

The Special Correspondent

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued)

As soon as the train pulls up, a dozen travelers, of whom I am one, get out on to the track. By the light of the lantern it is easy to see that the breakage is not due to malevolence. But it is none the less true that the two last vans, the mortuary van and the rear van occupied by the goods guard, are missing. How far are they? Nobody knows.

You should have heard the shouts of the Persian guards engaged in escorting the remains of Yen Lou, for which they were responsible! The travelers in their van, like themselves, had not noticed when the coupling broke. It might be an hour, two hours, since the accident.

What ought to be done was clear enough. The train must be run backward and pick up the lost vans.

Nothing could be more simple. But—and this surprised me—the behavior of my lord Faruskiar seemed very strange. He insisted in the most pressing manner that not a moment should be lost. He spoke to Popof, the driver, to the stoker, and for the first time I discovered that he spoke Russian remarkably well.

The train began to run back as soon as we had taken our places. The German baron attempted to complain, but Faruskiar gave him such a look that he did not care to get another, and stowed himself away in the corner.

Dawn appeared in the east when the two wagons were found a kilometer off, and the train gently slowed up to them after an hour's run.

Faruskiar and Ghangir went to help in coupling on the vans, which was done as farly as possible. Major Noltitz and I noticed that they exchanged a few words with the other Mongols. After all, there was nothing astonishing in that, for they were countrymen of theirs.

We resume our seats in the train, and the engineer tries to make up for lost time.

Nevertheless, the train does not arrive at Kachgar without a long delay, and it is half past four in the morning when we enter the capital of Chinese Turkistan.

CHAPTER XV.

What was not done at the frontier has to be done at Kachgar. Russians and Chinese are one as bad as the other when there are vexing formalities, papers to verify, passports to sign, etc. It is the same sort of meddling, minute and overfastidious, and we must put up with it. We must not forget the terrible threat of the formula of the functionary of the Celestial Empire affixes to his acts—"Tremble and obey!" I am disposed to obey, and I am prepared to appear before the authorities of the frontier. I remember the fears of Kinko, and it is with regard to him that the trembling is to be done, if the examination of the travelers extends to their packages and luggage.

It is 10 o'clock when a stroke of the gong announces that the police formalities are about to begin. We leave the table and a few minutes afterward are in the waiting room.

All my numbers are present, with the exception, of course, of Kinko, who would have done honor to our breakfast if it had been possible for him to take part in it. There was Doctor Tio-King, his "Cornaro" under his arm; Falk Ephrinell and Miss Horotia Bluet, mingling their teeth and hair, figuratively, be it understood; Sir Francis Trevelyan, motionless and silent, intractable and stiff, smoking his cigar on the threshold; Faruskiar, accompanied by Ghangir; Russian, Turkoman, Chinese travelers—in all from sixty to eighty persons. Every one had in his turn to present himself at the table, which was occupied by two Celestials in uniform, a functionary speaking Russian fluently, an interpreter for German, French and English.

The Chinese was a man about 50, with a bald head, a thick mustache, a long pigtail, and spectacles on his nose. Wrapped in a flowery robe, fat as if he belonged to the most distinguished people in the country, he had not a prepossessing face. After all, it was only a verification of our papers, and as ours were in order, it did not much matter how repulsive he looked.

"What an air he has," murmured Madame Caterina.

"The air of a Chinaman," said her husband, "and, frankly, I do not like it!" I am one of the first to present my passport, which bears the visas of the consul at Tiflis and the Russian authorities at Uzun Ada. The functionary looks at it attentively. When you are dealing with a mandarin, you should always be on the lookout. Nevertheless, the examination raises no difficulty, and the seal of the green dragon declares me all in order.

The same result with regard to the actor and actress. Nevertheless, it was worth while looking at Caterina while his papers were being examined. He assumed the attitude of a criminal endeavoring to mollify a magistrate, he made the sheepiest of eyes, and smiles absolutely the most deprecating smiles, and seemed to implore a grace or rather a favor, and yet the most obdurate of the Chinamen had not a word to say to him.

"Correct," said the interpreter.

"Thank you, my prince," replied Caterina, with the accent of a Paris street boy.

