

PSALM OF LIFE

After the shower, the tranquil sun,
Silver stars when the day is done.
After the sunny pleasant hour
Dampness and clouds and another
show'r.

After the night-time the sunny day,
Work and a little food and play
After the day the night some more
Isn't the old routine a bore?

PRECIOUS TRANQUILITY

At morning a Shanghai man walked into Gow Yut's pork and duck emporium with bad news. "Three men dead," the Shanghai man informed Gow Yut. "I come San Francisco to tell. Three men dead. White police take everything."

"Everything" was a hundred pound cargo of opium that one of Gow Yut's agents had tried to run across the Mexican border.

"More better you talker China fashion," Gow Yut whispered, nodding his head toward a pair of Portuguese customers who were not above being interested in blackmail.

"I talker my China talk; you no savvy him," the Shanghai man objected.

Gow Yut dismissed the messenger with a wave of his hand. "You talker plenty much." To himself, "A mountain has but one highest point."

When the Shanghai man had gone, Gow Yut spent a little while clicking the black beads of an abacus with his twinkling fat fingers, searching for an approximation of the value of the lost opium. Three dead men, being Holy Sun villagers, were not important.

His calculations were interrupted by a messenger who brought a telegram from Gow Yut's Sacramento cousin. "Make two thousand dollars quick bail money," the telegram read. "Police come my house last night."

"More police!" Gow Yut grunted. "The buds are swelling on the tree of disaster. Where is the third flower of distress?"

When the two-thousand-dollar bail money had been wired to Gow Yut's Sacramento cousin, Kwan-Yin frowned from her high place in heaven and the third flower of distress curled its black petals and fell from the skies to jangle a telephone wire over which the fat Gow Yut was presently informed of the capture of four-top-chop slave women at the Canadian border. Import charges to date on these living pearls for the necklace of delight had amounted to more than three thousand Mex.

Gow Yut groaned and felt a sudden need for relief from the burden which seemed to have settled at the pit of his stomach. He considered visiting the Double Blessing Apothecary shop and join the house of the Eight Precious Things.

He decided to try both medicines, one for his body and the other for the healing properties that it might afford his troubled soul. He adorned his head with a black felt hat that had turned green through twenty years of service, and started for Lee Dok's apothecary shop.

Greeting the proprietor of the Double Blessing treasury of health, "Pleasant years," Gow Yut grunted.

"And tranquil days," Lee Dok returned.

"Tranquility is what I seek," the pork butcher announced. "At this moment it seems that devils of distress inhabit the eight quarters of my anatomy." Gow Yut frowned at a young Chinese who stood behind the black teakwood counter near Lee Dok.

Seeing this, with a quick explanation of the young man's interest in the pork butcher's words, "This is my assistant, Liu Chin," the Apothecary announced. "I should have employed a man of his talent some years ago. He knows Yin from Yang."

Gow Yut smiled thinly upon the young Liu Chin. "You have been trained in the barbarian school of medicine?" Gow Yut asked. "I studied in a drug store before I graduated from the university across the bay. In the university masters of medicine taught me the properties of various drugs."

The thin smile on the questioner's lips became a sneer. "What of these treasures accumulated by your master?" Gow Yut swept his hand through an including arc that covered the north wall of the shop.

The wall was a teakwood cabinet in whose open sections sat more than a hundred porcelain jars. Some were open and some were sealed, but in their bright enamels all of them bore scenes of inscriptions suggesting the properties of their contents. A thousand trays containing another thousand aromatic mysteries were set into the lower sections of the wall.

"All of these have useful properties if the patient believes in them," Liu Chin answered.

"Old wisdom in young words," Lee Dok broke in.

"New days, new fashions," the pork butcher observed. "For the old men, old drugs from the hills of the Central Glory. What have you for a skull wherein black horns whine in flames that burn the brain? What can you recommend for a stomach pierced by the red-hot spears of ten thousand fends from the black caverns of hell? What have you for the flickering snake-tongue lightning that courses incessantly through these two palsied arms?"

