"For one comes hot-foot o'er the plain And drives them hurrying back again.

"Though the yield should fill the world's wains full,
Never to market comes the wool.

"They cast it all, those wastrel herds, To naked stars and screaming birds.

女 EV OSCAR KING DAVIS

gregations of Skihs, Pathans. Afgians, Punjabis, Raiputs and even bengalis, which, although they bore differentiating names, and could be toid apart by their officers and the country-wise among their observers, were perforce lumped: I in one class by the inexperienced American soldiers, and denominated "them Sykes," partly in amusement, partly in amusement, partly in amusement, partly in contempt—the foolish contempt so many me, feel for what is strange and not understood.

To Uncie Sem's fighting nephews any one of the tail, thin, spindle-shanked, grizzle-whissered and turbancovered soldiers of the Witie Empress 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 escorit wagons about as easily as if they were

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 mud-pie bakers would have made almost as much in weight and surely did as much in ork as Dulloo and his whole fear.

Undoubtedly in appearance Dulloo was just a pain unile, of the small Indian bleed. His color was a dingy brown. It locked as if there once brown. It locked as it here once might have been elemen's of brightness in it which had long ago faded away under the fierce onslaught of his native sun. His mane was duly roached; but his tail, instead of being cropped like a paint-brush, the inalienable and distinguishing decorative feat-ure of the mule the world over, was bushy, with long, coarse hairs. Moreover, the light, sun-dried brown

Moreover, the light, sundrict orders 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 minuled with a wisdom as subtle as the mingled with a wisdom as subtle as the East where he was born.

But even to the casual observer Dul-loo was something more than simply one of his class. To be sure, during the first two weeks of my acquaint-ance with him I saw nothing extraordiance with him I saw hothing 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

or a nuge umbreila, he led the liftle 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

But through shell-fire and "sniring" care of the shell-fire and shell-fire a But through shell-fire and "sniping" mud wall and plodded out into the green sountry after the forage that was to be the salvation not only of us, but of the sorely beset legations in

Pekin! It was very far away from as then, and sometimes we were in-dined to wonder a little if we should ever got there. For between us and that dearly desired goal there stretched nearly a hundred terrible miles, and right in our front lay the great walled city of Tientsin, swarming with its thousands of trained soldiers of the Imperial armies and its many more thousands of Boxers. Also it had huge warehouses full of the best rifles the Germans and the Austrians could make, inexhaustible supplies of ammunition and guns. First, then, we must take Tientsin. ever get there. For between us and

take Tientsin It was eleven o'clock of a June night when I first passed through streets there fires burned unheeded on both sides and reached headquarters.

"To-morrow afternoon," said the ma-r, "we are going to take the Walled

jor, "We are going City. Will you come?"
But c'l through early July the allies were still preparing to take the Walled City, and day by day, as the preparations went on, we saw from our house near the mud wall Dulloo setting orth after forage, with a man

take the Walled City," and this time with the mule. The ammunition was bis prophecy was true.

The curains of night had hardly all.

The curains of night had hardly parted enough for dawn to peep through when the fearful work began. It was an order, that was Greenberry Hill, in Lond all.

He had almost reached the cover of their names, resp. a cluster of mud huts beside the road; Green, Berry and Hill.

"It makes no rug nor coat of frieze It makes men shrouds in stormy sea —C. Fox Smith, in the Acaden

********* ECAUSE he came from In- As usual, the Chinese commenced it. As usual, the Chinese commenced it. Their fire had hardly began before all along our line the batter'es lifted their boarse voices in answering challenge. The columns formed to march out to the direct attack on the great walls of the Chinese citade. Simply and with few words the men took their places, the occasional orders came clothes or anything else fitted their wearers.

wearers.

He was attached to regiment of India troops, one of those strange aggregations of Skibs, Pathans, Afgians, Panjabis, Rapputs and even bengalis, with the stranger of the stranger of

now, as the head of the marching col-umn came within range of the Mann-lichers, the parapet of the city wall broke into a rettling roar. A sheet of fiame flickered along its front. Then the word was given and our attack was delivered. Japanese, Brit-

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 cor-

and quadrupled. The special cor-respondent and I, looking over the top of the mud wall and watching the magnificent bravery of the advance, saw men fall in appalling numbers, al-

saw men fall in appaining 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 olderk that moving.

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 hear from the form of the property of gle back from the front with tales of

enforcements went in, one company, then another, then a third. Soon all were gone, and there were hardly men enough behind the mud wall to take care of the field-hospitals established

missioned officer of one of the native regiments, and he turned to the nules huddled close in behind the wall, out of danger, with their valuable loads.

