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IN THE CHINA SEA

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER XIII.

[CONTINUED.]

"Oolek, the Jumars are doing good work. They are wonderful in their skill. They are making for you many guns. But what will you shoot in them? Water? Sand? Ha! You did not think of that. You cannot buy a handful of powder in Talmooch. But this is powder. And when the guns of Poko-Bains are ready, the powder of Bado-Ror will be ready for them. I have not told my wife—women talk. This must remain a secret, Oolek, between you and me."

I was almost dumb with surprise at the forethought as well as the skill of this man of sorrow. The genius of Kalek had risen to meet the genius of the Jumars in a united fight for freedom. Were such men born to be slaves?

I told Mr. Avery of the powder, and once more his hopes were raised a little higher. We had a passageway cut from the river-bed to the cellar of Bado-Ror's house. The powder, as fast as it was made, was carried into the caverns and stored where it would be safe and dry.

Mr. Avery became an agitator of the most pronounced type. He visited all parts of the island not inclosed within the walls of Quietal, and preached revolution to the people. The seed was sown in fertile soil. The results were such as we could wish.

By the time we had been on the island three months, I had established a secret league, extended from my cave under the Sacred Forest to the very walls of Quietal. A system of communication was perfected, whereby I could at any time, from any portion of the island send a message to any other portion and receive an answer in an incredibly short space of time.

By this means I kept myself informed at all times of all that was transpiring at Talmooch. If a tax-gatherer left the portals of Quietal with a force of soldiers at his back, I knew it as soon as he got away from the shadow of the wall. If Hen-Ko-Hi went out into the forest roads to ride, accompanied by his attendants, I knew it, and sometimes watched his course from a securely hidden nook in a tree-top.

We frequently thought that we were discovered, and hastily prepared to meet our fate. But the protection of God was ours, and we were not found out. One guard, indeed, suspicious and inquisitive, followed me into Mr. Avery's house and stealthily watched me go into the underground passage. Had he been satisfied with that he might have brought the governor or his representative to investigate, and would, no doubt, have reaped a rich reward. But his eagerness led him too far, and I heard footsteps behind me in the cavern. I turned and beheld the grinning face of the soldier. There was no time or room for sentiment. The fellow held in his hands the lives of Miss Arnold, Mr. Avery and myself. I rushed to him and seized him. He was armed, but so taken by surprise at my temerity that he was fatally slow to act. I put my fingers around his throat and choked him to death. Then I threw his body into a deep well, that was apparently bottomless. Of this occurrence I said nothing to Miss Arnold or Mr. Avery. But I was more watchful than ever of my foes.

Under the supervision of Poko-Bains, the bed of the river became a great armory. The men worked industriously and skillfully. Iron was stealthily brought from the mines outside of Galneor and taken through Mr. Avery's house into the caves.

Great care was constantly necessary. One error now—one false move, and our hopes and the freedom of Talmooch would be dashed to the ground forever. The people knew this as well as I did. They appreciated the dangers as well as the importance of the enterprise. They were cautious, brave and obedient. I had no fault to find with any of them.

Now and then, when Hen-Ko-Hi or his soldiers would perpetrate some new outrage, the people would grow impatient, and cry out to me to hasten the end. But I was loath to declare war until I held the winning hand in the great game. I restrained them in their fierce desire for immediate vengeance, and while they waited, their determination became strengthened and their convictions deeper, until I had under my control an army of men with but one mind, one will, one purpose.

Time sped rapidly, even to us who so longed for freedom. The great work we had on hand so occupied our minds that we had no time to mourn. It was enough to know that our plans were progressing.

The rifle I had taken from Cha-Fong's [illegible] one by one, or in dozens, similar guns were turned out from the workshops and set aside to wait for the coming war.

I organized my organization.

In Talmooch, I had, under the commands of Gara-Sauk and Oso-Bark, four thousand able-bodied and drilled men. There were divided into regiments and companies. Suitable officers were chosen, and the discipline was good.

