

Yellow Men Sleep

By JEREMY LANE

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CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

Later March said, out of his somber thinking: "I cannot believe that my Elthna is gone."

Levington could make no reply. It seemed that March remembered his bride as she was eighteen years ago. Time had not, until now, touched that sacred portion of his life.

"And they have taken my little child, touched her eyes with the drug, until she is no longer mine but theirs. She refuses to go to America, my own daughter. She has been made to forget her mother."

Con was overwhelmed. He stretched out his hand and found March's arm. It was trembling.

"We're not done for," said Levington.

March seemed not to hear. "Helen does not love me, scarcely cares to make my acquaintance, never wished to see me. Perhaps that is my punishment for thinking of her always as an infant, with a glorious mother. And Elthna has been dead for years."

Levington was alarmed concerning his friend, who was slipping deeper into despondency. He forgot his work for the United States government, his long labors in the name of humanity, and all his thought centered upon his personal disaster. He was close to a tragic unbalance. Levington said quickly:

"But Helen says her mother is not really dead. You have yourself told me that this life is but the camp of one night in a long journey, that the better air of the hills is just beyond."

Slowly March smiled, and sadly. "The camp of one night. Yes, a long, dark night."

"We have work to do, now," urged the younger man. "Work that may bring our dawn."

It was useless to try to cheer the bereaved man, who merely replied: "They are causing little Helen to forget all her mother gave to her; they are giving her to that yellow man doll."

"Not!" cried Levington. "Not yet."

Andrew March laughed at him, bitterly.

In some subtle, potent manner, the Gobi was too much for white men. They could not remain the same. March was slipping down hill. Levington was not his former self, easy-going and slow to kindle, a dreamer. He had grown tense of nerve, keyed up strangely high, with a whole new set of passions in his breast. He was expanded, set free, despite the pitchy caverns.

He arose now and moved away from his comrade, elbowed through the shifting crowds, a Goliath by contrast. They made way for him. The



"They Are Coming for You at Sunrise," She Said. "They Will Kill You."

Arab called something he did not catch. He had a desire for a breath of upper air, and was going toward the base of the shaft.

It was dark at the top, still night, the blot of a sentinel there. Con went up by the aid of the long vine, which had been worn smooth by the pulling of many hands, day after day. The hunched one who watched at the top made way for him, but did not offer a hand. The stars were fading by the nearness of new day. Leaving behind him all the smoldering life below—the warped, sapped, wasted hundreds, with the mentalities of children—Levington left the mouth of the shaft and strode up the rise. He drank the cool air of the open.

To the east a low band of dusty yellow, above and around the pale smooth smoke of waning night. Only the larger stars remained aloft, white and friendly points, familiar, seeming

closer than America. Westward the city, its palace like something built in a mighty yesterday by giants, and left behind for men—dark now, but plainly outlined. From the crest Levington viewed the shadowy secrets of the Sha Mo, and presently his eyes stopped on a point in the road, at the head of the ravine. He stared through the twilight, and saw a motionless horseman there.

He must know. Taking his former path, down the further side of the ridge and around to the cut, he hastened in the loneliness of that gray dawn. Creeping near he could not mistake the large, limp hat, the distinctive fling of the cloak, the pony. He stood up and ran toward Helen.

"What is it?" he asked.

"They are coming for you at sunrise," she said. "They will kill you."

"We are ready to receive them," he said. "The miners are not at work, and are not sleeping. They are waiting, armed. The plan is to fall upon the soldiers if they come into the mines."

"You have caused this?"

"Yes," he answered.

"For what reason?"

"Freedom, for your father and myself; for the four workers who were taken yesterday; for the whole underground city of miners; and for you."

"For me? I do not ask it."

"You want to be queen?"

"Yes." And she implied that nothing could be so natural. She was surprised at the question.

"You can be a queen in America," he said, with his soul limping. "And who will remain here for your rule, when we have done with your army?"

She did not know whether to smile, or be terribly displeased. He dared not be serious, lest his heart break. In the gray of the morning she was as lovely as a great moth in an enchanted garden.