Speaking promptly after a slight bow to Lee Dok, "Soda bicarbonate," Liu Chin answered.

Lee Dok raised his hand. "Stay thy impetuous brain for a moment, my

youthful treasure. What was the discourse you delivered only yesterday relative to the power of mind over matter?"

"You are right," the young man agreed. "Old men, old ways—but include soda bicarbonate with thy treasure of ancient drugs."

Lee Dok nodded. Then, to the suffering pork butcher, "In a moment the burden of thy distress will weigh upon thee no more heavily than a general's conscience. Here, first of all, is a pill of good black opium. Swallow it—there. Now, a moment while I mingle with this Homan ginger the powdered tail of this Taisan scorpion. With it shall be mixed some shreds of the heart of a mountain tiger, for courage. To insure the return of the agile properties of thy limbs, I shall add these parings from the horn of a deer in the velvet. That will complete the conquest of the demons resident in thy body."

Gow Yut's eyes twinkled. "Thou art a man of magic. Already the flames in my skull are quenched. What do I owe you beside gratitude for this miracle?"

"One dollar," Lee Dok said. "And one dollar for the soda bicarbonate," Liu Chin added. "Take a spoonful in water twenty minutes after each meal."

The pork butcher looked at the Apothecary. Lee Dok nodded a reluctant approval of his associate's advice.

"He is versed in the newer magic," the Apothecary said. "The white powder in the little tin can has its beneficial properties." Bowing, "Pleasant years."

"Perpetual tranquility," the pork butcher returned, leaving the Double Blessing shop.

On the sidewalk Gow Yut turned to his left and walked two blocks along Grant Avenue until he came to the joss house of the Eight Precious Things. He remembered the opium enterprise that had cost the lives of three men, and even though they were but Holy Sun villagers, Gow Yut decided that it would be well to address a protest of innocence to whatever deities might have received the bullet-riddled spirits of the three men of the Holy Sun.

After a brief conference with the fat priest who ran the day-shifts in the joss house of the Eight Precious Things, Gow Yut invested a dollar in vermilion prayer papers that were burned forthwith in a bronze incense burner that stood on an altar whose vapors, after ascending a statue of Kwan-Yin, whirled onward to the Seventh Heaven by a direct route through a sheet-iron flue, as specified and provided by a local building ordinance.

When the fat priest in the joss house had banged his gong on the last sheaf of burning prayer papers, Gow Yut tried to climb a little nearer to heaven, hand over hand, up a slicking rosary of greasy wooden beads. Then the pork butcher gave the priest a dime for wine.

Under the lightened burden of his conscience, he returned to his pork store in time for the evening rush of trade. A tray of snails, in their gray shells, lay near the curb in front of Gow Yut's shop.

"Sprinkle the snails," Gow Yut ordered. "The afternoon fog is too light to brighten their shells." A Portuguese woman came into the store. "Everything lumpy, lady," Gow Yut assured her. "What you like?"

The Portuguese woman went away with three fresh eggs and nine oad ones. "Lanterns of virtue mark the road to heaven," Gow Yut reflected. Forthwith, to square himself for this latest transgression, practicing virtue, he presented a captive fish with his freedom. He neglected to reveal to heaven that the fish was a dried fish, that it had been hanging in the store for some weeks, and so his benevolence was entered at face value on the Ledgers of Right Conduct. "Keep your eye on that fish I laid out on the sidewalk," Gow Yut ordered. "A thief has the same look as a Number One man."

For an hour Gow Yut's countrymen, passing the fish, walked around it so that they might not interfere with the workings of Yang and Yin. White tourists stepped on the fish or over it, until one of them kicked it into the trapdoor in the sidewalk that led to Gow Yut's basement. Recently, "Fish penned up," a small Chinese boy informed the virtue-seeking Gow Yut. "Put that fish back on the sidewalk and help yourself to the handful of shrimp as your reward," Gow Yut directed. Thereafter, until ten o'clock, when the darker threads of its destiny became part of the fabric of Gow Yut's more intimate life, the fish enjoyed the freedom of the city.

