

A Night on the Pei-Ho.

The crowded plaza of the German hotel in Tientsin was brilliant with countries. In the roaring street the Chinese were jostled aside by all the assorted races of fighting men who had come to punish an ancient nation for permitting the legations in Peking to be battered by Boxer hordes.

But the stirring scene had no charm for the young woman in an American shirtwaist and short skirt who leaned against the piazza railing and looked up appealingly into the kindly face of the officer in khaki with stars on his shoulder straps. She wrung her hands and pleaded:

"But isn't there any way I can get up to Peking, general? The allied army relieved the legations a week ago, and the fighting is all over, I'm sure. And all the word I've had from Will is that he's still alive. There I was waiting in Japan through all those awful weeks, and he was up there fighting for his life. And I know he was badly wounded, and then came down with typhoid. Please, please, general! His wife ought to be there to nurse him. It's wicked to keep me here!"

The American officer winced under her prayers, but repeated with painful reluctance:

"I dare not take the risk, Mrs. Walcott. Wandering bands of Boxers are still hiding in the eighty miles of country between here and Peking. Only yesterday two troops of our cavalry had a hot skirmish near Yang-tsun. We shall have a wagon train going up early next week under a strong guard. You must wait until then. Yes, we're sending stores up the river by junk, but the men run big chances. You're sure to hear good news of your husband before long. I'll try to get another message through to-day if the Boxers have left the wires alone overnight. No, I can't assume the responsibility of sending you now."

Young Mrs. Walcott turned away, not knowing what next to do. A broad-shouldered, travel-tanned man in corduroy riding clothes stepped up to her, and said:

"I beg your pardon, but I chanced to overhear part of your conversation with Gen. Mott. Now I simply must get through to Peking at once. Here is my card, if you please. I have large engineering interests in north China. I am going to start up this afternoon, and risk getting through in a junk. Another chap is travelling with me. He goes for the American Trading Company. If you will take the chances with us we'll make you as comfortable as possible. Your husband was one of the most gallant officers among the legation troops, so my friends tell me."

She bowed her head in thanks, lest he see her tears, and said simply, "I shall be ready to start whenever you call for me."

Mr. Henry Willis took the hand she offered and said, with a decisive air:

"In two hours, then. We've a double force of coolies, and we expect to push through night and day."

When Mrs. Walcott climbed down from her "rickshaw" in the French quarters of Tientsin, the American engineer led her down the muddy bank of the Pei-ho to a clumsy junk, the deck of which was crowded with bare-legged Chinese in ragged blue garments. Out of the rough cabin, roofed with bamboo matting, a young man poked a cheery face and cried:

"All ready to cast off, skipper! Tell the trackers to man the tow-ropes."

The young woman made a brave effort to hide the tears aroused at sight of this rickety craft and its wild-looking crew. Once inside the stuffy little cabin she was touched by the signs of anxious thought for her comfort. The whole space had been curtained with army blankets to serve as her bedroom, and one corner was arranged as a tiny sitting place. The two men were to sleep on the narrow deck among the coolies.

With a discordant chorus of cries six muscular, half-naked trackers strained along the towpath, a great patched square sail slid up the single mast, and the junk moved slowly against the stiff current of the Pei-ho.

While the awkward craft lolloped past the crowded mud walls of the city, the brave young American wife almost forgot her peril and loneliness.

But when nightfall closed drearily down over the gray expanse of plain and river, the daring pilgrimages seemed menacing enough. Half-wild dogs were howling round the ruins of villages desolated by the trail of the allied army. Against the black horizon a crimson splotch glowed where some distant town was burning in a foray of Boxers or foreign troops. The shallow river twisted among the millet fields, which rustled in the night wind as if creeping foes were moving there. Soon it became so dark that the weary trackers, slipping along the muddy towpath, cried out to be taken aboard to wait until the moon should rise at 11 o'clock.

The youngster of the American Trading Company had been presented as "Billy MacHugh," late of Omaha.

He was a light-hearted collegian, cast up in his turbulent corner of the Orient from sheer love of adventure. The journey appealed to him as an "experience."

He had shown a wisdom beyond his years by bringing his "Number One Boy," a fat and gorgeous Chi-

nese in flowing crimson robes, who served an elaborate meal from the tiny box of a kitchen, out of which he had routed the cook of the junk's crew. His master called this dignified gentleman "Mike O'Toole." Mike attended upon Mrs. Walcott with much ceremony, and made her cramped cabin seem even cozier and comfortable.

When moonlight flooded the melancholy country, the grumbling coolies splashed ashore, and the junk resumed its slow progress up-stream.

