee like nation!"

"Were you ever in San Francisco?"

"No—Oaow! Killee me! Killee me. No hurtee so long!"

"If I promise not to hurt you, but to send you back to China, then will you tell?"

"Less!" yelled the vanquished Chinaman.

"Now, Sid Kee, I am determined to know where Annie Ralston is, or at least what became of her. You are the only one alive that can tell me."

"Lannie Ralson not belong to me," groaned Sid Kee.

"Whom did she belong to?"

"Me no dare tell. Me gettee killed."

"You will get killed if you don't tell. Was it Cha Fong?"

Sid Kee's eyes opened wide with astonishment.

"You know Cha Fong?" he exclaimed.

"I did know him. I happened to kill him. He wouldn't do what I told him to do. Do you take warning?"

"Cha Fong! Him dead?"

"Yes he is dead. What of it?"

"Tlakee off lions. Me tell."

I had the irons taken off. Sid Kee came close to me and whispered:

"You know Gambok Snellee?"

"I did know him. I killed him, too."

"Evlebody killed!" shouted Sid Kee. "An I me no gettee killed?"

"Not if you restore Annie Ralston in good health and uninjured, or tell us where she can be found."

"Me tell," he said. "Nobody know Lannee Raslon. She clome me. I hide Lannee Raslon in cave. Hen Ko-Hi not know. She here not know. Nobody know but Gambok Snellee, Cha Fong and Sid Kee. Gambok Snellee, him say, keep safe till him clome. Him gettee Cha Fong and Linglise girl. Clome back, live in Talmooch. Gambok Snellee dead, Cha Fong dead, me glivee you. Me no want Lannee Raslon."

"Well, by all that's great!" said Captain Harwood.

Langston sat in a chair, leaning against a table. His face was very white. His wide-open eyes were fixed on Sid Kee.

"The case is plain to me, gentlemen," I said joyfully. "This fellow is a faithful agent of Gambok Snell. He has brought the girl to this island and, by some connivance, he has succeeded in getting her hidden away to be kept in safety until his master's return. His master was unfortunate enough to meet with an experience which effectually prevented his return. By that stroke of good fortune the girl has been kept unharmed. But this fellow deserves no credit for that. He simply dared not harm her, for his orders were explicit. Gambok Snell wanted her himself. And the English girl Cha Fong was to have was Miss Arnold, who will soon be safe in her father's house. There is the matter in a nut-shell. Gambok Snell told me the Ketoto was lost with all on board. But that is neither here nor there, now. What we want is Annie Ralston. Is it not as I have said it?" I asked Sid Kee.

"Juss li' you say," he answered.

"And now that your masters are dead, and you have no fear of punishment from them, you are willing to give up Annie Ralston to save your own worthless life. Is it so?"

"Less. Me show you."

"Lead the way," I said. "You led me to her once before; do so again."

He led the way out of the palace.

"I did not suppose," I said to Langston and Captain Harwood, "that a spot existed in Quiental that my soldiers had not ransacked. But there may be one. I believe this fellow is telling the truth now."

"He would not risk his life by a lie when he is alone in our hands," replied the captain.

Sid Kee led us about the same kind of a journey as he had led me on the memorable occasion of our first meeting. He did not seem to possess the faculty of going in a straight direction. His whole life was so crooked that even his walk was so. He led us up one street and down another, all the time muttering to himself in his gibberish. He took us toward the sea, then away from it. Finally he struck into a rough street, evidently but little used. He went into a small wooden house. It was then occupied by Japanese, but before the revolution it had been the abode of Sid Kee—so he informed us.

We went inside, and our guide tore up a corner of the floor, much the same as a terrier would tear up ground if he knew there was a rat under it. It had evidently not been taken up in some time.

"How could anybody live in there?" exclaimed Captain Harwood. "How could you feed her?"

"See" and Sid Kee pointed to a small, square opening, just large enough to pass a dish through.

