

April 5, Dr. Goddard sailed for America and left Ningpo, except for the Medical and Girls School, in our charge. Dr. Goddard had arranged all the mission matters so that I did not have much to do until autumn. One thing he did was to put a small amount of money into my hands which a man who had been in the Phillipines had brought to him 20 years ago, saying he wanted it where it would not dry up. He had drawn on it from time to time and while Dr. Goddard was gone he came and got the last.

Before Dr. Goddard left he asked us to go up to Da-Lan-san (Great Blue Mountains) to repair a house belonging to the mission used for summer rest. We went by boat to Nying-Kong-gyiao just at the entrance to the mountains and then by bamboo raft up the clear, shallow river as it winds through beautiful mountains. Finally we walked the last few miles after leaving the river through beautiful groves of bamboo. Some of the pillars of the two-story Chinese house had become rotten. On the place was a small grove of tall, straight trees; San-Moh-fir. It is the most durable of the conifers. We had two of these cut and replaced the rotten pillars. The Chinese cut the trees with a saw even with the ground. They do not waste wood by leaving a stump. We stayed two or three days while the work was being done and had a lovely vacation in the clear, bracing mountain air. The house was finally sold to Chinese as the mission decided they preferred to spend the summer vacation in a place where there were more missionaries. While here I conducted my first service in China, *six months from our arrival*

July 1, 1902. We started today for Moh-Kaen-saen for two months on the mountains, taking our Chinese teacher with us so as to continue our language study. We took a coasting steamer, the Chung-King, that rolls like an ocean ship on the overnight trip to Shanghai.

We left Shanghai in the morning on a houseboat with Mr. Ware and Miss Tonkin of the Christian Mission. After leaving the Whampoo river in the night we were all day in canals. We passed Chinese Lake dwellings that look like the prehistoric Lake dwellings of Switzerland perched on posts in the edge of the water. At Kashing we passed the three small pagodas side by side. Beside the canal we saw where a monk who had stolen from his monastery had been tied to a stone pillar and burned to death.

Near Teh-ching there was a bridge completely covered with vines then a bridge beside the city wall that had been abandoned leaving only the stone framework since the people used the city wall itself with great arches for the wide river to pass through.

Instead of following the river which went along inside of the wall we went right through the city by a canal.

July 4. Arrived in the night at San-gyiao-bu, the end of the canal. We got coolies to carry our baggage and sedan chairs for the ladies. It is ten miles across the plain and up the mountain. I walked the whole way; a pretty rapid pace through the plain keeping up with the chair-bearers. After reaching the foot of the mountain we went much slower and Edith walked now and then which pleased the chairmen. The mountains were beautiful as we went across the plain in the early morning and then up the winding road through the tall bamboo to the top. We are to live with the Sweets of Hangchow. The view from the top is marvelous. We got to the top about 11:00 a.m. They were having Fourth of July celebration but we were too tired to go.

Sunday, July 6, 1902. MOH-KAN-SAN. The most gorgeous sunshine I ever saw. To the east the clouds filled the plain like waves of the sea. The red and gold broken and torn and fading into yellow and discovering patches of deepest blue, made a picture that was indescribable. To the west the narrow valley was packed with clouds with the mountain peaks thrusting up like the islands in the Inland Sea.

There was a Chinese service in the morning and an English service at 4:30 at which Mr. Crawford of the Presbyterian mission preached from the text, "In all these things we are more than conquerors." A splendid sermon. There are more than a hundred missionaries here, English and American.

Monday, July 7. Clouds more like the sea than ever. We started reading "A Lily of France" and Arthur Smith's "China in Convulsion".

Many of the people here play tennis. Two of the best tennis players are Dr. Henry Hodgkin and his brother-in-law, Quaker missionaries from West China. They are English. Dr. Hodgkin is very tall and the other quite short. The latter plays against himself, jumping over the net. We prefer walking, exploring the various walks through the tall bamboo, down into the beautiful valleys and to the top of Tah-san, the highest point about 2000 feet high. There are a few bricks left here from an ancient pagoda that gave the name to the point Tah-san-pagoda mountain.

There is a spring in the midst of the settlement and a small stream flows from it down the mountain and in one place there is a pretty waterfall.

One day I took Carey Sweet, Joe and Ed Evans down to the foot of the mountain and then up the stream, including the waterfall.

