

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

The postoffice department has rescinded the order discontinuing the postoffice at Disston, Lane county.

Leaders of the republican, democratic and progressive parties in Oregon have agreed to leave the prohibition issue out of the campaign.

Action of the postal department in rejecting tenders for carrying mails in rural sections is resented by the Coquille commercial club.

Big meeting representatives of all commercial interests in Portland and Columbia river basin was held at Portland to unite in campaign for rivers and harbors bill.

Refund will be ordered by the Oregon railroad commission to a passenger who was made to pay more for himself and mother-in-law than for himself and wife.

There will be no delay in getting action on the deed to the locks at Oregon City, according to information given Senator Lane by Assistant Secretary Breckenridge.

Ray Carroll will be sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of John Zollner, marshal of Gervais, a jury in the circuit court having found him guilty of murder in the second degree at his third trial.

That loganberry juice, made from the Oregon loganberry, is going to take a prominent place alongside of grape juice as a beverage, is the opinion of F. A. Breck, who has organized the Breck Fruit Juice company.

Fifteen thousand boxes of peaches in the vicinity of Eugene and Junction City is the estimate placed on this crop by Dr. H. F. McCormack, field agent for the Eugene Fruitgrowers' association, who has spent a week estimating the crop.

The United States department of agriculture has set apart \$11,000 for extension work in agriculture and home economics in Oregon during the next year. This amount may be increased to \$15,000. This allowance is in addition to the \$10,000 appropriated to Oregon under the Smith-Lever bill.

According to census reports received by State Superintendent of Public Instruction Churchill the school population of Tillamook, Harney, Coos, Yamhill, Wallowa, Baker and Clatsop counties increased during the year while in Hood River and Wasco counties it slightly decreased.

Nearly a score of those who were nominated at the May primary have failed to file their expense accounts with Secretary of State Olcott, and he has sent notice to all of them that their names will not appear on the ballot until they furnish a statement of their expenses.

The drought of the last six weeks seriously affected the pear crop in the Rogue river valley. Picking probably will begin next week. Experts who have looked over the valley fear there will not be more than 60 per cent of the 1913 harvest. The crop is estimated at 400 cars.

That Willamette valley products will be well represented at the Panama-Pacific exposition was assured at a meeting of the Willamette Valley Exposition association at Salem. Members reported that much headway had been made in their sections toward obtaining exhibits and that the people were deeply interested in making the best showing possible.

Auto streetcars, the first to be installed in the west, are to be in operation in Pendleton before the opening of the Roundup. Two 25-passenger cars already have been ordered and are now being built in Portland. When received they will run on regular schedule about the city and to the eastern Oregon hospital for the insane. Streetcar rates will be charged.

Erna Meeker, of Puyallup, Wash., pioneer of 1852, who twice crossed the plains by ox team, recently retracing the "Oregon trail," shipped his ox and prairie schooner from Springfield to San Francisco. Mr. Meeker also departed to take a position under the Washington state commission at the Panama exposition. He is to exhibit his outfit throughout the fair and assist in the publicity work.

Figures prepared by Corporation Commissioner Watson for his annual report and just made public show that his department is the greatest revenue producing arm of the state government. The department was started June 3, 1913, and from that time until May 31, 1914, the receipts totaled \$221,149.66. From June 1 to June 30, inclusive, the receipts were \$89,463.43, making a grand total of receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30, \$310,613.09.

Forest rangers on the Umatilla forest are engaged in erecting a 65-foot "fire tower" on the top of Lookout mountain, one of the highest peaks in the forest. Owing to the fact that only the raw material to be found in the forest was available for building the tower, its construction was a difficult task. It is nearing completion, however, and will be equipped with a powerful glass and "fire finder." A man will be on duty constantly and with the aid of the equipment at his command will be able to locate every fire within a radius of 75 miles, almost as soon as it is started.

A Home In America

A Story For Labor Day

By MARGARET C. DEVEREAUX

Jean Stahren and Elsa Vogan lived on adjoining farms on the western coast of Norway. Neither had any brothers or sisters; consequently they were constant playmates, for there were no other children within a couple of miles. Since the country was rocky and not very productive their parents were very poor.

But neither Jean nor Elsa had ever known luxuries, and what we do not know of we do not covet. Besides, there is an unconsciousness of deprivation in childhood, and so long as children have enough to eat, though of the plainest food, and enough clothing to keep them warm they are content.

But there came a time with Jean when he began to think of his future. This was when he was seventeen years old. One day, standing with Elsa on a high ridge overlooking the Atlantic ocean, he said to her:

"Elsa, it will not satisfy me to remain here with father and mother to work this little farm. There is barely enough for them to be made out of it, and I feel that I must go out into the world to make something for myself."