Mrs. Walcott did not sleep well. She was thinking now of the husband at the end of this long journey. She had not seen him in a year. Only a month after her wedding with the captain of marines he had been ordered to the China station. Then the summer had brought the news that he had been sent to Peking with the legation guard when the outbreak of the Boxers threatened. And now, as the first foreign woman to seek the way to Peking since the relief, she lay wondering whether she would find her husband or his grave.

Day was breaking when she fell into a troubled sleep. The jolly voice of young MacHugh awoke her with a frightened start.

"Breakfast is served on deck!" he shouted. "All's well, and Mike O'Toole sends his distinguished compliments to the honorable lady, and wants to know how she will have her tea cooked."

Mr. Willis greeted her more sedately. His eyes were heavy from an all-night vigil, and he had not yet removed a heavy cartridge belt from round his waist. The trio thanked God in their hearts and with their lips that they had come safely thus far.

After breakfast Mrs. Walcott walked along the bank with her escort, for it fretted her to sit idly on board and watch the snail pace of the trackers. The country seemed so free from alarms that they began to laugh at their fears of attack.

This little excursion made Mike O'Toole feel bold, and late in the afternoon he waddled half a mile ahead of the craft with an eye out for loot. A shattered temple on the edge of a deserted village caught his covetous eye, and he trotted off several hundred yards inland.

A few moments later the strolling Americans were startled to behold the bold cook pop headlong through the temple gateway and lumber toward the junk at top speed. He was bellowing with terror, his queue stood out straight behind him, and his felt-shod feet fairly twinkled.

Mr. Willis shouted to the helmsman of the junk, who flung his weight against the ponderous tiller, and the craft swung slowly toward the bank. The American girl was grasped round the waist and fairly flung on board, while MacHugh dived into the cabin for the rifles. Mike O'Toole and the trackers scurried aboard in a panic.

As the junk swung out into the river, through the gaps in the village wall came running a dozen or more Chinese, whose blue cotton garments were marked by red sashes and fluttering strips of red cloth.

They were firing as they ran, and the bullets sang overhead like hornets. Then the pursuers stopped in their tracks and plunged into the dense millet field by the bank as two rifles replied from the junk.

There was no more cowardice in Mike O'Toole's mighty bulk. He persuaded Mrs. Walcott to lie on the cabin floor, and piled her mattress and roll of blankets in front of her as a breastwork.

Then he armed himself with a revolver, and squatted in the cabin floor, popping at the foe with strange Chinese oaths.

At the first shot the boatmen had gone into the hold, the helm was deserted, and the Americans saw with dismay that the current was setting the junk toward the shore they had just left. Chinese Mike crawled at, swung the tiller over, and set his big chest against a push-pole. The junk veered broadside, felt the stronger current in midstream, and went wide of the dangerous bank as it moved slowly down-river. The Boxers were firing wildly at long range from their cover in the millet.

Willis and MacHugh were soon convinced of their ability to stand off the attack as long as daylight lasted; but the sun was sinking in heavy clouds and dusk was creeping up the river. As MacHugh scrambled below to try to kick the boatmen into action, he felt a rasping scrape along the junk's bottom, and poked his head out to find that the craft had drifted upon a sandbar almost in midstream.

The strength of the current was setting it harder aground with every moment of delay. Willis could not be spared and Mike O'Toole rallied to the call and helped cuff and haul the coolies to their posts. But the junk could not be moved. This mishap made the situation far more serious than before. The hostile shore was not more than hundred yards away. The attacking party was keeping up a scattering fire from the millet farther up the stream.

In the twilight one coolie hit, and the calm and plucky girl tied a handkerchief round a painful bullet scratch on Mr. Willis's left arm.

"Mac," he whispered, as the two men lay on the deck, "those beggars are going to stay here because they know they have us in a hole. That millet is higher than your head, and it grows right down to the towpath. We're stuck here helpless, and the water isn't more than four feet deep. They'll creep down through the field until they're right abreast of us, at point-blank range, and we'll be under a nasty fire all night without a chance to hit back. And they may

try to rush us before the moon rises. MacHugh's rifle answered a little streak of flame out in the darkness, and a shrill cry of anguish followed. Then he said slowly:

"It's up to us good and hard, isn't it? I suppose we were a pair of fools, or worse, to bring this poor girl along. We've got to get her out of it. We've got to, I tell you. I can do up six Chinamen in a pinch."

"But they'll riddle this old box before morning," answered Willis. "And we'll loom up out here like a Noah's ark when the moon rises."

MacHugh crawled into the cabin to refill his cartridge belt as a bullet tore through the flimsy side, and drove stinging splinters into his face. He groped in the gloom until he found Mrs. Walcott. She gripped his hand with unspeakable relief, and said with a little tremor in her voice:

"Are you hurt? I thought I heard you groan just now, and your hand is all wet."

