

The Special Correspondent

CHAPTER X.

At one o'clock in the afternoon the train stopped at Merv station, over five hundred miles from Uzun Ada. We have seven hours to stop at Merv, and in company with Major Nolitz I "do" the town. On our return to the station Popof runs up to me, saying: "I know the name." "And it is?" "Yen Lou, the great mandarin Yen Lou of Pekin."

"Thank you, Popof." I rush to the telegraph office, and from there I send a telegram to the Twentieth Century.

"Merv, 16th May, 7 p. m. Train, Grand Transasiatic, just leaving Merv. Took from Douchak the body of the great mandarin Yen Lou coming from Persia to Pekin."

It cost a good deal, did this telegram, but you will admit it was well worth its price. The name of Yen Lou was immediately communicated to our fellow travelers, and it seemed to me that my lord Faruskair smiled when he heard it.

We left the station at eight o'clock precisely. Forty minutes afterward we passed near old Merv, and the night being dark, I could see nothing of it.

Our train is running northeast. The stations are twenty or thirty miles apart. We cross the desert, the real desert, without a thread of water, where artesian wells have to be sunk to supply the reservoirs along the line. Gradually my companions go to sleep, and our carriage is transformed into a sleeping car.

The train enters Tchardjoul Station to the minute. Our stop here ought to last a quarter of an hour. A few travelers alight, for they have booked to this town, which contains about thirty thousand inhabitants. Others get in to proceed to Bokhara and Samarkand, but these are only second-class passengers. This produces a certain amount of bustle on the platform.

I also get out and take a walk up and down by the side of the front van, and I notice the door silently open and shut. A man creeps out on to the platform and slips away through the station, which is dimly lit by a few petroleum lamps.

It is my Roumanian. It can be no one else. He has not been seen, and there he is, lost among the other travelers. Why this escape? Is it to renew his provisions at the refreshment bar? On the contrary, is it not his intention, as I am afraid it is, to get away from us?

Shall I stop him? I will make myself known to him; promise to help him. Behold me then following him without appearing to do so. Amid all this hurrying to and fro he is in little danger of being noticed. Neither Popof nor any of the company's servants would suspect him to be a swindler. Is he going toward the gate to escape me?

No! He only wants to stretch his legs better than he can do in the van. After an imprisonment which has lasted since he left Baku—that is to say, about sixty hours—he has earned ten minutes of freedom.

He is a man of middle height, lithe in his movements, and with a gliding kind of walk. He could roll himself up like a cat and find quite room enough in his case. He wears an old vest, his trousers are held up by a belt and his cap is a fur one—all of dark color.

I am at ease regarding his intentions. He returns toward the van, mounts the platform and shuts the door gently behind him. As soon as the train is on the move I will knock at the panel, and this time—

More of the unexpected. Instead of waiting at Tchardjoul one quarter of an hour, we have to wait three. A slight injury to one of the brakes of the engine has had to be repaired, and, notwithstanding the German baron's remonstrances, we do not leave the station before half past three, as the day is beginning to dawn.

At 5 o'clock in the morning the train stops at the capital of the Khanate of Bokhara, 1,107 miles from Uzun Ada. Bokhara, the capital of Khanate, is the Rome of Islam, the Noble City, the City of Temples, the revered center of the Mohammedan religion.

Major Nolitz advised me to visit the town in which he had lived several times. He could not accompany me, having several visits to pay. We were to start again at 11 o'clock in the morning. Five hours only to wait, and the town some distance from the railway station. In four hours I have seen most of the notable things in Bokhara, and at 10:30 I alighted at the railway station. I see at a glance that all my numbers are on the platform, including my German baron.

In the rear of the train the Persians are keeping faithful guard around the mandarin Yen Lou. It seems that three of our traveling companions are observing them with persistent curiosity; these are the suspicious looking Mongols we picked up at Douchak. As I pass near them I fancy that Faruskair makes a signal to them, which I do not understand. Does he know them? Anyhow, this circumstance rather puzzles me.

The train is no sooner off than the passengers go to the dining car. The places next to mine and the major's, which had been occupied since the start, are now vacant, and the young Chinaman, followed by Dr. Tio-King, take advantage of it to come near us. Pan-Chao knows I am on the staff of the Twentieth Century, and he is apparently as desirous of talking to me as I am of talking to him.