A frightened look came to Elsa's face. This was the first intimation she had that she and Jean would not live near each other always as they had lived.

"Where would you go, Jean?" she asked.

"If one sails westward from here in a few days he will reach some islands called Britain. They have a king there, as we have here, and nobles, but I understand that the people are active, and there are opportunities for poor men to make a good living. But if one continues on southwestward he will come to a great continent called America. The people there have no king, no nobles. All are on the same level so far as the law is concerned. To that land people of small means from all nations are flocking. There is plenty of land there which is very rich, and great factories where people work, and those who are skilled receive wages that are unheard of here in Norway. I am thinking of going to America to join in the battle for freedom."

"But, Jean," cried the girl, "you are not skilled at any work, and in no country are farms given away. Having no trade and no money to buy a farm, what will you do to earn a living? And where will you get money to pay your way?"

"I am now of a proper age to learn a trade, and as to the means for my journey I shall work my passage. I shall go on a ship to Hamburg, for which I have the money. There, I understand, there are great vessels sailing to America. They need many persons to wait on the passengers, and it will not be difficult for me to secure one of these places."

"How did you learn all this?"

"Lars Olsen told me; he has been to Hamburg."

Elsa was looking out to the westward, and Jean saw tears gathering in her eyes. He put his arms about her and kissed her. The boundary between childhood and youth had been passed. From that moment they were lovers, though they were still unconscious of the change.

"Don't cry, Elsa," said Jean. "When I have become a skilled workman I will send for you to come over the sea and be with me."

"How could I go over there and be with you, Jean? That would not be right."

"But I will then be a man and you a woman; we can be married."

This ingenious proposal did not seem to give comfort to Elsa. She said that it would be a long while before Jean could send for her, and even then she could not leave her father and mother, who were every day becoming more dependent upon her. This made Jean feel ashamed, for he knew that he, too, was needed at home. But Jean looked further into the future than Elsa and had more resolution to break the barriers between him and success. Besides, he looked forward to the day when, having become a skilled laborer, he could earn more than he needed for himself and could send money to his parents.

It was a sad day for all when Jean departed. His mother begged him to stay, but his father approved of his going.

"Goodbye, my son," he said. "I have heard of that great country beyond the sea where the people are the government and where the workingman must be educated for what he does the same as the lawyer, the doctor and the priest. And they tell me that when he learns his trade he is protected by the trade unions against the competition of those who are unskilled. Go, and God grant that you may prosper."

Elsa went a part way on the road with Jean and when they parted surprised him by encouraging him instead of giving way to weeping.

"It will not seem long, dear Jean, before you will be building houses or railroads or ships, and every day you will earn more than you need, so that you can send money to your father and mother to buy them comforts they sorely need in their old age."

"But I shall not be satisfied, sweetheart, till I have earned not only enough for that, but to send for you to come to me."

Nevertheless they had no sooner passed away from each other than Jean's eyes became moist, and Elsa broke down and sobbed as though her heart would break.

An ocean liner came sailing down the coast and entering the lower bay of New York, made its way up toward Ellis Island, where emigrants must prove that they come within the laws governing their admission to the

United States of America. Among those who were transferred from the vessel to the island was a young woman, who gave her name as Elsa Vogan and her age as twenty-two. She stepped from the lighter that bore her to the dock and looked about her as if expecting some one to meet her; but, seeing no one she knew, her expression of expectancy changed to one of disappointment. Passing with the throng into the apartment where emigrants present their claims for admission, Elsa was brought before an official for examination.

"What means have you?" he asked.

"Only a few silver coins left over after paying for my passage."

"How do you expect to live here in America?"

"I came over here to be married. I expected to meet at the dock when I landed the man who will marry me, but he did not appear."

The official asked the man's name and where he lived. Elsa told him that his name was Jean Stahren and that he was an ironworker in Pennsylvania, but what place in Pennsylvania she could not tell him.

Elsa was told that she might remain on the island for a few days, but if at the end of that time her lover did not appear she must be sent back to Hamburg, whence she had sailed.

This was a heavy blow to the poor girl, for she knew that there was some reason why Jean had not met her, which might not be corrected within so short a time.

Fortunately it was summer, the end of August, and Ellis Island, surrounded as it is by water, was not a disagreeable place to wait. Elsa gazed out over the bay, wondering at the gigantic statue of Liberty, at the skyscrapers of lower New York, at the Brooklyn suspension bridge and at Castle Williams on Governors Island. A day passed, and Jean did not appear. Another day went by and still there were no tidings of him. The third day was Sunday, the 1st of September. Elsa was called before one of the immigration officials and informed that a steamer would sail for Hamburg the next day and if she could not satisfy the authorities that she would not be a burden on the United States before that time she would be sent back to Germany, whence she came.