We waited breathlessly until he had dug a hole large enough for us to enter. We rushed through it. We found ourselves in a marble-lined room about twenty feet square, furnished comfortably, and lighted by a lamp. A ventilating shaft ran to the roof, giving a supply of air.

There was a small door leading into another room, but we had no time nor inclination to look into it then.

Kneeling by the side of a bed, praying, or moaning in a low tone, was a woman.

"Slee, Lannee Ralston," said Sid Kee.

I rushed to her. She heard us speaking and rose to her feet. I held out my hand to greet her. She recoiled from me and gave me a look of entreaty. The face was the same that I had seen with Sid Kee in San Francisco.

"Miss Ralston, you are free—saved," I said. "We are from San Francisco, and have come to rescue you. Your brother is not half a mile away. See, here is an officer of the United States. Come."

She wept, but allowed herself to be assisted out of the cellar, and walked with us to the palace.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEFORE THE CURTAIN DROPS.

Ten days later the captain's gig lay at the wharf at Quiental, and a happy party were about to embark in her to board the Beaver, which lay, with steam up, ready to transport us at once to Hong Kong.

"We had been delayed by the illness of Edward Ralston, who was but just sufficiently recovered to warrant his making the long journey home. He and Annie were going to San Francisco. Miss Ralston had somewhat recovered from her six months' incarceration. Between her and Miss Arnold a deep friendship had sprung up—a friendship that was to ripen and deepen as the years went on.

Mere words are utterly inadequate to express the gratitude of the Ralstons toward Langston and myself for our efforts to rescue Annie. The results of this gratitude were afterward made apparent to me in the benefits Talmooch received, induced by Western influence.

As I said, the Ralstons were going home.

Miss Arnold and I were going to Hong Kong to meet her father. If that gentleman raised no objections, and we anticipated none, we were to be united in marriage by Mr. Avery, and take up our permanent residence in the palace of Quiental. It was not until I had given my solemn promise to return that Garu-Saak, Oso-Bark and Bado-Ror signified their willingness for me to leave them even for a time.

I asked Mr. Avery to accompany me, but the old man preferred to remain and take care of his people until we returned.

It was doubtful just what Langston would do. He had avowed his intention to remain in Talmooch and assist me in building up a nation. His legal knowledge would prove invaluable to me; but he had also fallen desperately in love with Annie Ralston, and I doubted if he would see her leave Hong Kong and not accompany her. I firmly cherished a fond hope that in the near future they would take the step Miss Arnold and I had resolved upon, and become citizens of Talmooch. I even proposed to Langston that he become my Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and he laughingly accepted, provided we could obtain the protection of the United States Government. Ralston promised that we should have it if Western influence could bring it about.

Mr. Avery, Garu-Saak and Oso-Bark bade us adieu at the wharf, and watched us as we rowed toward the Beaver. When we were safely on board and the anchor was raised guns were fired from the shore.

We waved farewells to our friends on land and rapidly steamed away.

As we got farther and farther away from Talmooch I watched the island through a powerful glass.

Framed in the stone setting of the little window in the north tower I saw the pale, furrowed face of the old missionary looking sadly after us. Good, faithful friend! He deserved all that I could do for his welfare, and I resolved, upon my return, to substantially reward him for his kind, fatherly care over Miss Arnold during our long stay on the island and his faithful assistance to me in my dangerous plans.

And so I leave you. Trusting in the future as I have always trusted, firm in my belief that Talmooch shall some day make for itself a name among nations, of which both you and I shall be proud, I lift my hat to the glorious stars and stripes—emblem of liberty—that floats above me from the masthead, and fondly, sadly, say: Adieu!

THE END.

The Age of Niagara.

A geologist of some note has been studying the wear and tear of Niagara, and has made calculations therefrom in order to find out the age of the famous Falls. He has come to the conclusion that they have just completed their ten thousandth birthday and are as vigorous now as ever they were.

WOOD QUICKLY TURNED TO COAL

The Transformation Does Not Require a Long Period of Time.