As to Ephrinell and Miss Bluet, they went through like a posted letter. If an American commercial and an English ditto were not in order, who would be? Uncle Sam and John Bull are one as far as that goes.

The other travelers, Russian and Turkoman, underwent examination without any difficulty arising. Whether they were first class or second class, they had fulfilled the conditions required by the Chinese administration, which levies a rather heavy fee for each visa, payable in roubles, taels or sapek.

CHAPTER XVI.

Among the travelers I noticed an American clergyman bound to Pekin. This was the Rev. Nathaniel Morse of Boston, one of those honest Bible distributors, a Yankee missionary, in the garb of a merchant, and very keen in

business matters. At a venture I make him No. 13 in my note book.

The verification of the papers of young Pan Chao and Dr. Tio-King gave rise to no difficulty, and on leaving they exchanged "ten thousand good-mornings" with the more amiable of the Chinese representatives.

When it came to the turn of Major Noltitz a slight incident occurred. Sir Francis Trevelyan, who came to the table at the same moment, did not seem inclined to give way. However, nothing resulted but haughty and provoking looks. The gentleman did not even take the trouble to open his mouth. The Russian and the Englishman each received the regulation visa, and the affair went no further.

My lord Faruskiar, followed by Ghangir, then arrived before the man in spectacles, who looked at him with a certain amount of attention. Major Noltitz and I watched him. How would he submit to this examination? Perhaps we were to be deceived regarding him.

But what was our surprise, and even our stupefaction, at the dramatic outburst which at once took place. After throwing a glance at the papers presented to him by Ghangir the Chinese functionary rose and bowed respectfully to Faruskiar, saying:

"May the general manager of the Grand Transasiatic deign to receive my ten thousand respects?"

General manager, that is what he is, this lord Faruskiar. All is explained. During our crossing of Russian Turkistan he had maintained his incognito like a great personage in a foreign country; but now on the Chinese railways he resumed the rank which belonged to him.

And I had permitted myself to identify him with the pirate Ki-Tsang. And Major Noltitz, who had spent his time suspecting him! At last I have some one of note in my train—I have him, this somebody; I will make his acquaintance. I will cultivate it like a rare plant, and if he will only speak Russian I will interview him down to his boots. I am completely upset, and I could not help shrugging my shoulders, when the major whispers to me:

"Perhaps one of the bandit chiefs with whom the Grand Transasiatic had to make terms."

"Come, major, be serious." The visit was nearing its end when Baron Weisschnitzdorfer appeared. He is preoccupied, he is in trouble, he is anxious, he is confused, he is fidgety. Why is he shaking, and bending, and diving into his pockets like a man who has lost something valuable?

"Your papers," demands the interpreter in German.

"My papers," replies the baron; "I am looking for them; they were in my letter case."

And he dived again into his trousers coat pockets, his great-coat pockets—there were twenty of them, at least—and he found nothing.

"Be quick—be quick!" said the interpreter. "The train cannot wait!" "I object to its going without me!" exclaimed the baron. "These papers—how have they gone astray? I must have let them drop out of my case. They should have given them back to me—"

At this moment the gong awoke the echoes of the interior of the railway station.

"Wait! wait! Donner vetter! Can't you wait a few moments for a man who is going round the world in thirty-nine days?"

"The Grand Transasiatic does not wait," says the interpreter.

Without waiting for any more, Major Noltitz and I reach the platform, while the baron continues to struggle in the presence of the impassable Chinese functionaries.

My first care is to look into the front van. The custom house officers are about to visit it, and I tremble for poor Kinko. It is evident that the fraud has not been discovered yet, for there would have been a great stir at the news. Suppose the case is passed? Will its position be shifted? Will it be put hind side before or upside down? Kinko will not then be able to get out, and that would be a complication.

The Chinese officers have come out of the van and shut the door, so that I cannot give a glance into it. The essential point is that Kinko has not been caught in the net. As soon as possible I will enter the van, and as bankers say, "verify the state of our safe."

Before getting into our car, Major Noltitz asks me to follow him to the rear of the train.

