

But the Frenchman bowed, and laid

his hand on his heart. " h. m dam-orselie," he said, "your wish is almost

I have no a companiment, no score-

mais enin, we are all so far from

as to her meaning, lest he should re-

fuse to sing in real e rnest, and the

chance of learning the parrots secret

might slip by them irreire sauly. "oh.

mons eur, 'sne cried fitting herself to his hu nor at once, and s, eaking as ceremoniously as if she were assisting

at a musical party in the avenue Vistor Hugo, "don't decline, I beg of you,

on those accounts. We are both most

anx ous to hear your song. Lon t dis-

appoint us pray. Please begin imme-

You are altogether too flatter ng.

And then, in the same cheery oice

that elix had heard on the first d y

he visited the King of the Biris' hat,

M. eyron began, in very decent style.

to pour orth the merry sounds of his

"Quand on conspire,
q a d same fray-or
On p of se dire
Con-pire ear—
Pour out le mon-de
If faut a ofr
Petre me blos-de
Et colles noir

He had hard y got as far as the enl

of the first sales, however when Me-

thuse ah. listening with his ear cocked up most knowingly, to the French man's song, raised his head in opposi-

pe ch, began to scream forth a voluble

stream of words in one unbroken wod,

so fast that Muriel co id hardly lol-low them. The bird spoke in a thick

and very ha sn voice, and, what was

accent. "In the nineteenth year of

the reign of his most gracious ma esty,

out viciously, with an angry look at

County of Doorham, in En land, an

able-bodied mariner, then sailing the

South Seas in the good lark Martyr Prince, of the port of Great Grimsby, whereof one Thomas Wells, gent.

"Oh, hush, hush." Muriet cried, un-

stared har at his an ul-hed and s lenced opponent out of those blinking

much for you!" he seemed to say wrath

under God, was master," Muriel suggested again, all agog with excite-

But Methuselah was evidently out

off the scent now by the unseasonable inter uption. Instead of continuing

with a triumphant air and laughe

aloud bolsterously, 'r retty Polly,' he cried. "Fretty Polly wants a nut. Tu-Kila-Ki a maroo; Pretty Poll

"Sing again, for Heaven's sake

Felix exclaimed, in a p ofo ndly agi

tated mood, explaining briefly to the

Fren hman the full significance of the

words Methuseiah had just begun to

The Frenchman struck up his tur

afresh to give the bird a start; but al

to no avail. Methuselah was evidently

listered with a callous, un ritical air.

bringing his white evelids down slow!

and sleepily over his bleared grayeves. Then he nodded his head slowly

"No use." the Frenchman murmured

pursing his lips up gravely. "The bird won't ta'k. It's going of to sleep

every da , monsieur and magemois : l e

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD.

in his hut, dozing, and just vaguely

conscious of a buzz of a mos uito clos

to his ear, he was aroused by a sudden

loud cry outside a cry that caller his native name three times, runn ng

native name three times, running "Oh King of the Rain, King of the

time to be up! The ning of the Birds sends you health and greeting "

rising before him, and unbo ting the

out in haste to see who called be ond the white taboo line of their sacre.

handsome, stood there in the full light

of morning, beckoning. A strange glow of batred gleamed in her large

gray eyes. Her shapely brown besom heaved and panted heavily. Big beads glistened moistly on her smooth, high brow. It was clear she had run all

oose wooden fastener of the door, went

native woman, tail, lithe, and

rose at once; and his Shadow

Rain, King of the Rain, awake!