"You would not be interested in ruling here," said her lover, "if you really belonged here. It is your white blood that gives you this strength. All Asia is only a stage-setting for you. Let me fight today for you, let me lead in your name. Is it so much to be queen of a solitary city where strangers never come?"

"Never?" she repeated.

After a pause, he asked: "What brought you out so early this morning?"

"Yesterday you were displeased because I rode in the full sunlight," she parried him.

He saw at once that he could not expect to be given any true reason for her presence here now, unless—

"I am thankful I did not miss you," he said.

"The dawn colors are full of wonder," she replied, evading again.

"That is true."

"Are you afraid to die?" she asked point-blank.

"Yes, I'm not going to. I want to live. Yesterday I told you why, but you were asleep."

"I could not respond," said the princess, glancing away at the dark horizon, "but I heard distinctly—your words."

Levington's cheeks burned suddenly at the revelation. She continued to look away from him.

"I meant my words, all of them," he said steadily.

Still she did not turn back to him, and he asked, "Why do you allow them to give you the drug?"

"I am not so lonely when I dream."

"It places you more securely in the hands of Chee Ming, and he is no man's friend."

"He has been my father, always," she said.

"This sleep of yellow men is not life—not rulership—for you."

"Would you give me unhappiness again?"

Again he felt the tremendous doubt, that she might be laughing at him from behind her earnest, lovely eyes. She looked full in his face for her answer.

"I will not go away without you," said Levington.

"You may not go at all," said Helen. "That is why I came here. It was troublesome to arrange. But I wanted—to tell you."

"What?"

"If my soldiers kill you, it is—because I hate you."

"Thanks," murmured Levington. "I could have died for less."

"Come with my father, the way you came yesterday, and I will do what I can."

"You humble me with so much honor," said the one who stood below her, "but I expect to be very busy with the miners."

The copper light touched her face. The pony blinked at the east, and far away Con saw the purple mantle slip from the city, a line of faint gold upon the loftiest tiles of the palace. Sweetly across the empty world came the voice of the hour-gong from the city. The last stars were melting into a pallid sky that was shot across with crimson, violet, and russet gold. Levington's heart was full, but all he longed to say he had told her yesterday. That intimacy was renewed by the thought that she had heard and remembered everything he had said.

He blushed. Something came to him of her struggle—a fantastic kingdom almost within her grasp, a throne from which every whim was law, a city of weird power and much gold, her own for the taking; and only one young white man, almost a stranger, to draw her away from it all. She had been born to love, yet all her training was toward power and quencraft. And there was Koreah.

"Helen!" he said softly.

"Speak."

He could not. The wave on which he had ridden had passed. The old silence was upon him, the wordless intensity in the presence of beauty, timidity before the woman who could set him free if she would.

A quick sparkle crossed the dead wilderness to the east. Twilight fled away, and the world whitened. Still the princess did not move. She too was silent. Then from the distant gate a horseman stood forth. Levington waited.

"Go," she said.

"There is only one coming."

"It is the prince, Yekutol."

"Will he lead your soldiers?"

"He will never lead anything," Helen's voice had become suddenly filled with weariness. Levington roused again to the joy of making her unhappy. "I shall ride away," she threatened.

"Please wait. Let him come."

"For what reason?"

"I won't hurt him," said Con.

"You have no weapon," said the princess.

"He may have enough for both of us."

"I see no others upon the road. They are very sure. They do not haste. It is early."

Yekutol came on, doubtless having learned of the absence from the city of his bride-elect. Levington waited beside the large stone, hidden from the prince. A world of meaning came to him from the fact that Helen remained. She was not unwilling to decoy her prince. Levington himself was acting more upon intuition than by any reason or plan.

"What would you?" she inquired.

"I won't hurt him," he repeated. "I don't know."

