

An Adventure in China

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A MAN stands outside the walls of the legation having just closed an interview with the American minister, and standing there he experiences a sense of relief at the accomplishment of his mission, at the same time being unable to resist a feeling of triumph. He feels that it is not given to many to outwit eastern diplomacy and oriental craft.

He has been chosen for this delicate and dangerous work chiefly on account of his familiarity with the topography of the country, having, in his college vacations, accompanied a friend who was engaged in civil engineering in China, while devoting his own researches to ancient manuscripts of eastern poetry.

Walking slowly and thoughtfully through the streets of the Imperial City, he recalls the anxious, wan faces of the legionnaires, who had waited with such patience for help in their more than dangerous situation, and now, just as they were beginning to lose hope, and all seemed dark, he felt exultant over the fact that he had been the means of casting a ray of light on their gloom.

His exultation, however, is destined to be short-lived. He suddenly feels himself caught from behind, a strong grip upon his throat, and, though he struggles valiantly, he soon finds resistance to be useless. He feels that death stares him in the face, but it developed later that his nationality preserved him from such danger.

It seemed that the authorities had become suspicious and desired to extort from him any knowledge that he might possess. They had no wish to kill him, as his disappearance might excite inquiry. They had not yet lost all sense of future danger.

They were averse to adopting any ordinary means of torture, as it might leave signs which would fortify his subsequent complaint and cry for vengeance.

Therefore, with oriental subtlety, they apply the sleep torture.

The sleep torture! Could mind of man conceive a more excruciating agony? The victim is suspended in a strong silken net swung from the ceiling by a slender cord of silk. It effectually confines its tenant.

He is excessively wretched, for he has inadequate room.

Attendants are in evidence whose duty it is to prevent sleep. They are not to permit a moment's unconsciousness.

For more than 48 hours the prisoner has not slept. Beginning at this time, one of the attendants who possessed psychic powers, thus describes his sensations:

The man is in pain. His limbs ache. He is oppressed with weariness. More than this a dreadful desire overcomes him. It is a longing for sleep. He cries out in his agony, but they do not answer. He wonders why this suffering has come upon him.

He grasps with his hands a mad and wild effort. Still there is no relief.

Now he passes out of this condition for a little while. He becomes aware of bodily suffering more keen than all he has endured.

It comes first just above the eyes. "What is that pain?" he asks. A knife of molten metal is thrust into his eyes. The pain breaks and is imbedded there. It spreads like quicksilver. His nerves shout and protest bitterly. The knife tries to regain its point. It thrusts its haft within the wound. The man feels such agony that his language supplies no words. He cannot live, he thinks, he wonders if within his grasp a hand has held him.

I cannot tell more for the man has no thoughts. The noiseless lips with which the brain would speak are closed, and on them all comes a seal, coated with blood, marked with unknown signs.

Now the man thinks again. Riding upon his side he sees faint specks. They are soft and black like those of soot. So soft they are that pain is not. Yet they bewilder and confuse. They increase to millions. From out the upper lid in trooping borders they pour, and falling down conceal the world. He thinks they come from luridness within his temples, whose fires had unconsciously this procession of gloom. He prays for change, and answering his prayer change comes quickly. Each speck takes upon it a brighter hue, and in a moment a mass of fire pervades them all. They burn with glowing flames and now the eyes are scorched and seamed with scars.

His thoughts change so that he forgets his visions. How he longs for sleep.

Fire burns up his blood. The room swings around him. No, it is he who reels and turns. He thinks that he stands upon one foot so that only the heel rests upon the floor. The other foot is lost, and some giant hand is twisting him awfully.

Now he flies faster and faster. He remembers as a child how this was once a play. Yet never did he spin as now. He reels and staggers. The walls of the room disappear. He is in space, rushing through the ether. He calls upon the name of strange gods. He cries that the chain of the bear is wound around him; that Orion's club is torn away; that worlds and constellations are swept with him.

The scenes before him are but as strings of gold and blue, flowing from his eyes as he turns.

His brain is more confused, for he dreams that he is the plaything of a child; a giant top. The sky-dwelling child has lost him, and through unknown realms he has spun away, in dizzy circles, never to be found again.

Now once more he feels the net about him, and he begs for sleep. A little sleep for the love of Heaven. He dreams that he has shot the albatross and is desolate on a wide, wide sea.

He forgets the wish for sleep. In yonder dark corner is a spy. He penetrates the man's thoughts and catches them in his hands like little birds. They will grow in time

and testify against him. He shrinks and tries to flee. The spy follows. They traverse vast deserts, and lonely seas, and always there is no hope of separation. The man turns in anger and seizes the spy, tearing him to fragments. Each fragment becomes a man.

A wall closes around them all, the man and the thousand spies. He rushes madly at his enemies, and all the great hands grasp him. He strives to give battle, and behold the walls and floors and ceiling are hungry mouths that would tear him.

He thinks to bury his secret, and, beneath his feet, crushed as he steps upon them, lie eyes as the sands of the sea.