The scene we witness is not devoid of interest; it is the giving over of the corpse of the mandarin Yen Lou by the Persian guards to a detachment of soldiers of the Green Standard who form the Chinese gendarmerie. The defunct passes into the care of twenty Celestials, who are to occupy the second-class car in front of the mortuary van. They are armed with guns and revolvers, and commanded by an officer.

"Well," said I to the major, "this mandarin must be some very exalted personage if the Son of Heaven sends him a guard of honor—"

"Or of defense," replies the major.

Faruskiar and Ghangir assist at these proceedings, in which there is nothing surprising. Surely the general manager of the line ought to keep an eye on the illustrious defunct intrusted to the care of the Grand Transasiatic.

The gong was struck for the last time. We hasten into our cars. And the baron, who has become of him? Here he comes out on to the platform like a whirlwind. He has found his papers at the bottom of his nineteenth pocket. He has obtained the necessary visa—and it was time.

"Passengers for Pekin take your seats!" shouts Popof, in a sonorous voice. The train trembles, it starts, it has gone.

CHAPTER XVII.

We are off on a Chinese railway, single line, the train drawn by a Chinese engine, driven by a Chinese driver. Let us hope we shall not be telescoped on the road, for among the passengers is one of the chief functionaries of the company, in the person of Faruskiar.

Our train runs at only moderate speed since we left Kachgar. On the opposite horizon we can see the high lands of the Pamir; to the southwest rises the Holor, the Kachgarian belt from which towers the summit of Tagharua, lost among the clouds.

I do not know how to spend my time. Major Noltitz has never visited the territories crossed by the Grand Transasiatic, and I am deprived of the pleasure of taking notes from his dictation. Dr. Tio-King does not lift his nose from his "Cornaro," and Pan Chao reminds me more of Paris and France than of Pekin and China; besides, when he came to Europe he came by Suez, and he knows no more of Oriental Turkistan than he does of Kamtschatka. All the same, he is a pleasant companion, but a little less amiable and a little more originally would suit me better.

I am reduced to strolling from one car to another, lounging on the platforms, interrogating the horizon, which obstinately refuses to reply, listening on all sides. Hallo! there are the actor and his wife apparently in animated conversation. I approach. They sing in an undertone.

Ephrinell and Miss Bluet are talking away with unusual animation, and I catch the end of the dialogue.

"I am afraid," said she, "that hair will be rising in Pekin!"

"And I," said he, "that teeth will be broken. Ah! if a good war would only break out, in which the Russians would give the Chinaman a smack on the jaw."

There now! Smack them on the jaw, in order that Strong, Bulbul & Co., of New York, might have a chance of doing a trade!

Really, I do not know what to do, and we have a week's journey before us. To Jericho with the Grand Transasiatic and its monotonous security! The Great Trunk from New York to San Francisco has more life in it. At least, the redskins do sometimes attack the trains, and the chance of a scalping on the road can but add to the charm of the voyage.

But what is that I hear being recited, or rather intoned, at the end of our compartment?

"There is no man, whoever he may be, who cannot prevent himself from eating too much and avoid the evils due to repletion. On those who are intrusted with the direction of public affairs this is more incumbent than on others—"

It is Doctor Tio-King reading "Cornaro" aloud, in order that he may remember his principles better. Eh! after all, this principle is not to be despised. Shall I send it by telegram to our cabinet ministers? They might, perhaps, dine with more discretion after it.

During this afternoon, I find by the guidebook that we shall cross the Yamanar over a wooden bridge. This stream descends from the mountains to the west, which are at least twenty-five thousand feet high, and its rapidity is increased with the melting of the snows. Sometimes the train runs through thick jungles, amid which Popof assures me tigers are numerous. Numerous they may be, but I have not seen one. And yet, in default of redskins, we might get some excitement out of tiger skins. What a heading for a newspaper, and what a stroke of luck for a journalist! "Terrible Catastrophe! A Grand Transasiatic Express Attacked by Tigers! Fifty Victims! An Infant Devoured Before Its Mother's Eyes!"—the whole thickly leaded and appropriately displayed.