In her calm way, she was looking straight at Levington, and he had regained enough of yesterday to return her gaze. His eyes were robbing, now boldly taking the slender curves that lay beneath the gray cloak. Another wave was coming, that would carry him—

The prince, as he rode along to the head of the ravine, was a mere pale shoot of royalty with the sun dazzling his eyes. He was long-boned, languid, his slanty eyes peering from beneath a white satin turban, ringed with pearls. The pommel hung limp from his lance. He was brave with knives. His loose-sleeved arms were lax, evidently weary with holding out the lance. He made no bow of greeting to his intended lady, giving her but a word of Oriental speech. Helen scarcely noticed him, but continued to study the sunrise. Levington arose from concealment and took the jeweled bridle.

The fright of Prince Yekutol was painful. He poured a rapid series of syllables upon the white man, who grinned at him and took down the lance. Then the waxen face, shining in the new sun, was obscured by a pair of upraised hands. Yekutol dared not face what had befallen him. He forgot the princess. Soft moans came from behind the flowered sleeve. Levington lifted him down from the saddle, a relaxed form. The prince had fainted.

Con led the diademed mount down the ravine to the valley floor beyond and started the animal away to the south. He shouted and hurled a stone. In a panic, Yekutol's horse ran, with one sparkling bit of color in one stirrup, dangling. Still Helen had not changed her position. The prince lay upon the sand.

Levington said to her: "This is the story to tell them, when you gallop back. Your father and I secured horses from a large party of white men who came in from the south. You saw them, a great number, all mounted. The wind is coming up, so it can cover the tracks they made. But they seized Yekutol and bore him away. Each moment the prince is being carried further and further away, to the south."

"You wish me to speak falsely?"

"Yes," replied Levington.

"It is no devising of my own."

"It is for your choice," he said simply.

Quietly Helen said, glancing down at the fallen one, "I will go and tell them."

CHAPTER XV.

The Tawny Rose Droops.

She touched silver spurs to her mount, and galloped to the city, bearing the false alarm. Levington regarded his perfumed prisoner. Yekutol had revived, but was playing dead, no doubt feeling each instant a hundred biting edges of steel upon his person, an agony of imagination. Con

picked him up and bore him along the slant of hill toward the deep shaft. Figured silks fluttered about his chin. One of the royal sandals was missing. The other, sparkling brightly, flapped on a long foot.

Levington was keenly alive to the press of time. He realized that the swift, delicate affairs of the moment, and all brutal consequences, were now in the lap of the gods.

Before Helen had reached the city gate, he had shoved the helpless Yekutol over the ridge and down to the big hole. The Mongolian's slim hands were convulsed with horror, and he shrieked like a mouse when he felt the emptiness below his legs. Con let go, and the shaft swallowed up the prince. He went down after him through the flying dirt.

Torches again in the heavy gloom of the pit-bottoms. His eyes grew accustomed to the depths. From all directions the strange little men came running. The babble of excitement fell into sudden hush when they saw the prisoner more closely. They pressed backward, murmuring. Levington felt a great need for March.

He found the Arab and still did not see his comrade.

"Where is my friend?"

The ex-seaman made inquiry round about. Then one timid hunchback with knotted queue came forward. He pinched Levington's sleeve and showed willingness to lead on.

Out of the confusion, high upon one of the ledges in the adjoining rock room, lay Andrew March. They had cushioned him upon a pallet of grass, and his sleep was deep. Con had difficulty in getting him to open his eyes. There was a lightning thread of suspi-



Yekutol Had Revived, but Was Playing Dead.

cion, and he held a torch down close to March's face. The story was plainly written. His eyelids were grayed over with koreah, and its deadly spice was in the air, cinnamon and leech. Con knelt closer, quite sure that his friend could hear and understand through the veil, if not reply. It was a black moment, a cold rising wave of failure.

"We have the prince down here, captive, alone. Helen is sending the warriors on a goose-chase. We must move upon the city while they are away."

March's mouth twitched, and with a great effort he mumbled, "Do not wait."

"But I need you. They trust you because you speak their language. Try to rouse yourself."

"Don't wait."

"We may not have time to come back this way."

"Go," gasped the sleeper. "I'm not worth it."

Levington left him there, sought out the Arab, and gave orders for a hammock to be borne by four men, to carry March along in the rear of the charge.

"We go into palace?" asked the Arab.

"Yes, as soon as the riders go forth to find their prince."