We can see a long way over the plain, many, many miles with its canals, towns and villages without number, also the great lake not far from Huchow which means the Lake District City.

The west view is wonderful; some mountains higher than Moh-Kan-san; large valleys and we can see as far as Kiangsi Province. The mountains continue all the way to the Alps in Europe.

September, 1902. Coming down from the mountains there were wild rumors that bandits were going to swoop down from the mountains to kill Kao-sin-sang (Dr. Goddard's name). Miss Corbin was badly scared and insisted that we move from Dr. Goddard's house and come and live with her and Miss Elgie to protect them. Much to our disgust we had to give up our home in Dr. Goddard's house and Edith shed some tears. (The Kao they wanted was an official, but they never came.)

Nov. 2. We made our first real working trip to the country. We went by houseboat to Kong keo, about twenty-five miles southwest. I had a cold when we started but the fresh air of the houseboat cured it before we got back. We had communion on Sunday and at noon I baptized my first four candidates in the river. The first one was a beautiful old lady 72 years old, Vu-ko-alm, gentle and sweet, and brave enough to enter the water with a smiling face. Also her son and two others, all in the lovely clear stream. I conducted the communion service in Chinese for the first time.

Nov. 18. Dr. and Mrs. Goddard and Mr. Keen arrived from America. We all had breakfast the next morning at the Goddards's.

We were designated to take the new missionary, Mr. Keen to Kinhwa, so November 20 we started on our journey in a houseboat up the river to Yu Yiao by canal to the Zao ngo river, across it and by canal again to Shaohsing, and again by canal to the Tsin-dong river where we got passage on a huge river boat about 12 feet wide and 70 feet long with six boatmen. Up the Tsin-dong river we sailed and rowed until we

came to the beautiful tsih-li long, (seventy li gorge) (I have a Long painting, 20 feet, one of the finest landscapes by one of the great Chinese painters) where at several places in the shallow rapids the men used long poles with cross pieces on the ends which they put against their stomachs and pushed with great groanings, going only a few inches at a time as we were heavily loaded with freight.

This trip all the way, including the gorge, is most picturesque.

We finally came to the town of Lanchi where a branch of the river leads to Kinhwa. Here we hired a small boat for Kinhwa. We saw men on the bank of the river soaking rice straw and making it into thick, coarse, yellow paper.

Before we got to Lanchi I had shot a mandarin duck, a small variety that has the most beautiful vari-colored plumage. I also shot what I supposed was a wild goose but when I brought it in the cook disgustedly threw it down, saying it was a wild cormorant and not fit to eat. The Chinese tame them and use them to catch fish. Each one has a bamboo ring around its neck so that it can't swallow the fish. When the days work is over the ring is taken off so they can eat.

I also shot a duck with a saw-like bill which was also rather fishy.

Finally, by sailing and rowing and towing, we arrived near the long stone bridge outside the small, walled city of Kinhwa and went to the mission compound where Mr. and Mrs. Holmes and their children and the three ladies lives.

There is a girls school, a boys school and a small hospital. In the compound there was a grapefruit or Pomelo tree loaded with huge elongated fruit but almost too bitter to eat. They also had a kind of citrus fruit, large, dark orange color, rather sour, from which they make a kind of lemonade. Mr. Keen drank too much and became rather sick.

Miss Minnis presented us with a carved picture frame for our new home (which I still have, bronzed).

Going down the river we made much better time; going up and down we went to bed early to keep warm. One night on the trip up I played dominoes with Charley and when I came to bed Edith asked what time it was and when I replied 9 o'clock, Edith exclaimed, "Why, Frank!"

We got to the place to leave the river after dark and while the boat hong hunted a boat for us they gave us a Chinese supper, composed largely of rice and hot duck livers. Wasn't it good! At last we got a boat by paying double price.

In the night our boat ran into another boat at a cross canal but did not do any damage except to bang the cook's head against the boat partition. Our boatmen, under the influence of double pay (\$1.50 u.s. for the journey to Shaohsing) were making good time, so we arrived in the morning and then off again for Zaongo river and a foot-boat all the way to Ningpo, reaching there at 4:30 P.M. Dec. 13, having been gone about three weeks. A most delightful trip and pleasant visit in Kinhwa.

HOME AND WORK AMONG THE CHINESE

Dec. 16, 1902. Moved-over into the Bungalow, the oldest foreign house in Ningpo, built 1848; four big rooms seven feet from the ground with verandas all around. The lower rooms only fit for storage.