Only a little sleep, he cries, and then dreams again.

The net is hung upon a star. It has a rope as long as hate, as strong as love.

The net swings, pulled by mighty forms. It rushes through unfathomed depths, down, down, forever; it is a million years for every change, and every change is thick with fear.

There is blackness everywhere, and he hears the sunlight go screaming past him, searching for worlds unknown.

The great visions have ceased.

A room lies before the man, dark within its center. Along its edge he sees a woman's form. She bears a child that cries for food. The man's eyes fix themselves upon her. He thinks he goes to meet her. Then he starts back with a cry. All around the woman and the child are pits set thick with points of steel. The child cries in terror for its lips are red with blood. It slips from his mother's hands, for they are slippery and red. He falls towards the steel swords, and the mother gives a great cry and would fain hold her little one. The man springs to her side. Together they seize the child, who has become as lead and who, crying for aid, still slips towards the cruel pit. The man cries in agony: "Oh, Mary, wife of my heart!" and behold she, too, has fallen upon the piercing points. The woman and child cry to him for help, and he stands groping wildly, for all the eyelids from all the eyes he trod upon have closed upon his own.

He thinks he is torn away from those he loves, and as he falls through space their eyes follow him like black sunbeams, and stunt all the flowers of his soul.

He comes to strange lands and suddenly hangs suspended above the world.

He dreams that a giant power racks him so that across the entire firmament he lies stretched in agony. Amid the mighty sky masses of color who rule and govern the realms come to assist him.

Though his veins flow currents of blue, his arteries pulsate with torrents that seem drawn from the wells of the sky. The golden summer noon and he are one, and through his skin the drops of molten sunlight drip.

Then the color changes to green. He feels the trees springing to life amid his tortured frame, the lank grasses are growing from his eyes; a tangle of rushes is around his heart, and the agony of awakening leaves and flowers is rising within his blood.

Now blackness creeps upon him. It edges its slow way seeking for entrance, and it slips beneath his nails; it mounts and writhes within him.

Oh the horror of it! The load he carries within his veins would blot out a thousand suns. It lies soft and heavy upon his lips, and the angels who see him turn from this blackened soul of night.

He would cry aloud, but he is soaked in darkness, if his lips open he would die, the world is gone, he must lie there forever where the black rain buries him ever deeper in the bottomless pit of night.

Oh listen how the drops fall upon him, dreadful, desolate, mending.

The man's brain is darkened, and I can tell no more.

SPENCER ROYD

AN EYEWITNESS.

How the Blind Man Proved It to the Satisfaction of the Lawyers.

A young lawyer whose recent acquisition shingle hangs in G street went down into Virginia within the month to attend a trial in his native county, says the Washington Post. It was essential to prove that bitter enmity had existed between defendant and plaintiff—if plaintiff is the proper term to apply to the gentleman who had had a generous handful of bird shot distributed into his person.

A witness, who was quite blind, testified in detail as to the quarrel between the two.

"Then Lew grabbed up a chair and broke it over Jim's head," he said.

"How do you know that?" asked the lawyer who was conducting the cross-examination.

"I was an eye-witness to it," remarked the blind man.

"An eye-witness?" repeated the lawyer, doubtfully.

"Yes," said the blind man, "I was. A piece of the leg hit me in the right eye. I certainly was an eye-witness."

A Perfect Treasure.

Tom—I have seen the girl I want to marry. I stood behind her at the window this morning and it took her seven minutes to buy a five-cent elevated railroad ticket.

Kitty—Did that make you want to marry her?

"Yes, I figured she could never spend my income at that rate."—Town and Country.

The Thirteenth.

"How many girls did you make love to before you met me?" demanded his better half, at the close of a long tirade.

"Twelve," groaned her husband.

"But I never counted them until it was too late."—London Times.

WOMAN'S HOSPITAL.

Manila Institution for Which Greatest Need Existed.

Offers as Good Treatment as Can Be Obtained Anywhere in the World and is Run Entirely by Women.

The Woman's hospital at Manila, Philippine islands, is now open and ready for the reception of patients. It is in charge of the superintendent, Miss Mary MacDonald, a graduate of Bellevue hospital, New York, who had a wide experience in military hospitals during the Spanish-American war, and since has seen conspicuous service in Manila.

The opening of this new hospital marks an epoch in the Americanizing of the city. The necessity of such an institution in Manila, where those not entitled to treatment in military hospitals, especially women, had no refuge, has been great. In the past a sick teamster or fever stricken clerk in the civil government had no place to go for medical treatment and care. The military hospitals can accept none but military cases and those of grave emergency, and when the small army of government civil help—no small factor in Manila's population—is considered, the urgency is evident.

The founding of the hospital was made possible through the generosity of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who expressed her willingness to donate \$5,000 to the founding of such an institution. A board of trustees was immediately named, consisting of prominent Manila officials and business men, and the work put into immediate operation.