In Thompson's, under Bado-Ror, there were eight thousand men, of equal bravery, but not so well drilled as the forces of Galneor. Under the cellars of some of the houses, powder and arms and bullets were quietly stored.

The celebrated Jumar blade again became an important fact, and Gara-Sauk was a most striking specimen of soldier as he stood in the uniform of our army with the great steel destroyer buckled to his waist.

I had decided in favor of a showy uniform. But the manufacture of these did not progress beyond a few for the principal officers. I substituted one of them for the blood-stained one I had taken from Cha-Fong. And in place of his boots I put on a shiny pair of new ones turned out from a shop at Bromperrah. I looked like a soldier even if I didn't act like one. But I had a happy conceit that I was doing as well under the circumstances as any one else could do.

These things denote the steady growth of my plans. I had been in Talmooch six months before we had the army under full discipline. One day Mr. Avery and I were talking over our affairs, and going over, one by one, all the details of the work.

"Crickmore," said the old man, "there is not a thing left to be done. Your plans are perfect. All that is needed now is the word to strike."

"Yes, I have one more trifle, perhaps—and perhaps an important factor—to arrange. I must have Gara-Sauk hang, secreted in tree-tops, between here and Quietal, several large bells. They must be near enough together that an alarm sounded from any one place, can be communicated throughout the island without delay. It will be dangerous and difficult work and will cause some delay."

"You are a marvel. One would think you had been brought up to this sort of thing."

"'Necessity is the mother,' etc.—you know," I replied, laughing.

"What are you going to do next?" he asked.

"Wait," I replied, examining a piece of steel Poko-Bains had brought to me for inspection. "Only wait."

CHAPTER XIV.

VICTORY FOR THE MORE.

One day, shortly after I had seen the last of my orders carried out, I was in Galneor, ostensibly plying my trade as peddler, but in reality looking over the ground with an eye to the future struggle. It was not my purpose to attack Quietal. The forces in the fortifications would have every advantage over my army in the field. I did not, of course, dare build any sort of protection above ground, and yet it was my determination to win the coming battle with as little loss of life among my own men as possible. And to do this I resolved that the scene of the first struggle must be in Galneor.

Suddenly I heard a crying among the women and a bitter wailing. I knew too well what it meant. The cry, "The tax! The tax!" had become a familiar one to my ears. The official tax-gatherer of Hen-Ko-Hi was going his rounds to gather in everything that had not already been stolen or to insult or amuse the people.

This particular tax-gatherer was a most villainous-looking scoundrel, and murder seemed to be his favorite sport. He rode a fairish horse, and was followed by a horde of ruffians—eager for carnage or devilry. They trampled through the houses of Jumars, knowing no law save their own lust and greed.

The women, seeing me near by, ran out to beseech me to do something at once to prevent further outrage.

I hastily made a resolve and told one of the women to fly as rapidly as possible to the mines where Gara-Sauk worked, and tell him to get his men together, kill the guards and come to me. She darted off breathless and curious. The tax-gatherer came riding down the streets of Galneor with his gang of followers, swinging into all the houses, committing such depredations as they liked.

When he reached me he stopped.

Looking at me in a mocking way, he took off his hat and bowed.

Then suddenly becoming fierce, he exclaimed in the native language of the island:

"What! Dog of a Jumar! Why are you not at work, instead of idling away the governor's time in the street?"

"I am here for my dinner," I replied calmly.

"Take that for your dinner," he said, giving me a severe blow in the face. My blood boiled with rage, yet I held my peace. I knew that one error now would ruin all. My time was coming, and I had been treated thus before.

"See, he has no tongue. He is a dumb beast," shouted the tax-gatherer. His followers laughed merrily at this witty sally.

"We will see if he can talk. Take that, beast."

He prodded me with his sword.

I stood in a circle of Chinamen, outside, and around them, were the Jumar women. I hoped to see men among them soon.