Geologists have taught that tens of thousands of years, if not even hundreds of thousands, was the time needed to transform wood into combustible fossil, otherwise coal. The chance observation of a scientist, G. Arth, shows that current ideas on this topic will have to be considerably modified. He took notice of a piece of gualactic, perfectly sound, which was placed at the bottom of a bronze sheath to serve as pivot for a turbine of the Jonval, of twelve horse power and 112 revolutions per minute. The weight of the entire machine was 840 pounds, the end of the axis, which rested upon the piece of gualacum, was of steel. Without being really immersed in water the pivot was always moist, being placed under the holes through which the water ran.

After six months, although the under part of the wood was intact, the upper part upon which the axis of the turbine rested, was transformed into a black substance, the surface of which was cracked, and which easily broke into small pieces. The breaks, which were shiny and irregular, were entirely like those of certain combustible minerals. In fact, in six months the wood had been converted into coal.

The special conditions under which this rapid transformation had taken place were: High pressure, humidity, and elevation of temperature the last named being produced by friction. These are the conditions under which wood is naturally changed into coal, but it will be seen that the long period of time mentioned by geologists is not necessary.

London Sewers.

There are sewers of all shapes and sizes. Some are so large that you could ride down them on horseback, others so small that you have to stoop to go through them. Some are egg-shaped, some barrel-shaped, others almost square. There are special varieties also. There are blood sewers and boiling sewers, and others under the special patronage of manufacturing chemists, candlemakers, and soap boilers. The blood sewers of the meat markets are the special habitat of the sewer rat, not often met with elsewhere underground. The reputed size and ferocity of these creatures must be liberally discounted. In the course of several tours underground the writer saw only one, and it scuttled away as fast as its legs could carry it. Finally, there are disused sewers, fallen into decay, known among the workmen as "dead sewers." There is plenty of room for variety, for if the sewers of London were placed end to end they would reach from the metropolis to Constantinople, with something to spare.—Good Words.

Japanese Acuteness.

The Nippon tells a quaint story of an English barrister, well known in Japan, whose doings used to be characterized by the epithet genkin shugi (ready money policy). This gentleman, if a friend met him in the street and sought his advice on any topic, would inevitably send in a bill at the end of the month, saying: "To consultation on such and such a day, twenty-five yen."

It happened one day that this barrister, meeting an expert Japanese gardener, asked his opinion concerning the disposition of some stones and trees. A bystander, himself a Yokohama barrister, by way of practical joke, induced the expert to send in a bill at the close of the month, couched in the usual formula. The "ready money policy" barrister paid it at once, observing that the Japanese were getting to be up to a thing or two.—Tokio Correspondence of the Chicago Record.

Great Cattle Ranges Gone.

The large real estate holdings of the Standard Cattle Company, at one time the leading cattle concern in eastern Wyoming, have been sold to "Bud" Driskell, a large cattle owner of Spearfish, S. D. The land, including inclosed pastures, amounts to about 20,000 acres, and is one of the finest stock ranches in northeastern Wyoming.

This sale brings the fact home to the old timers in Wyoming that the days of the range cattle business are rapidly drawing to a close. The Standard Cattle Company was for years a power in Wyoming range stock business, but, like hundreds of other concerns, has submitted to the new order of things and is now engaged in raising small herds of thoroughbred stock on smaller ranches and irrigated pastures.—Denver Republican.

Photography on Trains.

Suburban commuters have various ways in which to occupy the time on the journey between the city and their country homes. One of the most novel is that of a young man who lives in one of the Hudson River towns. On bright mornings he takes his seat on the sunny side of the car, brings out a pair of plate holders and prints photographs all the way to town. It is reported that some of the suburban lines are considering the advisability of furnishing dark rooms on trains for the benefit of patrons who are amateur photographers.—New York Mail and Express.

Awakened Consciences.

The Globe occasionally does good. Lately it had a story complaining of the manner in which people borrow, and never pay back, referring more particularly to step ladders. So far, thirty-two people have called at the office to acknowledge step ladders returned. Several wheel barrows, rakes, hoes and spades have also been returned as a result of the item.—Atchison Globe.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND
by E. C. Tompkins

HOW swift the years, th' eventful years!
What heaps of dust on erstwhile treasure!
Life's daily din is in our ears,
The tramp of toil, the song of pleasure.