He was a fine, upstanding Pathan, his luge grizzled beard curled back of his ears, and a great buff turban topping his tall figure. With his hand on the mule's bridle, and one of his men following on each flank, he walked through the grate and eath at the hard. through the gate and out on the hard vellow road, where the builets spattered so thickly it seemed not a sparrow could live. All 100 dignity of his fighting race was in his bearing, and no contemptible Chinese should hurry bits gait. is gait

They walked steadily through the all of bullets that fell round them, nd it made us wonder, viatching them rom the top of the wall, of what stuff

their hearts were made.

Fifty yards in the open they went makened. The Chinese had their range, and it seemed as if every men on the parapet was firing at them. Another fifty yards then the man at the left they was high paragraphs of the control eft threw up his hands, staggered forward a step or two, and went down

preparations went on, we saw from our house near the mud wall Dulloo etting orth after forage, with a man in Lis back.

There came at last an evening when he major sai2 again, "To-morrow we ake the Walled City," and this time is prophecy was true.

HIS comrades seemed not to know that he was gone. They did not even look round, but went ahead in the was hit. He fell full length in the was looked with the mule. The ammunition was going in the was gone. His comrades seemed not to know

about half his distance had been cov when we saw him waver and Then he started on, took a single step, and pitched forward, shot, surely

step, and pitched forward, shot, surely, through the heart.

The mule, all its attendants gone, was still unhurt. 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, sway from side to side, and fall in a heap. The ammunition had not gone in. e ammunition had not gone in. ne one must try again.

ome one must try again.
They chose a non-commissioned ofcer of the Wei-hai-wei regiment, a
mooth-faced, square-jawed, fine-cyed
outh of England man. He had won
the notice of half the field that mornng by his steady bearing, and we felt when we saw him that if any man ould take the ammunition in he was he one. They gave him two men of tis own regiment—and Dulloo. He took the leading-strap of our type little friend in his hand and with

rise little friend in his hand, and with sharp call to his men, went through he gate and out into the open on the

The Chinese seemed to have waiting The Chinese seemed to have waiting in expectation of 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, un-

y, and Dulloo trotted easily along, undisturbed by spit of bullet or scream of shell. All the Chinese in Tientsin

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 to gether and went on at a smart trot. Dulloo followed. He scemed 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

rould be no cover that he could take. But he just kept his head down and 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 roud 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

But he was. It took him apparentstraight in the head, through the brim of his helmet, for the big sun-quard flew off in front of him as his lands were thrust forward, and he went down on his face.

Only Dulloo was left. The men tood up in their ditch fitty yards ahead if him and waved the rarms and we

of him and waved their arms, and we knew they were calling to him. Not a step did he falter, even when the guiding hand left his lead-strap danling between his feet. At the same teady trot he went ahead. He could hear the men telling him he was a good mule and should have a D. S. O.—Distinguished Service Order—all his own; and then the Chinese got him. One step he took, and was all right; the next he was down on his knees and rolling over.

But his work was done, the ammunition was delivered. It was only a four step to the line four where he

ew steps to the line from where he fell, and almost before he was down the men had run out to him, unlashed the boxes, and were rushing back to the cover of their little ditch. Surely Dulloo had earned the D. S. O.—

Youth's Companion.

Crusts Made Plump Cheeks.
A young man and his best girl, evilently from the country, had just finshed sitting for their "engagement picture" after a lengthy discussion with the Knight of the Camera as to the best position to assume. After they had gone the photographer made some smiling comment about country patrons

only years. She wanted a good-looking bicture, because she'd got it into her lead she wasn't going to live long and the wanted all her relatives unto her hird and fourth cousin to have something by which to remember her. She couldn't bring herself to buy a set of alse teeth, however, and her mouth fell in weefully without them.

ell in woefully without them. aly produced some crusts of bread rom her handbag and stuffed them not her mouth. When she'd put in nough to make her lips and cheeks fill ut she explained to me rather thickly, hat the crusts would do just as well false teeth. And the strangest thing was that they did do very well, and I got a good picture."—New York

The late Lord Acton for many years ept a record of coincidences. A very trange one occurred in his own ex-

A rumor spread that his wife had rumor spread that his whe had wned herself. She had done nothof the kind, but it was quite true ta Baroness Acton had drowned self at Tegernsee, where Lord and by Acton were staying, and had wned herself under their window.

The strangest of all coincidences The strangest of all coincidences total by Lord Acton concerned Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, who was murdered at the bottom of what is now Primrose Hill, but was then known as Greenberry Hill, in London. Three men were hanged for the mur-der; their names, respectively, were



A Scented Hairbrush.

A Scented Halrbrush.

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 insuling 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 descripting 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 Bas 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 de-mand, if every man, married or un-married, is monsieur, should not every woman, wife or maid, be madame? "A bas 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 dif-American sizers 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 maticipation. ent gratifying ceremony.

A Mother's Care of Herself.

