

# Yellow Men Sleep

By JEREMY LANE

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## "YOU ARE CONDEMNED."

Synopsis.—Correllia Livingston, well-born, an orphan, comes to Farmington through the devious ways of the underworld. He is saved for a better life by Andrew March. The strange adventures of "Yellow Men Sleep" begin when Con takes by force a small theater sack from Chee Ming, the Chinese cook of an acquaintance. This sack contains a Chinese map of the Gobi desert which is precious beyond price to Andrew March. Eighteen years before, March was a Chinese orphan, taken March and wife and infant daughter from him. Now he sends Con to search of them in the Gobi. Con finds Chee Ming a fellow passenger. Con is shot by a Peking bandit, and while he is in the hospital, the thief who stole the sack from him is seen in the sack. Con is taken to the same destination. Con keeps faith with Andrew March and starts on his mission westward with a caravan. After weeks of difficult travel, he reaches the little settlement of Shin-yung and reads instructions from Andrew March to the effect that Con has been made a federal agent to search for Chee Ming, who has brought quantities of kowsh, a deadly drug, to San Francisco. At Shin-yung Con is unexpectedly joined by March. The two Americans press forward into the desert. Armed horsemen surround them, rob them of everything and leave them to die in the desert. March has a hand tattooed on the sole of his foot. They press on, suffering from lack of food and water. They are taken as prisoners in command of a sentinel in gray. They are taken as prisoners in the middle city of Tai Kuan, of which Chee Ming is warden. The sentinel in gray turns out to be the Princess Helen.

What would you have done—condemned to die, face to face with the incredible?

## CHAPTER VII—Continued.

After the five riders had advanced, saluted before the prince, and, following him, Chee Ming had concluded the evidence, the prince moved. His robe twinkled with spangles as he unfolded his long person and descended to the level of his courtiers. Chee Ming bent down to the rug as this young royalty brushed past. The prince wore no gloves. He looked a moment at the white prisoners, close up, much as a white guard would stare at a Chinese. He gave no heed to the assembly. The royal litter came gliding up, carried by six slaves. In this the prince reined his length. Swiftly he was borne away, his eyes fixed on the moving line of shadows. His highness had uttered not a word.

A dull confusion of voices closed in around March and Livingston.

"What was our friend saying?" asked March.

"Blood mixing," began March, hurriedly; but they were pulled before he could explain his meaning. March was taken away, and Con's sword moved in a flash, and he was very busy and dull. An order was given, and Livingston was led away, returning by the way he had come.

In his apartment, after sunset, he tried to think by his way out, but failed at once. Instead, a form of trial had been given them. Every physical comfort was bestowed. Courtesy was shown. But the prisoners had no right to refuse. When he had refused to eat, a tray of baked vegetables was awaiting him, with a pot of tea, a brazier, and a silver of gold grapes. Yet he could not forget the violence of their reception at the gate, and Livingston was led away, returning by the way he had come.

He seemed to recall that the princess had wearily of their presence before the throne, and had taken leave with the conclusion of their trial. Their death had previously been delayed by her order.

Plainly, Chee Ming had his own will in matters brought before the prince. Who, and where, was the monarch for the central chair that had been vacant? Livingston sat at the low stone table on the roof, to finish his dinner, and try to study out a means of escape. He felt that their federal mission was doomed to remain unperformed. He looked out into the misty lowlands, where the lifting vapors were colored by an afterglow of sunset into drifting peacock plumes, strands of lilac and violet and gold. The flocks had disappeared. A weighty silence pressed down over the valley—a twilight of apprehension.

He started. A curious object dropped at his feet. It was the long-tailed monkey with the white face. Inquisitive, the creature had come to examine the new arrival, but its eyes were fixed on the gleam of the fruit. "Well, little friend, it is all right!"

The small beast stopped launching, to think out a civil reply. Reflectively, he dug out the seed of the plum. He started. A curious object dropped at his feet. It was the long-tailed monkey with the white face. Inquisitive, the creature had come to examine the new arrival, but its eyes were fixed on the gleam of the fruit. "Well, little friend, it is all right!"

contained a tuberous vegetable new to the prisoner. The monkey was disappointed. Then he looked up sharply, shrieked and sprang across the space to the top of the wall. He gave one backward glance, whispered, and was gone over the edge of the wall. Livingston also turned to look, and saw Chee Ming.

"You are condemned," said the Chinese.

"I guessed it. But why?"

"You have come to Tai Kuan, emperor of the Yellow Sun."

"It's a good place," said Con.

"It is all races of mankind,"

continued Chee Ming. "Here every blood is blended in one true nation."

Man, in time before time, divided himself into two groups, divided himself

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ing his hand. He raised her, wishing that the Tower of Babel had not resulted in such a marvellous difference between English and Chinese speech. Yet if she had known his language, his task would have been no easier. Con meant to disrespect, he almost felt inferior to her, but simply he did not

The Arab girl went into his apartment to await him. The best he could do was to remain on the roof, sitting beside the stone bench. He considered the only thing to do.

The stars appeared, and the faint red and yellow glow was dimmed from the west. Somewhere beyond the rim of the valley, a wolf howled, his cry

cutting in very faintly. Having no further use for his slave, who was also a spy upon him, Con sent his way

away for the night. The coolness of the fountain rose up about the

stars, and in the infinite darkness, the white man on the roof was lonely.

He wanted to talk to March. The Arab girl incident was depressing.

And something about the far cry of the wolf brought to him bitterly the fact of Tai Kuan's isolation. It was

to think of escape.

Con thought over his own life, and it seemed a blank. He had dreamed

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far from cheering to remember that Andrew March had lost his nerve. He looked at himself in the clear shield, and did not recognize the hard brown face reflected. The sun that had darkened his skin had bleached his soul. The garb of a Tartar transformed more than mere appearance—formed more than mere appearance—formed more than mere appearance—

wrapped from hip to knee in white. He removed the sunbaked turban, and

clashed again, to see if any semblance remained of himself. He saw in his

eyes the reflection of one who knows death to be near.

Impatience seized him, and he crossed the roof to the stairway. No one prevented his going down. To the

left, a walled garden, the singing of a bird, and a dull rhythmic sound like pum-pum. He went to the

open gate. The garden, close walled, was roofed with vines, which

traced the bird's path. A bronze statue, nearly naked, loomed against the

arch at the gate. A radiance, soft and

contingent, was reflected upward from the smooth flagging of the path.

The wall here did not immediately understand the persistent beating.

This garden was a green and fragrant

stiffness in which rested a fragrance with curls, petals, and

this, on the grass, stones, men were

knowing, five of them, old warriors

whose day was nearly done. A second

slave stood near, slumping a bone

drum. The guard at the gateway

and traced the white intruder, for his

chin was nothing with the drum. A

hidden light spilled noisily like

shattering crystal. The robes of the

five who knelt were variegated.

The palanquin was crowded with

purple and silver and pearls.

Within it, squeezed the cushions, was

a thick, soft bundle of a man. The

bird and the gentle drum had lulled

him. His cheeks were the pallid yellow

of lemons over-ripe, but his closed

eyes were overcast and gray. He was

fat and royal. The line of his

muscles was thick black, and long, and

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Her Wholesale Prayer. Lucile, who is five, does not like to say her prayers at night when she is

"Did you say your little prayer last night?" her mother asked her, one morning at breakfast.

"No," said the little girl. "I