

THE JADE STONE STREET.

Experience of an American Who
Went Through It.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.
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Granville finally rolled another cigarette. "Why is it called 'the Jade Stone street?'" he questioned.

Neal Scott did not remove his gaze from the busy Shanghai thoroughfare outside the club room windows.

"I don't know," he said.
A boy approached with a tray of tinkling glasses, and Scott bent his head over the tray as if to hide the concern in his eyes.

Granville waited until the boy had departed and then tossed his cigarette away and stiffened in his chair. "I'm going into the old city tomorrow, and I intend to find out why it is called the Jade Stone street."

"A foolish quest," returned Scott lightly. "Once before a man went into the city to find that out, and he never came back."

"I shall find out nevertheless," said Granville stubbornly, "or I'll never come back either."

"I'll go with you, then," Scott's voice was matter of fact now.

"Not if there is a risk. This is my own funeral," objected the other.

"As your most intimate friend it is my duty to attend upon your obsequies, then," retorted Scott, rising and stretching his lean form lazily.

The conversation turned to other matters, but later before parting for the night they agreed to meet early the next morning and go into the native city upon Granville's "asinine quest," as Scott chose to call it, which they did.

Almost before they knew it they were approaching one of the dark, cavernous gates of the old city.

"Got a gun?" asked Scott suddenly.

Granville smiled sheepishly. "Yep."



HE DARED NOT TURN HIS HEAD.

Thought I might need it after what you said."

The other nodded approval and touched his own hip significantly.

"There are many more fascinating streets than the one you are seeking," said Scott after long silence.

There was a trace of uneasiness in his voice that Granville noted with a lurking smile.

"There is 'the Street of the Brilliant Eye' or 'the Thousand Belle'—a dozen others far more suggestive than this one."

"The Jade Stone street for mine!" said Granville emphatically.

Scott and Granville approached it from the lower end, and once in the shadow of the swinging signs, with nothing save thick mud beneath their feet, Granville's interest waned.

His quest seemed an idiotic one, and he marveled at Scott's patience in accompanying him. Nevertheless he tried not to show his indifference and looked about for some means of obtaining his information.

A carver in ivory and jade peered out from his niche in the wall, and Granville stopped abruptly. "Will you act as my interpreter, Neal? I'll question this old duffer. He's the oldest Chinaman I ever saw."

The jade cutter's wheel had ceased its whirling revolutions, and the old man watched the Americans from his twilight niche as some brazen god in its shrine might have done.

There was the same impassivity of countenance. Even the eyes, like bits of polished jet, were motionless.

Then stillness fell upon the street. Save for the shuffling of padded shoes there was silence profound. Granville cleared his throat noisily and then started at the sound of his own voice. He turned to his companion.

"You've made me as nervous as a witch, Neal," he complained. "Just ask the old beggar why this is called the Jade Stone street and get it over with."

Scott put the question in the vernacular, and the yellow lips moved in answer.

"Says he doesn't know; always been called that." There was a malicious gleam in Scott's blue eyes.

Granville stared resentfully at the

gleaming black eyes, so fathomless to his probing question, and turned away. With his movement the street seemed to sink into a twilight obscurity, from which shadowy forms melted as if by magic and left the narrow pavements untenanted. The sun had drawn behind a heavy black cloud, and a low mutter of thunder vibrated the buildings.

"Where have they gone?" he questioned, wondering.

Scott shrugged his broad shoulders. "I'm afraid we'll find out in a minute," he growled. "I was a fool to humor you, Granville. We're in a devil's mess."

"I don't understand now what it's all about, Neal. What harm have we done merely asking a few questions?" Granville's voice took on an injured tone.

"I told you it was foolhardy to meddle in things that do not concern us. We'll have to run the gantlet of something, as we must do now." Scott spoke in a low tone, but his voice was acute with restrained feeling.

"Run the gantlet!" echoed Granville faintly.

The other pointed up the gray tunnel of the street, where a patch of lighter gray stone like a window in a high wall.

"See that?" he asked.

"Yes."

"That's the end of the street, the top of the wall. The gray spot is our goal now. Give me your gun, Dick. I'll understand when to give it back to you, never fear! There! Follow me. Run for your life toward that gray square of light at the top of the wall. Remember, there are a thousand yellow faces behind doors and windows and lurking in alleyways. Our safety depends upon our speed! Ready—go!"