"Only a scratch," he said. "Are you all right? That's the vital question."

"Yes, and I'm trying not to be frightened. But I wish you would let me on deck, and I could use one of your revolvers. This is no worse than what poor Will has been through, is it?"

MacHugh patted her hand and said:

"Now you mustn't think me a coward if I run away from the junk. I have an idea. It's worth trying, and it's our only chance. Good-by!"

"God bless you," she cried, "whatever it is!"

MacHugh crept on deck, and found Mike O'Toole sobbing angrily from a flesh wound in his leg.

"Brace up, you old pirate!" exclaimed his master. "Ask the beautiful lady to tie you up. You ought to be proud of the chance."

Then he whispered to Willis, "Give me your waterproof match box, old man. I'm going ashore for a smoke."

Before the elder man could make astonished reply MacHugh had softly dropped overboard. Willis saw him vanish in the darkness, and wondered for an instant whether his comrade was deserting him.

But he had other business to think of. The Boxers had crept down opposite the junk. Their firing was erratic, but it soon drove the lone American to snoop body through a hatch into the shallow hold, leaving his head and shoulders out. The missiles cried in their flight with curious whines and shrieks.

"They're firing slugs of scrap iron and telegraph wire in those big jingals of theirs!" muttered Willis. "They'll make us look like a porous plaster in another hour."

Meanwhile MacHugh was slipping down stream in the darkness, swimming under water much of the time. Once, as he stuck his head up for breath, he grinned with delight as he felt the freshening wind blow cool and strong straight off the hostile shore.

A third of a mile below the junk he crawled up the bank and entered the dense growth of millet fields. With infinite care and patience he circled wide until he had crept on lands and knees directly in the rear of the Boxers. The tall millet was dry and brittle from the long drought and the midsummer heat.

MacHugh said a little prayer as he pulled a heap of stalks together, and touched a match to them. The flames licked up the dry fodder with a roaring leap. A heavier gust of wind drove the fire headlong toward the river.

Crouching as he ran, MacHugh tossed bundles of lighted stalks into the field along a wide circuit, until a great arc of fire was swiftly marching to the river bank. Then he opened fire with his revolver at the fleeing figures seen black against the glare, while on the junk, Willis and Mike O'Toole renewed their fusillade.

In a frenzy of fear the Chinese tried to break through the girdling flames, turned back, and plunged into the river.

Bullets rained among them as they dived like muskrats. The rout was complete.

An hour later the frightened boatmen were kicked ashore through the shallow water, and MacHugh marched with them to brace their hearts. Their united strength on the towrope slid the junk off the bar, and the little expedition moved up-stream in the moonlight.

Daybreak showed blue-shirted American cavalymen trotting down the towpath. Presently a sunburned young lieutenant hailed them:

"Junk ahoy! You look as if you had been in trouble. Can we do anything for you?"

The officer bowed in his saddle as Mrs. Walcott appeared in the cabin door. She called across the water:

"Can you tell me any news of Capt. William Walcott, of the Legation guard? I am his wife."

"Pull up to the bank, if you please," shouted the lieutenant. "I left Peking day before yesterday, and your husband gave me a letter for you. He's coming on in fine shape, and he'll be getting out of bed in another week. We'll escort you half-way back to Tung-chau. One of our surgeons is there. A quartermaster's wagon will be waiting to escort you over to Peking. Thank you, gentlemen, I'll be glad to come aboard for breakfast."—Ralph D. Paine in Youth's Companion.

Speaking Clocks.

Clocks are now being made which speak the hours, instead of striking them, through an ingenious application of the phonograph. They are arranged to call out in various degrees of modulation, some loud enough to rouse the soundest sleeper.

PAPERING THE HOUSE

STUDY EXPOSURE OF ROOMS AND FURNISHINGS.

Painted Kitchen Walls Are More Sanitary and Serviceable Than Paper—Plain or Two Toned Best for Sitting-Rooms.

The room facing the south must have a cool neutral paper, while the rooms with a northern aspect must have the effect of sunlight introduced by means of warm, cheerful paper.

Another point to be considered is whether the rooms open out of one another, as they must not all have a different color scheme, or the effect would be intolerable.

Plain or two toned papers are the best selections for the sitting-rooms, as one soon gets tired of a figured paper and longs for a relief of plain surfaces. These should be broken up by the introduction of picture moldings or dado rails. These straight horizontal lines add greatly to the effect of the walls.

In a small house it is a great advantage to keep the color scheme in one key. If the hall is green have the parlor a paler tone of the same color. If a living room can be seen from the hall green burlap would make a variety and still carry out the color scheme.

The dining room would be better in a color that lights up well at night, and you will, of course, be guided in your choice of coloring by its aspect.