And yet, with all the rust that lies
Upon the shrines of ancient glory,
There comes a day when thoughtful eyes
Re-read the old, inspiring story

Of him who rose up in his might,
Serene and loyal, strong and tender,
Of country, liberty and right,
True advocate and brave defender.

O valley snows stained by their blood,
O lanvelled heights they died in winning!—
Vanguard of freedom's brotherhood,
We build to-day from thy beginning.

O flag that Cambridge winds first knew,
What patriot prayers went out to bless thee!
Star after star shines in thy blue,
And suns of every zone caress thee!

The flag, the land of Washington,—
Bonds clasped anew that strife had broken,—
The loyal heart its way hath won
By many a sacred sign and token.

God hold us true, as thou wert true,
To justice and its high endeavor;
May we remember thee anew
To-day, to-morrow and forever!

Washington as a Soldier and Statesman.

IF good English stock George Washington was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, February 22, 1732. His father died early, but left him under the care of a most excellent mother, who gave him as good an education as possible, consistent with circumstances, and, even better, stamped upon his character ineffaceable traits of manly devotion and virtue. Washington held his mother in very high regard, and he was the special object of her affection and her efforts to bring him up to noble deeds. As a boy he could ride well, shoot well, more than maintain himself among his fellows and tell the truth.

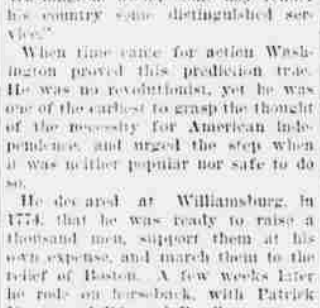
At sixteen we see him, as a young explorer, surveying the lands of Lord Fairfax, roughing it among the woods and the Indians, succeeding equally well among savage tribes and among the high social circles of Williamsburg. Rising rapidly, in three years he was made adjutant-general of militia in his district, and before he was twenty-one was dispatched by Governor Dinwoodie on a diplomatic mission to the French invaders of the Ohio region, a most dangerous and delicate task, which was well performed.

His admirable conduct at Great Meadows, his heroic endeavors at Braddock's defeat, his intrepid course at Fort Du Quesne, revealed to all discerning observers that he had in him the stuff of which not only good border soldiers, but also great generals are made, and one of these observers, the eloquent preacher, Samuel Davies, was wise enough to predict that "that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, would some day render his country some distinguished service."

When time came for action Washington proved this prediction true. He was no revolutionist, yet he was one of the earliest to grasp the thought of the necessity for American independence, and urged the step when it was neither popular nor safe to do so.

He declared at Williamsburg, in 1774, that he was ready to raise a thousand men, support them at his own expense, and march them to the relief of Boston. A few weeks later he rode on horseback, with Patrick Henry and Edmund Pendleton, to attend the first Continental Congress, where he was, by the confession of Henry himself, easily the greatest man among the delegates. Though seldom heard in public speech in the halls of Congress, yet he gradually acquired the reputation of being the wisest one of all the representatives thus assembled.

The second Congress saw him again in attendance, ready to give his life to his country. But, although he could brave death, he could not face praise and he left the chamber when John Adams nominated him to be commander-in-chief of the Continental forces. But he was too great a man and too patriotic to decline; and we know how through eight long years, a contest with one of the strongest



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, THE ROGER MORRIS HOUSE.

nations of Europe, with an army he had first to create, then discipline, and then direct, in spite of bickerings among the people and blundering among his subordinates, in the face of the lack of both men and money, through ill report and good report, through sufferings like Valley Forge and defeats like Brandywine and Germantown, Washington held steadily, strongly on his course, every discouragement seeming to make his heart

FIRST PRESIDENTIAL MANSION, CORNER PEARL AND CHERRY STREETS, NEW YORK CITY.

beat more true, every repulse inspiring him with fresh resolve, and every hardship or reverse only moving him on to a more splendid triumph. His Boston campaign against General Howe will always command our admiration for his indomitable courage and perseverance.