E. In our own home!

"Husband and home and wedded harmony

There is no better, no more blessed state

Than when the wife and husband in accord

Order their household lovingly; then those repine

Who hate them, those who wish them well

Rejoice, they themselves the most of all."

F. This is the kind of house the first missionaries built, high off the damp ground, with big rooms. How we did enjoy it, we two.

All our houses are on the bank of the river, wide and muddy with Yangtse mud brought up by the daily tides.

There is a high brick wall around all our houses to keep out thieves. Before we left Miss Corbin's, one day when we were taking our siesta we heard the cook yelling and I slid down the back stairs and found the cook in the gate holding on to a man who had slipped in the unlocked gate. The cook saw him as he stole in and watched as he came out the front door with Miss Corbin's mantel clock. The cook grabbed him, the thief dropped the clock and dragged the cook to the gate, but when I laid my hands on him the thief wilted. The cook tied him securely but before he was tied I heard something rattle as he dropped a jimmy in a flower pot to try to conceal the fact that he was a professional thief. We sent for the di-pao, the constable, who took the thief to take him to jail but probably being bribed, he let the thief escape. Then we informed the official who put a heavy wooden collar on the di-pao, 3x3 feet and 3 inches thick with his crime written on it and made him parade up and down our street for a couple of weeks,

Mar. 5, 1903. We put out canna bulbs in our garden and today we had a big snow; six inches. But it soon melts away.

This is a busy time; grind, grind, grind on the language. I am technically principal of the Boys Boarding School. But actually Tong Tsing En Sin Sang is the actual principal, a self-taught man who uses English well, is a good teacher, but a weak administrator.

I am also in charge of part of the country work and Edith teaches English in the Boys School and assists Mr. Tong with the administration.

One day she came to the school and no boys were in sight. They are rather small boys, not higher than first year Junior Academy or Middle School. She asked Mr. Tong where were the boys. He replied, "They have gone on strike. What shall we do?" She climbed up to their dormitory and ordered them down and they meekly came down and resumed their study.

She had taught school in America for three and one-half years though she was only twenty-three when we were married. (One of the pupils then about 9 later graduated from the University of Shanghai and from the theological department became the first secretary of the Chekiang-Shanghai Baptist Convention and still serves in that capacity and as President of the National Christian Council, Dr. T. C. Bau. Mr. Tong was our life long friend, was vice-president with me and died during World War II being Secretary of the Chinese Home Missionary Society.)

May 21, 1903. Frances Finlay Delight White was born. A lovely baby with a turnup nose like her mother.

I had a lot of malaria off and on which I didn't seem to be able to shake off. But we kept up our language study and I visited my part of the country churches.

In July we went to Moh-kan-san and had a lovely summer. We bought a piece of land and arranged to build a cabin of stone.

In spite of malaria I made more and more evangelistic trips to the country.

We can now read the Bible in the Romanized quite easily and that helps to acquire a speaking knowledge of the language, though we try not to acquire a Romanized pronunciation. Practically all the missionaries seem to have this romanized way of speaking. Perhaps Mr. Fitch who was born here does not have it but some have it so badly that I don't see how the Chinese understand them, yet they seem to. Goodness knows, we aren't very good, but we can tell the difference between the way foreigners speak and the Chinese themselves. So we try to imitate the Chinese and not the romanized spelling which in some particulars is very defective.

We had one grand outing, going in a houseboat to East Lake; lovely hills, placid water, a most restful place.

We saw a flock of half-grown pheasants and sailing a stone among them, killed one. It was tender and juicy, unlike the grown ones that are pretty dry and tasteless in spite of their huge breasts. But these ringnecked pheasant males are very beautiful in full flight with their magnificent colors and long, graceful tail feathers.

During the summer of 1903 I spent August in Ningpo, looking after the building of the new house. The weather was terribly hot both day and night and I lay all night inside my net with no clothes at all. Yet I kept quite well. Edith and Frances were at Mokansan and I came back in September for Conference meeting.

Oct. 8, 1903. Mrs. Fannie Dean Goddard died of cholera in spite of all Dr. Grant could do. As in such cases, salt water was injected into her veins but to no avail. There is usually fifty percent mortality in cholera cases. The germs probably came from unscaled persimmons. It was the saddest thing we had experienced in China. At her funeral we indeed felt like strangers in a strange land.