Should the military government decide to vacate the building now in use as the second reserve hospital, it would be taken as a permanent abode by the new Woman's hospital, as it would meet every requirement. A most desirable place, however, has been selected for temporary needs—a 20-room house in a delightful locality, completely retired and yet easily accessible. The buildings, which have

been reconstructed, repainted and completely rehabilitated, are located in beautiful and extensive grounds, which run entirely through to the river Pasig.

The present service is limited to 15 beds. Should emergency demand, increased accommodations could readily be obtained. The furnishing of the rooms and all the accessories are of the latest, most approved pattern.

The operating room is modern in every respect, and was equipped through the generosity of Col. Greenleaf, surgeon general to the American army in the Philippines. Every device known to the best and most skillful practice of modern days is there. The dining-room, kitchen, reception-room, dispensary, office and attaches' quarters are located on the first floor.

Miss MacDonald, the superintendent, who also conducts the training school for nurses, is assisted by the following staff of graduated assistants: Miss Mary A. Welsh, from Grand Rapids training school for nurses; Miss Edie H. Wolfe, Illinois training school; Miss Mary L. McCormick, Buffalo; Miss Louise M. Mount, Long Island college, New York, and Miss Mary G. Barker, Roosevelt hospital, New York.

Miss MacDonald has seen much military service in field hospitals. She received her first appointment through Surgeon General Sternberg to superintendent those of the Seventh army corps at Jacksonville, Fla., with a staff of 100 women nurses. About a year ago she received a call to go to Manila and has since been pursuing her profession as the head of a large staff of nurses at that point.

The hospital opened with all the detail which attends such a function in the states. Twelve of the leading physicians of Manila have been named as a consulting board, and about 40 of the ladies of the army, navy and civil commission and from private life will be requested to lend their aid and advice as patronesses.

Col. Greenleaf, Gen. MacArthur, Col. Miller, chief quartermaster, Col. Woodruff, chief commissary, and others connected with the military government have done everything in their power to further the interest of the Woman's hospital of Manila, as it is technically called, by the offering of temporary loans of supplies, etc., and the use of an ambulance when needed. The building is now a completely equipped, modern, scientific hospital, where cases can receive medical or surgical treatment as favorable circumstances as

in the world.

Dr. Miles' Nervine

and after giving it a few days she began to improve and finally fully recovered. She is now past five years of age and the very picture of health.

Sold by all Druggists.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

If the Cap Fits.

Grace Darlington—When I find men becoming a bore and a nuisance, I tell them that my father is a costermonger and keeps a fried fish barrow in the borough.

Jim Jabbers—Ha-ha-ha! very good; but if it is not a rude question, what is your father?

Grace Darlington—He is a costermonger and keeps a fried fish barrow in the borough.—Ally Sloper.

He Wouldn't Do.

For some time they had sat in silence, but it was a silence that means much. Everything seemed to indicate that they thoroughly understood each other, and he already was beginning to build air castles.

"Do you know," he said at last, "you are the only girl I ever loved?"

"That settles it," she said, with sudden coldness. "If there is anything that I particularly insist upon having in a husband it is absolute truthfulness. I never can be yours."

—Chicago Post.

Pity.

A sage looked past the bars one day Upon a fool and sighed.

And murmured, as he turned away: "Alas! if in his infancy The fool gazed at the sage as he Retired from the place, And said: 'I wouldn't care to be Alive if God had given me That poor old fellow's face.'" —Chicago Record-Herald.

The Wise Husband.

"John," she said, "do you think you can afford a new gown for me?" He looked at her sharply.

"Have you ordered it?" he asked. "Yes."

"Then," he said, with a sigh of resignation, "I can afford it."—Chicago Post.

The Eternal Woman.

"I know that justice is blind," mused the fair defendant, adding the finishing touches to her toilet, which consisted of a Paris gown, a picture hat and other beautifiers—"I know that justice is blind, but, thank goodness, the judge is not."—Baltimore American.

The Unforgivable Sin.

Batty—Well, that young Spooner has done for himself this time.

Ball—Ah! he promised to marry some girl, didn't he, and then threw her over?

Batty—Oh! much worse than that; he was guilty of putting his promise in writing.—Ally Sloper.

Conjugal Repartee.

Mrs. Crimonsbeak—You have a sponge on your desk to moisten your postage stamps; I don't see how you can go to all that bother.

Mr. Crimonsbeak—I know, my dear, that you would rather use your tongue at every possible opportunity.—Youkers Statesman.

A Hero Indeed.

She—I shall marry no man who is not a hero.

He—Say that you'll be mine and I'll prove that I am one.

She—Oh, Adolphus, how?

He—I'll go right in and "ask papa." —Philadelphia Bulletin.



A Miraculous Feat.

"It seemed that nothing short of a miracle could save my little daughter from an untimely death," says City Marshall A. H. Malcolm, of Cherokee, Kan. "When two years old she was taken with stomach and bowel trouble and despite the efforts of the best physicians we could procure, she grew gradually worse and was pronounced incurable. A friend advised

Dr. Miles' Nervine

and after giving it a few days she began to improve and finally fully recovered. She is now past five years of age and the very picture of health.

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Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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