

THAT LITTLE GIRL IN CHINA.

O, I read the saddest story—
But it's true!
There's a little girl in China,
Bright and pretty, I am sure.

—Children's Missionary Friend.

THE SAD SHEPHERD.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

[Concluded from last week.]

"My money and youth made me welcome to his followers, and I spent them both freely as if they could never come to an end. I clothed myself in purple and fine linen and feasted sumptuously every day. The wine of Cyprus and the dishes of Egypt and Syria were on my table. My dwelling was crowded with merry guests. They came for what I gave them. Their faces were hungry and their soft tongues like the clinging of leeches. To them I was nothing but money and youth; no longer a beast of burden—a beast of pleasure. There was nothing in it.
"From the richest fare my heart went away empty, and after the wildest banquet my soul fell drunk and solitary into sleep. Then I thought power is better than pleasure. If a man will feast and revel let him do it with the great. They will favor him, and rise him up for the service that he renders them. He will obtain a place and authority in the world and gain many friends. So I joined myself to Herod.

the letter. He read it and laughed, saying that a prince with an incurable hunger is a servant of value to an emperor. Then he asked me if there was nothing sent with the letter. I answered there was no gift, but a message for his private ear. He drew me aside and I told him that Herod begged earnestly that his dear son, Antipater, might be sent back in haste from Rome to Palestine, for the king had great need of him. At this Caesar laughed again. "To bury him, I suppose," said he, "with his brothers, Alexander and Aristobulus! Truly, it is better to be Herod's swine than his son. Tell the old fox he may catch his own prey." With this he turned from me and I withdrew unwarded, to make my way back, as best I could with an empty purse, to Palestine. I had seen the Lord of the World. There was nothing in it.
"Seeing my rings and bracelets I got passage in a trading ship for Joppa. There I heard that the king was not in Jerusalem, at his Palace of the Upper City, but had gone with his friends to make merry for a month on the Mountain of the Little Paradise. On the hill-top over against us, where the lights are flaring tonight, in the banquet-hall where couches are spread for a hundred guests, I found Herod.

"Ammiel-ben-Jochanan," said the old man sternly, "you are a son of Israel, and we have had compassion on you, according to the law. But you are an apostate, an unbeliever, and we can have no more fellowship with you, lest a curse come upon us. The company of the desperate brings misfortune. Go your way and depart from us, for our way is not yours."
"See the sad shepherd thanked them for their entertainment, and took the little kid again in his arms, and went into the night, calling his flock. But the youngest shepherd Nathan followed him a few steps and said:
"There is a broken fold at the foot of the hill. It is old and small, but you may find a shelter there for your flock, where the wind will not shake you. Go your way with God brother, and see better days."
Then Ammiel went a little way down the hill and sheltered his flock in a corner of the crumbling walls. He lay among the sheep and the goats with his face upon his folded arms, and whether the time passed slowly or swiftly he did not know, for he slept.
He waked as Nathan came running and stumbling along the scattered stones.
"We have seen a vision," he cried. "A wonderful vision of angels. Did you not hear them? They sang loudly of the Hope of Israel. We are going to Bethlehem to see this thing which is come to pass. Come with me and keep watch over our sheep while we wait."
"Of angels I have seen and heard nothing," said Ammiel, "but I will guard your flocks with mine, since I am in debt to you for bread and fire."
So he brought the kid in his arms, and the weary flock straggling after him, to the south wall of the great fortress, and sat there by the embers at the foot of the tower, while the others were away.
The moon rested like a ball on the edge of the western hills and rolled behind them. The stars faded in the east and the fires went out on the Mountain of the Little Paradise. Over the hills of Moab a gray fad of dawn rose slowly, and arrows of red shot far up before the sunrise.
The shepherds returned full of joy and told what they had seen.
"It was even as the angels said unto us," said Shama, "and it must be true. The King of Israel has come. The faithful shall be blessed."
"Herod shall fall," cried Jotham, lifting his clenched fists toward the dark peaked mountain. "Burn, black Idumean, in the bottomless pit, where the fire is not quenched."
Zadok spoke more quietly. "We found the new-born child of whom the angels told us wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger. The ways of God are wonderful. His salvation comes out of darkness into the light of the promised deliverance. But you, Ammiel-ben-Jochanan, except you believe, you shall not see it. Yet since you have kept our flocks faithfully, and because of the joy that has come to us, I give you this piece of silver to help you on your way."
But Nathan came close to the sad shepherd and touched him on the shoulder with a friendly hand. "Go you also to Bethlehem," he said in a low voice, "for it is good to see what we have seen, and his face changed again he fell back on his couch, shaken with horrible laughter. 'Yours!' he cried, 'when was she yours? What is yours? I know you now, poor madman. You are Ammiel, a crazy shepherd from Galilee, who troubled us some time since. Take him away, slaves. He has twenty sheep and twenty goats among my flocks at the foot of the mountain. See to it that he gets them, and drive him away.'