If the children are to be kept free rom colds, the mother must not perrich threself to catch la grippe and similar ailments to hand cown to them, since almost all colds and influenzas are contagious. The careful mother's first thought should be to provide herself, with adopting funnish graphs. strict thought's should be to provide ner-self with adequate flennels, warm stockings, and (no matter how she has always hated them) with stout rub-bers for use in wet weather. It is every mother's duty and right

to be a healthy, convented, cheerful person, free from all aches and pains and discomforts of her own, in order that she may be strong to minister to the trials and tribulations of the less fortunate members of her household. This is not selfishness, it is prudence -Carroll Watson Rankin.

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 rage against their inability to vote on great questions in the United States should start at once for the northern land. Miss Jessie Akermann, 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 extensions." cal 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

Invalid a Charity Worker.

Even illness of a nature that makes woman a permanent invalid need of necessarily prevent her doing work in the wo.ld. A case in point is af-forded by Miss Mary Merrick, daugh-ter 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 thorse desired. which has more than a thousand mem had gone the photographer made some smiling comment about country patrons in general and added:
"I think the funniest experience I ever had was with an old lady of seventy years. She wanted a good-looking vicenty years, She wanted a good-looking society is for working purposes only The nd never gives entertainments. The members are organized into bands, the neads of which report in person to Miss Merrick every three months.—New

Tha Empire Waist.

Many women seem to imagine that that, women seem to imagine that they dress of which the waistline is slightly shorter than in the ordinary lress belongs to the Empire style. This is, of course, a mistake, and he result obtained from following that ne result obtained from following that notion cannot be anything else than a lecided failure. There are actually wo types of waist—the long, rounded, and clearly defined waist just above the hips, and the frankly short bodice, topping below the bust, as in the Em ire fashion, the skirt being either quite

e hashon, the sart being either quite see or full, or cut to as to slightly ggest the outlines of the figure. But in no case should the waistline me half way, possessing neither the ignality of the Empire style nor the rmonious proportions of the long-isted bodice. This applies to gowns ly, as coats are enjoying a large count of fanciful mitigation in their

remarkably attractive teagown the short-waisted persuasion is in ry crepe de Chine, a wide band of quoise blue, with applications of se, hemming the skirt. There is pron effect, obtained by a larg an apron effect, obtained by a large entredeux of Venetian lace, outlined on each side with a narrow depassant of turquoise, panne, and decorated with graduated bows of the same material. The tiny bolero is also of panne, with

Venise. The draped sleeves are made of the same lace over crepe de Chine.

Blames Wives For Crimes of Husband 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.

Mrs. Atherton says:

"So great is the glamor of New York society that it is the ambition of every woman who has suddenly risen to social registing in her cays from the transcial position in her own town to transport her husband's millions to this Mecca of American life. And this factor of feminine ambition, to say nothing of feminine rapacity, is one that counts significantly in the system known as graft. The influence of American women over men today is greater than graft. The influence of American wom-en over men to-day is greater than woman's influence, except in isolated cases, has ever been before. American men are not only indulgent and kind-ly, but a strongly natural desire to please women is their most famous characteristic. There are thousands of American women that influence men for their good, but there are an ap-palling number of others—and most of them respectable wives—who, passive patting number of others—and most of them respectable wives—who, passive-ly by extravagance, or actively by that form of mental pressure known as nagging, force men to reach out for more money, at any cost. Sometimes the result is the defrauding bank clerk, the result is the defrauding bank clerk, with whom we are all so familiar; when there are more distinguished gifts to develop, smaller fry than banks are annihilated to swell the individual fortune; and, in the present condition of American laws, stripes are avoided. But that among latter-day millionaires there is a large majority of criminals no one pretends to deny."

She Trains Boys and Girls.

Mrs. Harriet Taylor Treadwell is the successor of Margaret Haley as the head of the Chicago teachers' united

nead of the Chicago teachers' united movement to win pure democracy for the schools, and thereby to make bet ter and nobler citizens of the boys and girls of the city. For the past year she has ably served the Chicago Teach ers' Association, having been elected president in April, 1905.

Mrs. Treadwell is a native of New York State and a graduate of the Os wego (N. Y.) Normal School. Her teaching career has extended over a long period. She was married in 1897 to Dr. Charles Treadwell, but did not give up her professional work. Her record as an educator began at nine teen years of age, when she commenced teaching in the Chicago schools, ad vancing steadily to the post of instruc-or in English at the Forestville School, which she held for eleven years, until she was made principal last year of the

Joseph Warren School. Mrs. Treadwell is a specialist in children's reading, and has instituted a "Book Review Day" in her school, when teachers and pupils listen to reviews and discuss the worth of a book

and its writer. The right direction is tactfully given to children's reading.
"I never say to a boy, 'You shan't read this book,' or 'it's horrible to read dime novels,' but, rather, I suggest various good books, until at last he is

spoiled for the improvable, the false, the vulgar and the vicious," she says. Mrs. Treadwell is deeply interested in all things that tend toward the advancement of women; and is enlisted among the active workers for suffrage in the State of Illinois.