Elsa was in agony. Jean had sent her the money for her passage, at the same time telling her to write him the name of the steamer on which she would sail, promising to meet her on the dock when the ship arrived. She had written him the name of the steamer, but not being versed in the date of its arrival, though she had said that she expected to sail about the last of August. And now, after having waited seven years to be united to Jean and having come all the way across the Atlantic ocean for the purpose, she must go back to Hamburg.

That Sunday was a sultry afternoon, and Elsa in order to get cool sat on the dock gazing at the water and the writers of the bay. She saw a little steamer leave New York and make for the island. Boats were coming often, and she had looked when each had arrived for Jean. But now she had given up hope. When the boat reached the dock she scarcely noticed those who came ashore. But a man passed near her, stopped and looked at her scrutinizingly.

"Elsa," he exclaimed.

She arose and for a moment did not recognize Jean, for he wore a full beard.

"Oh, Jean!" she cried. "Why have you not come before?"

"How long have you been here?"

"Three days."

"I supposed you would come on the steamer that is telegraphed to be here presently."

Elsa, had little education, and she had written the name of the ship on which she would sail so badly that Jean could not read it. He had therefore judged of the time of her arrival from the date she gave and, consequently felt between two steamers. But he wasted few words in explanation.

"Come, Elsa," he said. "We must be married at once, go to New York and leave for home in Pennsylvania on a night train. Tomorrow will be Labor Day, and I am at the head of the committee of arrangements for my union and have much to do."

So Jean and Elsa were married on the island and left there at once. It was past midnight when they reached their home, a cottage near a steel works where Jean was employed. Though it was late, Elsa found time to admire the cozy home that Jean had prepared for her.

The first day Elsa spent in America was Labor Day, and though she saw little of her husband she saw one of the most important celebrations of the new world.

Jean Stahren became a master mechanic, and having a wife who was a good manager, they sent monthly remittances to the old folks in Norway and after a while made them a visit. But by this time they took with them several children to introduce to their grandparents.

Too Much to Ask. Little Jean Marie's mother is very indulgent, but there are times when even she draws the line.

One very hot day, when all nature drooped, a neighbor saw June Marie and her mother toiling along the street under a blazing sun. June Marie was weeping aloud, struggling and holding back, but her mother dragged her firmly over the rocks.

When over the matter with June Marie, the neighbor asked.

Her mother looked patiently at the neighbor, while the perspiration ran down her glowing face. "She's crying because I wouldn't let her wear her mittens," she said. "Youth's Companion."

Cured of Indigestion. Mrs. Sadie P. Clawson, Indiana, Pa., was bothered with indigestion. "My stomach pained me night and day," she writes. "I would feel bloated and have headaches and belching after eating. I also suffered from constipation. My daughter had used Chamberlain's Tablets and they did her so much good that she gave me a few doses of them and insisted on my trying them. They helped me as nothing else has done." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

Pride of the Peruvians. The Peruvians are a proud, imperial race, living amid the grandest scenery of the western hemisphere and holding high ideals of what is best in education and the unthought grace of life. On the great country estates there is much of the fine tradition and chivalrous sentiment that came from the best people of Castile and Aragon. The Indians of the high plateaus are a unique remnant of a civilization that flourished centuries before the face of the white man had blossomed like a flower in the western forests. The immemorial records of a civilization that vanished in the midst of man's earliest recollections are faintly suggested in splendid ruins among sublime scenes. The name and fame of the brilliant men who built the walls and temples of Cuzco are lost, and all we know of the wonder and the charm of that far-off country in the Andes is found in the pathetic ruins of cities that are half as old as recorded time.—Peter MacQueen in National Magazine.

Unwritten Law of the Sea. Here is one of the unwritten laws of the sea which we think could be repealed to advantage. It is that which requires the captain of a ship to stay on the bridge during fog or very bad weather, no matter how long it continues. It is a fairly common thing to read in dispatches that the captain of this or that ship had been on the bridge for twenty-four or forty-eight or even sixty hours at a stretch because of storm or fog. Why should a man alive cannot be as alert, mentally and physically, after twenty-four hours of exposure as he was when he went out to duty. He cannot be as competent to render quick decisions—such, for instance, as an impending collision might call for—as a man who was un-fatigued. The average transatlantic passenger, we fancy, would much prefer to trust his life in an emergency to a fresh chief officer than to a jaded captain.—Marine News.