The sailor comprehended and rather brightened at the plan. It was better than falling upon the soldiers in the dark of the mines. He called to his men. The swiftness of the palanquin was taken in for March. In that final minute in the caverns, Con had a word with him.

"It's all right," said the younger man.

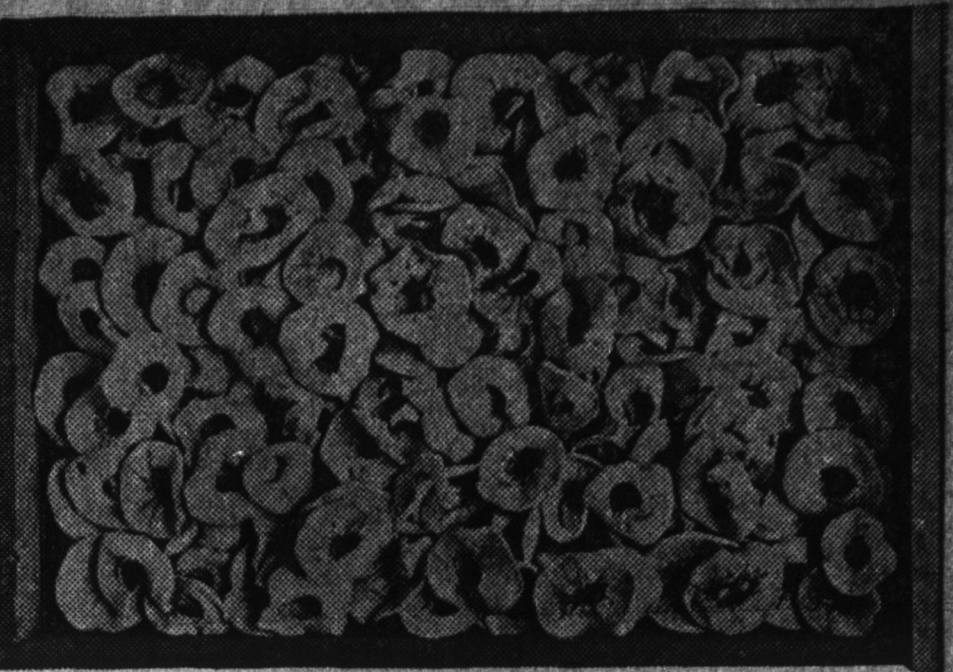
March's eyelids remained calmly closed, but his voice came in a dry rustle.

"Some men grow brave in their sorrow, but I was not one of them. I waited so long—you understand, boy. If you get away, make the report. Show them how to find Tau Kuan, to scotch this curse of the world, if possible."

Levington gave assurance, then ran after the Arabian, who had taken a position near the base of the shaft. Here Yekutol still lay upon his back, although no bond held him. No one dared go near him. The twisted men retained their superstitious concern for royalty. Now in great numbers they huddled about, gesturing, lifting odd weapons, like a nestful of maimed spiders.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOMEMADE FOOD DRIERS CHEAPEST



Sliced Apples Drying on Home-Made Tray.

The purchase of expensive factory-made driers for fruits and vegetables often calls for an expenditure of several times the amount necessary to secure a good drier of either the home-made or factory-made type, according to the United States department of agriculture, which has made a study of the best types of driers for home use.

Expensive Drier.

The department has had its attention called to one drier now on the market selling at a price about five times what it would cost to construct a satisfactory substitute at home. While the interest which gardeners are everywhere manifesting in increased food production should result in increased use of driers, the department believes that a large money expenditure for such equipment ordinarily is not necessary.

Information on Driers.

For the benefit of those who prefer to make their own driers the department has published for free distribution pamphlets containing detailed information on the subject. One of the driers recommended is metal covered and is designed to stand on a cook-stove or small furnace. A less expensive cookstove drier, also recommended, is made of lath, wire screen and canvas or heavy unbleached muslin. With either of these articles much of the garden's surplus can be conserved



Drying Sliced Beets—Tray Is Part of a Home-Made Outfit.

for winter use, thus materially reducing the food bills of the coming months.