After Dr. Goddard had graduated from Brown he had gotten married and gone into the Union Army and when he came home found his wife dying of tuberculosis. Before going to the mission field where his father had been a missionary, he married again, but his wife died, I believe, during their first year in Ningpo. Then he married Fannie Dean, the daughter of Dr. Dean and she was the mother of their five children, a splendid, pleasant woman whom everybody loved. They had lived together for thirty-three years.

After the funeral Dr. Goddard and I made a long trip to the Chusan Islands. When we reached the harbor we saw a crowd of people on the temple hill near the harbor. When Dr. Goddard asked what they were watching, they replied, "Sah-deo"-cut off heads. So we jointed the crowd on the hill and an eighth of a mile away in the plain we could see a dense crowd and a procession led by an official in red garments with seven criminals, each having a narrow board fastened to his back projecting above his head. When they reached the crowd it opened up and the soldiers formed a circle, compelled the pirates to kneel, threw the boards high in the air, flashed their swords, shot off their guns, making so much smoke that we really couldn't see the actual execution.

The waters far south of the Chusan Islands were always infested with pirates who sometimes fished and sometimes robbed. Not long before a junk from Ching Hae at the mouth of the Yung river that flows past Ningpo was captured by the pirates and they not only took the ship and its cargo but also some merchants on board and held them for ransom. They sent one of the merchants back to Ching Hae to collect the ransom; instead he reported to the official who equipped a merchant junk with soldiers and weighted it with stones so as to appear heavily laden with merchandise and sent it into the pirates lair with steam launches following loaded with soldiers and small cannon. The pirates attacked the junk, the launches closed in killing some of the pirates and capturing the seven, who were later executed, including one boy seventeen years old. The boy's father tried to intercede for him, saying he had been kidnapped and compelled to join the robbers. But the official said he couldn't tell who was a pirate and who was not.

The official who superintended the execution in twenty years had officiated at the execution of 500 pirates and there were supposed to be 2000 pirates left. Where executions were held, the local butchers were supposed to do it, but they always hired soldiers to do it, who should have done it in the first place, just another method of graft.

On this trip Dr. Goddard and I toured widely, visiting Christians. We went to the east end of the main island to Sing-Ko-meng where there was a church, where we could look across the strait and see the island of Pu Tu that is occupied entirely by Buddhist monks. They say there are 400 temples on the island.

We also walked North across the island, took a junk for the island of Dae-san where there is another church. The passage was rough, but I stayed on deck where I could see the motion of the boat and so did not become seasick.

Here we saw the process of salt making from seawater. The tide brought the water into level, sandy flats where it was allowed to evaporate. Then the salty sand was scraped up and put into huge hogsheads with screens at the bottom to keep the sand from going through. Then water was poured through the sand in the hogsheads to wash the salt through. This was then put in shallow wooden pans, evaporated by the sun and the yellow salt scraped out of these pans, ready for market.

The tax on salt is one of the principal sources of income for the government. The salt is a very poor quality with much foreign matter in it. If left out in the rain the salt would be washed out and nothing but dirt left so that the "Salt would have lost its saltiness and would only be fit to be thrown into the street to be trodden under foot."

We never visited Putu (Pu du in Ningpo) while we lived in Ningpo. About 1920 Edith and Frances visited it before Frances went to America to enter college. About 1930 when attending an association meeting Dr. Liu and I and others went to Pu tu and stayed over night and visited all the places of note. We ate imitation meat as no meat is permitted on the island.

There are two very large monasteries and many smaller ones and numerous small temples and shrines. We saw the end of a ceremony in the monastery in which we stayed. A family had been there for a week to have masses said for their relatives and on the last day all the monks went down to the seashore to send the souls to the western heaven. It cost the family \$1000 U.S. Such ceremonies net the monasteries on the island over a million dollars a year. By this means the temples and monks are supported. There used to be two thousand monks but now the number is much reduced.

One of the curiosities is the body of a monk who starved himself to death and his body is covered with gold leaf and worshipped as an idol. Another is the huge footprint of Kwan Yin, the Buddhist Goddess of Mercy, who takes the place of Mary in Roman Catholicism, in the rock where she alighted on her flight from India. She was a man in India. The whole island is sacred to her. There is one alabaster image of her in one of the temples.