I am not mistaken. He is a true Parisian of the Boulevard, in the clothes of a Celestial. He has spent three years in the world where people amuse themselves, and also in the world where they learn. The only son of a rich merchant in Pekin, he has traveled under the wing of this Tio-King, a doctor of some sort, who is really the most stupid of baboons, and of whom his pupil makes a good deal of fun.

The breakfast continued pleasantly. Conversation turned on the work of the Russians in Asia. Pan Chao seemed to me well posted up in their progress. I need not say that during this talk the Baron Weissaschnitzer was fully occupied in clearing dishes after dishes, to

the extreme amazement of Doctor Tio-King.

For the same reason, I suppose, neither Faruskair nor Ghangir took part in it, for they only exchanged a few words in Chinese.

But I noticed rather a strange circumstance which did not escape the major. We were talking about the safety of the Grand Transasiatic across Central Asia, and Pan Chao had said that the road was not so safe as it might be beyond the Turkestan frontier, as, in fact, Major Nolitz had told me. I was then led to ask if he had ever heard of the famous Ki-Tsang before his departure from Europe.

"Often," he said, "for Ki-Tsang was then in the Yunnan provinces. I hope we shall not meet him on our road."

When he uttered the name of Ki-Tsang Faruskair knit his brows and his eyes flashed. Then, with a look at his companion, he resumed his habitual indifference to all that was being said around him.

CHAPTER XI.

The train is running at high speed. In the ordinary service, when it stops at the eleven stations between Bokhara and Samarkand, it takes a whole day over the distance. This time it took but three hours to cover the two hundred kilometers which separate the two towns, and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon it entered the illustrious city of Tamerlane.

Samarkand is situated in the rich oasis watered by the Zarafchane in the valley of Sogd. A small pamphlet I bought at the railway station informs me that this great city is one of the four sites in which geographers "agree" to place the terrestrial paradise. I leave this discussion to the exegetists of the profession. After a stop of six hours our train started off again at 8 o'clock.

During dinner I noticed that Major Nolitz continued to keep his eye on his lordship Faruskair. Had he begun to suspect him? Was it of any importance in his opinion that this Mongol seemed to know, without appearing to do so, the three second-class travelers, who were called "Mongols" by his imagination working with the same activity as mine? And was he taking seriously what was only a joke on my part?

As for me, I had soon forgotten all about the Mongol for the man in the case. If I get a chance to visit him to-night I will.

It was about half past eleven when I decided to open the door of the van, which I shut behind me.

I knew that the young Roumanian was not always shut up in his box, and the fancy might just have taken him to stretch his limbs by walking from one end to the other of the van. The darkness is complete. No jet of light filters through the holes of the case. That seems all the better for me. It is as well that my No. 11 should not be surprised by too sudden an apparition. He is doubtless asleep; I will give two little knocks on the panel; I will awake him, and we will explain matters before he can move.

I feel as I go. My hand touches the case; I place my ear against the panel and I listen. There is a stir, not a breath! Is my man no, here? Has he got away? Has he slipped out at one of the stations without my seeing him?

I am just going to knock, when the locomotive's whistle emits its strident cry as we pass through a station. But the train is not going to stop, I know, and I wait until the whistling has ceased.

I then give a gentle knock on the panel. There is no reply. I knock more loudly.

"This time it is followed by an involuntary movement of surprise and fright. 'Open, open!' I say in Russian. 'It is a friend who speaks. You have nothing to fear!'"

If the panel is not lowered as I had hoped, there is the crack of a match being lighted and a feeble light appears in the case.

I look at the prisoner through the holes in the slide. There is a look of alarm on his face; his eyes are haggard. He does not know whether he is asleep or awake.

"Open, my friend, I say; open and have confidence. I have discovered your secret. I shall say nothing about it. On the other hand, I may be of use to you. You are a Roumanian, I think, and I am a Frenchman."

"Frenchman? You are a Frenchman?" And this reply was given in my own language, with a foreign accent. One more bond between us. The panel slips along its groove, and by the light of a little lamp I can examine my No. 11.

"No one can see us nor hear us?" he asked in a half-stifled voice.

"No one." "The guard?" "Asleep."

My new friend takes my hands; he clasps them. I feel that he seeks a support. He understands he can depend on me, and he murmurs: "Do not betray me—do not betray me."

"Betray you, my boy? Can you believe that I, a journalist?" "You are a journalist?" "Claudius Bombarnac, special correspondent of the Twentieth Century."

"And you are going to Pekin?" "Through to Pekin."

"Ah! Monsieur Bombarnac, Providence has sent you on to my road." "Anything I can do for you I will." "Kinko."