Both big and little hats are seen, but none of medium size.

Tiny gold roses are seen on some of all dressy occasions, and it is as soft and as supple as chiffon.

of white lace sleeves on sheer black blue and green are evening gowns, such as those of net or mouseline de soi.

A new color in coral beads is a shade between mahogany and rich crimson. The beads are real coral, but unlike

The Empire style has brought the plain skirt into favor; for the long, slim effect does not allow of ruffles or elaborate trimmings, although it does demand embroideries and applications that trim without interiering with the rippling hem.

The Empire style has brought the plain interier the long, since the long of the long slime freet does not allow of ruffles or elaborate trimmings, although it does demand embroideries and applications that trim without interiering with the rippling hem.

The Empire style has brought the plant of the long, slime the long of the

tory as a lucky pig. Those who are drawn to the grewsome will like the

A MODERN CORTEZ

Cape Cod Fisherman Became the "King of Jamaica."

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Avenue of the MacDo Sunday Sander

preache of Jes xxii:42 Whose The mate of the central Hugom ter of Around iest ca impreg captur the characteristic for the characteristic form and witions for manost to-day

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In the World's Work Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., tells the remarkable story of "Captain Bake" and Jamaica;" how this gentle Cape Cod fisherman became the King of Great Britain's richest West Indian isle. The aistory of the conquest began thirty-five years ago, with an armada of one lone schooner. She had two masts and could carry a undred tons. Her owner and skipper was Lorenzo Dow Baker, the son of a 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." ne told them with earnest conviction 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 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 Baller had to push his cam-

paign of education at both ends. In Jamaica he taught people to grow ba-nanas, 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 manan trade.

Captain Haker still lives at Port

Antonio, which is not only an American town, but a Boston town. In the summer he goes back to Wellfieet, there renews intercourse with Mayflower descendents like himself, tries periodically to wring an appropriation from Uncle Joe Cannon for the Pil-grim monument at Provincetown, quietly looks after his charities, and puts hic sturdy shoulder to any enter-prise for the beautifying of life along Cape Cod. Fort Anton's files the American flag, although it is a British possession. The original plar was to alternate the flags. "It's the coolle's business to change 'em." Captain Baker explained, "but I'm afraid he does not know his business very well.

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. The other day Mrs. Cobb saw her ten-year-old son Edward going out the gate with a neighbor's boy. "Where are you going?" she called from the window.

"We're going down to have our pictures taken at the tintype place," answered her boy, tossing a ten-cent piece

in the air.

Mrs. Cobb had been wondering what queer train of thought had awakened this vain desire when suddenly she heard once more the click of the gate. Looking out, she saw Edward coming in alone, munching a banana.

"Was it too cloudy to have the tin-type taken?" she asked.
"No, ma'am."
"What was the matter?"
"Well," said Edward, "Tommy had his taken, but I didn't. I found out that bananas had dropped to three for ten cents. So I bought 'em. You never can tell the price of bananas, but tintypes is always the same."— Youth's Companion.

Rug Weavers.
The Ouchak rugs are called after the name of the chief city of Asiatic Turkey. These are woven by Moslem wonen 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 seen in the color of the seller, may be sure it is modern, for the Mohammedan law forbids the faithful to use green! The rug weavers of Asiatic Turkey—these are classed Turkoman—are conscientious the smartest of the dark rich hats.

Velvet is first favorite this season for their dyes are "fast" and steep the distribution. wool in alum and water. The Bokhara. and as supple as chiffon.

Velvet ribbons are used to a very great extent at this moment for the frimming of hats, in bows, ruchings and are is usually of white or ivory, laid One of the latest fads is the wearing on a soft red or old rose field; orang f white lace sleeves on sheer black blue and green are often seen.—Ne

It is among the singular oversights of our boasted civilization that kitchen The beads are real coral, but unlike any previously seen. A necklace of graduated ones costs \$75.

For a girl who prefers green to coral beads there are the jade strings. It she will wear a string not quite up to the marx as to color, she will have to pay only \$125 for it. From that figure the prices run up to almost any amount.

The Empire style has brought the

There is almost a barnyard of coral animals that can be used as charms, although nothing is quite as satisfactory as a lucky pig. Those who are drawn to the grewsome will like the drawn to the grewsome will like the skulls, which are as disagreeable in coral as in any other form. Little roses are pretty in coral stickpins.

It is said that in Australia there is with a regular traffic in leuding engage.

To Trance. The invention is placed on a first placed on the displaced on the 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.