At evening when the young Fourth moon and gave me a cut of the profound horizon, Liu Chin escorted the lovely Sui Sung to a Good Eats emporium, where the young man's reckless expenditure of ninety cents for pastry kindled a questioning spark in the liquid ebony of Sui Sung's lovely eyes.

"Nix on the restraining influence," Liu Chin returned after the girl had suggested that the watchward of their happiness was economy. "Old Lee Dok raised my wages this afternoon and gave me a cut of the profits. The soda fountain that I made him put in last month is a gold mine. The perfume and the talcum powder and all that junk he kicked about is all velvet, and I'm his white-haired boy."

In a more serious tone, "It won't be long now, my Precious Pearl! Fairest of ten thousand, my loveliest Gift, give a look at Big Boy! Thirty days and I drag you to the altar—pierced by the red-hot spears of ten thousand fends from the black caverns of hell? What have you for the flickering snake-tongue lightning that courses incessantly through these two palsied arms?"

Speaking promptly after a slight bow to Lee Dok, "Soda bicarbonate," Liu Chin answered.

Lee Dok raised his hand. "Stay thy

impetuous brain for a moment, my

seem ten times as long as the ones we spend together."

"We'll spend all of them together after a while," Liu Chin whispered. "Baby, then will be the days! Let's see how much fun we can pack into this one."

The dead fish on the sidewalk in front of Gow Yut's malodorous establishment became a part of the cargo of Liu Chin's freighted evening. When Sui Sung saw Gow Yut's dilapidated god-bait, two little wrinkles on the bridge of her straight nose indicated her opinion of ancient fish and ancient customs.

"Old Gow Yut ought to be arrested," she said. "Someone should teach our fifty old countryman the rudiments of sanitation."

"Look beyond the fish," Liu Chin advised, stepping over it lightly. "Old men, old ways. Gow Yut is never without a motive for his actions. He is probably making an offering to his gods. There he is. Ask him about the fish."

Gow Yut, wearing a greasy canvas apron, stood in the dark doorway of his store. His narrowed eyes were fixed on Sui Sung. "Slim as a willow! Almond blossom, pink against glittering snow, I have been blind," he suddenly decided.

To Sui Sung's implied criticism, and to her question as to what was the big idea of cluttering up the landscape with putrid protein, "Lumpy fish," Gow Yut protested, matching the girl's perfect English with guttural pidgin. "Epperybody likee fish. You papa likee fish. He old man allee same me. I give you fish. You makee nice present you papa."

"We're going to a movie. I don't want to carry a filthy old fish around with me," Sui Sung laid her hand on Liu Chin's arm, driven by an instinct that impelled her to seek protection from the evil forces that had flamed in Gow Yut's eyes. Walking in front of her, the girl was silent for a moment. Then, "He makes me feel cold," she said.

"Don't be silly. You talk like a tourist."

Sui Sung looked over her shoulder. She saw old Gow Yut standing in the middle of the sidewalk in front of his store, and she knew that his gaze was still fixed upon her. The sense of contact with this first intangible filament of Gow Yut's web made her shudder in apprehension of what capture might mean.

Returning to his store after Sui Sung had walked beyond the range of his vision, "I have been blind!" Gow Yut repeated to himself. Eight sons and his grave! Eight sons and his grave! A line of warriors forever and ever arrayed against the demons of darkness! To the devil with the Apothecary's futile drugs! To the devil with the greasy hypocrite priests who fatten on my distress! The almond-blossom girl shall bear me sons! The gods cannot be deaf to a multitude of voices. I shall be safe from the roving devils of the Empire of darkness."

When the slim Fourth Moon had fattened on twelve star banquets, answering her sweetheart's invitation over the telephone, "Maybe we had better not attend the theatre to-night," Sui Sung said to Liu Chin. "What do you mean?"

"Come to my house and I will tell you."

