

# The Special Correspondent

## CHAPTER XII.

In 1870 the Russians endeavored, without success, to establish a fair at Tashkend, which would rival that of Nijni-Novgorod. Some twenty years later the attempt would have succeeded, and as a matter of fact the fair now exists, swing to the making of the Transcaspian to unite Samarkand and Tashkend. We left Tashkend at precisely 11 o'clock in the morning.

As soon as we are on the move I begin to think of Kinko. His little love romance has touched me to the heart; this sweetheart who sent himself off—this other sweetheart who is going to pay the expenses. I am sure Major Noltitz would be interested in these two turtle doves, one of which is in a cage; he would not be too hard on this defrauder of the company, he would be incapable of betraying him. Consequently I have a great desire to tell him of my expedition into the baggage van. But the secret is not mine. I must do nothing that might get Kinko into trouble.

And so I am silent, and to-night I will, if possible, take a few provisions to my packing case—to my small in his shell, let us say. And is not the young Rumanian like a snail in his shell, for it is as much as he can do to get out of it?

We reach Kioodjend about three in the afternoon. The country is fertile, green, carefully cultivated. It is a succession of kitchen gardens, which seem to be well kept, immense fields sown with clover, which yield four or five crops a year. The roads near the town are bordered with long rows of mulberry trees, which diversify the view with eccentric branches.

Beyond Kokhan we shall run due east, and by Marghean and Och pass through the gorges of the Pamirs, so as to reach the Turkesto-Chinese frontier.

The train had only just started when the travelers took their seats at the table, where I failed to notice any fresh arrival.

Ephrinnell is in his usual place. Without going as far as familiarity, it is obvious that a close intimacy, founded on a similarity in tastes and aptitudes, exists between Miss Horatia Bluet and the Yankee. There is no doubt, in our opinion, but what it will end in a wedding as soon as the train arrives. Both will have their romance of the rail. Frankly, I like that of Kinko and Zinca Klorik much better. It is true, the pretty Rumanian is not here.

The dinner lasted till rather late, and terminated in an unexpected manner by an offer from Caterina to recite a monologue.

Our train more and more resembled a small rolling town. It had even its casino, this dining car in which we were gathered at the moment. And it was thus in the eastern part of Turkestan, four hundred kilometers from the Pamir plateau, at dessert, after our excellent dinner served in a saloon of the Grand Transasiatic, that the "Obsession" was given with remarkable talent by Monsieur Caterina, grand premier comique, engaged at the Shanghai theater for the approaching season.

"Monsieur," said Pan Chao, "my sincere compliments. I have heard young Coquelin."

"A master, monsieur; a master!" said Caterina.

"Whom you approach—"

"Respectfully—very respectfully!"

The bravos lavished on Caterina had no effect on Sir Francis Trevelyan, who had been occupying himself with enomatic exclamations regarding the dinner, which he considered execrable. He was not amused. And yet nobody took any notice of this grumbling gentleman's recriminations.

Baron Weisschnitzerdorfer had not understood a single word of this little masterpiece, and had he understood it, he would not have been able to appreciate this sample of Parisian monologomania. As to my lord Faruskiar and his inseparable Ghangir, it seemed that, in spite of their traditional reserve, the surprising grimaces, the significant gestures, the comical intonations, had interested them to a certain extent.

The actor had noticed it, and appreciated this silent admiration. As he rose from the table he said to me:

"He is magnificent, this signeur. What dignity! What a presence! What a type of the furthest east! I like his companion less—a third-rate fellow at the outside."

During dinner the train had passed Kastakos Station, situated in the center of a mountainous region. The road curved a good deal, and ran over viaducts and through tunnels, as we could tell by the noise.

We enter Kokhan Station at 9 o'clock in the evening. The stoppage is to last two hours. We get out on to the platform. As we are leaving the car I am near Major Noltitz, who asks young Pan Chao:

"Have you ever heard of this mandarin Yen Lou, whose body is being taken to Pekin?"