A Queer Punishment. The Slovaks (Hungary) are a very peaceful, law-abiding community, but they are probably the most obstinate of their number, and in front of a church at Postyan may be seen an ancient stone pillar, reminiscent of the days when punishment was meted out in much the same way as it was in England in those days. Fastened to this pillar in the center is a large iron clasp, and at the base two smaller ones close together. These clasps fitted around the wrists and ankles of the offender, and when a man or woman had stolen something he or she was locked to this post on a Sunday and compelled to hold in the hands whatever had been stolen. Every Slovak attends church on Sundays, from which it may be gathered that this public exposure was no small ordeal. The post bears a terse inscription, the translation of which is: "I do not ask you to come, but if you come I receive you."—Wide World Magazine.

Britain's Standing Army. The British standing army is a most modern institution than most people imagine. It dates from 1646, when the famous "new model" was established by act of the long parliament and maintained in existence until the restoration. This army, which was organized by Cromwell, consisted of some 80,000 men and was probably the most effective army that England has ever possessed. But the cost was so great that on his restoration Charles II. ordered to its abolition, except a half-guard or household brigade of 5,000 sanctioned by parliament, which included Monk's Coldstream regiment and two troops of cavalry raised by Charles himself, which formed the originals of the present Life Guards.—London Standard.

Most Disheartening. Stewart Edward White tells of his greatest disappointment. It happened when he was five years old.

"I understood that those who maintained perfect deportment in school during the week would be given their choice of sweets. I therefore behaved myself with extraordinary propriety. When the time came and I demanded my sweets I found that it was my choice of a seatmate that had been offered. I never quite forgave that teacher and shall always consider the week of good conduct one lost out of my life."—Exchange.

Witty Retort. "I tell you, Pat, my boy," the big man of the town confided, laying a patting hand on the young Irish man's shoulder. "I wish I had your tongue."

"Sure, sor," grinned Pat. "but it would do you no good without me brains."—Woman's Home Companion.

Good Family. "My daughter appears to have married very happily," remarked a lady. "Her husband has not wealth, it must be admitted, but he has family."

"Yes, I heard he was a widower with six children," a neighbor sniffed acridly.

The Unprofitable Age. Knicker—How old is your boy? Bocker—Too old to ride free in street cars and not old enough to get joy rides in automobiles.—New York Sun.

Too Realistic. "Why did you get that lullaby out of the opera?"

"Oh, it put all the tired business men in the audience to sleep."—Kansas City Journal.

The great point is not to pull down, but to build up, and in this humanity finds pure joy.—Goethe.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, the drumhead is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; also cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh of the mucous membrane.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars.

J. J. CHERRY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists. The Trade Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Mandarin's Mine

Tricky Chinese Nabob's Plan For Revenge Frustrated

By CLARISSA MACKIE

San Yuen's moonlike countenance appeared in the doorway of Gilbert's office in the Foreign Bank building, Shanghai.

He was clad in the richest of his embroidered satin robes and the crystal buttons on his cap proclaimed him a mandarin of the fifth grade.

Charlie Gilbert looked up at the sound of padded shoes, and his eyes widened with surprise at receiving this unceremonious visit from a mandarin who was known to be jealous of all the honors due his rank.

"Ah, good morning, excellency," said Gilbert, rising to meet his distinguished caller. "I am honored, indeed," he added as he drew forth a carved chair for the mandarin.

San Yuen made suitable response, according to the Chinese code of politeness, but he spoke in English, for San Yuen had been educated in America, and he had been a classmate of Gilbert's at a famous college. They had met several times since Gilbert's residence in China, but only on formal occasions, for San Yuen's province bordered the upper reaches of the Yangtze river.

"I have long desired to meet you again," began San Yuen, folding his fat, yellow hands in his ample lap.

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English as She Spoke. Knicker—I'm out for prison reform. Bocker—I'm going in for it too.—New York Sun.

Best Diarrhoea Remedy. If you have ever used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy you know that it is a success. Sam F. Guin, Whatley, Ala., writes, "I had measles and got caught out in the rain, and it settled in my stomach and bowels. I had an awful time, and had it not been for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy I could not possibly have lived but a few hours longer, but thanks to this remedy, I am now well and strong." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

Severe Attack of Colic Cured. E. E. Cross, who travels in Virginia and other Southern States, was taken suddenly and severely ill with colic. At the first store he came to the merchant recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Two doses of it cured him. No one should leave home on a journey without a bottle of this preparation. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

Reliable. The Debtor—"I'm sorry, sir, but I can't pay that bill this month. The Creditor—"But that's what you told me a month ago. The Debtor—"Well, didn't I keep my word?"