The answer to Liu Chin's question came at first in sentences broken by tears. Then, in Liu Chin's arms, the wilted blossom found words to explain the source of her distress. "We're young, Liu, and our hearts pulse with young ideals. We know the spiritual beauties of this western world. I am a stranger in my father's house. I am free, perhaps, but—Here a gesture of despair served to suggest the rest of the girl's story. Liu Chin, thrilled by sudden anger, held her away from him. "Your father—has he surrendered? He has sold you?"

Sui Sung bowed her little head in a forlorn affirmative. "The death pressure compelled him to sell me," she said. "To that beast, Gow Yut?" More tears. Then to the sobbing girl, "I will take you with me now!" "I will hold you forever."

After a moment, "We would enjoy too brief a journey down the River of Delight," Sui Sung returned. "You know too well the quick technique of their revenge—the thousand channels of accomplishment available for the black traffic of old China. My father and Gow Yut are men of yesterday. You could not survive one single day with me. Even now, being here beside me, and sheltered by my love, you are under the shadow of death. But I must leave me now. I shall stand by waiting in silence. There can be no more words for this moment."

Two men stood in the shadows of the doorway of the house of Sui Sung's father. Departing, Liu Chin looked at them. The light of a street lamp fell on the young man's face for a fleeting instant. In his eyes courage flamed, and with it a quick challenge that scored a momentary conquest.

At midnight, "Liu Chin left the house of Sui Sung's father three minutes after the tenth hour," one of the two observers reported to Gow Yut. "He wore the mantle of sorrow."

"His eyes glared with rage like the eyes of a spear-torn tiger," the second man said.

Gow Yut indulged in a moment of quiet laughter and displaced sections of his corpulent stomach. "You are dismissed," he grunted. Then, "Remember my instructions. Perhaps it will not be necessary to destroy the young man. At any rate, withhold such action for a while."

In a room in her father's house where silken draperies at the windows concealed a grille of iron, Sui Sung whispered four remembered lines from an ode of despair that had been born of the agony of a princess, whose tears for love lost had mingled with ten centuries of time.

"Love is happiness and sorrow, Love is sorrow bringing laughter, Love is laughter drowned with tears,

Love is tears and nothing after."

At this same moment, synchronizing with the quoted sentiment of a princess of the sleeping past and the anguish of a girl of the desolate present, "Till pin Gow Yut's throat against a wall with one knife and cut his heart out with another!" Liu Chin promised the Sentinel of Despair on duty at that midnight hour.

On the day following, at his work in Lee Dok's apothecary shop, Liu Chin attempted to mask his mood with the thin fabric of aimless industry.

In the late afternoon, "Enjoy repose," Lee Dok advised the young man. "The hour is empty. I seek your aid in filling it with knowledge. Tell me more of these aromatic drugs that the doctors of this land employ as weapons in their conflict with the demons of pain that reside in the bodies of men. The Old Books tell of eight thousand cures discovered by learned doctors of the Central Glory. In western practice, for ailing hearts do the doctors of this land employ pomegranate and saffron, or do they favor jasmine and peaches of gold?"

"None of these, my master," Liu Chin answered. "For an injured heart, too often there is no cure."

"Your words are pearls whose utter beauty has but half the excellence of their inner substance." He said abruptly, "Why is there no cure for an injured heart?" Lee Dok looked directly at Liu Chin. "Why do you say there is no cure for your injured heart?" he asked, more gently. "Tell me the source of your heart's distress."

After a while, to the elder man, Liu Chin told the story of his love for Sui Sung.

When the young man had finished, "Where men suffer, there is hell," Lee Dok reflected. Aloud, "Shan yu pao—to virtue there is great recompense. I know this pork butcher. The face of a man, the heart of a beast! Go now to thy rest. Let thy mind dwell upon the fact that calamity may change into a blessing. Think of sweet after bitter. Presently you may regain the lost harmony."

"Tranquil assurance seemed to come to Liu Chin with these words, and in a little while, for the first time in long, troubled hours, peace encompassed him, and he slept.

