

The Special Correspondent

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

A little before 12 I arrived at my destination. My vehicle had stopped before a house of modest appearance. It was on the first floor that the young Roumanian lived, and where, having learned her trade as a milliner in Paris, she was engaged in it at Pekin. I read the name of Mme. Zinca Klork on a door. I knock. The door is opened.

I am in the presence of a young lady who is perfectly charming, as Kinko said. She is blonde, of from twenty-two to twenty-three years old, with the black eyes of the Roumanian type, an agreeable figure, a pleasant, smiling face. In fact, she has not been informed that the Grand Transasiatic train has been in the station ever since last evening, in spite of the circumstances of the journey, and is she not awaiting her betrothed from one moment to another?

Mademoiselle Klork is evidently much surprised at seeing a stranger in her doorway. As she has lived several years in France, she does not hesitate to recognize me as a Frenchman, and asks to what she is indebted for my visit.

"Mademoiselle Zinca," I say, "I arrived yesterday by the Grand Transasiatic."

The girl turned pale; her eyes became troubled. It was evident that she feared something. Had Kinko been found in his box? Had the fraud been discovered? Was he arrested? Was he in prison?

"Mademoiselle Zinca—certain circumstances have brought to my knowledge—the journey of a young Roumanian—"

"Kinko—my poor Kinko—they have found him?" she asks in a trembling voice.

"No—no," say I, hesitating. "No one knows, except myself. I often visited him in the luggage van at night. We were companions, friends. I took him a few provisions."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" says the lady, taking me by the hand. "With a Frenchman Kinko was sure of not being betrayed, and even of receiving help. Thank you! Thank you! He loves me so much, and I love him. We met each other in Paris. He was so kind to me. Then when he went back to Tiflis I asked him to come to me in that box. Is the poor fellow ill?"

"No, Mademoiselle Zinca—no."

"He asked you to come and tell me he had arrived?"

"Yes—but—you understand—he is very tired after so long a journey."

"Is he ill?"

"Yes—rather—rather ill."

"The truth, monsieur, the truth! Hide nothing from me—Kinko—"

"Yes—I have sad news—to give you." She is fainting. Her lips tremble. She can hardly speak.

"We have had accidents on the road. The train was nearly annihilated—a frightful catastrophe—"

"He is dead! Kinko is dead!"

The unhappy Zinca falls on to a chair—and to employ the imaginative phraseology of the Chinese, her tears roll down like rain on an autumn night. Never have I seen anything so lamentable. But it will not do to leave her in this state, poor girl! She is becoming unconscious. I do not know where I am. I take her hands. I repeat:

"Mademoiselle Zinca! Mademoiselle Zinca!"

Suddenly there is a great noise in front of the house. Shouts are heard. There is a tremendous do, and amid the tumult I hear a voice.

I cannot be mistaken. That is Kinko's voice! I recognize it. Am I in my right senses? Zinca jumps up, springs to the window, opens it, and we look out.

There is a cart at the door. There is the case, with all its inscriptions: This side up, this side down, fragile, glass, beware of damp, etc. It is there—half smashed. There has been a collision. The cart has been run into by a carriage, as the case was being got down. The case has slipped on to the ground. It has been knocked in. And Kinko has jumped out like a jack-in-the-box—but alive, very much alive!

I can hardly believe my eyes! What, my young Roumanian did not perish in the explosion? No! As I shall soon hear from his own mouth, he was thrown on to the line when the boiler went up, remained there inert for a time, found himself uninjured—miraculously—kept away till he could slip into the van unperceived. I had just left the van after looking for him in vain, and supposing that he had been the first victim of the catastrophe.

Then—oh! the irony of fate!—after accomplishing a journey of six thousand kilometers on the Grand Transasiatic, shut up in a box among the baggage, after escaping so many dangers, attacked by bandits, explosion of engine, he was here, by the mere colliding of a cart and a carriage in a Pekin street, deprived of all the good of his journey.

The carter gave a yell at the sight of a human being who had just appeared. In an instant a crowd had gathered, the fraud was discovered, the police had run up. And what could this young Roumanian do, who did not know a word of Chinese, but explain matters in the sign language? Zinca and I ran down to him.