There was no doubt that the tax-gatherer intended to goad me into open rebellion, that he might have an excuse for taking me before the governor. I began to fear lest he should do it before assistance could arrive.

Oso-Bark heard of the trouble and came in from his farm. Other farmers came in, and soon a number of Jumar men had joined the women.

I made no reply to the officer.

"Ha! You don't speak! Well, I'll make you sing then. Ha! You will be a fine bird to sing before the governor."

At his command they bound me. I was securely wound up in cords and thrown down in the street.

"Lie there, dog, until I want you," said my tormentor, "and if one of these beasts lets you loose I will kill him and you."

They turned their attention to other things, for the moment leaving me alone. I hoped my messenger to the mines would fly on the wings of the winds, for I sorely needed my men around me now, and there were not enough among the farmers to be of any service.

The tax-gatherer and his crowd continued their pillage and plunder. Women were knocked down and ill-treated.

At last I heard the deep voice of Gara-Sauk. He was bending over me. He had been running and was almost out of breath. One of his hands was bloody, telling of a conflict.

"It is I, Oolek—Gara-Sauk is here. What shall I do?"

"Cut me loose."

In an instant I was free and on my feet.

"How many men are with you?" I asked.

"Four hundred from the mines of South Mountain."

"Then order them to seize these Chinamen. Let not one escape. Bind them securely."

"And the bell—the bell?" he said, eagerly.

"No, not yet. Call your men together. Send some of them for some guns. Get at these fellows and secure them."

A scene most indescribable ensued. The prisoners of the women turned to shrieks of rage and hate. The ferocity shown by them was as great—if, indeed, it was not greater in its bloodthirstiness—than that of the men. But this strange characteristic was not new to the world. It was so in the French Revolution. It has been so in many struggles for supremacy. The Chinese were taken by surprise. It is true, they fired a few shots, but the numbers of their assailants, the unexpected turn of affairs took away all power of concentrated action. The women seized axes and crowded in on them and hewed them down.

Mr. Avery, who had become one of the throng, now ran up to me. He was visibly affected.

"Is it war, Crickmore? Has it come?" he cried.

"My friend," I said, putting my hand on his shoulder, "this is no place for you. There are enough of us to do the fighting. I wish you would go at once to Miss Arnold. Tell her what is being done, and stay with her until it is over."

"But can I not help you, Crickmore? Is there nothing I can do?" he asked.

"No, please do as I ask you. You will help me more by remaining with Miss Arnold, and reassure her, than in anything you might do out here. Go to Miss Arnold and tell her the first blow for liberty is struck. The fight is on."

"I will do as you say, Crickmore; I will do as you say. God be with you, boy, and sustain you."

I called Gara-Sauk and Oso-Bark and gave them orders to prevent the escape of a single Chinaman. I placed Oso-Bark in charge of the prisoners. I sent Gara-Sauk and Poko-Bains with a force of men into the armory to bring from there the necessary stores.

Every face was set with determination. There were no tears, no moans, no cries. There was no faltering nor looking behind. The men who had come so much in silence for twenty years now blazed with the pent-up rage that was consuming them. I had with me the tiger—the lion. Vengeance was written on every brow.

The men came to me for instructions. There was no disorder anywhere. My organization had been so thorough, my choice of officers so good that everything was done without turmoil or mistake. Discipline reigned supreme.

The force under Gara-Sauk reappeared from the cave with the guns and ammunition. The eyes of the tax-gatherer snapped angrily when he saw the unexpected display.

"What is this, dog of a Jumar?" he exclaimed, almost choking with rage.

I made him no reply.

I called Gara-Sauk, and said:

"Send a messenger to the mines at North Mountain and have the men from Galneor gather here at once. Let them take guns and shoot down the guards."

"That is good," said Gara-Sauk. "We left many Jumars dead at South Mountain when we broke away. And the bell is not to be rung?"