Early next morning, as Felix lay still

You are on y just in time to catch his

Methuseiah gets vis bly ol er

in no humor for ta king just then

"Go on, good bird! Go on

under God, was mister-

gray eyes of his

ment.

pretty Polly."

last accents

King Charles the Second," he blurte

tion, and, sitting boit upright on

Ah, mademoiselle," the Frenchman

who could resist such an appeal

Muriel didn't dare to undecelve him

CHAPTER XXIL TANTALIZING, VERY.

a royal com nand. And yet, do you know, it is so long since I have sung except to please my elf my music is sor sty old pieces you have heard— They looked at one another again with a weld surmise. The voice was as the voice of some long past age. Could the pa rot be speaking to them in the words of seventeenth-century

Even M. Peyron, who at first hal receive the strange dis overv with incredulity woke up before long to the importance of this sudden and unexpected recelation. The Tu- ila- ila who had taught Methuselah that long poem or se mon, which native tradit on regarded as con aining the central secret o their creed or its m stories, and which the cruel and cunning Tuita- illa of to-day believed to be of immense importance to his safety that To-Kila Kill of otherd sys was, in all probability, no other than an Fn-glish sai or. Cast on these shores. erhaps, as they themselves had been, by the mercy of the waves, he had managed to mast r the language and religion of the savages among whom he foun h meelf thrown he had risen to be the representative of the gan n hal good and during long mo /s or to pour orth the years of te dous exile, he had beguiled ro licking song: his leisure by imparting to the u conscious cars of a birl the weird se ret of his uccess, for the benefit of any Others of his own race who might be sim larly treated by fo tune in future. Strange and romantic as it all-oun led. they could hirdly doubt now this was the real explanation of the bird's command of hugush words. One problem sione remained to disturb their souls. Was the bird really in possession of local secret and mysters at all or w s this the whole burden of the messuge he had brought down across the "God save the king, and to hell with all papists?"

relis turned to M. Peyron in a per-cet tumulto's spense, "What he refeet tumuito s spense. "What he re-cite, is long;" he said, interrogatively, " or have with proposal interest. heard him say much more than this at The words he has just attered are not those of the sermon or poem you mentioned?

Mr. regran opened his hands ex- the Iren hman. I. athanier Cross, an ively before him. "Oh, mon Dieu, of the borough of Sunder, and, in the pan ively before him. "Oh. mon Dieu, no monsieur, he answerel, with ef-You should hear him re ite He's never done. It is whole hapters whole cha ters, a perfect Hen-ria e in purrot-talk. When once he gius, there s no possibility o' checking or stopp ng him. On on he goes. Farewel to the rest; he insists on pouring it all f rth to the very last sentence. Gabble, gabble gabble; chatter, chatter chatter; pouf, pouf, pouf, boum, boum, boun; be runs master go on, rolly.

abend eternally in one ong discordant "nermane blon tau ht him must have taken entire the Frenchingan repeated with a halfmonths to teach him, a phrase at a onended voice, finishing his stan a.

time paragraph by aragra h. It is Bu ust as he sto ped methaselah County of Loorham, in preland in the glories of the setting wonder ut bird's memory could hold to the state of the county of Loorham, in preland in the setting of the setting winds call the county of Loorham, in preland in the setting of the setting of the setting winds call the county of Loorham, in preland in the setting of the setting of the setting winds call the county of the setting of the setting of the setting winds call the county of the setting of the setting of the setting of the setting winds call the county of the setting of t wond rout bird smemor, could hold to stop ed too, and, throwing back is much. But till now, taking it for head in the air with a triumphant look, gr nted he spokeonly so e wild south Pacific dia set, I never paid in ch attention to Methaselah's vagaries.

witch Hesgoing to speak, start fully orled, holding up, in alarm, one warn-fully. Whereof one Thomas Wells, gen. "Hush He's going to speak," Muriel

dently loosened by the strange recurafter so many years of m lijar Eng ish sounds, "Pretty Poll! Pretty Poul" opened his mouln again in a lord hacate o de ight, and ried, with persistent shri Iness, "God sate the ing A g for all arrant knaves he three back his head a second time and ro indheals.