"You are a Roumanian, are you not?" "Roumanian, of Bucharest."

"But you have lived in France?" "Four years in Paris, where I was apprentice to an upholsterer in the Faubourg Saint Antoine."

"And you went back to Bucharest?" "Yes, to work at my trade there until the day came when it was impossible for me to resist the desire to leave."

"To leave? Why?" "To marry?" "To marry Mademoiselle Zinca Klork, Avenue Cha-Cous, Pekin, China."

"You know?" "Certainly. The address is on the box."

the trade of a milliner. Oh! charming—"I am sure of it. You need not dwell on that."

"She also returned to Bucharest, until she was invited to take the management of a dressmaker's at Pekin. We loved, monsieur; she went—and we were separated for a year. Three weeks ago she wrote to me. She was getting on over there. If I could go out to her I would do well. We should get married without delay. She had saved something. I would soon earn as much as she had. And here I am on the road, in my turn, for China."

"In this box?" "What would you have, Monsieur Bombarnac?" asked Kinko, reddening. "I had only money enough to buy a packing case, a few provisions, and get myself sent off by an obliging friend. It costs a thousand francs to go from Tiflis to Pekin. But as soon as I have gained them, the company will be repaid, I assure you."

"You may rest assured I will neglect nothing which will enable you to arrive dry and in one piece at Mademoiselle Zinca Klork's—in short, in a perfect state of preservation."

"I thank you," said Kinko, pressing his hands. "Believe me, you will not find me ungrateful."

"Ah, friend Kinko, I shall be paid, and more than paid."

"By relating, as soon as I can do so without danger to you, the particulars of your journey from Tiflis to Pekin. Think now—what a heading for a column:

"A LOVER IN A BOX! ZINCA AND KINKO! 1,500 LEAGUES THROUGH CENTRAL ASIA IN A LUGGAGE VAN!"

The young Roumanian could not help smiling.

Then I went to the door of the van to see that we were in no danger of a surprise, and then the conversation was resumed. Naturally, Kinko asked me how I had discovered his secret. I told him all that had passed on the steamer during his voyage across the Caspian.

"But," said he to me, lowering his voice, "two nights ago I thought all was lost. The van was closed. I had just lighted my little lamp, and had begun my supper, when a knock came against the panel—"

"I did that, Kinko, I did that. And that night we should have become acquainted if the train had not run into a dromedary."

"It was you! I breathe again!" said Kinko. "In what dreams I have lived! It was known that some one was hidden in this box. I saw myself discovered, handed over to the police, taken to prison at Merv or Bokhara, and my little Zinca waiting for me in vain; and never should I see her again, unless I resumed the journey on foot. Well, I would have resumed—yes, I would."

"Brave Kinko!" I answered. "I am awfully sorry to have caused you such apprehensions. Now you are at ease again, and I fancy your chances have improved now we have made friends."

I then asked Kinko to show me how he managed in his box. Nothing could be simpler or better arranged. At the bottom was a seat on which he sat, with the necessary space for him to stretch his legs when he placed them obliquely; under the seat, shut in by a lid, were a few provisions, and table utensils, reduced to a simple pocket knife and metal mug; an overcoat and a rug hung from a nail, and the little lamp he used at night time was hooked on to one of the walls.

The sliding panel allowed the prisoner to leave his prison occasionally. But if the case had been placed among other packages, if the posters had not deposited it with the precautions due to its fragility, he would not have been able to work the panel, and would have had to make a friend somehow before the end of the journey. Fortunately, there is a special Providence for lovers. He told me that every night he had taken a walk, either in the van or else on the station platform where the train had stopped.

"I do not believe I am in danger of being discovered," he said, "unless at the Chinese frontier—or rather at Kachgar."

"And why?" "The custom house is very keen on goods going into China. I am afraid they will come round the packages."

"I shall be there, and I will do all I can to prevent anything unpleasant happening."

"Ah, Monsieur Bombarnac!" exclaimed Kinko, in a burst of gratitude, "how can I repay you?"

"Ask me to your marriage with the lovely Zinca."

"I will. And Zinca will embrace you."

"She will be only doing her duty, friend Kinko, and I shall be only doing mine in returning two kisses for one."

We exchanged a last grip of the hand; and, really, I think there were tears in the good fellow's eyes when I left him. He put out his lamp, he pushed back the panel, then through the case I heard one more "thanks" and an "au revoir."

