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IN THE CHINA SEA

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER VIII.

ON TERRA FIRMA.

The warm sun beating down on my face awakened me. I opened my eyes and looked up. The sails hung loose on the yards. I could feel no motion. I got on my feet and looked around me.

The yacht was grounded.

I rubbed my eyes to make sure the vision was a true one.

There was land, sure enough. The yacht had gone ashore on a low, sandy beach, where the gradually sloping bottom led out about two hundred feet to where the yacht had plunged her nose into the sand. On the land were trees and green grass.

It had not been very long since I had seen grass and trees in California, but the grass and trees on that island seemed the most inviting and refreshing green I had ever looked at. It looked most luxurious and cool in there. Whether this was an island or part of the mainland I could not tell. If an island, it was a large one.

Had I been alone, I would, in my eagerness, have jumped into the water and gained the land at once. But some means was to be devised to get Miss Arnold from the yacht in safety. As yet, she was probably fast asleep, ignorant of the fact that the coast of China was right under our very noses.

My wounded arm no longer troubled me. The wound had been only a slight one, and all traces of soreness had now disappeared; and I felt I could use the injured member as well as the other limb.

I went to the companion-way and called her.

Perhaps she had been awake, or perhaps she was a light sleeper. At any rate, she answered immediately in a sweet, cheery voice, and said she would be on deck soon.

"Hurry up, Miss Arnold," I called. "I want to show you something."

"All right, in a moment," she replied.

When she came on deck she gave a quick glance at the land and a look of glad surprise came over her face.

"Why, we are landed!" she exclaimed. "When did you discover land?"

"When I awoke. In fact, I didn't discover it at all. It discovered me. I had been fast asleep since you left me last night and did not know a thing until a few minutes ago. We simply ran aground."

"Are we stuck in the sand?"

"I don't know whether it is sand or sand, but we are fast enough. I fancy the tide is ebbing, and the yacht will soon list to one side."

"Then we shall be upset."

"Possibly. But before that happens I shall endeavor to reach dry ground. Even now we haven't much time to lose. The water is receding rapidly. Do you not notice a decided lean to the yacht?"

"Why yes; we could coast down the deck."

"We may coast off the deck and get wet. We had better swallow a bit of breakfast and get ready to land. We will wait, of course, as long as possible, for every foot the tide recedes means so much less water to wade through."

"Shall you carry anything ashore?"

"Yes. To begin with, I expect to carry you. Then I shall come back and take whatever is portable. We shall need many things if we stay on land, particularly the foods that are not perishable. I will attend to these at once."

I went below and hastily made up a large pack containing the things I thought we would need most. Miss Arnold quickly prepared herself for the landing.

I got on the rail and jumped into the water. It did not come above the tops of my big boots. She cautiously stepped up and then, bending down, clasped me around the neck. Taking her in my arms as easily as though she were a baby, I splashed through the water to the shore.

"There you have, me 'earty," I said, putting her down where she could go dry-shod. "That was an act worthy of a sea-captain."

"Indeed, it was; you are as strong as a lion."

"Not quite. However, I am strong enough for present emergencies. Have you the pistol?"

"Yes, I put it in my pocket after I—used it."

"Very good. Now stand right here until I return. I may have to make several trips to the yacht. I am even going to bring the stove ashore."

"The stove! Why, what do you want with the stove?"

"We have to remain here some time, and it will do to make coffee and cook things."

"If we are to remain here so long, we shall die here," she said mournfully. "Why not leave the things until we learn what kind of land we are on? Then, if it proves to be an island, we can sail away again without putting back all the things."

"I don't know but your plan is best," I replied. "But I must get the rifle and cartridges. They are indispensable. Wait!"

I tramped into the water again and boarded the yacht. I took a silk pillow-bag and filled it with coffee, sugar, rice and a few of the cans of vegetables. I found an ax, which I thought might be useful, and with these things, my rifle and ammunition, I went back to Miss Arnold.

"There is one thing I overlooked," I said, "and it is something that must be done."

"I must anchor the yacht, for at full tide she might float off."

"Yes, that is true," she replied.

Once more I splashed my way to the yacht. I took all I could carry, with the anchor to drag, and started inland again.

The anchor was too heavy; I left it in the sand.

"It may hold or it may not," I said, "but that is the best I can do."

"Are your feet wet?" she inquired anxiously, when I joined her.

"No. Cim Fong knew a trick or two when he bought these boots; they are waterproof."