The two principal stations have been Yanghi-Hissar, where the train stops ten minutes, and Kizil, where it stops a quarter of an hour. Several blast furnaces are at work here, the soil being ferruginous, as shown by the word "Kizil," which means red.

In a Fishing Village.

It would be difficult to find throughout England a finer looking and healthier set of women than those in a Yorkshire fishing village, clear-skinned and bright-eyed, with slender, upright figures, and usually with three or four splendid sturdy children clinging round their skirts. They are living proofs that work, and extremely hard work, does not affect the health. Every evening at sunset during the summer the fishing boats go out, and the women come down and help launch the boats. No easy task this; it is very picturesque, but to do it every muscle must be strained and every sense be alert, and when some forty boats have to be helped out every night it means a considerable addition to the day's work, which includes—besides the ordinary household tasks—bringing out to dry every day, and boiling them in a solution of tar every week or so in order to preserve them.

Then, as the days shorten, the fishing times change, and during the coldest part of the year every wife comes out with a lighted lantern between two and three in the morning to speed her lord on his way, or, should the tide be low, to dig for bait. A hard life, one would say, and yet these women are happy and contented, living only for husband and children.

Another Pocket Device.

A typewriter for the pocket is one of the latest bits of American ingenuity, specially designed to meet the requirements of journalists and authors who need to take notes under conditions where a pencil and paper would not be convenient. It may be worked without removing the hands from the pocket. It is four inches long by three inches wide.

Where the Pain Came In.

"Painless dentistry!" snorted old Hunk, who had just had a tooth extracted and was opening his pocket-book with extreme reluctance. "Painless!" H'mph! You don't seem to think it hurts to have to pay \$2 for two minutes' work!"—Chicago Tribune.

Magic in Art.

There is a magic in the word that makes men, even when they are so cross and ignorant that they don't know the meaning of it, profess a love for art.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Clay modeling in schools is condemned by doctors as being worse than slates for transmitting infectious disease.



The Egg-Laying Hen.

Since poultrymen have begun to aim at a high standard in egg production and to strive for the two-hundred-egg hen (the type not the individual), much advance has been made, although the White Leghorn still heads the list. Of course, there are hens and hens even of this egg-laying breed, and some of them fall far below the standard. It is interesting to note the formation of the rear egg producer, and the illustration, which has been drawn from a photograph of a prize egg producer, will show this formation very clearly, as compared with the average hen of this or any other breed.

The egg producer has a long back, which is easily noted when she is seen with ordinary fowls. The breast is also low, and there is a heaviness of the body behind. In one word, the carcass may be called plump. The comb and wattles are fiery red, and the eyes bright, and the bird has an alertness which does not seem to be pronounced in other individuals not so good layers. It pays to look over the birds very carefully, and if one has a standard to go by it will be seen that nine cases out of ten the bird which looks like a layer of few eggs will be found to be so.—Indianapolis News.

Simple Garden Marker.

A marker is one of the handy tools of the farm, and is readily made by taking a strip of inch material of the desired length, and at the proper distance from the ends, making holes in which to insert poles to form a shaft to which a horse may be fastened. At intervals on this strip make holes so that the teeth may be moved as desired. These teeth may be made of wood and of varying thicknesses and lengths to suit the various seeds. A few bolts will do the fastening perfectly.

For general use the necessary number of teeth may be made triangular in shape, the upper end containing two bolt holes, so as to lengthen if desired. (See Fig. 1.) A neat adjustment of a



MARKER FOR THE GARDEN.

tooth is shown at Fig. 2. Heavy board teeth may be used where coarse seed is to be used if one desires, the teeth being attached to the bar in the same manner as the others. Figs. 3 and 4 show such a tooth and its attachment to the bar.—Exchange.

Get Acquainted With Your Cows.

That is the advice of Wallace's Farmer to those of its readers who take milk to creameries. Then the Farmer explains what it means by the phrase, "getting acquainted with your cows." It is a curious fact, but one that is as true as the multiplication table, that there are thousands upon thousands of farmers who really know less about their cows than any other animal on the farm. They never know how much milk they give or how much butter or cheese they make or how many in the herd are paying for their board.

Calves Raised Without Milk.

