

THE WOOL-C HERER.

Where has thou been in the wind and rain?
"Gathering wool on a far plain,
"Four shepherds keep those flocks afar
In pastures where no hedgerows are.
"They give no tithe, they take no hire,
They warn their hands at no man's fire.
"When one has driven the flocks all day,
At no far told they make their stay.

"For one comes hot-foot o'er the plain
And drives them hurrying back again.
"Though the yield should fill the world's
wains fill,
Never to market comes the wool.
"They cast it all, those wretched herds,
To naked stars and screaming birds.
"It makes no rug nor coat of frieze;
It makes no shrouds in stormy seas."
—C. Fox Smith, in the Academy.

DULLOO D. S. O.

By OSCAR KING DAVIS.

BECAUSE he came from India and because our knowledge of that far-away land was very little, and we peopled it with the men and beasts of Mr. Kipling's stories, we called him Dulloo.

Dulloo seemed to be a good Indian name, and in the general topsyturvy of conditions and things in the settlements at Tientsin that summer it mattered very little whether names or clothes or anything else fitted their wearers.

He was attached to a regiment of Indian troops, one of those strange aggregations of Sikhs, Pathans, Afghans, Punjabis, Rajputs and even Bengalis, which, although they bore differentiating names, and could be told apart by their officers and the country were perforce lumped. In one class by the inexperienced American soldiers and denominated "them Sykes," partly in amusement, partly in contempt, the foolish contempt so many men feel for what is strange and not understood.

To Uncle Sam's fighting nephews any one of the tall, thin, spindle-shanked, grizzle-whiskered and turban-covered soldiers of the White Emperor was a "Syke," and Dulloo and all his kind were simply "them Syke mules."

Any one of the Missouri six-footers who hauled the heavy American escort wagons about as easily as if they were the little red wagons of the multiple bakers would have made almost as much in weight and surely did as much in work as Dulloo and his whole team.

Undoubtedly in appearance Dulloo was just a plain mule, of the small Indian breed. His color was a dingy brown. It looked as if there once might have been elements of brightness in it which had long ago faded away under the fierce onslaught of his native sun. His mane was duly roach; but his tail, instead of being cropped like a paint-brush, the inalienable and distinguishing decorative feature of the mule world over, was bushy, with long, coarse hairs.

Moreover, the light, sun-dried brown of his thin little legs was striped at regular intervals with the broad dark bands that suggested irresistibly some relationship to the zebra. He had soft, contemplative, blue-brown eyes, in which the traditional mule patience mingled with a wisdom as subtle as the East where he was born.

But even to the casual observer Dulloo was something more than simply one of his class. To be sure, during the first two weeks of my acquaintance with him I saw nothing extraordinary about him except the spectacular part he played the day I first beheld him, when, chained to his two team mates, and loaded with a bundle of forage twice his own bulk, atop of which his driver sat under the shade of a huge umbrella, he led the little procession through the tangled maze of soldiers, equipment and camps.

Grim-visaged war dealt bitterly with the settlements at Tientsin in those days. The Chinese realized that their opportunity lay in surrounding the harassed allies before help could come up the tortuous river; and they strove to win the settlements.

But through shell-fire and "sniping" alike, morning and afternoon, calmly indifferent to his disturbing surroundings, Dulloo led his team mates at the head of the little column that passed through the Taku gate in the mud wall and plodded out into the green country after the forage that was to be the salvation not only of us, but of the sorely beset legations in Peking.

As usual, the Chinese commenced it. Their fire had hardly begun before all along our line the batteries lifted their hoarse voices in answering challenge. The columns formed to march out to the direct attack on the great walls of the Chinese citadel. Simply and with few words the men took their places, the occasional orders came clear, but in lowered tones.

The special correspondent and I stood on the mud wall by our house and watched the preparations. Finally the men moved forward. Three columns, British, Japanese and Americans, swung out through the grave-dotted level plain, toward the point in the mud wall whence the main attack was to be delivered.

And as they fled away, there was Dulloo. Now he was neither forage-gatherer nor water-carrier. Instead of being chained to two team mates, with but one driver for the three, he marched alone, with two men to guard the precious load he bore. Lashed to the light pack-saddle, one on each side, were two cases of ammunition. Dulloo was going into the fight.

The special correspondent and I turned up along the mud wall to come in ahead of the columns again at the western point of concentration. Up to this time the morning quiet had only been punctuated, as it were, by the slow firing of the guns. But now, as the head of the marching column came within range of the Mannlichers, the parapet of the city wall broke into a rattling roar. A sheet of flame flickered along its front.

Then the word was given and our attack was delivered. Japanese, British and Americans went in together. Gaily they trotted through the gate of the mud wall, the swords of their officers flashing in the sunlight. Once in the open, the long lines of skirmishers spread out, and then all together they went forward.