"My Zinca—my dear Zinca!" he exclaims, pressing the girl to his heart.

"My Kinko—my dear Kinko," she replies, while her tears mingle with his.

"Monsieur Bombardier!" says the poor fellow, appealing to my intervention.

"Kinko," I reply, "take it coolly, and depend on me. You are alive, and we thought you were dead."

"Gat I am not much better off," he murmurs.

Mistake! Anything is better than be-

ing dead—even when one is menaced by prison, be it a Chinese prison. Kinko is dragged off by the police, amid the laughter and howls of the crowd.

CHAPTER XXIX.

If ever the expression "sinking in sight of port" could be used in its precise meaning, it evidently can in this case. I offer my arm to Mademoiselle Zinca, and I lead her to my carriage, and we return rapidly toward the Hotel of the Ten Thousand Dreams.

There I find Major Noltitz and the Caternas, and, by a lucky chance, young Pan Chao, without Dr. Tio-King. Pan Chao would like nothing better than to be our interpreter before the Chinese authorities.

And then, before the weeping Zinca, I told my companions all about Kinko, how he had traveled, how I had made his acquaintance. I told them that if he had defrauded the Transasiatic Company, it was thanks to this fraud that he was able to get on to the train at Usun Ada. And if he had not been in the train, we should all have been engulfed in the abyss of the Tjoo valley.

What an explosion there was of exclamatory ohs! and ahs! when I had finished my recital! And in a burst of gratitude, somewhat of the theatrical sort, our actor shouted:

"Hurrah for Kinko! He ought to have a medal!"

Until the Son of Heaven accorded this hero a green dragon of some sort, Mme. Caterna took Zinca's hand, drew her to her heart and embraced her without being able to restrain her tears. Just think of a love story interrupted at the last chapter!

But we must hasten, and, as Caterna says, "all on the scene for the fifth"—the fifth act, in which dramas generally clear themselves up.

"We must not let this brave fellow suffer!" said Major Noltitz; "we must see the Grand Transasiatic people, and when they learn the facts they will be the first to stop the prosecution."

We left the young Roumanian to the caresses of the worthy actress, Madame Caterna would not leave her, declaring that she looked upon her as her daughter, that she would protect her like a mother. Then Pan Chao, Major Noltitz, Caterna and I went off to the company's offices at the station.

The manager was in his office, and we were admitted. He was a Chinese in every acceptance of the word, and capable of every administrative Chinese—a functionary who functioned in a way that would have moved his colleagues in old Europe to envy.

Pan Chao told the story, and, as he understood Russian, the major and I took part in the discussion. This unmistakable Chinaman did not hesitate to contend that Kinko's case was a most serious one. A fraud undertaken on such conditions, a fraud extending over six thousand kilometers, a fraud of a thousand francs on the Grand Transasiatic Company and its agents.

We replied to this Chinese official that it was all very true, but that the damage had been inconsiderable, that if the defrauder had not been in the train he could not have saved it at the risk of his life, and at the same time he could not have saved the lives of the passengers.

Well, would you believe it? This living China figure gave us to understand that from a certain point of view it would have been better to regret the deaths of a hundred victims. In short, we get nothing. Justice must take its course against the fraudulent Kinko.

"Gentlemen," said Pan Chao, "I know how things are managed in the Celestial Empire. Two hours will not elapse from the time Kinko is arrested to the time he is brought before the judge charged with this sort of crime. He will not only be sent to prison, but the bastinado—"

"We must stop that abomination," said Major Noltitz.

"We can try, at least," said Pan Chao. "I propose we go before the court, when I will try and defend the sweetheart of this charming Roumanian, and may I lose my face if I do not get him off."

CHAPTER XXX.

We left the station, invaded a vehicle, and arrived in twenty minutes before a shabby looking shanty, where the court was held.

There was a crowd. The affair had got abroad. It was known that a swindler had come in a box in a Grand Transasiatic van free, gratis, and for nothing from Tiflis to Pekin. Every one wished to see him; every one wanted to recognize the features of this genius—it was not yet known that he was a hero.