"Not yet. I expect the governor, when he learns the state of affairs, will send a force of cavalry here. We will silence them first, and then the alarm may be rung. Having disposed of the most formidable but smaller forces of his army, we can surround his infantry as the men gather from the mines and when they hear the alarm."

"Good, I understand," replied my general.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A servant girl in a Birmingham family was taken to task for oversleeping herself. "Well, ma'am," she said, "I sleep very slow, and so it takes me a long while to get me night's rest."

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

The Quality of Fame — Art and Nature — Not a Perfect Round Up — Her Threat in Retaliation — The Marches, Perhaps — Witchery of Woman, Etc., Etc.

What is fame? The morning sun
Through years of toil and want and woe,
And, finally, to last new say,
And if twere to your credit, they
Were schoolmates you had long ago.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Art and Nature.

"Was the country lovely, Marie?"

"Oh, just lovely! It looked for all the world like a landscape painted by somebody."—Indianapolis Journal.

Not a Perfect Round Up.

"There are no editors on that list of America's most famous men."

"Is that so? Well, then, it isn't a list of America's most famous men."—Indianapolis Journal.

Her Threat in Retaliation.

"When we're married, dear, you won't be always threatening to go home to your mother, will you?"

"No; I'll threaten to have mother come and live with us."

The Marches, Perhaps.

Mrs. Proudfoot—"Yes, my daughter plays the piano by ear entirely."

Mrs. Newlyweds—"Indeed? Sometimes it sounds as if she were using her feet."—Baltimore American.

Witchery of Woman.

"What makes you avoid that girl so, even if you do not intend to propose to her?"

"I'm afraid she'll take a notion to make me propose."—Chicago Record.

Modernized.

"I would be your devoted servant forever!" he pleaded.

"That sounds so old-fashioned!" sighed she.

"Well, your devoted help, then!" exclaimed the youth.—Detroit Journal.

Why She Could Do It.

"How can you marry that wretched man, Blanche? He is a mere nothing."

"My dear, he is six nothings, with a figure one and a dollar mark in front of them. That's why."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Great Scheme.

Tom—"Your father has been following us around all evening. Can we stop the embarrassment?"

Ida—"Yes; I will drop a quarter and saw will keep his foot on it until the company have all gone."—Chicago News.

Family Pride.

Miles—"My grandfather celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of his birth one day last week."

Giles—"That's nothing. If my great-grandfather were alive today he would be 132 years old."—Chicago News.

The Fleeting Hour.

"They say that girl visiting Mrs. Dipp is homely enough to stop a clock."

"Nonsense; I found her so attractive and charming that while she was singing for me I smashed up and stopped the clock myself."—Detroit Free Press.

"Up-to-Date Spiritualist."

Doctor—"I put mirrors in my waiting-room instead of magazines."

Friend—"How does it work?"

Doctor—"I see. People are so fond of looking at themselves that they come early so as to have a chance to wait."—Town Topics.

Annoyances of Wealth.

Wrest—"Tell you, friend, the rich have their troubles."

Dowson—"Not your life I do. Once when I had two pair of pants, I found the labor of changin' things from one set of pockets to the other set of pockets almost more'n I could stand."

A Startling Admission.

"I was surprised when Mrs. Benerazdo called my attention to the brilliancy of the stars the other night."

"Why?"

"From past conversations, I didn't think anything was bright except that little boy of hers."—Indianapolis Sun.

The Fickle Thermometer.

"Here, young man," said the old lady with fire in her eye; "I've brought back this thermometer you sold me."

"What's the matter with it?" asked the clerk.

"It ain't reliable. One time yo look at it it says one thing, and the next time it says another."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Wifely Assistance.

"Yes," said the poet, "my first book of poems was dedicated to my wife."

"And to whom was your second book dedicated?"

"My wife."

"Now you are getting out a third. Who is it to be dedicated to?"

"I dunno. When I spoke to my wife about it she said she'd think the matter over if I would give her a list of the people I hate worst."—Chicago Times-Herald.