So the mother Mary leaned over her little son again as if she were alone with him; and Ammiel went out very quietly. Joseph was waiting outside the door.
"Where do you not see the angels?" he asked. "Were you not with the other shepherds?"
"Where do you go?" asked Joseph. "Where do you go to?"
"From very far away," replied Ammiel; "from a country that you have never visited."
"Where are you going?" asked Joseph. "I am going home," answered Ammiel, "to my mother's and my father's house in Galilee. It is a long journey. Will you not wish me a safe home-coming?"
"Go in peace, friend," said Joseph. And the sad shepherd took up his battered staff, and went on his way rejoicing.—In Scribner's Magazine.

the grass is cut for now I can see whether a big snake is coming my way; there don't seem to be many of them, true, but yet scarcely a day goes by without one being killed about here. I was down at the hospital the other night and came up without a lantern and was told that I had almost stepped on it, I decided that where ignorance was bliss it was folly to be wise.
Today the nurses are very much excited over a thief having gotten into their "compound" and stolen all their edibles and that morning they went on duty without food; a procedure which I think foolish, but they don't seem to know any better. Just how such a thing could happen is beyond me since the nurses' home is surrounded by a high brick wall with glass set into the cement, and the gates are large iron affairs, locked by the matron after the last nurse comes into the "compound." And I tell you it is a nuisance for she is hard to waken, and when one is in a hurry for a nurse during the night it is trying to have to wait until that gate is unlocked.
I just happened to look up, as I am sitting on the porch and it is evening, and the sight that greeted my eyes was a dozen or more of those water-buffaloes; ugly, curious looking creatures with back-growing horns, traveling slowly but patiently homeward. I thought of the last time I had seen some at home; it was in Barnum & Bailey's circus and they were parading down Bedford street. I scarcely knew what they were good for and here I am learning that they will give not only as much milk as two cows, but it will be almost twice as rich as any cow's milk can be, and then they are absolutely harmless and that is a blessing in this land where there are no sticks or men to drive them away when impudent beasts become too familiar. You see I put men and sticks in the same class and although this is by no means an Adam-like Eden, I cannot change the remark for all here, so far, are in the same dry, uninteresting class.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN
DAILY THOUGHT.
But hushed be every thought that springs from out the bitterness of things.—Wordsworth.
The Chicago Tribune prints a series of letters from readers on "How to Earn Money During Spare Time." Some of the letters are appended.
I have an aunt who earns money at home by shortening and lengthening dresses for schoolgirls. This is quite a saving to parents who may have two or more daughters of different ages, as the younger sisters may use the dresses of the older sister or vice versa.
She will shorten or lengthen dresses by narrowing the hem or facing. She sometimes has to make other alterations also. She charges from 15 to 50 cents for each dress, according to the amount of work it requires. It takes only about two hours' work for each dress and there is no expense except for a little thread.
I have a friend who makes a surprising amount of pin money; making pennants. She not only keeps in stock those bearing the names of her city and nearby suburbs, high schools and colleges, but makes to order all sorts of society, fraternity; or club pennants. This is pleasant work and not at all difficult.
A girl who is handy with the needle is making a tidy sum by taking orders for only holders for holiday gifts. The set consists of three holders easily made by cutting the foundations from cardboard, using a dinner plate, a salad plate, and a saucer to cut the circles and cutting two of each size. The inner side of the cardboard is lined with plain pink sateen, while the outer side is lined with pink cretonne in use for the top, the two being neatly joined around the edge.
Pink ribbons are then stitched to the lower circle, the upper circle laid on, and the ribbons tied, making a useful and attractive gift.
I think one could earn a neat little sum by purchasing a fluting iron, which costs little, and charging a small amount for fluting the ruchings that are so popular just now. They are not pretty after they have been laundered and are usually discarded. If one could have them fluted they would be like new, thus being a saving to the wearer and an income to the one who does the work.
Soon the merchants will be decorating their display windows for the holidays, and for this purpose paper chrysanthemums will be in demand. This is how to make them:
Fold a piece of tissue paper into a square seven-and-one-half inches in diameter, fold on the diagonal, then fold again, edge to edge, and cut off the triangle resulting, which makes the square a round to shape the chrysanthemum. Now cut in small strips, from edge to about one-half inch from center, and when opened up it should have 24 long pointed petals. Each one of these must be curled by placing on a cushion, and using a hat pin; roll from end to center. Six leaves must be prepared in this way, and then gummed around a small piece of fringed tissue, wired and joined to a long piece of copper wire, which is to be the stem.
Cut a square from green tissue paper, a little smaller than flower petals, and put on last as a finish. Green leaf should be curled and cut like flower petals. Cover wire stem with green tissue paper.
A friend of mine averages \$6 a week making hats for friends. She is usually busy, has a family of four men, but finds leisure to "shop" with her friends. They select or rather decide on a model at a milliner's. Then they buy the necessary material for duplicating it. After all material is secured this woman makes the hat for \$3, which is, of course, all profit. As she is artistic, her duplicates are always satisfactory, and the cost to her customers about half of the model duplicated. During the busy season she has made six hats in one week.
Nearly all the States allow women to practice law.
Germany has nearly a million more women than men.
A women's law college will soon be opened in St. Louis.
England has more than 5,000,000 women in industry employed.
Hindu widows are exposed to contempt and ill-treatment.
The popular belief that the field of industrial activities in Mexico is closed to her sex is disapproved by Miss Eleana Davalos, who, in spite of the turbulent condition that prevails all over Mexico, has just succeeded in promoting the construction of a cable railway from Tampico to Cerre de Guadalupe. Miss Davalos is at the head of the company organized to operate the line.
Knives are placed at the right with the cutting edges turned toward the plate, forks at the left with the tines of forks and the bowls of spoons turned up.
All plates, knives, forks, spoons, etc., should be at least half an inch from the edge of the table, and may be an inch.
All things should be passed at the left, placed at the right, and in passing the tray should be held low enough to be reached with ease.
Napkins are placed at the left of the forks, glasses at the tip of knives at the right. If bread-and-butter plates are used butter knives should be on the plates, but these are not used for formal dinners in any case.
The fashion for browns in dull wood and fur tones without any hint of yellow is assured.
Sugared Chicken or Fowl.—Cut chicken in pieces, allow two heaping teaspoons of flour to each pound of chicken, one-half teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon pepper mixed together; roll each piece of chicken in the flour, pack in a pudding dish, cover with boiling water; bake until tender—two or three hours.
Walnut Whip.—Select large, juicy stewed prunes, allowing three for each person. Remove stones and fill cavities with broken walnut meats. Break in pieces four sweetened wafers, add one-quarter cupful chopped walnut meats, two tablespoonfuls sugar, half teaspoonful vanilla extract, and one cupful whipped cream, pour over prunes and serve at once in sherbet glasses.
If possible, make your own petticoat. In this way a better quality of silk, satin, pongee or washable fabric can be used, deeper seams can be taken, a better fitting and fastening can be secured, and, of course, immense satisfaction.