"Never, Major."

"But he ought to be a personage of consideration, to be treated with the honor he gets."

"That is possible," said Pan Chao; "but we have so many personages of consideration in the Celestial Empire."

"And so this mandarin Yen Lou—?"

"I never heard him mentioned."

"Why did Major Noltitz ask the Chinaman this question? What was he thinking about?"

## CHAPTER XIII.

Kokhan, two hours to stop. It is night. The majority of the travelers have already taken up their sleeping quarters in the car, and do not care to alight.

Here am I on the platform. This is rather an important station, and from the engine house comes a more powerful locomotive than those which have brought the train along since we left Uzun Ada. These early engines were all very well as long as the line lay over an almost horizontal plain, but now we are among the gorges of the Pamir plateau, there are gradients of such steepness as to require more engine power.

I watch the proceedings, and when the locomotive has been detached, which it does, the baggage van—with Kinko in it—goes to the head of the train.

The idea occurs to me that the young Rumanian may perhaps venture out on the platform. It would be an imprudence, for he runs the risk of being seen by the police, who move about taking a good look at the passengers. What my No. 11 had better do is to remain in his box, or, at least, in his van. I will go and get a few provisions, liquid and solid, and take them to him, even before the departure of the train, if it is possible to do so without fear of being noticed.

The refreshment room at the station is open, and Popof is not there. If he was to see me making purchases he would be astonished, as the dining car contains everything we might want.

At the bar I get a little cold meat and some bread. The station is not well lighted. A few lamps give only a feeble light. Popof is busy with one of the railway men. The new engine has not yet been attached to the train. The moment seems favorable. It is useless to wait until we have left Kokhan. If I can reach Kinko I shall be able to sleep through the night—and that will be welcome, I admit.

I step on to the train, and after assuring myself that no one is watching me, I enter the baggage van, saying as I do so:

"It is I."

In fact, it is as well to warn Kinko in case he is out of his box. But he had not thought of getting out, and I advise him to be very careful. He is very pleased at the provisions, for they are a change to his usual diet.

"I do not know how to thank you, Monsieur Bombarnac," he says to me.

"When shall we be at the frontier?"

"To-morrow, about one in the afternoon."

"And at Gachgar?"

"Fifteen hours afterward, on the night of the nineteenth."

"There the danger is, Monsieur Bombarnac."

"Yes, Kinko; for if it is difficult to enter the Russian possessions, it is no less difficult to get out of them, when the Chinese are at the gates. Their officials will give us a good look over before they will let us pass. At the same time they examine the passengers much more closely than they do their baggage. And as this van is reserved for the luggage going through to Pekin, I do not think you have much to fear. So, good night. As a matter of precaution, I would rather not prolong my visit."

I have come out; I have regained my couch, and I really did not hear the starting signal when the train began to move.

The only station of any importance which the railway passed before sunrise was that of Marghean, where the stoppage was a short one.

Beyond this station the road reaches the frontier which divides Russian Turkestan from the Pamir plateau and the vast territory of the Kara-Khizgizes.

This part of Central Asia is continually being troubled by plutonian disturbances beneath its surface. Northern Turkestan has frequently suffered from earthquakes—the terrible experience of 1887 will not have been forgotten—and at Tashkend, as at Samarkand, I saw the traces of these commotions. In fact, minor oscillations are continually being observed, and this volcanic action takes place all along the coast, where lay the stores of petroleum and naphtha, from the Caspian Sea to the Pamir plateau. In short, this region is one of the most interesting parts of Central Asia that a tourist can visit.

## CHAPTER XIV.

The Pamir, or Bam-i-Douniah, is commonly called the "Roof of the World." From it radiate the mighty chains of the Tian Shan, of the Kuen Lun, of the Kara Korum, of the Himalaya, of the Hindoo Koosh. This orographic system, four hundred kilometers across, which remained for so many years an impassable barrier, has been surmounted by Russian tenacity. The Slav race and the yellow race have come into contact.