I came out of the van, I shut the door, assured myself that Popof was still asleep. In a few minutes, after a breath or two of the night air, I go in to my place near Major Nolitz.

(To be continued.)

Jersey Foal. "This tusk," said the Jersey com-muter, "I dug-up in my garden. It's all of four feet long. Remarkable, isn't it?"

"Yes. It's very probably the bill of a prehistoric mosquito."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Appropriate. Rodrick—Now they are thinking about bringing out the life of Ralsult, Van Albert—Well, it would be rather expensive.

Rodrick—How so? Van Albert—It would have to be bound in Morocco.

Sorry He Spoke. Reggy—Bah Jove, there are a lot of people who sing songs these days and don't even mean what they sing.

Misa Rose—You are right, Reggy. Last night you sung "Good-by, My Lady Love" at 10 o'clock, and didn't leave until 12.

Industrious wisdom often prevents what lazy folly thinks inevitable.—Simmons.



FARM AND GARDEN

For Taking Up Barb Wire. Take a pair of cultivator wheels, make an axle to fit, out of 2x4 oak, 30 inches long. Side pieces should be 1 1/2 inches by 2 inches, 4 feet long, of hard wood. Bolt to axle securely. The uprights should be 2-inch by 4-inch pine.

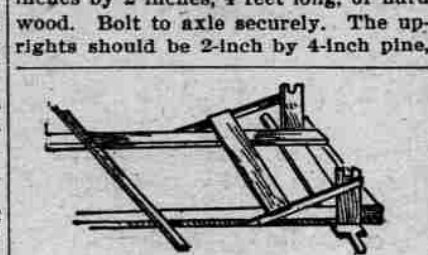


FIG. 1.

The cart is propelled by winding wire on reel; when one reel is full, slip off and put on another.—Sylvanus Scott.

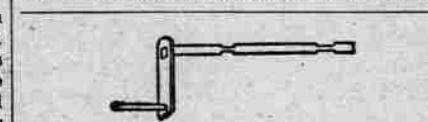


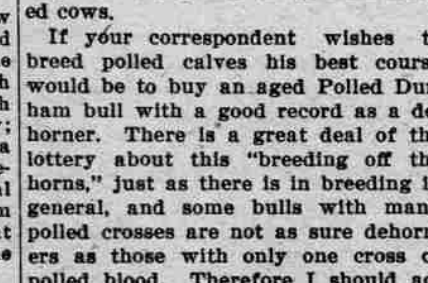
FIG. 2.

Breeding Polled Calves. Answering the query, "Are double standard Polled Durham bulls as sure to get polled calves from horned cows as are Angus bulls?" F. S. Hines says in Breeder's Gazette:

Without knowledge as to the percentage of polled calves got by Angus bulls used on horned cows it would naturally seem that the Angus bulls would be the surer dehorners, as they have been bred hornless for many generations, while Polled Durhams are not many removes from horns. However, there are many Polled Durham bulls that have made excellent records as dehorners, some having as high as 90 per cent of polled calves from horned cows.

If your correspondent wishes to breed polled calves his best course would be to buy an aged Polled Durham bull with a good record as a dehorner. There is a great deal of the lottery about this "breeding off the horns," just as there is in breeding in general, and some bulls with many polled crosses are not as sure dehorners as those with only one cross of polled blood. Therefore I should advise your correspondent not to try a young bull, but to get one that is known by his works.

Hand Cultivator. Take a board 20 inches wide and long, and cut a wheel out of it. Then make a frame of 1 1/2-inch-square lumber, and two small brace strips near wheel, of light lumber. Get a blacksmith to make the scuffhoe out of steel, as shown in figure 2, with four small short rods, riveted back of blade. These little rods are curved up, and turn up the roots of weeds to the sun. You can take this device off and put on a shovel if you want to cultivate deep. It runs light for amount of



WEED KILLER AND CULTIVATOR.

work done, and is superior to any \$5 wheel hoe I ever saw.—J. Holmes Wilson.

Ropy Milk After Setting. Bacteria in one form is probably responsible for the ropy milk that we hear about coming after setting for the cream. In such cases the first thing to do is to thoroughly disinfect the stables by the use of carbolic acid and then a thorough whitewashing of walls and ceiling. Then turn attention to the utensils used—the milk pails and the other vessels. The chances are they at the bottom of the trouble and need scalding repeatedly with hot water, and then more cleansing, such as only the sun will give. If these remedies abate the trouble, as they probably will, then remember that this scalding with hot water should be done daily with every vessel used in the dairy. Hot water and sun are death to bacteria.