JHANSI, OCTOBER 17th.
Dear Home Folk:
I got up just before the sun this morning for it was making the entire world look like a great ball of flame and the trees and grass took on such a curious red gleam that happening to catch a glimpse between my half open eyelids, I opened them wide to see the beauty of it all. Remembrance came; it was Sunday, and I wanted to go to eight o'clock service. The church is a good half hour's walk away from the house and as I like to walk must stir around rather early in order that I may see my patients and do what is to be done at the hospital and still have plenty of time to take that walk without too much hurrying.
Can you imagine me walking along the broad highway, a large broad-brimmed white "topie" on my head and carrying a small yellow sunshade lined with green. I strolled along, watching the natives and enjoying the refreshing morning air and the scenery; I find that for true country scenery effects the only really beautiful time in this land of glare, is in the early morning, while the trees can soften a very little this beautiful, pitiless sunshine.
The services were short and by ten o'clock I was on my way home. I took the native path across the jungle for the dew had all dried up and there was nothing to disturb my thoughts except the cows and from the look of these Indian-bred cows, I think they must be the first cousin of the ones down in Texas, and as they do not hesitate to use their self-same horns, I gave them a wide berth and the consequence was I got my stockings and skin full of "spear grass"—It is well named. When I got onto the road I stopped to pick out spears, and with much pleasure and a little discomfort I got home, and enjoyed my breakfast.
One of the women here, Miss Morrison, from up in Canada, will leave the first of November for home. Her time is over and although not expecting to go until next March, she has had worry that her sister is quite ill and she is hurrying to get home early. She has been here for six years and goodness, how she will mind this cold winter in Canada. I am told that it is the reason the missionary rarely leaves here before spring and vice versa, never comes out in the spring if either can be avoided; the climatic changes are too great.
I am so sorry you did not get the sixth dozen, but as they are rather scarce in this section I will have to wait until later when I want to go out on a week jaunt and then hope to pick up others that will be pretty and that will show you the various work of different peoples here. For I am told one who knows the country can readily tell where each bit of work, whether brass, silver or thread work is made, by the kind of design or the fineness of the pattern.
For the past few weeks Miss McCuen, the teacher here, has been deeply interested in selling the grass that grew on these rocks and sands, (and let me whisper, you wouldn't give a burrah for the whole lot.) Finally she was able to get twelve rupees, which means four dollars, that is as it stands, they to do the cutting, etc. The harvesters arrived—all women and girls. I walked one morning through the garden to see them and such a laughing, chatting crowd, all with short scythes and squatting on the ground they were catching the grass by the handful and cutting it off with these absurd instruments. There was no order or judgment in their mode of working, they were simply cutting in patches. They would then take some of the longer grass and rolling it between their palms make a sort of cord, and with this they tied the grass into bundles. Later I saw the ox-cart (two-wheeled) with the oxen, taken out (since they have only a yoke across the neck and ropes through the nose this is no trouble) and being loaded. It was like a hay-field at home, but on a very limited scale; one man was carrying these bundles in his two hands and he never took more than one to each hand, and a three-year-old child could easily have carried both; but this man was on the cart building the load, just as I have seen them build a load of grain, but in this case only a toy load, as compared with those at home. I was glad to see them at near range; their methods are exactly the same as ours at home, only on such a small scale. I am glad