

on the road. Finally they stopped on the edge of a pond, evidently to decide what to do with me next. Some were for tying my feet also and throwing me into the pond, others were for beating me to death, and still others were for just shooting me and being done with it quickly.

While they were arguing I saw one soldier close by who was looking directly at me. I called him over and called his attention anew to the fact that I was an American citizen. He spoke to the leaders who had been beating me and advised them to turn me loose. Evidently there were a good many in the mob who were of like mind, and for a minute it looked as though there might be a free fight to decide the question. Finally this fellow came and untied the rope from my wrists and told me to go. I did so and returned to the hospital without being troubled further.

There I had my wounds dressed and learned that as soon as the mob started to beat me the word spread very rapidly. All four of the city gates were closed, preventing any civilian from entering the city where were all the officials. At the beginning of the affair one of my assistants hearing that the soldiers had attacked me had tried to come out to the village to help me, but had been driven off by rifle shots. He and several others from the hospital compound had then tried to run to inform the army officials inside the city, but had been prevented by the armed sentries from entering the gates.

About fifteen minutes after I had reached the hospital a messenger from the commanding general came to me to find out for him the extent of my injuries. I dictated a short statement in Chinese, and signing it, sent it to him, asking verbally for a guard for that night for the hospital and for the mission residence. This the messenger promised I should have. By daylight the next morning when I left for Swatow I had had neither answer nor guard from General Ceng nor from any other official.

On examination I proved to have no broken bones, and no internal injuries, but after several days' rest I was still quite weak, presumably from loss of blood and nervous shock. After nearly three weeks I have almost entirely recovered from my injuries. We are resting in Shanghai in the Stafford's house, and expect to go shortly to Mokausan.

The Consul has said that for the present none of us shall return to Ungkung without first consulting him. I think he is quite right about that. Personally, I could not consent to having my wife and baby go back until there is a discontinuance of fighting in that vicinity. Since December we had lived right under the aim of the northern batteries mounted on the hills to the north and east, and when fighting was resumed on June first and second our house was used as cover by southern troops, and was hit by rifle bullets and was in the line of shrapnel fire. We got out only when the shelling started up anew in the night time, the shells flying and bursting all around the house. I returned after taking my family to a place of safety and stayed two weeks or so longer. I stayed because I had many wounded people in the hospital, both civilian and soldiers of both armies. Mr. Lewis came up and stayed with me several days and together we tried to get the army officials to control the looting and other barbarities. I stayed after he left because I still had the sick, and because the people of Ungkung begged me not to go away.

The morning that Mr. Lewis left I walked with him as far as across the river and on coming back by the same road saw a number of people already preparing to