There he is, our brave companion, between two rascally looking policemen yellow as quinces. These fellows are ready to walk him off to prison at the judge's orders, and to give him a few dozen strokes on the soles of his feet if he is condemned to that punishment.

Kinko is thoroughly disheartened, which astonishes me on the part of one I know to be so energetic. But as soon as he sees us his face betrays a ray of hope.

Our young advocate was really pathetic and amusing. He interested the judge, he excited the audience with the story of the journey, he told them all about it, and finally he offered to pay the company what was due to them. Unfortunately, the judge could not consent. There had been material damages, moral damages.

Thereupon Pan Chao became animated and, although we understood nothing he said, we guessed that he was speaking

of the courage of Kinko, of the sacrifice he had made for the safety of the travelers, and finally, as a supreme argument, he pleaded that his client had saved the imperial treasure.

Arguments were of no avail with this pitiless magistrate who had not acquitted ten prisoners in his life. He spared the delinquent the bastinado; but gave him six months in prison, and condemned him in damages against the Grand Transasiatic Company. And then, at a sign from this condemning machine, poor Kinko was taken away.

Let not my readers pity Kinko's fate. I may as well say at once that everything was arranged satisfactorily. Next morning Kinko made a triumphal entry into the house in the Avenue Cha-Coua, where we were assembled while Madame Caterna was showering her maternal consolations on the unhappy Zinca Klork.

The newspapers had got wind of the affair. The Chi Bao, of Pekin, and the Chinese Times, of Tien-tsin, had demanded mercy for the young Roumanian. These cries for mercy had reached the feet of the Son of Heaven—the very spot where the imperial ears are placed. Besides, Pan Chao had sent to his majesty a petition relating the incidents of the journey, and insisting on the point that had it not been for Kinko's devotion, the gold and precious stones would be in the hands of Faruskiar and his bandits. And that was worth something else than six months in prison. In a fit of generosity the Son of Heaven favored Kinko with the remittal of his sentence.

I decline to depict the joy, the happiness, the intoxication which this news, brought by Kinko in person, gave to all his friends, and particularly to the fair Zinca Klork. These things are expressible in no language—not even in Chinese, which lends itself so generously to the metaphorical.

And now, my readers must permit me to finish with my traveling companions whose numbers have figured in my notebook.

Nos. 1 and 2, Fulk Ephrinell and Miss Horatia Bluett: Not being able to agree regarding the various items stipulated in their matrimonial contract, they were divorced three days after their arrival in Pekin. Things were as though the marriage had never been celebrated on the Grand Transasiatic, and Miss Horatia Bluett remained Miss Horatia Bluett. May she gather cargoes of heads of hair from Chinese polls; and may he furnish with artificial teeth every jaw in the Celestial Empire!

No. 3, Major Noltitz: He is busy at the hospital he has come to establish at Pekin on behalf of the Russian government, and when the hour for separation strikes, I feel that I shall leave a true friend behind me in these distant lands.

Nos. 4 and 5, the Caternas: After a stay of three weeks in the capital of the Celestial Empire, the charming actor and actress set out for Shanghai, where they are now the great attraction at the French Residency.

No. 6, Baron Weissenschnitzerdorf, whose incommensurable name I write for the last time; Well, not only did the globe trotter miss the steamer at Tien-tsin, but a month later he missed it at Yokohama; six weeks after that he was shipwrecked on the coast of British Columbia, and then, after being thrown off the line between San Francisco and New York, he managed to complete his round of the world in a hundred and eighty-seven days instead of thirty-nine.

Nos. 9 and 10, Pan Chao and Dr. Tio-King: What can I say except that Pan Chao is always the Parisian you know. As to the doctor, he has got down to eating only the yolk of an egg a day, like his master, Cornaro, and he hopes to live to a hundred and two, as did the noble Venetian.

No. 8, Sir Francis Trevelyan, and No. 12, Seigneur Faruskiar: I have never heard of the one, nor have I heard that the other has been hanged. Doubtless, the illustrious bandit, having sent in his resignation of the general managership of the Grand Transasiatic, continues his lucrative career in the depths of the Mongol provinces.