When Lambs Need Dipping. If mature sheep are troubled with ticks and lambs run with the flock most of the ticks in two or three weeks after shearing will have left the old sheep to live upon the tender skin and amid the longer wool of the lambs. It is therefore evident that money will be saved by dipping the lambs. In badly infected cases a second dipping will prove advantageous unless the old sheep were dipped at the first application. Ticks multiply very rapidly, and even if a few escape death their progeny will cause the whole flock untold discomfort.—American Cultivator.

Hay Versus Corn Fodder. It is difficult to make a comparison between corn fodder and hay, because the quality of either largely depends

upon the curing. Bright green corn fodder, shredded or cut fine, is superior to improperly cured hay, while good hay is far superior to corn fodder that was not cut until the leaves turned yellow.

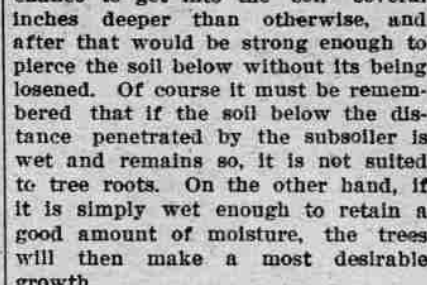
If fodder is tender and juicy the animals will prefer the stalks to the leaves, as the stalks are rich in sugar, but much depends upon the stage of growth at which the stalks were harvested.—Farm Visitor.

Sub-Soling for Orchards. Fruit trees, and particularly apples, require a deep soil and, of course, one that is fairly rich. There are hundreds of acres of rich clay soils that would do splendidly for apples if properly prepared. Trials which have resulted in failures have been almost wholly due to the fact that the soil had not been opened deep enough to permit the roots of the trees properly to penetrate it.

If such soils had been subsoiled, using the implement made for that purpose which does not throw back a wide furrow, the roots would have a chance to get into the soil several inches deeper than otherwise, and after that would be strong enough to pierce the soil below without its being loosened. Of course it must be remembered that if the soil below the distance penetrated by the subsoiler is wet and remains so, it is not suited to tree roots. On the other hand, if it is simply wet enough to retain a good amount of moisture, the trees will then make a most desirable growth.

Water for Swine. There are farmers who raise swine and never feel it necessary to give them water to drink. They argue that as the slop is composed largely of water that is all that is necessary. It probably is, in many cases, where the slop consists of one part solids and nine parts water, but if the slop is nutritious, as it should be, and if corn is fed in addition, the swine need considerable water. Men of experience claim that swine carefully watered are rarely diseased, and they have little difficulty in preventing them from making wallows. As a matter of fact, about half of the nastiness of the hog is due to the carelessness of its owner. Give the hog half a chance and he or she will be reasonably clean. Try the trough of cold, clean water at feeding time and see for yourself what the swine think of it.

Harrow for Stony Ground. Take six pieces of 3/4x2 1/2 inches. Plane them and set them as shown in illustration. Sink the wings into the center piece 1/4 inch. This saves making mortise. Get 1/4-inch bolts with heads and bore holes as shown by dotted lines. The hinges, etc., can be



HARROW FOR STONY GROUND.

made of old wagon tire. Set teeth slanting, and attach chain. This harrow with twenty-four teeth is made to work a width of 6 feet, and is of light draft. It can be made by any one handy with tools, and if well made, is strong, lasting and effective.

Poultry Pickings. Try feeding little chicks a dry ration of cracked grain, seeds, etc. It is better than Johnny cake, corn dough or mash.

Place a self-feeding box of grain in the coop so the chicks can eat what they want. There is little danger of over-feeding growing stock on free range.

If hens on free range are given a small feed of fresh-cut bone once a day, or a box of beef scraps and granulated bone is placed in the henhouse, they will produce more eggs.

Keep the brooders and colony houses clean and look out for red mites and lice on the chicks. Incubator chicks are hatched free from lice, but it does not take long to contract them.

Set turkey hens this month and if you have plenty of eggs, fill the incubator. Arrange so the hens and incubator will hatch at the same time, then you can give all the polts to the turkey hen.

Plant sunflowers outside the wire of the poultry yard and in and by waste places. They will afford shade during the summer and the hens will relish the seed. If planted inside the yard they must be protected until out of reach of the hens.

Garden Hints. The suckers of gooseberries, currants and red raspberries should be rigidly pulled.