A creepier feeling than ever came the two English listeners at those as ounding words. "Great Heavens!" Felix exclaimed to the unsuspecting Frenchman, 'he speaks in a style of the tuarts and the Commonwealth"

The Fren hman st rted "po ue Louis Justor e' he murmured translating the date me tally into his own chro olo v. Two centuries since! Ob incres ble incredible. Methusulab is old but not quite so much of a patriarch as that. Even Humbo dt s pa rot could hardly have li ei 00 years in the wilds of South America."

rel x regarded t e venerable creatawe. 'Facts are fact." he answered shortly shutting his mouth with a litnies th s bird has bee deliberately taught historical details in an ar hair diction and a shipwrecked sai or is hardly likely to be and uar an enough to conceive such a i ea he is undoubtedly a survival from the days of the Commonwealth or the esteration And you say he runs on with his tale for an hour at a time! Gool Heavens, what a thought. we could ma age to start him Does he begin it often "

"Mons eur.' the Frenchman an-awered, 'when I came here first, though Methosolah was already very old and teeble, he was not quite a do-tar; and he used to reci e it all every morning regularly. That was the ho r. I suppose, at which the master, who first taught him this lengthy rection used originally to impress it on him. In those days his sight and ory were ar more clear than now. has grown dull and stupid. The natives tell me that flity years ago, while he was already old, he was still bright and lively, and would recite the whole been whenever any ody presented kim with his greatest dain'y, the claw of a moura-crab. Nowadaya, however, when he can hardly eat, and hardly munible, he is much less persistent the way in haste. She was desply excited and full of eager an lety.
"Why, what do you want here so "Why, what do you want here so earl, , lia;" the Shadow asked in surprise—for it was indeed she. "How have you slipped away, as soon as the sin is risen, from the sacred but of Tu-hi a-Kills." as she answored. "He has but n me again," she cried, in revengeful tones "see the weals on my back! See my arms and my shoulders. He has dr wa

nim with the early dash and come to cons it with his enemy the ning of the Birds, because I he rd the words that the by s of Tu-kila Kila, who perside the world, report to their master. The eyes have told him that the king o rain, he neen of the Couds, and the King of the Birds are plotting together in secret against Tu-kila-alia. When I heard that I was g ad: I went to the King of the lifeto warn him of his danger and the king- of the Birds, concerned for your safety has sent me in haste to ask his bro her gods to go at once to him.

in a minute resix w s up and hall called cut Mali rom the neighboring hut. "Tel Massy meenie," he cried, "te con e with me to see the manaconioni. The manaconioni has and me for us to come. She must make great haste. He wants us immed-

With a word and a sign to Toko U a glided away s'ealthi y with the cat-

wom n, back to her hated husband Felix went out to the coor an hellographed with his bright metal plate. turned on the Frenchman's hill, "What is it."

In a moment the answer fashed b ck word, "Come ulek, if you want

to hear. Me hacah is reciting "
A ew seco ds later Marie emeged from her but, and the two strop ans closely followed, as always, by the r inseparable Sha ows, took the wind-ing side-p to that led through the jungle by a devious way, a o ding the front of Tu-kila-kila's tem, le, to the

Frenchman's cottage.
They found M. Peyron very much exnight through, my dear friends, er ed. sei ing their bants. That beel has bee chattering. Oh, mon i ieu, quel oiseau. It seems as though the words heard yesterday from man a so very teeble. I make hat well His garra ity is the garrality of old age in its last sickering moments mompers and mutters. He ch ckles If you con't hear his message now and at once, it's my solemn conviction you will ne er hear it.

He led them out to the aviary, where his perch, most tremulous and woebe-His feathers shuddered visib v: he could no longer preen himse ! 'Listen to want he says,' the rench man exc almed i a very serious ofte "It is your last, last chance. If the secret is ever to be unraveled at all. by Meth selah said, now is without more remarkable still, with a distint | doubt, the proper moment to unravel and ext eme y pe uliar orth country it.