Through the days following, owing to an epidemic of festivals that brought with them a train of digestive disorders, the shop of Lee Dok was thronged with customers. A conflict between bicarbonate of soda and preserved ginger resulted in victory for the latter.

"Old men, old ways," Lee Dok remarked to Liu Chin. "The elders of the colony seem to be reluctant to follow your advice in matters involving their stomachs. What is that pleasantly aromatic liquid that you sold to the barber of Ross Alley for his injured thumb?"

"It was a solution of carbolic acid. More properly it is known as phenol."

"Manufactured from those beautiful crystals that look like bath salts—the crystals in the jar labeled 'Precious Tranquility'?"

"The same."

"And its virtue?"

"Destruction of invading bacteria—unseen life that develops in the human body."

"All life is unseen," Lee Dok observed. "How do you know that phenol accomplishes the death of malignant invaders?"

"Modern doctors have learned its properties by long experiment. They know, for instance, that in solution phenol can bring death to any living tissues. If the solution be strong enough, death will strike inward from the surface of a man's body. His flesh melts."

"Do you mean to say that you gave the barber of Ross Alley a cure instead of a cure?"

Liu Chin frowned. "Too much of many a cure is poison. It is hard to explain. Those crystals in the Precious Tranquility jar are pure phenol. The odor of the drug can be disguised with a hundred different perfumes but its lethal properties remain. Yet in a mild solution its results are benevolent."

"And you believe that your modern medicines are superior to the cures the Chinese? Some of their drugs have been employed for twenty centuries."

"There is a virtue in both systems," Liu Chin admitted. "Faith is quite often an important element in the cure, no matter what the drugs may be."

Lee Dok stared at the young man for a moment. "You are twenty years old," he said. "I am eighty, and yet your words are freighted with wisdom and—A visitor interrupted Lee Dok's words. The visitor was an old man who required half an ounce of shredded tiger heart and a pinch of the parings from a deerhorn in the velvet to restore his courage and his strength. When these blessings had been exchanged for two silver dollars and ten phrases of gossip, returning to his chair near Liu Chin, "Is there truth in that old man's words?" Lee Dok asked.

"I did not overhear them," Liu Chin answered.

"The old one said that the first day of the next moon would mark a marriage festival to which the pork butcher, Gow Yut, is inviting all his friends."

Through the moment following, the immobile face of Liu Chin was suffused by the blood of anguish that pulsed from his tortured heart. "Gow Yut is to be married to Sui Sung on the third day of the next moon," he said finally.

In quick comprehension of his companion's distress, "I have gone too far with this," Lee Dok reflected. "My methods are fraught with needless cruelty."

Late that night in the rooms of the Care Abandoned Club, Lee Dok encountered Gow Yut. The pork butcher was seeking diversions afforded by a profitable game of dominoes. For a while Lee Dok sat quietly in conversation with a group

of his fellow countrymen, and then, when dominoes no longer engaged Gow Yut, the Apothecary invited the pork butcher to have a cup of wine.

With the brown wine words came to Lee Dok's lips. "May I presume at this early hour to wish you good luck, long life and seven sons as the Three Flower Blooming of your approaching marriage?" Lee Dok asked, lifting his cup.

"I am overwhelmed by an honor of which I am quite unworthy," Gow Yut grunted. Thereafter, for an hour, Lee Dok wore a mask of hypocrisy so cleverly that when he bade Gow Yut good night the pork butcher swore seven times to the assembly in the Care Abandoned Club that never before had he known all the virtues to be combined in the person of one man. "A genial treasury of wisdom, that Apothecary," Gow Yut affirmed. "Simple, kindly, excellent, learned, just, thoughtful, and versed in the ninety-nine rules of Right Conduct. Needing advice in some small matters of etiquette attending problems of conduct that I shall presently have to solve, can you wonder that I value his words as I value rubies?"

"Is there equity in trading a pork butcher's woes for rubies of wisdom?"

"He is a great man," Gow Yut returned. "Your words are inspired by envy."

"Cultivate him," another critic advised bluntly. "You will need him. Old man, young wife; two sides of trouble."