Now for Kinko, my No. 11: I need hardly say that my No. 11 was married to Zinca Klork with great ceremony. We were all at the wedding, and if the Son of Heaven had not richly endowed the young Roumanian, his wife received a magnificent present in the name of the passengers of the train he had saved.

That is the faithful story of this journey. I have done my best to do my duty as special correspondent all down the line, and perhaps my editors may be satisfied, notwithstanding the slip or two you have heard about.

(The end.)

Turkish Attar of Roses.

Turkish attar of roses is mainly produced in Bulgaria and its manufacture is carried on in the fertile valleys on the southern slopes of the Balkans. The rose harvest in Bulgaria begins about the third week in May and lasts about a month. The second great seat of rose farming in Europe is the space between the Maritime Alps and the Mediterranean, in the extreme south-east of France. This is, in fact, the great scent farming and perfumery making center of Europe, the town of Grasse being the emporium of the district. Of course attar of roses is also produced in India, Persia and Asiatic Turkey under the climatic conditions desired, but the great bulk of the supply is furnished by the European regions already noted. The roses employed for attar making in Europe are: In Bulgaria the red damask rose and in the south of France the Provence rose, a hybrid or variety of the hundred leaf rose, to which also belongs the well known cabbage rose.

Sarcasmo.

Cholly—D'you know, I'm sometimes inclined to think—Clara (encouragingly)—Why don't you do it, Cholly? It's not such a difficult thing if you really try.



WHEN THE FOOL IS WISE.

By Rev. Russell B. Conwell, D. D.
TEXT.—"Even a fool, if he hold his peace, is counted wise."—Proverbs xvii:28.

If a man knew that he were a fool he would be a very wise man. A wise man is a fool who remains silent, and a fool is very wise who keeps quiet. This great statement of ancient philosophy Christ made real by the power of his love. He smelted it into one great loving principle.

As we meditate upon the various verses bearing upon this central thought, we ask of God when we shall keep silent and when is the proper time for us to speak.

I know of no clearer, more comprehensive definition of a fool in the Scriptural sense than that "he is a person of no value." If he is a person of any use he is likely to be discovered. I am reminded of a simple, homely incident I heard in my youth of a family in which there was a son not completely an idiot. His father said to him one day "Now we are going to have company, and if you keep entirely still they will not discover that you are an idiot." The visitors who came in spoke to him, but he made no reply. Finally one man asked him a series of questions, and the young man making no answer the angry questioner exclaimed, "You act like a fool." Then the young man turned to his father and said, "Father, he has found it out!"

A person is always wise to the extent that he is of value. If a farmer raises a field of wheat he looks over his harvest and sees that he is the possessor of so many bushels of wheat. If he is wise he estimates what will be the value of that crop. He then has something to speak about, something of value on which to base his representations.

So the gospel message. If a man has in his heart the love of God and appreciates the character and teachings of Jesus Christ, the sacrifice He made for the world, he will estimate how much he has of it, and can then decide of what he can speak. If you have enough of the love of Christ in your heart, so that you can speak of Him with confidence and can say, "I know that my redeemer lives, you are giving something out to the world for which you will receive a full equivalent—a good measure, shaken down."

"This wise man dispenses knowledge," and it is only a fool that needs to keep silent. For any man who has the grace of God in his heart has a right to speak of the good things that Christ has done for him. Anywhere to-day you will find some person waiting for you to speak of the good that Christ has done for your soul. Go and tell what great things Christ has done for thee; speak of the truth in thine own soul, and speak in simple, plain terms, considering carefully, but not too carefully, the time, the season in which to speak. For there is a time to keep silent, says the great proverb writer, and there is a time to speak. That time for silence, that time for speech, comes nearly every hour, and certainly every day in the history of every follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

THE HOPE OF HEAVEN.
By Rev. Harris J. Harrington.

"We have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—II Cor., v. 1.