A Memorial. "Won't you give me a kiss to remember you by?" "You'll remember longer the kiss you didn't get," said the wise girl.

And he did.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Headache and Nervousness Cured. Chamberlain's Tablets are entitled to all the praise I can give them. writes Mrs. Richard O. P. Spencer, N. Y. They have cured me of headache and nervousness and restored me to my normal health. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

tion to his partner, Dick Mellus, and then summoned a clerk from the outer office.

"Smith," he said to the young man, "When do you expect Mr. Mellus back?"

"Any moment, sir," responded Smith. "He went up to the custom house and said he would return in ten minutes."

"When was that?"

"Two hours ago."

"Very likely he has been delayed. I am called away for a week or ten days. This letter explains everything to Mr. Mellus. Be sure that he receives it the instant he returns."

Charlie Gilbert closed his desk and then went out into the sun smitten street. In ten minutes he was at the public dock, and Po Sing had tossed his bags into the ready grasp of one of the mandarin's servants. The chumy boat started downstream with the tide, and the sliken sails and the long poles in the hands of brawny sailors bent her spinning past the long line of docks, the crowded shipping in the stream, and finally out into the wide, yellow mouth of the Yangtze river.

During all this time Gilbert was seated in the luxurious cabin of the mandarin in earnest consultation with the Chinese. San Yuen had maps of the cool region, and while they talked the hours slipped away; tea was served, and Gilbert felt a strange drowsiness stealing over his senses.

His eyelids drooped, once, twice. He lifted them and looked into San Yuen's face.

One was the urbane smile, vanished was the stolidity of the little eyes. Gilbert's last recollection of San Yuen was a great moon face distorted with conflicting triumph and evil passions.

Then his eyes closed.

Charlie Gilbert's next sensation was one of sickening nausea. A cool wind was blowing steadily against his temple, and although he opened his eyes on utter darkness a ray of light pierced some crack. Through this crack came the gust of air. His head rocked strangely, and when he sat upright his outstretched hands came in contact with a heavy beam above him.

In five minutes he had recovered sufficiently to sense what had happened to him.

He had been served with drugged tea in the mandarin's cabin. He had been unconscious for some time. He guessed that he was still on the junk, for he could feel the ribs of her hold and feel the rocking motion of her progress up the river. By putting his ear to the crack in the timbers he could hear above the rush of water the shrill cry of the Chinese trackers who were pulling the junk up the river against the tide.

Why should San Yuen openly receive him aboard the junk and then reduce him to unconsciousness? If he wanted to put Gilbert out of the way why had he not killed him at once?

What motive had he for revenge anyway?

Of course there was that time during their college days when San Yuen had got into some trouble with Dick Mellus. The Chinese had attempted to knife the American, and Gilbert's ready fists had saved his friend's life. But they had made up with San Yuen afterward. He had come forward and with unctuous humility had confessed himself in the wrong and had offered friendly overtures. The two Americans had met him halfway, and so far as they were concerned the matter was ended.

But was it ended?

The presence of both Gilbert and Mellus in China afforded an opportunity for San Yuen's revenge if the man desired it, but why had the mandarin selected Gilbert instead of his partner, Mellus? And if he wanted revenge why had not the mandarin ordered them to be assassinated?

As for Mellus—Gilbert drew a long breath—why, for all he knew San Yuen might have accomplished Dick's death this very day! Had not Dick Mellus disappeared about the same time that San Yuen had put in an appearance at the office of the civil engineers?

After awhile he dozed off again, and when he awoke the second time he felt better.

As he moved his foot touched something, and striking a match, he discovered a bowl of hot rice and a jug of water.

"Prisoner!" he muttered. "Well, I wonder what the beggar has left me?" He searched his pockets and found that all his belongings were intact save his revolver. That had been confiscated.

After he had eaten Gilbert felt quite himself again, and after making a close examination of his quarters he decided to try and cut through the partition that separated his prison from the outer hold.

His pocketknife possessed one strong blade, and with this he worked to such good advantage that by nightfall he could remove a large panel in the partition. This he replaced and threw himself down in pretended slumber when he heard footsteps on the deck outside.

It was only a man bringing his supper.

Evidently San Yuen wanted to keep him alive for a while; otherwise he would not have bothered to feed him. Then night settled on the river and the junk came to anchor. He could hear the staccato voices of the trackers as they made camp on the shore and the nasal chant of the sailors as they sang over their supper. Then silence fell.

There was not even the friendly crack of light to encourage him. He made himself ready for escape. He had planned to creep on deck and throw himself into the river, trusting to the hostile natives and the chance of finding a friend among the foreign missions in some river city rather than to the questionable