"That is good. Now what shall we do, now that we are on land?"

"The very first thing is to get a comfortable spot and sit down to talk over the situation. There seems to be plenty of comfortable spots. Let us go up there on the knoll and get under the big palms."

"Very well. Let me carry something."

"You can carry the rifle. The pack is too heavy for you. I can carry that. I guess you'll have to take the ax, too."

Thus equipped, we made our way to the spot I had pointed out, and put down our loads.

"Well, we are on land, at least. We are on the land, it is true; but what land? This is a strange part of the world. The wildest men may live within a few miles of a great town. If this is China—and I do not see how it can be anything else—we are not in any part that is familiar to me. So we cannot be near Hong Kong. If we meet with savage men, we are no better off than before."

"Miss Arnold," I said, "we can meet with no more savage men than those we have already met. I do not fear the meeting with men so much as I do wild beasts. And as for the land being China, it is certainly the mainland or an island on the coast. Do you know of any island that might fill the bill?"

"I know the island of Formosa east of Hong Kong nearly two days' sail. The island of Hainan is about the same distance west. These islands are both large and inhabited. In fact, they contain large cities. Then Hong Kong itself is on an island, but there are no parts of the island left in primitive simplicity such as we have here. You could not go in any part of the island of Hong Kong without meeting people. My knowledge of the China Sea reaches no further. If we are not on Hainan or Formosa or the mainland, then I do not know where we are."

I sat down on a log to think.

Miss Arnold sat on the other end of the log and looked at me disconsolately.

"I don't see but one thing for us to do," I said, soberly.

"What is that?" she asked.

"We must make a raft to-day. We may not be far from human habitation, and we may. But sitting here will not help us out any. They will not come to us. We must go to them."

"I am ready to do anything you think is best," she said.

"By following the coast," I continued, "we may reach a fishing village. We may at least chance upon a hunting-party. We cannot make rapid progress. In the first place, it will not be safe to leave any of our supplies behind, for we may lose them. More than that, we don't want to lose time in countermarches. So we must carry our pack as we go. It will not do, either to tire you, so we must be content to do a little every day until we fetch up somewhere."

Miss Arnold was very pale. My plan was not particularly reassuring.

"But what of the yacht? Shall we not continue to use it?"

"I have thought of that, but I do not as yet give up the idea that this land is inhabited. If we do not find traces of human presence by nightfall, we will consider a plan of taking the yacht along the coast with us. I am so poor a sailor, however, that I do not care to risk our lives in it. I have heard that the China Sea is frequently swept by terrific typhoons, that come up without warning and destroy everything in their paths. A very insignificant squall would be more than a match for my poor seamanship, so we had better be content on land."

"Very well, just as you say."

"Let me reconnoiter."

I walked a few steps into the thicket and performed a semicircle around the spot where Miss Arnold stood.

The land upon which we had drifted was very fertile. Great flowering trees and bushes grew in abundance as far as the eye could see. Everywhere, on every hand, were countless myriads of gay-colored and beautiful flowers. Ferns of the most beautiful pattern grew thick around bowlders or rocks. There were not many of these rocks, but the few to be seen were as white as alabaster. Their highly polished surfaces contrasted beautifully with the rich green of the mosses and ferns that clung to them. Along the coast the way seemed clear enough, but to get inland one must fight his way through the jungle. The air was fragrant with perfumes of many flowers, we saw innumerable small birds, some gorgeous in plumage and sweet in song, and great numbers of small animals gave a spice of life to the grand and noble scene.

"It is a beautiful spot," said Miss Arnold.

"A veritable Garden of Eden."

"But beauty is not always safety. Shall we stay here any longer?"

"No; there is no need. It would be simply a waste of time."

I picked up the pack and, with a cord made of grass, bound the other things together. I gave the rifle to Miss Arnold to carry. With a last look at the yacht, which was gracefully lying on its side, we turned away from the spot and started off down the coast. We walked perhaps a mile. I became fond of the weight of my burden.

"These things seem to weigh tons," I said, putting them down on the grass. "Let us have a rest before we go any further."

We sat down on a moss-grown rock. Miss Arnold buried her face in her hands. I had never been a praying man, but the manliest prayer that I knew went up from my courageous companion's heart was warmly embodied in my own. I knew she was praying for our safety.

We had not sat long, when I suddenly became aware of a change in the appearance of the water. It had taken on a turbid, mild look, that startled me. Away on the horizon I saw a peculiar cloud of white.