As a substitute for skim milk in raising calves, coconut shell tea appears to have some merits. At the Ontario Experiment Station calves were fed in addition to what corn and green feed they wanted six to eight quarts

PULSE of the PRESS

"Lawson's associates will not talk," says a Boston dispatch. Lawson's associates probably do not get a chance.—Washington Post.

Admiral Beresford wants the United States and Great Britain to have one flag. Judgment will be suspended until the Admiral specifies the flag.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Young Rockefeller does not deem it necessary to defend his father. He is right. The old gentleman is able to retain good lawyers for that purpose.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Russia protests that Japan proposes to kidnap the Emperor of Korea. Why didn't Kuropatkin stay and see that the outrage was not perpetrated?—New York Evening Sun.

Mr. Carnegie has presented King Edward with a diplococus. He neglected the usual provision that the King should supply a diplococus of equal value.—Washington Post.

The University of Chicago has "cut out" the lamp of learning heretofore appearing on its seal. This would seem to be a direct slap at the Standard Oil Company.—Topeka Herald.

Talking about frenzied finance—how is it that New York legislators, with \$1,500 per annum, increase their bank accounts to \$25,000 in a single session?—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

What boots the czar's rescript, removing the more vexatious disabilities from the Poles and Lithuanians, when he is likely to recall it as soon as the wind changes?—Boston Transcript.

The Duke of Manchester condemns the American scramble for the almighty dollar, but sees nothing to censure in the British scramble for rich American heiresses.—Louisville Herald.

While so much is printed in the newspapers about Mr. Taft, the average citizen will feel like wondering what has become of the Vice-President. No notice of his death has been published.—Birmingham News.

Henry Clews gives a list of 22 men whose fortunes range from \$15,000,000 to \$500,000,000, but it is dollars to doughnuts that he did not base his estimates on any information gained at the assessor's offices.—Spokane Spokesman Review.

Ambassador Choate is still being assured by our kin across the water that he is a jolly good fellow. Mr. Choate is expected to bring home one of the most gigantic cases of dyspepsia that has ever been imported.—Chicago Record-Herald.

If Secretary Taft should ever hope for a new and an original coat of arms he might have a bid rampant, a President expectant and a Bowen and Loomis squabble coulant as part of the arrangement, with a pretty kettle as a crest.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Outside of Chicago the country is weary of the strike and would gladly see it ended, though not directly concerned. In the matter of the public peace the whole country is concerned, and desires to see it maintained, whether the strike continues or not.—Pittsburg Gazette.

"The professors, the teachers in colleges and universities, these are the true aristocracy, these are the happiest men," says Andrew Carnegie, beginning of their three months' vacation season convince two-week men that they are so in fact.—New York Evening World.

Lumber is ordered up the ladder another round or two by the Christian gentlemen forming the combine to whom, to quote Baer, the Almighty, in His infinite wisdom, has committed the lumber property of this nation that they may care for the comfort of His people.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Secretary Morton is reported to have said that the complaints about the railroads overcharging shippers are mostly unfounded. It is also reported that Mr. Morton is to retire from the Cabinet to re-enter the railroad business. Is there any connection between the two reports?—Oakland Tribune.

A Cleveland genius has invented a contrivance to prevent women from stepping off backward when they leave street cars. This is a good work. We hope the inventor will now turn his attention to the business of inventing some kind of a device that will keep fools from rocking boats.—Chicago Record-Herald.

President Roosevelt is peculiarly fortunate in having his Americanism on straight at all times. In the possession of that uncommon commodity known as common sense he is almost the richest man in public life in this country. And so long as he is able, by some odd process of intuition, to go as straight to the mark as he did in his Chicago speeches, he will command the respect of his countrymen and win new evidences of approval.—Detroit Free Press.

One inkstand at \$500 is of itself a thing hardly worth talking about. But as an evidence of that vulgar ostentation in the details of government against which the founders of the republic set their face, it speaks volumes.—Boston Post.

Now that there is a discussion of safer means for the transportation of high explosives, interest centers in the method that will be employed in conveying Thomas W. Lawson from Boston to Ottawa, Kan., for his Fourth of July speech.—Indianapolis Star.