Like arrows from the bow the two men shot forward. Scott leading by a bare twelve inches. Granville's face was quite pale, and he tried not to see the peering faces even as Scott had described them. He heard long hissing breaths, and strange shrill cries broke behind him as he ran. They passed through an empty street, yet as they passed it was peopled behind them with padding trit-trot of feet and low cries and shrill cackles.

Scott's long, white clad form covered the distance with amazing agility. To Granville's tired eyes he seemed merely a white streak which he must follow or be struck in the back.

Time and again he felt that some assassin hand hovered over him, yet he dared not turn his head lest the hand make the downward stroke.

He panted up the incline in Scott's wake, with starting eyes glaring at the gray patch of light growing larger every moment. Behind him sharp cries mingled with the pushing crowd. Afterward he never heard that shrill cry of the Chinese, "Hal yah!" without the same feeling of blind terror that pursued him up the incline of the Jade Stone street to the very parapet of the wall, where he fell breathless beside his friend.

It was several moments before he realized that they were safe at the end of the street. Several white clad forms trooped along the wall from the river gate and, sitting on the parapet, stared inquisitively at Granville.

"Feel better, old chap?" they asked in chorus.

"Haven't got all my wind back," admitted Granville dazedly. He wondered vaguely why these chaps from the club should have appeared at the very moment when, the danger over, he and Scott had reached a zone of safety at the top of the hill. Their smiling faces under white sun hats and the general air of hilarity that prevailed during the lighting of cigarettes seemed strangely out of place after his race with death. He shuddered slightly and turned to Scott.

That gentleman had joined the others on the wall and seemed more intent on the flight of a carrion crow drifting black against the gray clouds than on the recent exciting events.

"Why is it called the Jade Stone street, Granville?" snickered Beals from the end of the row.

Granville stared, at first uncomprehending and at last with growing light. He got upon his feet and scraped the mud from his white shoes.

"Was it a plant?" he demanded.

Their roars of laughter answered his question.

He turned and looked down the street and into the jostling shifting crowd. A shrill "hal yah" pierced the air, and he felt the hair crinkle along his forehead and turned back swiftly to hide his agitation.

"Initiation, I suppose," he grunted, half angry, wholly relieved for the moment.

Scott's mirthful face sobered, and he reached out a hand and pulled Granville down beside him. "We're all been through the mill, Dick," he explained. "It's the only way to teach a newcomer to keep away from the native city if he has any idea of prying around. We run the new chaps through this street. So many of us have run the gantlet that the natives catch on in a minute when they see a couple of us drawing near and one a stranger. They lend themselves unconsciously to the little farce and disappear. But it might become a tragedy at any moment if bad men from any other street should be on hand, say a few river pirates spending their money in the city! As it is, the Jade Stone street is the most peaceful thoroughfare in Shanghai. The denizens are harmless, industrious workmen, even as the old carver of jade whom you questioned. But you know how it feels to realize that a real Chinese mob is at your heels, and it teaches you how to keep out of danger. Would you want to try it again, old man?"

After a long silence Granville spoke one word. "Thanks," he said gruffly. And they all understood.

SIRENS AND SONS.

M. Krs, laborer, has the oddest name in the St. Louis directory. F. El, barber, has the shortest name.

Edwin A. Brown, millionaire, of Denver is studying the lot of the homeless and destitute hobo in the cities.

His excellency the Taotai Chau Tien Yu, C. E., M. I. C. E., builder of the Kalgan railway in China, is a graduate of Yale and was while there familiarly known as Jimmy.

General Samuel C. Lawrence of Medford, Mass., has recently been elected to the highest office within the gift of the Scottish Rite Masons. He is a civil war veteran, a banker and a railroad magnate.

Alexander Wadsworth Longfellow, who has been reappointed to the Boston art commission, was first graduated from Harvard and then went to the Ecole des Beaux Arts. He is an architect when busy and a yachtsman when at play.

General F. D. Grant is now qualified to wear the buttons of the G. A. R. and the Loyal legion. It has been established that as a boy of thirteen he served as volunteer aid on his father's staff, carried dispatches and was under fire in the Vicksburg campaign.

Dr. L. O. Howard, who left Cornell in 1878 and took up entomological work for the government, was put in charge of the division of entomology in 1894. He found five men waiting to help him, but thought he needed a few more. Now he has 400. And with them he is paying particular attention to the malaria mosquito and the housefly.