Muriel putout her hand and stroked the cird gently. "Pretty Poll" he ill Was i e sa ering

At the sound of the standlar words, unheard so long til ved risy, he parrot took her finger in his bask once more and bit it with the tenderness of his kind in their so ter moments. Tuen he threw back his head with a sori o mechanical (wist and screamed out at experience similar emotions. the top of his voice, for the last time

able to catch the precious words though the emulo secho of the Frenchman's music "Whereof one Thomas Wells, gent., under God, was roundheade

"In the nineteenth year of the reign know of nothing bet er" stop ed too, and, throwing back is fer od was master, was, by tress of weather, we ke and cast away on he shores of this islan , ca led by the gentle inhab t ats by the name of Bo c'arry. In which wreek, as it befell fnom s Weis, gent, and his equipnent were, y divine disposit on, killed and drowned, save and except three mariners, whereof I am one, who in od's good p.o idence swa sa'e y waves and can led at last on this is and, There my two companions. Owen William, of Swansea, in the part o Wales. and Lewis to crichard, a French H. wgenott refugee, were at once by the gentiles, e. uelly e. treated, and after great t rture cooked and eaten at the empe of their great chief god. Too-seela neela. Lui, I myself hav ng through God's g ace found fa or their eyes, was promoted to the post which in their speech is called Korong, he nature of waich this bird, my mo topiece, will hereafter, to your ears, more fully discover.

Having sald so much, in a very jerky way Methuselah paused, and blinked his eyes wearily.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Why Olives Are Cheap.

Do you know what makes pickled olives of cheap?" the furnisher of delectables said the other day. "ou woold'nt expect a California olive out M Sauvage exclaimed: grower to get rich when his olives are sold at a little more than the cost o the brine. I will tell you a secret - the trick in the alive trade.

Down in the Ganesee lakey there are two great ruit farmacres of plum tr es. 7.0 0 of now learing. Each one yields three or four bushels of green plums. The plums are olive shaped, they a e picked when green, sold to a buyer who puts them in fan y labeled bottles o, in kegs, and they are sold for olives. They so much resemble the mall tades, aren't there."-Busan

General Dabney H. Maury tells in his "Le of ections of a frginian" of an old lady in Fredericksburg who was reduced to taking in boarders in order to make both ends meet. On one occasion of peculiar stress, the good lady took to her led and summoned her servant "Nancy," she sa d, "there's nothing in the house for my boarders to est except mush. But give them that. If they are Christians, they will accept it in res ignation and thankfulne-s. And they are not Christians, it is a de-teo good for them."

Tir instinct of the more langhe at

SEEKING FOR THEE

Over the waters wide,
I orne by the st rouy tide,
Come I to thee;
Where it bright for m leaps h gh
Site of the fr wuring sky
Far out at see.
Cour ing - water gra e.
Breating he occas wate,
Theo ro gh or smilling em.
Come I, my love, to thee.

Over the boundless seas,
Wift by the e en ing brome,
First the we t;
Where the righ sun still gleams,
Wrippe in its go den seam.
Or ded o e t;
Where the ele strains to see
Fright gate of lier y,
twe the distant sea.
Come I, my live, to thee.

Over the midnight deep, Over the midnight deep, cheward may ourself it keep, seeking for the lie with my and k protect. I ove will my and k protect. I meaning a feet. Them when the working ight Seal whether he hades of hight, We is hope and soon taken.

loss'd by the water of strife, l cath - tie goal; When are my breast unman On tour pre-size can

lithien my s ul;

Sid your west one flear,
Calling he whome ter;
Sid with new for he,
low, tirn electry.

TWO FRIENDS.