I was about to speak of it, when Miss Arnold touched me on the arm.

"Phoney Cricklemore," she said, quietly, "I saw some, on the coast, near Hong Kong, on such a sea as this. It was followed by a terrible storm. Nothing can equal in fury the typhoons of the eastern seas. We are exposed to bad fare very now."

"Then we must make ready for some kind. We are safe here. Come, let us find a forest. There is no way to escape there."

We took our goods and made our way into a few hundred yards. Here the trees were of great size and strength. I selected three that stood near each other, forming the angles of a triangle. The triangle covered about four feet of space. Hastily pulling the yacht's ax from the pack, I cut some saplings and a quantity of tough creeping vines. I made sides for the triangles with boughs and vines, and bound them firmly together with ropes of grass, hastily braided. Not a word was spoken by either of us as we worked.

The clouds began to lead before the sun in force. The black clouds could now be seen moving toward us. No rain had as yet fallen.

We had just finished the covering of our little hut when the storm broke in all its primitive fury. We had taken a last look out upon the sea. Gone was the gay, smiling sea we had seen but a few hours before. The wind howled and dashed down upon us.

The hut for a time was small and dark and close.

The rain came in torrents. The howling roar of the great trees could be heard. The roar of our cyclone was upon us every moment to sear away. We could not talk. No voice could be heard above the roar and thunder of the storm.

But little rain fell. Had there been a great downpour, our shelter would have been no shelter at all. But as it was, we escaped without a wetting.

The storm lasted an hour. At the end of that time we were cramped and stiff from kneeling in one position so long.

My first thought was of the yacht. I ran to a point from which I could see the spot where we had grounded. The yacht was gone. I called Miss Arnold, and we soon stood by my side. We stood out upon the beach and looked away up and down the coast, but no yacht was there. Finally, away out to sea, we fancied we saw the mutilated hull of a vessel being driven before the waves.

"We are in for it now, anyway," I said. "While only this is our abiding place until we can get a chance to our relief, or until we come upon a town. But don't worry." I wanted to keep her spirits from drooping. "Surely this uninhabited island cannot escape the notice of man. We must run across some kind of a habitation. Let us trump on. Doubting and faltering will avail us nothing. Are you ready?"

"Yes," she replied quietly. "I am ready."

We continued a short distance along the coast, and then encamped for the night. I built a small, rude hut for Miss Arnold to sleep under. After a light supper we sat a short time talking and listening for a hopeful sound. But no human voice broke the stillness.

Miss Arnold retired to her little hut, and, after a while, I threw myself on the grass and was soon sound asleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Rothschilds Sent the Hessians.

The Rothschilds made their money themselves. About the time George Washington was born Meyer Rothschild, a citizen of Frankfort-on-the-Main, opened a small coin shop, and did so well that he left a nice little fortune. His son, Anselm Meyer, succeeded him, and did so prosper that in 1776 he was really a rich man. About that time England wanted to get troops to fight George Washington in the colony called the United States, and Anselm Rothschild offered to send over an army of 16,800 Hessians. The British Government accepted the offer, and these Hessians were the famous ones who made "the father of his country" so much trouble. Anselm received a very large sum from Great Britain for the job.—Chicago Times-Herald.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

Her Own Sweet Will—Past All That—As It Should Be—The Other Man's Business—Gone Beyond It—Where the Trouble Lies—Female Paradox, Etc.

She—"Do you love me dearest?"
He—"Why, I—I don't feel ill at all."—Life.

Past All That.

Jack—"Is your love tried, Jill?"
Jill—"Why, Jack, I don't feel ill at all."—Life.

As It Should Be.

He—"Which is a lover supposed to be?"
She—"I suppose we. They are both coaxing."—Chicago News.

The Other Man's Business.

Nephew—"Well, the moon is nothing merely. I don't mind if I do it."
Uncle—"I shouldn't mind either, if it pleased it."—Chicago News.

Gone Beyond It.

May—"Belle looks older since she was married."
Florida—"Yes; she has taken the lead off her face."—Judge.

Where the Trouble Lies.

"You don't seem to cared to be strong enough."
"No; it's no trouble to be court policy you think you can be strong."

Female Paradox.

Tom—"She's awfully favorable, don't she?"
Jack—"Yes; she has to be to get a beau at all."—Philadelphia Press.

The Real Article.

Stanley—"You don't have to be an actor to shine in society."
Vane—"No, but you do have to be a liar."—Syracuse Herald.