Instantly it was as if a new Chinese army had re-enforced the thousands already behind the parapet. The fire that had swept the field before was doubled and quadrupled. The special correspondent and I, looking over the top of the mud wall and watching the magnificent bravery of the advance, saw men fall in appalling numbers, although the line went steadily forward.

The generals thought they could take the city by direct assault, and their plan of attack was the result of that belief. They had agreed with the Russians, whose work was on the east, to have their flags hoisted on the city walls by eleven o'clock that morning.

It was a bold, daring plan, with little to commend it besides its audacity, but urged by the Japanese, because they knew their old enemy could least successfully resist such a move.

But just when the line should have reached the crest of the attack, it faltered and stopped. There it hung for an hour, and then men began to straggle back from the front with tales of bitter losses, raging at the dreadful folly of assaulting in such fashion an impregnable position.

about half his distance had been covered, when we saw him waver and stop. Then he started on, took a single step, and pitched forward, shot, surely, through the heart.

The mule, all its attendants gone, was still unharmed. It looked inquiringly round, as if wondering what had happened, then started on up the road. It cleared the group of mud huts and came out in the open beyond them. Suddenly we saw it throw up its head, brace its leg outward, away from side to side, and fall in a heap. The ammunition had not gone in. Some one must try again.

They chose a non-commissioned officer of the Wei-hai-wei regiment, a smooth-faced, square-jawed, fine-eyed Scotchman of England man. He had won the notice of half the field that morning by his steady bearing, and we felt when we saw him that if any man could take the ammunition in he was the one. They gave him two men of his own regiment—and Dulloo.

He took the leading-strap of our wise little friend in his hand, and with a sharp call to his men, went through the gate and out into the open on the run.

The Chinese seemed to have waiting in expectation for his coming. They filled the road with bullets, and although we saw that all along our line the fire had increased to terrible rapidity to check the Chinese until the ammunition came, we knew the men were doomed. They got the first one almost at the beginning. His legs doubled under him and he went down with his arms crossed in front of his face, and lay quite still in the road.

The Englishman was running swiftly, and Dulloo trotted easily along, undisturbed by spit of bullet or scream of shell. All the Chinese in Tientsin were shooting at them.

The Englishman turned off the road to go across to his own men at the right. By the first ditch the second man went down, and the Englishman was hit himself. It must have been in the shoulder, for it spun him quite round. But he gathered himself together and went on at a smart trot.

Dulloo followed. He seemed to know all about it and understood just why there was need to hurry.

Perhaps he knew, too, that even after the ammunition had been delivered up to the men there in the ditch, there would be no cover that he could take. But he just kept his head down and his ears forward, and trotted along as fast as he could.

Can you realize how it felt to lie behind the mud wall and watch that? Can you understand how we prayed for man and beast? They were almost at the goal. Surely the man would win. He could not be knocked down now.

But as he was, it took him apparently straight in the head, through the brim of his helmet, for the big sun-glass flew off in front of him as his hands were thrust forward, and he went down on his face.

WOMAN'S REALM

A Scented Hairbrush.
Waves are scented by touching them with a brush that is itself scented. A scented brush is the nicest thing that can grace a woman's dressing table. It must be very clean, and must not be used for general brushing of the hair. Twice a week a few drops of jasmine can be poured upon it and the brush when not in use lies in a silken box with a cover upon it. When you are dressing the hair and have finished combing it take the brush from the box and run it lightly a dozen times through the hair. The result will be a delightful scent which will pervade the tresses all day.

"A Mad Mademoiselle."
Parisian women have formed a league for the purpose of obliterating the invidious distinction of title between the married and unmarried of their sex. Why, they righteously demand, if every man, married or unmarried, is monsieur, should not every woman, wife or maid, be madame? "A mad mademoiselle" is to be their battle cry. It is all very well for French women to take part in this grand movement, but how are our American sisters to overcome the difficulty confronting them? We cannot believe that our maidens fair and otherwise are ready to drop the Miss and adopt the Mrs. if the change of title is to be effected without the present gratifying ceremony.

A Mother's Care of Herself.
If the children are to be kept free from colds, the mother must not permit herself to catch a gripe and similar ailments to hand down to them, since almost all colds and influenza are contagious. The careful mother's first thought should be to provide herself with adequate flannels, warm stockings, and (no matter how she has always hated them) with stout rubbers for use in wet weather.

Iceland Suffrage Paradise.
There are clubwomen in town who say that America doesn't deserve to be called a paradise for women and that the only country in the world which merits praise is Iceland. Women who meet again their inability to vote on great questions in the United States should start at once for the northern land. Miss Jessie Akerman, who has been living there, says the women have more civil rights than their sisters in any other country in the world. "Their right of franchise is exercised in all civic affairs save that of election of members to the Danish Parliament," says she. "They manage to get around that difficulty and sustain their political status by forming themselves into a political league, which has 7000 members and is a factor the real voters are not able to ignore."—New York Press.