One clear morn ng in January,that terrible an any during the siege when lam ne was knocking at cited by t las news of Tu Kila-kila; the gates of aris, -M. An rissot, a a titude but more still by Merhuse clock-maker by trade was strolling lab's agitated contition. The whole given a contituent to other contents. clock-maker by trade was strolling assuran e of their safety they began slowly arong the outer boulevards. As with bowed head and hands thrust deep into his pockets he wa ked on engrossed in his own sad thoughts, he suddenly stopped before emoiselle had a ruck some lost chord a man whom he recognized as an old n the creature's memory. But he is friend. It was M. auvage, whose ac us ntonce he had made on the river bank.

on each Sunday before the war Morris-ot used to set out at dawn with a bamioo cane in his hand and a tin o strapped to his buck. He went by the Argentenil | alir al as Methuselah, in e eet, was sitting on far as Colombes, and t en waiked to the Isle o Marante. Scarcely a rived at that dreamy place he would begin to fish, and would stay there till nightfall.

On each Sunday he used to meet a stout lovial ferrow. M. Sauvage of the live Notre Dame de orette. who was also an enthosiastic fisherman. Thy o ten passed a hall day together sitting side by side, their she lines in the r hands and their leet said, soo hingly, in a sympathetic danging over the current, and a voice. "Pretty of Poor Poll! Was friendship soon sprang up between danging over the current, and a

n some days they would not exchange a word with one another, but they grew into that per e t understanding which exists between persons who have similar tastes and who

During the b light p ing mornings on earth, his myterious message
"Pretty roll retty roll Collsans be Morrissot would say to his save the king Confound the Luke of rock! Death to all around knaves and Morrissot would say to his save the king Companion "Ha how nice this s." is they sat together in the warm said. and M. Sauvage would reply, "I

able bodied mariner, then sailing the clouds were mirrored on the surface conth Seas in the good bark Mar yr of the tream, and the entre landrince, of the ort of reat ir msby, scape was tathed in a road or got en whereof one Thomas Wei's, gent, un- light, M. Sauvage, would look at his companion and say, with a smile

"What a picture" And Morissot, without taking his eyes from his out, would reply: "It is much better that the boole

vards, isn't ich"

The two friends shook hands cordially, but both felt a tinge of sadnes at meet ng under such ircumstances M. Sauvage sighed and murmured: "What a condition of things."

Moris-ot gloomily r plied: 'And what one weather! I o you reals e that it is New Year's Day?" hey began to walk side by side

and Mori sot continued "And ou ash ng? How pleasantit is to think of It!"

M. Sauvage demanded "When shall we ever be able to go again-" They entered a little cafe and

drank together an a sinthe and then resumed their promenade along tue boulevard

Moris-ot stopped suddenly. Another glass? M. Sauvage assented

"At your pleasure," and they went into another cate. When they came "Supposing we go." "Where:"

"Why. fishing, to be sure." "But where:"

"To our old place. The French a Ivan e posts are near Colombes. I There is one grower who has thirty know Col. Dumoulin and I am sure them he will let us pass." Moris of trembled with anticipa-

> tion. " ood " he cried. "I am with you," and they parted to get their books and I nes

An hou later they were walking side by side ou the highway, and genuine that no one but an epicure soon reached the villa in which the quarters. He smoled at their request and good-naturedly granted them a

By II o'clo k they had passed the outer pic ets and Colombes, and found themselves at the border of a small v.neyard that sloped down towald the reine

Before them lay the apparently dead and deserted village of Argen-The heights of Orgement and teuil. Sannels dou loated the landscape, and the broad plain that extends as far tion with its leafles trees and gray,

M. : auvage pointed toward the mmit of the hills and murmured:

"The Prussians are there"
"The Prussians." At the sound
of that name a feeling of fear and
apprehension sized upon the two

friends, for although neither of disappear with you. To refuse is im them had ever seen a Prussian, yet mediate death. (boose to near that name pronounced was to invoke pictu es of invading hordes roaming through their dear France, pillaging and massacle ng on every hand, such terrible repo ts of the terocity of the irussians had crept into beselved l'aris from the surrounding country that a sort of superstations terror had attached itself to the natural hat ed for these allpowerful and victorous invaders.