The travelers of the Aryan people have all attempted to explore the plateau of the Pamir. Without going back to Marco Polo in the thirteenth century, what do we find? The English with Forsyth, Douglas, Biddulph, Younghusband, and the celebrated Gordon, who died on the Upper Nile; the Russians with Pendechnko, Skobelev, Prjevalsky, Gromtcheksky, General Pevitsov, Prince Galitzin, the brothers Groun-Grimmalto; the French with Auvigne, Vonvalot, Capus, l'apin, Breteuil de Rhins, Joseph Martin, Grenard, Edouard Blanc; the Swedes with Doctor Swen Hedin.

This roof of the world, one would say, is lifted up in magic hand to let us see its mysteries. We know now that it consists of an inextricable entanglement of valleys, the mean altitude of which exceeds three thousand meters; we know that it is dominated by the peaks of Gouroumd and Kauffmann, twenty-two thousand feet high, and the peak of Tagarum, which is twenty-seven thousand feet; we know that it sends off to the west the Oxus and the Amou-Radia, and to the east, the Tarim; we know that it chiefly consists of primary rocks, in which are patches of schist and quartz, red sands of secondary age, and the clayey, sandy loess of the quaternary period which is so abundant in Central Asia.

The difficulties the Grand Transasiatic had in crossing this plateau were extraordinary. It was a challenge from the genius of man to nature, and the victory remained with genius. Through the gently sloping passes which the Kirghizes call "bels," viaducts, bridges, embankments, cuttings, tunnels had to be made to carry the line. Here are sharp curves, gradients, which require the most powerful locomotives, here and there stationary engines to haul up the train with cables; in a word, a herculean labor, superior to the works of the American engineers in the deserts of the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky mountains.

The desolate aspect of these territories makes a deep impression on the imagination. As the train gains the higher altitudes, this impression is all the more vivid. There are no houses, no villages, no cultivated land. A few scattered huts, in which the Pamirians live, a solitary existence with his family, his herds of yaks, or "koutars," which are cattle with horses' tails, his diminutive sheep, his thick-haired goats. The molting of these animals, if we may so phrase it, is a natural consequence of the climate, and they change the dressing gown of winter for the white fur coat of summer. It is the same with the dog, whose coat becomes whiter in the hot season.

As the passes are ascended, wide breaks in the ranges yield frequent glimpses of the more distant portions of the plateau. In many places are clumps of birches and junipers, which are the principal trees of the Pamir, and on the undulating plains grow tamarisks and sedges and mugwort, and a sort of reed very abundant by the sides of the saline pools, and a dwarf labiate called "terskonne" by the Kirghizes.

The major mentioned certain animals which constitute a somewhat varied fauna on the heights of the Pamir. It is even necessary to keep an eye on the platforms of the cars in case a stray panther or bear might seek a ride without any right to travel either first or second class. During the day our companions were on the lookout from both ends of the cars. What shouts arose when panthers or felines capered along the line with intentions that certainly seemed suspicious! A few revolver shots were discharged, without much necessity perhaps, but they amused as well as reassured the travelers. In the afternoon we were witnesses of a magnificent shot, which killed instantly an enormous panther just as he was landing on the side step of the third carriage.

It was our superb Mongol to whom we were indebted for this marksman's masterpiece.

"What a hand and what an eye!" said I to the major, who continued to look on Faruskiar with suspicion.

Among the other animals of the Pamirian fauna appeared wolves and foxes, and flocks of those large wild sheep with garbled and gracefully curved horns, which are known to the natives as arkara. High in the sky flew the vultures, bearded and unbarbed, and amid the clouds of white vapor we left behind us were many crows and pigeons and turtle doves and wagtails.