An Artist's Candor.

"I suppose you would rather play Hamlet than eat," said the admiring young woman, who is given to compliments.

"Well," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "I never put it in just that way. But your remark suggests an alternative that usually presents itself."—Washington Star.

An Educational Difficulty.

"This is the great and glorious land where education is not denied to any such."

"Yes," answered the cold-blooded man, "the only trouble is that they get so much time translating Latin into what they could to be learning it in—say, I seen it and I don't 'U'."—Washington Star.

Peach Growing in the South.

There is no fruit more universally relished than the peach. There is hardly an acre of tillable land in the United States where some of the numerous varieties of this delicious fruit cannot be successfully grown.

During the present year by far the largest crop of this fruit ever produced here has been marketed with more or less of profit to the growers. Over large areas insect depredations and fungoid diseases have proved especially disastrous, yet, taking the country as a whole, while there is nothing to encourage extravagant hopes of profit, it may be safely said that there is nothing to suggest discouragement.

So far as many portions of this state are concerned, the outlook for peach growing is unusually hopeful. Unless we have bad every thing to encourage the industry, except one, and that is a nearly sale for the fruit. At now, in a quiet way, and in a few many places, an industrial revolution is in progress which promises to change all this. The surface is coming this way. Every cotton factory, every mill, every furnace or foundry or mineral as is of any kind [illegible] more months to God and more home demand for fruit, and when that "good time coming" is here it will be here to stay, and the day of [illegible] two thirds of every locality [illegible] grown to the [illegible] and the [illegible] "luck" and [illegible] man [illegible] the other third, will only be remembered as an unlucky [illegible] of early [illegible] days.

Whenever, therefore, the local growth of cities, or easily [illegible] during cities, [illegible] home market, the peach [illegible] may consider the prospects especially good and those who are first to take advantage of such favorable conditions may expect the largest rewards.

Those who are considering the planting of new peach orchards should not be too careful in the selection of soil, preparation of the ground and the cultivation [illegible] as far as the first is concerned [illegible] loam with a clay subsoil [illegible] drainage give best results. The preparation of the soil can hardly be too thorough. If the ground [illegible] been previously cultivated it should be well plowed, harrowed, and [illegible] already [illegible] the [illegible] trees are set. If a crop [illegible] has been grown on the land [illegible] much the better. A [illegible] on the way the trees are planted. The work should never be [illegible] ordinary farm laborers. Healthy and vigorous trees a year old should be selected, shortened in to not more than two feet of stem to encourage the branching. A good variety of water should be given at the time of planting, and a mixture of straw paper and some other noxious looking matter should at once be applied.

Those who plant a peach orchard with the expectation that it will [illegible] for itself after it is [illegible] for abundance the first [illegible] begin. No fruit tree responds more promptly to care and proper [illegible] or is more certain to repay [illegible] then and neglect. Clean culture [illegible] dant fertilization, careful [illegible] wise pruning and a vigilant and determined fight with insect pests and fungoid diseases are the conditions of a favorable crop.

The selection of peaches [illegible] any given locality is [illegible] quiring the utmost care. [illegible] peach growing region [illegible] matic and other conditions [illegible] make it unwise to [illegible] the advice of men of [illegible] experience of local growers is always worthy of attention and [illegible] be preferred to those which [illegible] good a showing they may [illegible] where have not a place [illegible] for the particular [illegible] selection is to be made.

Probably the greatest mistakes that are likely to be made by peach growers are in the matter of fertilization. The peach tree is [illegible] with a vigorous appetite and it will consume and make profitable use of almost all the plant food that the most liberal [illegible] will supply. Of course, no [illegible] prescription will answer for all [illegible] but in most cases a half pound [illegible] of a fertilizer containing four to five per cent. of nitrogen [illegible] phosphoric acid and ten of potash may advantageously be worked into the soil, a yard or so in all directions around the tree when it is first planted. Each spring a fertilizer of similar character should be given in a more liberal proportion, until when the tree is in full bearing it may receive six pounds of nitrogen, as much as a hundred and a half pounds of potash and a half pound of phosphoric acid. A fertilizer may be profitably employed.