A house stands for permanency. Just as every man hopes some day to walk across the threshold and say, "This is my home; this is the place where we will abide; here is our altar and here the shrine of all the sacred things of the family," so does every man also cherish in his breast the unspoken longing some day to pass from the noisy, dusty, commerce laden streets of this life and cross the threshold into an abiding place. That threshold we have come to call death, and that abiding place, heaven. The desert shepherd spoke of his body as a tent and looked forward to dwelling in a house; the classic heroes spoke with joy of the place where they would meet again their fellow-warriors; the sorrowing mother thinks every day of a home where all her children shall be gathered in to go out no more.

Heaven may be neither in our geography nor in our astronomy; but it is in all our hearts. Unphilosophical it may be, but it is nevertheless a fact that the thought of "the land that is fairer than day" brings a thrill not only to the heart of the humble laborer whose tawdry joys would lead

him to long for a heaven of gold, but it also brings a strange joy and expectancy to the man of wealth, to the man of culture, and to the man of broad sympathies with all the best in this world. Heaven is home, the home after the school, after the early coil, after the strife for a foothold in life.

Modern religious teaching does well to place its emphasis on present living, to remind us that piety is more than the power to paint pictures of future felicity, and consecration is more than contemplation of future rest. We are realizing that religion is more than regrets over the past or rhapsodies over the future. But all our attention to the present only serves to accentuate our secret hope and longing for that better land.

It would be wrong to ruthlessly crush this longing. The only danger is lest we become so occupied with dreams of coming joys that we forget present duties. Happily we are coming to see that the hope of heaven is a worthy motive to be applied to the present. We lay aside questions of its location or its construction and live to-day for its realization. We ask not whether it shall be peopled with the dead or with the living; we only ask whether those about us are living in conditions which would fit them for that house not made with hands. The more steadily the human race presses toward the goal of such a life the nearer it comes to actually realizing it in the present.

The aspiration for heaven is more than a speculative fancy. It is one aspect of the spirit of progress that lies back of all human endeavors. Man was born dissatisfied, otherwise he would stagnate. He has always longed for better material conditions, better moral conditions, and his longing has made him reach them. The instinct of progress was not implanted or developed only to mock him; it is being realized. No instinct common to humanity is impossible of realization. The hope of heaven belongs to us all, the prophecy and power of its coming. We may not know where or how, but that it shall be we dare not cease to believe. To give up the hope of a day when all wrongs shall be righted, all sorrows healed, and tears wiped from all eyes would be to stagnate morally and spiritually. The hope of heaven is part of our divine discontent.

The very word heaven has a moral rather than a geographical significance. It means higher, and all such expressions as "beyond the stars" and "above the sky" are but figures of speech to express the moral fact that heaven is a condition higher up. It is the next stage in man's development. It holds out to us the hope of unending progress; it lifts the limits from our lives and writes "Amplius" over all our efforts. It is the liberation into larger living by the breaking of the bonds of this present; the hampering flesh falls away at the touch of death and the true eternal self is free to begin its larger life. Yet heaven is not the end; the day may come when we shall see that it is but another beginning, and from the house not made with hands we shall go out to even larger living.

SHORT METER SERMONS.
Sloth makes slaves.

The prodigal are never liberal.
Hungry men ask fewer questions.
Love is the secret of good looks.
Sincerity is the soul asserting itself.

The pain of loss is the price of gain.
Wait for your worries; but not for your work.

An itching palm causes a crook in the fingers.
It is easy to be rigorous without being righteous.

Many a moral squint comes from a money monocle.
The fortunate people are those who believe they are.

Faith never has any need to dream about the future.
It takes more than a despising of fame to deserve it.

Profanity is a good deal more than a matter of grammar.
It takes more than a bank draft to start the heavenly flame.

Men who lie easily get into many places where they lie hard.
It is easy for the wooden-legged man to preach against dancing.

Heaven may be changeless, but a changeless earth would be hell.
It is a base life to which nothing is real but the objects of sense.

In matters of opinion the beaten track is most likely to lead astray.
They cannot move forward who will not say farewell to some things.

Men believe in the power of Christ because he believes in the possibilities of men.