Invalid a Charity Worker.
Even illness of a nature that makes a woman a permanent invalid need not necessarily prevent her doing work in the world. A case in point is afforded by Miss Mary Merrick, daughter of a Washington lawyer. She has suffered from spinal trouble since her sixteenth year, and she lies on an air mattress, without a pillow. Yet she manages to plan and cut garments for the Christ Child Society, of which she is president, and she keeps books, dictates many letters daily and, in a word, is the active head of a society which has more than a thousand members. The organization provides layettes for persons too poor to get them. At Christmas time toys and candy are given to children of the poor. The society is for working purposes only and never gives entertainments. The members are organized into bands, and the heads of which report in person to Miss Merrick every three months.—New York Press.

The Empire Waist.
Many women seem to imagine that any dress of which the bustline is slightly shorter than in the ordinary dress belongs to the Empire style.

Curious Coincidences.
The late Lord Acton for many years kept a record of coincidences. A very strange one occurred in his own experience.

Blameless Wives For Crimes of Husbands.
Among the points brought out by Mrs. Atherton in her article, "The New Aristocracy," in the Cosmopolitan, which has set the whole country talking, is one that American wives are largely responsible for the forgeries and embezzlements of their husbands.

So great is the glamor of New York society that it is the ambition of every woman who has suddenly risen to social position in her own town to transport her husband's millions to this Mecca of American life.

The Trains Boys and Girls.
Mrs. Harriet Taylor Treadwell is the successor of Margaret Haley as the head of the Chicago teachers' united movement to win pure democracy for the schools, and thereby to make better and nobler citizens of the boys and girls of the city.

Watching the Market.
It is quite evident that some persons are born for a business career. That is demonstrated in some cases in very early life.

Rug Weavers.
The Ouchak rugs are called after the name of the chief city of Asiatic Turkey. These are woven by Moslem women and girls, and an antique of this class may be known by one thing; if green is seen in the coloring the purchaser, in spite of all the eloquence of the seller, may be sure it is modern.

Kitchen Utensils.
It is among the singular oversights of our boasted civilization that kitchen utensils are made by millions or billions without the slightest regard to efficiency, without scientific purpose, without thought of culinary economy.

Novel Danger Signal.
A remarkable invention for preventing railway accidents has been tried with success on the Western railways of France. The invention is placed on an engine. If the driver for any cause passes an adverse danger signal the apparatus blows a whistle on the engine continuously, and also throws up a small light under the engine driver's nose. This will render all accidents, except wilful ones, impossible.

A MODERN CORTEZ.

Cape Cod Fisherman Became the "King of Jamaica."

In the World's Work Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., tells the remarkable story of "Captain Baker and Jamaica," how this gentle Cape Cod fisherman became the King of Great Britain's richest West Indian Isle. The history of the conquest began thirty-five years ago, with an armada of one lone schooner. She had two masts, and could carry a hundred tons. Her owner and skipper was Lorenzo Dow Baker, the son of a whaler, and a child of the sea as well. He took a cargo to Angostura and on his return trip carried a lot of bananas. But by the time he reached New York they had all rotted. The next time he got very green bananas. The fruit was not plentiful, so he began to teach the people how to grow them. "The first man who has ten acres in bananas will be a rich man," he told them with earnest conviction. He touched intimately the lives of the blacks. He was known in their homes and at their church socials, and he helped them to build the chapel for which, inevitably, they were collecting money. He talked to the school children, rooms full of bright eyed little tots, and he told them of the good of money. Then he told them how to get it. "Grow bananas," he said. "Grow them wherever your mammy will let you have a foot of ground."

Captain Baker had to push his campaign of education at both ends. In Jamaica he taught people to grow bananas, but in the United States he had to teach people to eat them. They were not yet an ordinary article of diet, and moreover the yellow kind from Jamaica was comparatively unknown.

But he succeeded. He revived the island from economic prostration, and it is flourishing. He did it by making the banana trade.

Captain Baker still lives at Port Antonio, which is not only an American town, but a Boston town. In the summer he goes back to Wolflet, there renews intercourse with Mayflower descendants like himself, tries periodically to write an appropriation from Uncle Joe Cannon for the Pilgrim monument at Provincetown, quietly looks after his charities, and puts his sturdy shoulder to any enterprise for the beautifying of life along Cape Cod. Port Antonio flies the American flag, although it is a British possession. The original plan was to alternate the flags. "It's the coolie's business to change 'em," Captain Baker explained, "but I'm afraid he does not know his business very well."

NEWEST FASHIONS

Both big and little hats are seen, but none of medium size. Tiny gold roses are seen on some of the smartest of the dark, rich hats.

Velvet is first favorite this season for all dress occasions, and it is as soft and as supple as chiffon.

One of the latest fads is the wearing of white lace sleeves on sheer black evening gowns, such as those of net or mousseline de soie.

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