

Now, suppose, we take a short trip bookselling, and return the same day. There are several large towns near Kia-ting that can be visited in this way, one at a time. There is the town of Nin Hwa Che, about eight miles from here, an important place chiefly on account of its salt wells. Although it is spoken of in Chinese as a village, it has a population of over thirty thousand people. Leaving home in the early morning, we go through the city and out at the south gate. Here we take the ferry boat and cross the river. Travelling through the country by its winding paths we reach the town by ten o'clock. Here I dismount and give my horse to my boy, who goes ahead to find an inn, while I load myself with books and start at once to business, it being understood that my boy will find me somewhere in the town after he has put up my horse and had his own breakfast. My method of procedure is very simple. I walk down the middle of the streets from one end of the place to the other, calling out, in clear tones, "Who wants to buy good books?" "Good paper, good ink and good doctrine." "I am selling books at one-fifth cost price." "This handsome sheet for only two cash (a cash is one-sixteenth of a cent)" "I have tracts at one, two, three, four and ten cash each." "Be quick and buy, for I'll not stay long, and will not be here to-morrow." Now, I have not said five sentences until the inevitable small boy makes his appearance upon the scene. Before I have gone the length of one street I have "a following" which almost blocks the street, and they will not grow weary of following in a hurry. Three or four hours is a small matter with them. These youngsters are ready to volunteer all sorts of information concerning me, my country, my home, my books, etc., to everyone they meet. "Elder Brother," say I, singling out a good-natured man in the crowd "don't you want to buy a good book at two cash?" "Yes," says my friend; and before I have got the money several more hands are stretched out for a copy at the same price. Some-

times ten or twenty books will be sold at one point, when, with an invitation to kindly give me room enough to walk on, I make another street. Perhaps some rude fellow makes himself unpleasant, when I remind him that I am the guest of the townspeople, and, of course, expect courteous treatment, quoting a proverb of their own bearing upon this. The fellow will almost certainly slink away, and I shall be told by twenty people at once not to mind him, as he is merely a country ignoramus. Now and again I am accosted by name and invited to sit down and rest for a while, and take a cup of tea. At every few steps I am under the necessity of urging my friends not to keep quite so close to me, and straightway everybody begins to exhort somebody not to be crowding on so, and then they come on as before.

Presently I spy a well-dressed man standing in his doorway, who affects total ignorance of our presence on the street. He stands there as if he were a genuine descendant of Confucius himself, and as if he were quite capable of making an improved edition of that sage's works. He makes quite an ideal Pharisee. He is "not as other men." He is bent on maintaining a proper dignity, and I am bent on selling books. So, with my best smile, I walk up to him with "Venerable sage, don't you want to buy a good book?" "This book (holding up one on Christian Evidences) is written by a scholar well known to the Emperor of your esteemed country. He has been invited by His Majesty to take charge of a school for western learning at the Northern Capital." Everybody listens while I talk away, and several ask to have a look at the book, and perhaps the "Sage" will relax sufficiently to smile and tell me his honorable name at my request. If he purchases a book I go my way, feeling that I have won a mild victory, for if these great ones purchase our books, no ordinary man need hesitate to do so.

The time flies rapidly when one is engaged in this sort of work. Presently I go to the inn and take a lunch, my re-