And when it became evident that it was the plan of the British to take possession of the Hudson, and by so doing cut off New England from the rest of the country, from his headquarters at Newburgh on the Hudson, Washington conducted the New York campaign in a still more remarkable manner, and showed an ability but seldom equalled in all the annals of warfare. It is idle to deny that he was the soul of the Revolution. It is equally idle to ask whether or not he was a great general.

If Washington proved himself great as a general, he was no less so as a statesman. From an early age he had to rely upon himself. In so doing he had attained to that self-discipline which is indispensable to a political leader. He understood men, and was a controlling force among his contemporaries. He is acknowledged as the chief figure of his administration, not suffering in the least in comparison with the best men of his time, and there were giants in those days. Self-reliance, dignity, steadfastness, uprightness, benignity and method were the characteristics of Washington's statesmanship.

Great as a general, great as a statesman, yet perhaps our debt to Washington is even greater for the undying influence of his personal character, standing as it does a perpetual type of true American citizenship. Patriotic soldier, he was far from seeking the mere glamor of military glory. Non-partisan statesman, he was the farthest possible removed from the narrow, self-seeking politician. As a disinterested public servant, he refused pecuniary compensation because he counted it his joy to give his services to his countrymen. In these days of partisan bosses, selfish politics and low ideals, it will be a great gain if our public men shall have placed before them in strongest outline the features and characteristics of this brave and earnest, peace-loving and God-fearing man.

IMPRESSIVE RECEPTION GARB.

What General Washington Wore on Formal Occasions.

The Father of His County was always particular about his personal appearance. This was to be expected in the case of one who in everything that he did had an infinite capacity for taking pains. It was natural that he who was method itself in business, public or private, should display no laxness when it came to his attire. Then, too, he must have realized the value of his natural endowments. He had a good face and an imposing figure, and was, indeed, an ideal person to uphold the dignity of a new office in a new nation.

One suit that the General wore at a reception was a particularly impressive affair. It consisted of a black velvet coat and breeches. The coat was a long cutaway, square at the ends and had a small standing collar. There were ten breast buttons of silver, or open-work steel, on the right breast with blind buttonholes four inches long of black silk braid on the opposite side. The coat had pocket flaps, indented below with three blind buttonholes, and underneath these the buttons were placed. The cuffs of the coat were five inches deep and they were ornamented with three buttons and blind buttonholes. There were two bin buttons at the back. This garment was very long-waisted and the top of the pocket flaps and hip buttons were on a line with the lowest of the breast buttons. It was lined with white satin. The breeches were of black velvet with six small buttons above the knee matching those on the coat, and there were also small silver knee buckles at the knee. The waistcoat was of white,

DECORATING WASHINGTON'S PORTRAIT.

STUDY FOR THE HEAD OF WASHINGTON
By Fleury

or pearl color, satin, with small standing collar and indented pocket flaps with three small buttons to match the breast buttons of the garment. The shirt was of fine white linen, with a standing ruffle at the breast about three inches wide, and ruffles at the wrist about four inches long. The stock was also of linen. White silk stockings, straw colored kid gloves, low cut shoes with large silver buckles, a dress sword with a silver hilt suspended by a thin chain from a belt worn under the waistcoat, completed the outfit. The General did not affect a wig. His hair was worn long, powdered and gathered on his neck into a black silk bag trimmed with a rosette.

Washington's Natal Day.

In Washington's quaint old diary appears only one reference to his birthday and that is a letter of thanks for its recognition by some one else. The public celebration of the day had its origin in the brain of the gallant and clever Count de Rochambeau, who came over from France to assist the little band of rebels in administering a sound pill to John Bull. In February, 1781, Washington's headquarters were at New Windsor, near Newburg. The French troops were stationed in Rhode Island, under command of Rochambeau. That year the 12th of February fell on Sunday, but next day the French allies testified to their admiration of their Commander-in-Chief, according to Count Rochambeau's suggestion, by a grand parade, the firing of salutes and other martial ceremonies. Thereafter Washington's Birthday never went without public recognition.