Morissot stamme ed: "the Supposing we should meet

M Sauvage replied with that Par-Islan joviality which never deserted him:

. We would offer them a fried fish." But still intimidated by the ominous

silence, they hesitated to venture across the field. At length M. Sauvage de ded. "ome! Come!" And stooping

down they crept through the vineyard, dedging from b sh to bush, straining their eyes and ears to dete t the slightest susp con of pursuit

A stretch of bare ground remained to be crossed. After a long hesitation they summoned their courage, and running at full speed attained the river bank and con ealed themserves among the dry teeds

Morissot i stened with his ear to the grown for so nds or pursuit, but be heard nothing, and upon this

Before them the abandone | Isle of Marante shut out the view of the cried opposite shore The little re taurant was closed, and appeared to have been deserted for ears.

M. Sa vage aught the first gudgeon, Morissot the second, and from time to tile they pulled n their lines with a fish wiggling on the

them, and, also bed in their pastime, but returned presently with cords witch had been so long denied them, and stones, which they attached to they soon be ame oblide a to their the feet of the corpses. sur oun logs.

was being resumed. to the left he perceived the great and describing a curve as they tell, silno ette of at alaries, which plunged feet formost into the curbore upon its brow a tuft of mose rent. Soon a second t of Lame shot out from the fortress, shortly succeeded, then became caim, while a few lattle by a third intonution. Then others followed, and at regular in ervals the. The sur ace was slightly stained with mountain sent forth its death-deat- blood. vapors, which, rising slowly in the quietty remarked: calm atmosphere, hung like a cloud

amove it. M. Bauvage shrugged his shou ders. "They are beginning again," he

ports of, who was anxiously watching his coat, was suddenly serzed with the anger of a perceful man whose calm is disturbed, and grum-

"isn't it stupid to kill one another

nu age replied:

They are worse than the beasts | lean C livator. And Mo issot, who had just pulled

in another lish, declared. 'And to think that this sort of thing will continue as long as there

are governments, the this " M. auvage stoppe him. "The republic would not have de-

tlared war-" but Morissot interrupted him, saying: . With kings you have external war, with republi s you have internal

And then they began a tranquil discussion and solution of the great political problems with the I mited reason of penceful, quiet men , who

never will enjoy full liberty. Meanwhile the thunder of Mount alarien continued incessantly, at each discharge demol shing so many French homes and tives, tudely cispelling so many happy drea us. many anticipated pleasures, and opening n the hearts of women and mothers in this and other countries wounds which will be er heal.

"av rather such is death," lightly

replied Morissot realizing that some one marched behind them, and turning their heads, they saw four German soldiers cover ing them with their muskets

Their lines slipped from their hands and fell into the rive; and within a few moments they were seized, bound, thrown into a boat and carried to the island.

Benind the house which they thought deserted they found a squad of German soldiers

A bearded grant sitting astride chair and smoking a hoge pipe with porcelain bowl asked of them in excellent French:

Well, gentleman, have you had good luck." liv way of reply one of the soldiers deposited at the officer's feet the basketiul of then which he had taken care to bring with him.

The I rus-lan smiled. But another "Ah, that's not bad. thing first. Listen.

"To me you are two spies sent watch me I take you and I shall shoot you. You pretend to be fishing in order to observe me the Letter.) ou have fallen into my hands -so mu h the worse for you. auch MAC WAL

"But as you passed the advance posts you sirely have the pass word with which to return. Tell it to me and I will release you."

The two friends pa'e and trembervous tremuling, remained silent.

The officer continued: "No one will ever know it. You call "ace." They still continued will return in peace. The secret will their dialogues to the empty seats.