A Chicago wife dislocated her jaw while scolding her husband. A word to the wise.—New York Herald.

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Current Comment.

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Law Points.

The liability of a municipal corporation for the death of a person from typhoid fever caused by its emptying a free public sewerage system into a stream running near his dwelling is denied in Metz versus Asheville, 150 N. C. 748; 64 S. E. 881; 22 L. R. A. (N. S.), 940.

The measure of damages in case of the destruction of a permanent or perennial crop, such as alfalfa, is held in Thompson versus Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. Co. (Neb.), 121 N. W. 447; 23 L. R. A. (N. S.), 310, to be the difference between the value of the land before and after the destruction of the crop.

Train and Track.

Railway passengers in and out of New York now average 654,000 daily, and it requires 3,369 trains to haul them.

An American company has been incorporated to build a forty mile railroad in Ecuador. The capital is \$1,390,000.

By means of improvements of the nature of curve eliminations and short cuts of one kind or another the length of the Transiberian railroad will be so shortened that 1,200 miles will be cut off the trip from Paris to Peking.

Recent Inventions.

A Chinese has invented a simple machine with which a person can make straw braid of fine quality twelve times as rapidly as by hand.

A bathtub on wheels that may be moved to the bedside of a hospital patient too ill to go to the regular bathroom is a new convenience.

A Wisconsin man has patented a tool chest which may be converted into a workbench by clamping it to the top of two desks.

Proverbs.

He who sows brambles must reap thorns.—Dutch Proverb.

A man that has had his fill is no eater.—Spanish Proverb.

Who does right is born sufficiently noble.—German Proverb.

It belongs to great men to have great defects.—French Proverb.

A favor becomes old sooner than any other thing.—Greek Proverb.

German Cleanings.

Agriculture in Germany supports about 19,000,000 of the population.

The Navy league of Germany now has a membership of 1,631,339, and its funds amount to \$8,295,950.

In Germany a merchant was recently heavily fined for using a quotation from the Bible at the head of an advertisement.

A billiard room reserved for the use of women is one of the novelties to which a new restaurant in Berlin calls the attention of the public.

What Everybody Wants.

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Tales of Cities.

As regards area New York city is the largest in the United States. It covers 326½ square miles as compared with 190½ for Chicago and 129½ for Philadelphia.

The streets of Canton are divided into sections of a few blocks each, and each section is shut off from all others by heavy gates that are closed at 9 o'clock in the evening.

Troy, N. Y., has a huge water wheel sixty feet in diameter, with buckets twenty-two feet long and six feet deep. It was constructed in 1838, and the people will not permit it to be destroyed, although it no longer serves any useful purpose.

A young girl, sweet summer girl, is watching now for you! We're waiting for you to arrive, you and your peekaboo. The winter girl is very sweet, and she has many charms, but now the summer girl we want to greet with open arms.

O summer girl, sweet summer girl, come early as you can. And be, as you have always been, a blessed boon to man! We'll lavish on you all our love, as we have done before. And we'll agree to bow the knee and worship and adore. —Somerville Journal.

Courtesy. I deemed it of good augury that the man to whom I presented the bill was courtesy itself.

"Surely," quoth I, "you will not let me go away under the impression that courtesy doesn't pay?"

He started, as though such general aspects of the business had not much engaged his attention.—Puck.

A Born Fisherman. Too tired to work, Too tired to walk, Too tired to read, Too tired to talk, Too tired to eat, Too tired to drink, Too tired to write, Too tired to think.

Too tired to ride, Too tired to row, Too tired to stay, Too tired to go, Too tired to want, Too tired to wish, But not too tired To sit and fish! —Joe Coo.

Had to Quit. Returned Traveler.—What has become of the Municipal-State-National-International Reform club? Resident.—It has disbanded. "What happened?" "The president, treasurer, secretary and board of directors eloped with the funds."—New York Weekly.

Wise Father. Father has to wear his whiskers just as mother tells him to. Father can't buy clothes while mother thinks his last year's suit will do. Not till ma consents can father have a necktie that is new.

Mother never thinks of asking father how to wear her hair. She gets dresses when she wants them and decides what kind to wear. Dad is wise and knows it wouldn't do him any good to care. —Chicago Record-Herald.

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