The temple or monastery on the highest point on the island has white glazed tile roofs. One of the largest temples has yellow glazed tiles. We talked with several abbots. They were mostly retired merchants who wished to get away from the world and had no great interest in Buddhism or any religion.

I once met one such monk, a retired merchant who was conducting a school for orphan boys. But he was a great exception.

We got up early the next morning to catch the launch back to Ting hae but it left before the scheduled time so we had to hire a boat and had a glorious sail through the Inland Sea of China, but did not arrive until 11:00 a.m.

Much later I attended the dedication of the new Boys School building which a non-Christian native of Chusan who lived in Shanghai had built. Several other Shanghai business men who were natives of Chusan cooperated with our mission in financing our Boys and Girls schools at Tinghae. One of these, Cu-Pao-san, ran a steamship from Shanghai to Chusan and he gave us free passage. Mr. Tong Tsing En was at that time principal. After we had moved to Shaohsing, Edith and I attended an association meeting in Ting hae coming down from Ningpo on a small steamer which was so overloaded that it listed badly. One of the men was so scared he was white with fear. Though it didn't help to be scared he might be forgiven for sometime later one of these small steamers overturned at the dock in Ningpo and over 200 people were drowned.

January, 1904. Visited Nying Kong Gyiao and other churches and Christians. Churches are rather weak. Some Christians don't keep the Sabbath, a few gamble, but if they do not cease are excluded. Miss Corbin has exchanged her good girls school building for the poor Boys School building because she is afraid to live so far out. So she gets our nice new house at the Salt gate and we get her huge home at Riverbend.

The Russo Japanese War is on with the Russians being put out of Manchuria by the Japanese.

February. The Chinese New Year is on. Many visitors came to call. There are many fires at New Years time and people lose everything. What isn't burned is stolen by thieves.

March. Taught a class in the Geography of Palestine to the Djun-Sao-we - the Preachers meeting, also taught singing. Some of the men draw fine maps.

Spent a week with the Nying-kong-gyiao church and its pastor Tsiu Sin-sang and visiting the members. Many members are cold.

Many flowers and beautiful birds. The hills are covered with azaleas. Rain, rain, rain.

March 20, 1904. The Lord's Supper at the North Gate Church. Dr. Grant preached; he is such a good man that no matter what he says or how he says it, it reaches the heart.

March 22. Djun-dao-we Preachers Meeting. The reports from the various churches were mostly favorable. I felt so ill with malaria I came home in the afternoon.

March 23. The main subject of discussion was; why do not preachers' sons enter the ministry. Almost all said they wished their sons to do so. But the desire for English and money both on the part of fathers and sons is so great that it seems to swallow everything. Perhaps they cannot be blamed too much since their lives are pretty cramped for lack of funds.

Mar. 24. Keen came today on the way to the association in Chusan; as jolly as ever.

Had some trouble about someone who stole some money from one of the boys in the school.

Mar. 25. Came to Chusan to attend the association meeting. The house prepared for us is palatial for a Chinese house.

March 26. Edith and baby came today on the afternoon steamer. So glad they could come. There is plenty of room. They reserved a room for us. Baby is very good and happy.

Sunday, Mar. 27. Pastor Coh Tsien Dong of the Home Mission Church at Pu Tu preached a remarkably good sermon. Lots of apt illustrations. He is probably the best man in the association.

Monday, Mar. 28. Association organized and well under way.

Tuesday, Mar. 29. Spent most of the day on the Peng di tsa we, the Home Mission Society. Pastor Coh made a splendid report. Self support thoroughly discussed; talked about opening new stations.

After the afternoon meeting we walked in the country; seeing a large building Pastor Yao was asked what it was. He replied, "Oh-dao yun-(study the doctrine school). "What doctrine?" "Dziang dao" (robber doctrine)-Roman Catholic Seminary.

Asked Mr. Proctor to let contract for our Moh Kan San cabin.

April 1904. The Roman Catholics worry our preachers a good deal by their competition. But I tell them it is a good thing for they get those who come to the church hoping for some material advantage. One of our members visited me and asked me to write a letter to an official in his behalf saying that a neighbor was stealing his land. He got down and knocked his head on the floor. But I said I cannot interfere in law cases. Then he said. "I don't want to be a member of your church." Perhaps he went and joined the Catholics. They are notorious in that. Some Protestant missionaries have done the same but I am glad to say the American Consuls and Ministers will not help them. The French officials stand behind the Jesuit missionaries in a shameful manner. One official committed suicide rather than decide a lwa case as the Jesuit missionary demanded.