The two friends made no reply. The i russian calmly said while pointing towards the river

"Think that in the minutes you will be at the bottom of that stream. In five minutes. You have families?" The two friends stood rigidly erect and made no reply. The German gave a few orders in his own lan-

guage, and then moved his chair in order not to be too ne r the prisoners. Twelve men with loaded muskets then pla ed themselves at a distance of twenty feet The officer continued:

"I will g ve you one minute-not a second more '

He arose and brusquely approached the two Frenchmen. Taking Morissot by the arm he led him a short distance away and said in a low

uick, the pass word. Your comrade will never know."

Morissot made no reply. The rrusman took Saurage aside

and made the same proposal to him. M. su age made no eply They again found themselves side

he officer gave a command, and the sold ers raised their arms

By chance Morissot's glance fell upon the basket of fish lving on the ground a tew pices away. The shining scales of the still living fish sparkled in the sublight. In spite of himself his eyes niled with tears and he stammered.

"Good by, Monsieer Sauvage." M. auvage responded:

"Good by, Monsteur Moris of " They shook hands The officer "Fire".

The twelve reports rang out like one M. sanyage fell like a block. Morissot, who was tailer, wavered, turned, and fell across his companion, face upwards, a flood of blood rush ng from his breast.

The cer can gave a new o der, The sun poured its warm rays upon whereupon his men marched away.

Two soldiers took Morissot by the Suddenly a cull sound seemed to head and feet and fore him to the bu st from the earth. The cannonade river, and two others followed with Sauvag . The bod es, possed for an Moras of turned his head, and away in tant, were thrown i to the stream,

The water foamed and boiled and waves reached as far as the shore.

ing breath and exhaled its milky The officer still screne and unruffled,

"Now it is the turn of the fishes." "Then, turning toward the house, he noticed the basket of fish on the gra s. He picked it up, examined it, smiled and ried

"With in " A soldier wearing a white aprop run up at his call, and the it assian, throwing the fish to him, com-

manded very these for me while they are still a ive They will be delic out." Then he resumed his pipe. -Amer-

Wheeling in China.

In the Century, Mesers Allen and sa huesen, writing of their wonderful incycle journey across Asia, say: em dashing down into a village, we would produce consternation of fright, es ecially among the women and children, but after the first onset, giggli g would generally to low, for our appearance, especially from the rear, seemed to strike them as extremely radical us. In wheel itself presented various aspects to their ignorant families. It was called the 'nving ma time' and 'foot-going carriage," while some even to k it for ay ee pon the one point that they the "five-wavel calt," or locomotive, about which they had heard only the vague-t ramors. Their ignorance of its source of motive power often prompted the a to name it the Selfmoving on t.' just as the natives of Shanghai are wont to call the electredignt the self-com ng hoon '

In one out-of-the-way village of

Northwestern China, we were evidently taken for some species of centaurs, the people came up to examine us while on the wheel to see whether or no ride and wheel were one We became so marassed with impor-Suddenly they trembled with fear, tunitie to ride that we were compelled at last to seek relif in subterruge, for an absolute refusal, we found, was of no avail. We would promise to ride for a certain sum of money, thinking thus to throw the bur on of refusal on themselves. but, nothing daunted, they would pass round the hat in several occasions, when told that eggs could not be bought in the community, an offer of an exhibition would tring them out by the dozen. In the same way we received presents of tea, and this means our cash expenses were conside ably curtailed. The inte est in the "for Ign borses" was some limes co great as to stop business and even amusements. A rather n table in-cident of this kind occurred on one of the Chinese holidays. The agdecked streets, as we rode through. were filled with the neighboring peasantry, attracted by some traveling theatrical troups engaged for the occasion. In fact, a performance was just then in progress at the open-air th at r close at hand. I clore we were aware of it we had rolled into the crowd d and torium The women were sitting on improvi ed beaches, fanning and gossiping, while the men stood about in listless groups But audden y their attention was aroused by the counter attraction, and a genera: rush followed, to the great detriment of the temporary jeddlers'stands erected for the occasion. Although entirely descried, and no doubt consumed with curiosity, the actors could not lese what the thin