CORRECT RATIOS TO GIVE GROWING CHILD

Mixed Diet of Animal and Vegetable Foods Best.

Body Can Most Readily Obtain Materials Needed for Growth and Repair of Waste—Manner of Preparation is Important.

(By United States Public Health Service.)

It is a mistake not to give the growing child a ration of milk with each meal of the day. And along with this there should be, in proper proportion, these articles of food that go to make up what may be called a well-chosen diet.

Experience has taught us that human beings thrive best on what is commonly called a mixed diet of animal and vegetable foods. It is from a diet of this kind that the body can most readily obtain the materials it needs for growth and repair of waste.

The common foods which contain the necessary food elements are as follows:

Fruits and Vegetables.—These include apples, berries, bananas, oranges, etc., spinach, turnips, tomatoes, melons, cabbage, green beans, peas, green corn and many others. These supply the minerals needed for building the body and for keeping it in good working condition; they also supply needed acids which prevent constipation and serve other useful purposes.

Meats and Meat Substitutes.—These are the foods rich in protein. They include moderately fat meats, milk, poultry, fish, eggs, dried beans or peas and some of the nuts. They provide body-building material.

Cereals.—These are rich in the starches or fat-producing material and some of them come near to being complete foods. However, it would not be either wise or safe to live exclusively on wheat, rice, barley, oats and corn all the time. Potatoes and sweet potatoes are also in this class.

Foods Rich in Fats.—Among these are bacon, salt pork, butter, oil, suet, lard, cream, etc. They are important sources of body building. In addition, when used in moderate portions, they add both richness and flavor to dishes that without them would not taste well.

The important thing in planning a diet, however, is the provision of variety both in selection of foods served and in the manner of their preparation. Potatoes, for example, are an excellent food and universally eaten and enjoyed because they may be served in so many ways. If rice is on your bill of fare with meat, fruit, either fresh or cooked or canned, potatoes should be omitted, for the supply of starchy food is furnished by the rice.

Making Cake Foundations.

In making cake foundations where coffee is used in place of milk, it should be remembered that as coffee does not have the thickening properties of milk, a tablespoonful less to a cupful should be used than if one were using milk.

LESS SUGAR IN MAKING JAM

Saving of One-Fifth to One-Quarter Can Be Made According to Kitchen Experts.

One-fifth to one-quarter less sugar can be used in making jelly and jams, experiments made by household experts in the United States department of agriculture experimental kitchen indicate.

Another sugar-saving wrinkle tested by the experiment kitchen is to add one-quarter teaspoonful of salt to each cupful of fruit juice for jelly or pulp for jam, marmalade and conserve. In the case of nonacid fruit this makes the absence of the full amount of sugar less noticeable. The salty taste will disappear after the product has stood for a few weeks, but the flavor will be much the richer for the addition of the salt. Salt was so used in England during the war, and the method suggested was based on reports of the process.

With fruits of pronounced flavor, or where lemon and orange peel or spices are used for flavoring those with mild flavor, various sirups take the place of part of the granulated sugar. Usually half and half is the proportion used in substitution.

PREVENTION OF "FLAT SOUR"

Disagreeable Taste and Odor Can Be Avoided if Canner Uses Fresh Vegetables.

Canned corn, peas, beans and asparagus may show no signs of spoilage to the eye, and still when opened may have a sour taste and a disagreeable odor. This trouble is known to the canner as "flat sour," and can be avoided, United States department of agriculture canning specialists say, if the canner will use vegetables that have been gathered not more than five or six hours, blanch, cold-dip, pack one jar at a time, and place each jar in the canner as it is packed. The first jar in will not be affected by the extra cooking. When the steam-pressure canner is used, the jars or cans may be placed in the retort and the cover placed in position but not clamped down until the retort is filled. Rapid cooling prevents overcooking, clarifies the liquid, and preserves the shape and texture.



Corn beef should be started to boil in cold water.

A four-pound fish should make six or seven portions.

Keep a good supply of thick hold ers handy when cooking.

Scrambled eggs served with asparagus make an excellent dish.

Scatter a few whole cloves around where ants are and they will disappear.