"Aye, you had better enlist the Apothecary's aid in preparing you for your marriage festival, Gow Yut. Silken robes will not serve to disguise thy corpulence."

On the birthnight of the next moon, which began his three-day marriage feast, silken robes as brilliant as the gift costumes that had been prepared for Sui Sung's bridal chest adorned the corpulent Gow Yut. At the first banquet three days before the wedding day a hundred guests were present. Prominent in this assemblage, seated near Gow Yut, was Lee Dok.

"Our fat host will enjoy ten thousand dollars' profit from the marriage gifts alone," a coldly mercenary guest whispered to Lee Dok during the ceremony of the Seventh Cup.

"And ten thousand times that much in winning the lady Sui Sung."

At this, with a deprecatory smile, "Who has clear perception?" Lee Dok's companion questioned.

"True enough. With marriage trouble begins," Lee Dok conceded.

"Gow Yut faces a double portion of distress. A silken string for a broken bow."

"Heaven discloses."

A toast interrupted the two guests. Drinking his wine, "Pleasant years," Lee Dok said in cadence with the chorus about him. Then, resuming his conversation with his neighbor, "Gow Yut has had five wives."

"A stone lion does not fear the rain."

"But the girl brings Gow Yut no wealth."

"In the course of time motives are disclosed."

Bowing a delayed farewell to his host at midnight, "Naught but the anticipated delights of returning to the Second Feast tomorrow night could exceed the pleasure I have enjoyed at this banquet. Tomorrow I trust that you will honor me by receiving an unworthy gift that I shall send you as a souvenir of this occasion."

An hour after midnight the messenger bearing Lee Dok's gift to Gow Yut knocked at the door of the pork butcher's house. "A gift for thy master," the messenger said, handing a teakwood box to the servant who answered his summons. "Present it with the compliments of Lee Dok."

The teakwood box was bound by a cord of yellow silk. When the knotted cord had been untied there was revealed a porcelain jar ten inches in diameter, on whose emerald surface had been fired bright vermilion characters reading "Precious Tranquility." When the tight-fitting lid had been removed from the jar, Gow Yut discovered that it was filled to the brim with brilliant crystals from which, filling the room, drifted a pleasurable mingling of odors where in musk and amber, myrrh and the fragrance of orange blossoms seemed to be combined.

Lying on the glittering crystals was a scarlet envelope which contained a note to Gow Yut that had been written by Lee Dok.

Ten thousand felicitations. May these perfumed crystals lend a pleasurable aroma to the waters of thy bath.

Gow Yut smiled, and then a more practical emotion effaced the smile. "The Apothecary is a man of taste. At this hour what could be more appropriate than a perfumed bath?"

For a moment thereafter the pork butcher's wide nostrils enjoyed the fragrance that scented the air. He handed the jar to a servant. "Prepare my bath tonight a full hour before the banquet, and let the heated waters be perfumed with this time-pledge of Lee Dok's friendship."

At evening, after a pleasant half hour in the aromatic waters of his bath, the pork butcher became conscious of a penetrating warmth that seemed to strike inward from his tingling skin. "Would that this rapture might last!" He realized that he had missed one of life's worth-while pleasures. He resolved to make elaborate and leisurely bathing one of the features of his daily program.

At the end of an hour in the heated waters, Gow Yut noted with some disappointment that the enjoyable numbness had given place to a slight over the surface of his body. When he had been clothed in silken garments and after an outer robe heavy with threaded gold had been draped

about his fat figure, he made his way to the banquet hall where his gossiping guests awaited him, eager to enjoy the Second Marriage Feast.

After the fifth cup of wine had been drunk and when the fifth course of the banquet had been served, Gow Yut lifted his right hand to free a jade bracelet that had slipped down until it impeded the easy and graceful use of the gold-mounted chopsticks that had been served with the fifth course. He realized suddenly that he had not felt the contact of the jade bracelet against his skin.