Just as Courageous.

"What a brave man George Washington was!" exclaimed Mrs. Bainbridge with patriotic admiration.

"I don't know that he was any braver than I," retorted Mr. Bainbridge; "for I, too, married a widow."

Then Mrs. Bainbridge looked sharp daggers at her husband.—Puck.

When the great and good George Washington
Was a little boy like me,
He took his little hatchet
And chopped down a cherry tree.

And when his papa called him,
He then began to cry,
"I did it, oh, I did it;
I cannot tell a lie!"

His papa didn't scold at all,
But said, "You noble youth,
I'd gladly lose ten cherry trees
To have you tell the truth!"

But I myself am not quite clear:
For if I took my hatchet
And chopped my papa's cherry tree,
Oh, wouldn't I just catch it!

Have No Tree Now.

Muggins—"Have the Washingtons a family tree?"

Buggins—"No; don't you remember, George cut it down with his little hatchet."—Philadelphia Record.

A Birthday Lesson.

George chopped the cherry tree, my son,
But that was slight beside
What cherry switches would have done
To George if he had lied.

It Undoubtedly Would.

If all the trees were cherry trees,
And all the parents were unwise
Enough to present hatchets to
Each boy of George's size,
It would be tough on every one
Who is fond of cherry pies.

Washington's Influence.

As a tree is known by its fruits, so may a political policy be known from the character of its supporters, says the Youth's Companion.

Shortly after the Federal Constitution had been adopted at Philadelphia, Francis Lightfoot Lee, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was at the court house of Westmoreland County, Va., and some one asked him his opinion of it.

"I do not," said Mr. Lee, "pretend to be a judge of an organic law of such importance, but one fact inclines me to support it. General Washington is in favor of it and John Warden is against it."

Warden was a Scotch lawyer of the country who had been speaking in public against the ratification of the new Constitution.

Mr. Lee's willing submission to Washington's judgment was imitated all through the country. Trust in Washington brought about the adoption of the new constitution by Virginia, and without the ratification by that State, then the largest in the Union, the constitution would never have gone into effect.

"Be assured Washington's influence carried this government," wrote Monroe to Jefferson, after the Virginia convention had voted for the constitution. "The country was an instrument with thirteen strings, and the only master who could bring about all their harmonious thought was Washington."

The Original Washington.

That Georgia contains the original Washington, the first city named after the Father of His Country, may not be generally known, but such is a fact.

"The Washington of Georgia, which was established during the lifetime of the first President, has had an eventful history. It was originally a frontier fort against Indian invasion of the people to the East. The country round about was settled by soldiers of the Continental Army. It was the birthplace and the ancestral home of the celebrated Robert Toombs, and as society for a century has been of the upper ten in this State. Through all the changes of time it has held its high character, and is today high-toned and progressive, a worthy first-born son of the great man whose name it assumes.

The celebration of Washington's Birthday in this Georgia town was, therefore, a matter of note, because there were present those whose grandfathers knew the man, and his spirit has never departed from their homes.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Washington Heirloom.

Persons fortunate enough to possess a one-dollar silver certificate have an excellent picture of Martha Washington, the wife of the Father of His Country. The becoming head-dress which Mrs. Washington wore when she sat for the portrait from which this copy is made is in the possession of Mrs. Hortensia Hardesty McIntire, the wife of Congressman William C. McIntire, of Baltimore. The headdress is a piece of fine mulle, heavily bespangled with silver and with silver vines and leaves at the ends. It is one three yards and a half long and a half yard wide. This interesting relic, along with many others, Mrs. McIntire inherited from the Rogers and Monroes, from whom she is descended.

A Modern Version.

"George, did you do this?"

"What! With this dinky five-cent tin hatchet you gave me on my birthday? Guess again, Pop."—Life.