When there is a fair market for the fruit, peach growing, then considered, will always prove a paying business, otherwise [illegible] unless [illegible] but remunerative.—Norman Rosson, Southern Pines, N. C.

Corn Farmers to Visit Great England.

Nowadays there is scarcely a country [illegible] to [illegible] by the [illegible] are [illegible] in Canada, and the rural [illegible] are [illegible] the value of their [illegible] and grandfather [illegible] [illegible] generation to generation. On [illegible] widow [illegible] and [illegible] there is a great [illegible] and [illegible] a [illegible] glory has been [illegible] of its glory in consequence. Still some of the poor [illegible] honor to themselves to [illegible] and plates and [illegible] to be [illegible] by the others of the old [illegible].—London Express.

SUBSOILING OF LAND

How Piedmont Clay Soils May Blossom as the Rose.

PROF. NEWMAN GIVES HIS VIEWS

In Response to an Inquiry He Writes Interestingly Concerning the Value of Subsoiling.

Cor. Charleston News and Courier.

Spartanburg, Special.—While watching a subsoil plough going down into the hard-pan a few days ago it occurred to your correspondent that Prof. Newman could give us some valuable information as to subsoiling and its permanent improvement of lands. He was asked a few leading questions, which he kindly answered.

So well suited is the information given that your correspondent put it in the shape of a Christmas gift to the farmers of the State with the compliments of Prof. Newman. Every suggestion contained in the communication is now valuable to the farmers who have clay lands.

The correspondent can bear testimony to the fact that a pair of mules weighing [illegible] pounds will break any of the Piedmont or red clay lands six to ten inches deep according to the depth of the top soil. If there is nothing to turn up but there is no need of one plough following another. Ordinarily, one hand and one plough will do the work in a most satisfactory way.

COL. NEWMAN'S LETTER.

But here is the Professor's letter:

Clemson College.

Mr. Charles Petty, Spartanburg, S. C.—Dear Sir: In response to your inquiries of the 11th inst. I have been loosening for thirty years for the promotion of better methods in our Southern agriculture and through this the increase of intelligence and prosperity of our farmers. Your first question as to the necessity of deepening and more thoroughly pulverizing the soil before planting strikes at the root of the matter. The most important thing for the farmer to do is to insure good crops through the agency of thorough tillage. Without this [illegible] in the planting, fertilizing [illegible] the crop is done in [illegible] an old worn-out, which has [illegible] to produce very little [illegible] has lost much of its [illegible] If good results are to be secured before planting we must be able to [illegible] weekly plants, poor cultivation and small crops.

If the soil is loosened only a few inches in depth, and even this much not pulverized, there can be no storage of rainfall sufficient to carry a summer drought, but [illegible] of surface washing upon rolling lands, since the compact subsoil or hard-pan prevents the downward penetration of the summer showers, the small amount of broken and soon becomes saturated and the water which would sink into the subsoil flows off on the surface. This is the reason for deep ploughing and subsoiling, while back-breaking [illegible] pulverizers, in reducing the soil and, with every the field [illegible] the mellow condition of the surface and results that the [illegible] were left through poor tillage [illegible] crumble under the foot. The [illegible] being put [illegible] the [illegible] little [illegible] and [illegible] the same [illegible] enough rain or two inches [illegible] it will be able to do [illegible] and drying winds or [illegible] or two inches of the subsoil [illegible] be turned up [illegible] [illegible] the first [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] turned up will [illegible] [illegible] during the summer.

[illegible] other of the soil [illegible] are not fast and most [illegible] [illegible] of a [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] of the air and [illegible] [illegible] thus rendering the [illegible] and [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] possible. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]