The day passed without adventure. At 6 o'clock in the evening we crossed the frontier, after a run of nearly two thousand three hundred kilometers, accomplished in four days since leaving Uzun Ada. Two hundred and fifty kilometers beyond we shall be at Kachgar. Although we are now in Chinese Turkestan, it will not be till we reach that town that we shall have our first experience of Chinese administration.

Dinner over about nine o'clock, we stretched ourselves on our beds, in the hope, or rather the conviction, that the night will be as calm as the preceding one.

It was not to be so. At first the train was ruffing down the slopes of the Pamir at great speed. Then it resumed its normal rate along the level.

It was about one in the morning when I was suddenly awakened. At the same time Major Noltitz and most of our companions jumped up. There were loud shouts in the rear of the train. What had happened?

Anxiety seized upon the travelers—that confused, unreasonable anxiety caused by the slightest incident on a railroad.

"What is the matter? What is the matter?"

These words were uttered in alarm from all sides, and in different languages. My first thought was that we were attacked. I thought of the famous Ki-Teang, the Mongol pirate. In a moment the train began to slow, evidently preparing to stop. Popof came into the van, and I asked him what had happened.

"An accident," he replied. "A coupling has broken, and the two last vans are left behind."

(To be continued.)

## English Epigrams to Date.

Queen Victoria transformed Great Britain into a crowned republic, a nation in which the will of the people is the supreme law.—Andrew Carnegie.

Great poetry is the surest antidote to the prevailing virus of materialism.—Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate.

The educational system of this country is chaotic and utterly behind the age.—Prime Minister Balfour.

In dealing with education the first thing is to consider the children; the churches come afterward.—Austen Chamberlain.

We want sometimes in this country a little more of the spirit of tolerance.—Earl Spencer.

This is above all a reading age, but how many people read the Bible?—The Bishop of Manchester.

Plenty of porridge and milk will do more for the physique of a nation than the most up-to-date physical drill.—Professor Laurie of Edinburgh University.

We must dispel the blight of inquisitorial oppression which stunts, distorts and withers every branch of the national life of Ireland.—The Right Honorable George Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland.

The bicycle nowadays is part of the necessary equipment of a lad.—County Court Judge Sir A. Marten.—New York Sun.

Better than Antifast.

Wiggins—Blowitz, the pugilist, lost 130 pounds of flesh while training for his last fight.

Snoozem—Get out! What are you trying to give me, anyway?

Wiggins—Straight goods. His wife eloped with one of his trainers.

Knew Whereof He Spoke.

"One-half the world," remarked the party with the quotation habit, "doesn't know how the other half lives."

"I guess that's right," rejoined the married man, "but the feminine half works overtime trying to find out."

Where They Differ.

"Theory and practice are different things," said the professor.

"Yes, indeed," assented the medical student. "I pay for theory and intend to be paid for practice."

The worth of a state, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it.—J. S. Mill.

# EDITORIALS

## OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

### A Foolish Custom Abolished.

**A**MONG the changes in the details of warfare which have been wrought by the long-range rifle there is one which has been brought into special notice by the casualty statistics of the Russo-Japanese war. Officers no longer expose themselves to the enemy's fire for the purpose of "encouraging the men."

This foolish practice, which, through years of custom, had the force of prescription, has evidently been abandoned. Thus far in the Manchurian campaign only one general officer has been killed outright and hardly more than a score have been wounded.

When we compare these figures with the statistics of our own Civil War we can see how sweeping has been the change. A recent study of the Confederate archives shows that of 415 Confederate general officers seventy-four were killed in action or mortally wounded, while in the Union army fifty general officers, twenty-three brevet brigadier generals and thirty-four colonels commanding brigades were killed or mortally wounded.

In the Civil War, that is to say, general officers were still under the stress of a tradition which held that a commander should ride up and down his lines on a white horse if possible—so that the enemy might have a good chance of picking him off. In the Manchurian campaign the general officers have remained in the rear out of rifle range and directed the operations of their men by telephone or by messenger. The casualty statistics show the advantage of this latter system.