Keeping Hours at Home.

"Did you ever live in a haunted house?"
"No, sir. I have always made it a practice to have the bill-collectors call on me at my office."

Savage.

Miss Pert—"It's lucky for you that you don't have to live by your wits."
Willoby—"Why?"
Miss Pert—"Then! That proves it."—Society Journal.

A Distinction Without a Difference.

Shopman—"Here is a very nice shirt in revolving bosoms, a necktie."
Mr. Nagby—"Why, are they—are they bosoms?—I thought they called them circulation bosoms."—Texas.

Says He Spoke.

Husband—"Well, I saw every word you had to say and I listened to hear it. Of course I did not say a word."
Wife—"That's quite characteristic of you, hubby; what are you going to buy me with the $15?"

Surprising.

Bashful Willie—"I recommend the only chance for me is to kiss you. Would you be so take quickly surprised?"
Knowledge—"Why, Willie—"
Willie—"I shouldn't mind either, if you did it."—Chicago News.

Patient Sufferer.

"And now," continued the weary speaker, desperately anxious to get to the end, "I am going to give you another piece of my mind; what are you doing?"
"I am turning the other ear," politely replied Mr. Stocker.—Chicago Tribune.

Poor Nate.

The Bride—"I am merely asking for information."
Groom—"But I've got to do down to the office, dear, to make a living."
The Bride—"Well, it may be you never. But don't you think it's Bishop's place?"—Puck.

Most Gallant Indeed.

Miss Tompkins—"Aren't you simply mad at Lieutenant Teazles? He is known as the most gallant soldier in the service."
Captain Stumpy—"Indeed he is. Why, that man has proposed to every girl he ever met."—Harper's Bazar.

Some Good From It.

Simms—"I don't mention what some person married Miss Smithfield."
Timms—"Not I. However she was nice kind of the sunshine, ladies."
Simms—"You don't say?"
Timms—"Yes, she doesn't give him a chance to talk about it."—Chicago Standard and Times.

Experience Versus Theory.

"Marcus Aurelius says the perfect way begun, 'that nothing happens to anybody which he is not fitted by nature to bear.'"
"Oh, that's not!" replied the man who had eloped at the age of twenty-one, with a girl whom he had known three weeks; "just tell Marcus to me that he has another guess coming."

Taking the Sting Out of It.

"Have I got a bright name?" seriously inquired the weary-looking candidate, who was for a fifth time.
"Well, it isn't as bright as it might be," answered the antique clerk, who was taking a long look into it; "but," she added with a girlish titter, "perhaps the gas is turned down."—Puck.

Which?

She—"If he—sweetheart is about to start on a journey round the world—"
"My dear Adolf, will you be true to me while you are far away? Promise me that you will write to me from every town you visit."
He—"Oh, Ada, is it love that prompts you to say this? Ada, swear to me, do you really love me or are you merely collecting foreign postage stamps?"

VIRTUE OF SELF-CONTROL.

The Line Between Sanity and Insanity Were Been Stretching.

I learn that Miss Annie Crouch of San Francisco is dead.

Mrs. Cr—, it is the opinion of her friends, died as the result of her being a strong Christian woman. She was said the Whole Story of Christian Science in a nutshell. It consists of mind over matter, or the conquering of sickness, sorrow, poverty, pain and every other form of misfortune by the mere exercise of will power. Mrs. Crouch was a Second Mary Baker Eddy. And here all the attributes that she shared in common with her prototype were sight of a mere and not an inch more. They were equally matched in nothing else. Mrs. Eddy lived to a ripe old age, and died peacefully in her bed, surrounded by her family and all Christendom is drawing a little breath of relief at her death.

All of which has a moral, and the moral is, keep your temper.

Poor Mrs. Crouch's mother has been in a mad asylum all those who knew her during her life-time. It is highly probable, of course, that the relict was a sympathetic sufferer and not a disease which led to insanity. A cause and not an effect is always hard to tell where one thing begins and another ends in these cases.

A bad temper is controllable.

Let it go without controlling long enough and it becomes you, and then you are headed for a miserable little term in a large house with grated windows.

On the hereditary cards and beside the "weak heart" notice, the Northern man will write a bad temper, and the Southern man will write "a cross" in the place of a family history. A quarrelsome man could tell you who his great-grandfather was, and mention charges of mutiny, forgery, larceny and every other form of crime in every country and every age in which Scandal Club,