In making the home garden do not overlook garlic, chives, shallots, herbs, etc., as they are exceedingly desirable for favoring purposes.

This season's growth of raspberry canes should be pinched off and they will throw out fruit laterals. This is important, for on it depends next season's crop of berries.

Early varieties of dwarf peas can be grown between the rows of tomato plants. By the time the tomatoes are large enough to occupy the ground the peas will be out of the way. The pea vines may be removed or left as a mulch for the tomatoes.

In May the seeds of sweet corn and all the wrinkled varieties of peas should be sown and a little later cucumbers, melons, squashes, pumpkins and gourds may be put in the open ground. A fork full of well rotted manure in the hill is the proper food for these plants.



It is stated that in his next annual message President Roosevelt will recommend that the balance of \$22,000,000 due this country from China as indemnity for the Boxer outrages be released from payment on condition that China devote the money to education. The claims for American missionary property destroyed, amounting to \$2,000,000, have been satisfied, and the cost of our expedition to Pekin was not over \$1,000,000. An award of \$25,000,000 indemnity to the United States was felt to be excessive, though not larger in proportion than the amount agreed on for the other nations that marched to the relief of foreigners in Pekin. But the idea of taking the amount awarded is distasteful to this country for several reasons. It is far too much, under the circumstances, and China's helplessness appeals to sympathy. The plight of the immense Chinese empire excites compassion. Its territory is a battle ground for other nations, and the neutrality of its harbors is violated by belligerents. Non-resistance is a terribly poor national policy. On the part of the United States there is a sincere wish that China may be able to claim a place among nations in which it can be wondrously imposed upon. To hand the \$22,000,000 to China without conditions might be construed as a criticism on the countries that take all the indemnity awarded them. But China can accept our share as a gift to an object which it holds in high esteem, that of education. Americans do not want the money as a windfall. They wish for China better times and national security, a position in the world where it can respect itself and command the respect of others. The relinquishment of the \$22,000,000 will strike the people of the United States favorably.

From the United States Census Bureau has recently come the report of the first complete census of the Philippine Islands. Nearly eight thousand people were employed in gathering the statistics, and all but 125 of them were native Filipinos. This census, therefore, is the first in modern times which a tropical people have made of themselves. Many interesting facts were disclosed by the canvass of the islands. In the first place, it was found that the population numbered 7,600,000; that near 7,000,000 possessed some degree of civilization and professed the Christian religion. It was also discovered that almost the whole population live in villages, as there are nearly 14,000 villages with an average population of 500. Of the larger towns, 35 have 5,000 population each; four have 10,000; and Manila has 220,000. The people own the houses, or "huts," in which they live—only 6 per cent of the houses are rented—and the farmers own their farms. About 4,000 children are enrolled in the schools, and they are said to be eager to learn. The night-schools in Manila, 21 in number, have an enrollment of more than 4,000 adults who are studying English.

The Cuban minister, Senor Gonzalo Quesada, says that in some respects Havana can give Washington a few points on the management of schools, writes a correspondent from the capital. Some months ago the municipal authorities of Havana introduced a system which is gradually becoming popular in every part of the United States. It is called the "School City" and the system means simply governing the school as a township, electing a Mayor, a Board of Councilmen, and every officer needed for general government, even to that personage who commands the respect and admiration of the small boy in every part of the globe, the policeman. The poor urchins of the Cuban capital are enthusiastic over the plan, and the schools are filled to overflowing. Mr. Quesada is authority for the statement that nothing introduced since the Spanish departed has so aroused the pride and good qualities of the juveniles.

A new carpet has been purchased for the United States Senate. About 900 yards of material is required, and the cost of the carpet is a trifle over \$2,000. Carpet concerns all over the country had their agents in Washington in the hope of landing the contract. Colonel Ransdell, sergeant-at-arms, chose a green Wilton carpet made by a New England firm. The average life of Senate carpets is four years.

The Panama railway board of directors has decided to double-track the road across the Isthmus to accommodate the increased business due to the construction of the canal without interfering with the ordinary freight business. The chairman of the Canal Commission has been made president of the railway company.

Fourth Assistant Postmaster General DeGraw has made public a report on the rural free delivery service in the United States, showing a total of 30,982 routes in operation May 1, with 4,708 petitions for the service pending in the postoffice department. On April 1 last there were 29,398 routes in operation and 4,521 petitions pending. Of the 4,708 cases pending, 884 have been assigned for establishment either May 15 or June 1, leaving 3,824 petitions unacted on.