It is no reflection upon the bravery of a general officer that he does not expose himself to the fire of the enemy. He is not a fighting man but a director of fighting men. His services are too valuable to be risked in a foolish and spectacular display of personal courage which may be impressive but which is absolutely valueless to the cause which he serves.

In this respect the long-range rifle, which has rendered such exhibitions too dangerous to be attempted, has accomplished a distinct reform in an old and senseless custom.—Chicago Chronicle.

### Fine Men in States Prison.

**H**E was a fine man," said Cassie Chadwick, when she heard that Spear, cashier of the wrecked Oberlin bank, had got seven years in the penitentiary for his part in the "frenzied finance."

Yes, Cassie, these bank wreckers are usually fine men. They live in fine houses. They give fine banquets. They ride in fine automobiles. They shine in fine society. They dress their families in fine raiment. They, being financiers, are supposed to be a little finer breed than the common herd. Some day it develops that they have taken advantage of fine opportunities to gamble with trust funds belonging to other people, and down comes all their finery.

It is wonderful how many fine men are going to the penitentiary these days, while the gross ones go right on wearing negligee shirts and the sweat of real labor.

It is even announced that the Ohio penitentiary is so full of fine men, from banking and other financial circles, that it is impossible to find clerical work for Spear in that popular institution. Spear may have to carry a hod and Cassie do washing. Sometimes justice, in her game of blindman's buff, grabs the eternal fitness and fineness of things, in spite of the atmosphere of morbid sympathy, and a man morally equipped for hod-carrying really has to finally carry a hod.—Des Moines News.

### Music and Men-Making.

**C**ERTAIN members of the National Council of Women recently struck hard at one of the supports and inspirations of all Christendom by deploring the fact that children are allowed to hear and sing martial songs and therefore become imbued with the spirit of war.

What do these women want? Would they be content with a race of men from whose breasts courage had been plucked and who would shine best at pink teas? God forbid! There are enough of these affected clods in society now. "Yankee Doodle" fans no spark in their breasts, nor does the swelling chorus of that grand

### KITCHEN FOR A BACHELOR.

The Modern Architect Launches One More Blow at Matrimony.

As a concession to the home-making instinct bachelor apartments are now built with kitchens. They are not ordinarily intended for men who employ others to do their cooking, but for those who cook for themselves.

The kitchens, indeed, in the smallest bachelor apartments intended for men of modest means are about the smallest things of the kind ashore or afloat. There is just room enough for a small gas stove, a little sink, a tiny refrigerator and the necessary floor space to enable the bachelor to turn around.

All the permanent appointments are provided by the landlord. The tiny refrigerator will hold a moderate supply of milk, butter and the meat of at least three meals.

Some of the bachelor cooks are content to get breakfast merely, but others also prepare dinner. The gas stove will do either.

Forty minutes will ordinarily suffice to prepare, cook and serve the bachelor cook's dinner, and if the housekeeping is done in partnership the meal can be made ready in less time.

Bachelor apartments with tiny kitchens are on the whole an economy for men who cannot endure the ordinary boarding house. The kitchen does not add greatly to the rent of an apartment, and the cost of meals is astonishingly small.

The breakfast of coffee, rolls and eggs the year around need not average more than 8 to 10 cents a head, and with fruit included it is hardly more than \$1 a week. Dinners, including an occasional night out at a restaurant, need not average more than from \$2.50 to \$3 a week, so that the weekly cost of two meals a day is below the price charged by a pretty cheap boarding house.

The man who must restrict himself to a hall bedroom and a cheap boarding house table cannot afford even the smallest of bachelor apart-

ments with the tiniest of kitchens, but two bachelors who are able to pay a fair price for board and lodging and who do not mind being their own cooks can be exceedingly comfortable in an apartment with kitchen.