Made numerous visits to the churches. One day walked into Veng Hwa a walled sleepy county seat. (Chiang Kia Sheh's native city) Beautiful views, mountains, shady parklike places, lovely streams. Not far from Snowy Valley (Sheh Deo-z) a famous Buddhist monastery. (We were never able to visit it for lack of time. Chiang had a summer home there.)

Arrived in Ningpo one early morning and near the West gate saw stacked up about 2400 little rough board coffins of babies that had died and been thrown out in the baby towers built for that purpose, or if full, on the ground for the dogs to eat. People believe that if a baby dies it may be the spirit of an enemy which has come to cause them trouble. Some rich man in order to get merit has them gathered up taken to the mountains and buried in one huge grave.

We are studying the Chinese classic "Great Learning". Near us lives Archdeacon Moule and his wife, fine old English missionaries. He is a brother of Bishop Moule of Hanchow and Bishop Handly C.G. Moule of Durham, England.

Have had some good fellowship with Miss Abercrombie of the English Methodist Mission. Her father is a minister in England. She talks of returning to England as she can't abide the personnel of her mission. (Later she joined the Door of Hope in Shanghai and gave her life to saving little slave girls.)

One of our pastors, Wu Tsae chzing's oldest son graduated from a Middle School in Shanghai and speaks English well and seems to have a good deal of ability. He called on me and I had a long talk with him. Unfortunately he was in the employ of the British American Tobacco Company. He says that when he makes enough money to support his family he is going to give up business and become a minister. He preaches now and is quite an active Christian.

(Later: The Tobacco Company sent him on a trip around the world. When he came back I asked him how he liked America. He replied. "I didn't like the people I met." I said, "Did you see any Christian leaders?" No. Then you saw the wrong people under the guidance of the tobacco company.)

(Mrs. Chen, whose father was also a pastor in Ningpo also went to America and when her first child was born named her "Way May"-Beautiful America. She has been Dean of Women for many years in the University of Shanghai).

May 24. I had malaria so much that Edith thought that since our cabin at Mohkansan would not be ready for us by summer unless we pushed the workmen, I had better go up there for a few days, though I didn't like the idea of leaving Edith and Baby Frances. So I started going by the small river launch to Yu Yao 40 miles and the remaining 60 miles to Shaohsing by foot boat making the 100 miles in 26 hours.

When I reached Shaohsing, I found Miss Huntoon had smallpox. When Mr. Bousfield found I was going to Moh kan san he said he was ill and would go with me. As soon as we got outside of the wall of Shaohsing his appetite returned and he was perfectly well. (Fear of smallpox?)

Leaving Hangchow the Bi Bo trees are loaded with delicious yellow fruit. The Chinese say you may eat bi bos all day and they will do you no harm. Reached San Jao by 4:00 a.m. the 27th. Work was stopped on our cabin so it was a good idea for me to have come. Work will begin tomorrow. I am sleeping in our house. It will be airy enough as there are no doors and windows and what air!

Sunday, May 29, 1904. A wonderful day. The mountains are covered with azaleas in bloom. The service was at the C.I.M. Some people already here for the summer. Mr. Proctor came up from Huchow to look after things and had an informal committee meeting on Monday.

May 31. Helped put the iron on the roof. Five carpenters working. Ought to get the place ready for us by the time we want to come up, at this rate.

June 3rd. Mrs. Bousfield and the children came today. A letter from Edith, all pretty well.

Sunday, June 5. Meeting at the church today; about 25 present.

Monday, June 6. Gave final instructions to the workmen and started for San jao bu at 3:30. Feel better. Reached Hangchow at 10:00 a.m. This great river, a mile wide, has become quite familiar with its big junks that ferry people, sedan chairs and coolies with loads of all sorts of things. In low tide the wide sand flats another mile to Si hsing. I walked on both sides of the river instead of having a chair. Hired a foot boat to take me to Yu Yao, 90 miles for \$2.90 Chinese money, \$1.45 U.S. but the hong gets 35 of that so he gets only \$1.10. A good boatman. Was past Shaohsing when I woke up. Helped the boatman over a sandbar in the Zaongo river. Paid four men 45 cents Chinese to drag the boat a mile and a half over the sand on the west side of the river because the river was so low.