He picked up the ivory chopsticks and exhibited some clumsiness in adjusting them to his fat fingers. The skin of his finger tips was numb. He had difficulty in holding the chopsticks. He lifted his left hand to the silken collar of his robe to loosen it. He knew that his left hand touched a roll of fat that lay around his neck, but he did not feel the contact between his hand and the flesh at his throat.

He frowned at this discovery, and his little eyes twinkled in momentary terror. He interrupted the feast then with an incoherent phrase that ended in a whine of fear.

Without a word of explanation to his guests Gow Yut struggled to his feet and made an abrupt exit from the banquet hall. He was supported by Lee Dok and by the father of Sui Sung.

"There is no feeling where your hands touch me," Gow Yut complained to his two attendants.

At midnight some of the guests who lingered in the banquet hall over wine were informed that doctors had been summoned to the room wherein Gow Yut lay dying. After morning came, "Breath left my master before the dawn," a servant in Gow Yut's house announced. "Before he mounted to the Celestial Realms on the Dragon, his body bones as an image of sand might melt in a flooding river."

A paid water brought this news to Lee Dok. "Gow Yut has finished his voyage to the Gulf of Death," Lee Dok announced to Liu Chin. "He swims in hell. Now the middle path is clear for your marriage with the lady Sui Sung."

"Heaven disposes," Liu Chin whispered, still under the shadow of a dream that never could come true. Then, thinking of the lovely Sui Sung, "Sunrise after life's longest night."

Old Lee Dok smiled at young Liu Chin. "Who are we to question the will of heaven? Haha! To virtue there is a great recompense."—By Hugh Wiley, in The Cosmopolitan.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Lewis Russ, et ux, to Lorenzo G. Runk, tract in Phillipsburg, \$2,500.
Lorenzo G. Runk, et ux, to Charles R. Mallory, tract in Phillipsburg, \$1.
Charles R. Mallory to Lorenzo G. Runk, et ux, tract in Phillipsburg; \$1.
J. W. Henszey, et ux, to John H. Henszey, tract in State College; \$1.
S. S. Wolf, treasurer, to "A. O. Furst, tract in Curtin Twp.; \$70.37.
A. O. Furst, et ux, to George Furst, tract in Curtin Twp.; \$25.
Lutheran Cemetery Association to Elmer Crawford, tract in Pleasant Gap; \$5.00.

Claude C. Smull, et ux, to Lee A. Kidder, tract in Miles Twp.; \$215.
J. W. Womelsdorf to Cyrus S. Bower, tract in Haines Twp.; \$500.
Ellen E. Butler to Frank T. Butler, tract in Howard Borough; \$1.
Boyd A. Musser, Exec., to Andrew C. Jodon, tract in Walker Twp.; \$1,150.

Harry E. Ishler et ux, to Ellis B. Fownell, et ux, tract in Spring Twp.; \$800.

Farmers National Bank and Trust company to Jean Hosterman, et al, tract in State College; \$1.
A. S. Stover, Adm., to Miles Boob, tract in Haines Twp.; \$835.

Jacob E. Smith, et ux, to Elmer Smith, tract in Gregg Twp.; \$1.
Jacob E. Smith, et ux, to Elmer E. Smith, et ux, tract in Gregg Twp.; \$1.

Elmer Smith, et ux, to Jacob E. Smith, et ux, tract in Gregg Twp.; \$1.

Della B. Seeds et al, to Lloyd W. Lucas, tract in Milesburg; \$533.11
Edith B. Harvey, guardian, to W. Lucas, tract in Milesburg; \$41.

Miles Boob, et ux, to Helen M. Schaeffer, tract in Haines Twp.; \$1.
Helen M. Schaeffer to Miles Boob, et ux, tract in Haines Twp.; \$1.

B. F. Stover, et ux, to F. D. Stover, et ux, tract in Haines Twp.; \$50.
Harry W. Lonebarger, et al, to Evan J. Miller, tract in State College; \$10,800.

Evan J. Miller, et ux, to the Bell Telephone company, tract in State College; \$10,800.

LURE OF GOLD CALLS