As things are now going in New York the bachelor apartment, which is really a home, begins to compete with the club as a deterrent to matrimony.—New York Sun.

### MISSOURI'S EXPERIMENT.

**T**HE Legislature that met in January, 1903, appropriated \$35,000 for a binding twine plant to be maintained in the penitentiary. In accordance with that law the Legislature just adjourned appropriated \$125,000 more to be known as a "revolving fund," to be used only to purchase raw material required in the manufacture, handling and marketing of twine. All moneys derived from the sale of twine are to be collected and paid into the State treasury by the penitentiary warden, and kept in a separate account. The warden is empowered to sell the twine to the farmers of the State for cash, free on board the cars at Jefferson City, "and at a price per pound sufficient only to indemnify the State against loss." State twine in bulk may also be sold for cash by the warden to persons in each county who shall be required to sign an agreement to sell the twine to actual consumers at a price not greater than 1 cent per pound over its cost, with transportation from the State capital added.

Manufacturing of the twine has begun, and the price has been fixed at 10 cents a pound. The trusts, it is said, sell the same article for from 12½ cents to 14 cents a pound. It will be some time before the working results of this special branch of State industry can be ascertained. So far the appropriations have amounted to \$100,000. The farmers who get the twine at a reduced price also pay taxes, and the money that has established the plant, and is set apart for the "revolving fund," all comes from general taxation. Public ownership rests on public taxation. What it may return in public revenue is an open question. It remains for actual practical experience to strike the balance.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Treating Tuberculosis.

**T**HE tendency to deal with a case of pulmonary tuberculosis in its early stages by means of drugs solely, is held to be as harmful as it is helpful, not so much that drugs do harm, but that weeks of priceless time are wasted trying to check a cough and quiet a fever while the patient is allowed to continue work. Rational home treatment will effect much in the early stages of the disease, and the following things are mentioned as essential in this home treatment in small towns, suburbs and country places.

(1) The confidence of the patient, since confidence breeds hope; (2) a masterful management on the part of the doctor; (3) persistence—benefit is usually a matter of years, absolute cure a matter of many years; (4) sunshine by day, fresh air by night and day; (5) rest while there is fever; (6) breadstuffs and milk, meat and eggs.

It is held that the question of extirpating the disease is a municipal one, and that a necessary feature of it is the compulsory provision of sanitary dwelling for the poor and for all that are crowded closely, while at the same time States must have sanatoria where such people can be treated. These two broad lines of attack on the disease meanwhile heralded by a wise home treatment it is urged will crown the end with the extirpation of the disease.—Indianapolis News.

### Fails to Learn One Thing.

A retired Irish major sold his horses and carriages and bought a motor car, but instead of engaging a chauffeur he determined to send his faithful old coachman to a Dublin firm of engineers for a course of lessons in small repairs.

"You will go through a two months' training," he explained to Pat, as he handed him a check for his expenses, "during which time you will make yourself thoroughly familiar with the engine and all its works."

"Yes, sor," was Pat's reply. "You will note every wheel and crank and learn what they are for and what they have to do, so that when you return you will be equal to any emergency."

"I will, sor," said Pat, and, having stowed the check away down in his trousers pocket, he took his departure. In two months' time he returned with the conqueror's look in his eye.

"Well, Pat, have you succeeded?"

"I have, sor."

"And you know everything about the motor?"

"I know all, sor, from the big lump in front to the little numbers behind—except one thing," the new chauffeur added, as he nervously plucked a few hairs from his new bearskin coat.

"And what is it you don't know?" demanded the major.

"Well, I don't quite understand yet what makes the blessed thing move without horses."—Tit-Bits.

Contains of it.

"Well, I can't away a poem to do it. That I am very sure will not be talked to me."

"No good?"

"No, I am the editor of a fine of Gum."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is all right to know.

two evils, if you know which one is to