A tapestry dado with lots of green in it would repeat the color scheme, and yet the room could be brightened by having a pale paper above the dado.

Usually the parlors suffer most in inartistic trash sold under the name of parlor papers which cannot be considered by any woman of taste.

Shiny papers in imitation of satin are probably entirely out of keeping with the surroundings, and plain felt or two-toned paper which would serve as a good background for the pictures would be infinitely more suited and easier to keep in harmony with its surroundings.

Bedroom papers are often resorted to for parlor use, but after a time they become tiresome beyond words and serve to make the room look dignity.

The choice of a bedroom paper is comparatively easy, as the prettiest varieties can always be found.

It is best to paint the kitchen and pantry walls, unless tiles are used. A wall paper is entirely out of place and is very unsanitary.

It is also important that the walls should be scrubbable, as soap and water must always play an important part in a sanitary kitchen.

HOME COOKING.

Oyster Harbott.

One-half pound cream American cheese, cut in small pieces, one-half cup of oyster juice with soft part of oysters, one-half tablespoonful butter, season, stir until creamy, pour over hot toast.

Onion Sandwich.

Chop one or two large onions and spread on saltine cracker, and sprinkle a little salt over onions, and then lay a slice of cream cheese over onions and lay saltine over all.

Cheese Cakes.

Butter very slightly salted waters, then spread with a mixture of grated cheese, mustard and a dash of tobacco sauce. Toast in oven and serve hot with salad.

Mutton Pie With Tomatoes.

Spread the bottom of a baking dish with crumbs. Fill with alternate layers of cold roast mutton cut in thin slices and tomatoes peeled and sliced. Season each layer with pepper, salt and butter. The last layer should be tomatoes spread with bread crumbs. Bake forty-five minutes. Serve immediately.

To Keep Ice in the Sick Room.

A very simple but little known method of keeping ice is to draw a piece of cloth flannel tightly over some deep vessel, like a bowl for instance, and fasten it there. The ice is placed on top of this drumhead and covered loosely with another piece of flannel. In this condition the ice keeps cold, and even freezes to the flannel. Thus a small piece of ice can be kept near the patient all night, so as to avert many weary marches up and down stairs to the refrigerator. To break ice a sharp needle or hat pin is the best thing. Force it in and you will be astonished to see how easily it will divide the ice.

A Choice of Perfumery.

The smart woman chooses the perfume she most likes and adheres to it. It must be sweet and pleasant, never too heavy, and always pleasant. Some women like the odor of attar of roses, but to prevent it from becoming too oppressive it should be mixed with alcohol. Take an ounce of alcohol to one drop of pure attar of roses, and allow it to stand for a little while. It is then ready to sprinkle over the handkerchief and clothes.

Feminine Terrors.

The middle-aged spread is one of the troubles which stare us in the face when youth is cruelly deserting us. It comes slowly; one is hardly conscious of it at first. Maybe some morning in the glass you think "your face is fatter; in a month or so you know it is; and that the hips at the back have taken a fresh development."—The Queen.

GIRLS IN GERMANY

There Are No Colleges for Them, but They Enjoy a Substantial Education.

The German girl leaves school at about fifteen years of age, by which time she has learned to sew, mend, and supposedly to speak English and French.

She has not learned mathematics, says Modern Women, but she has learned the small things which fit a girl for a housewife or companion, and that, in Germany, is woman's only sphere.

However, much we American girls may enjoy our colleges, we dare not pity the German girls, for they have something which takes their place, and of which we can have no conception until we reside in Germany a few months.

Did you ever hear of a pension? It is one of the most enjoyable things which exists. Certain influential ladies, mostly widows or maiden aunts, make known that they are willing to take a limited number of young ladies into their family.

We went to Hanover, two of us girls, with a horror and dread of a boarding school, as we heard a pension described. We found ourselves in a family of eight girls, all from the very best class of Germans, and all placed under Frau von H's care for a year or more.

None of the girls had any special object in life; a few wanted to learn how to keep house, a few indulged in an hour's music lesson per week, but most of them came, as is German custom, for the sake of becoming polished, and being escorted to concerts, theaters, balls, receptions, student Klubs, etc., opportunities not afforded in smaller cities, and even not in many cities that are larger than Hanover.

Consequently our chaperon accepted invitations for her girls, parties were given and the great intimacy family spent a year full of pleasure.

Inexpensive Fruit Press.

The fruit season brings with it considerable hard work in the kitchen. The above pictured press is



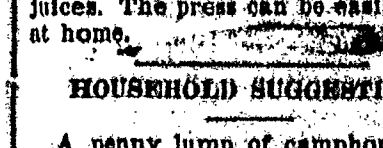
certain to reduce much of the work when it comes to collecting fruit juices. The press can be easily made at home.



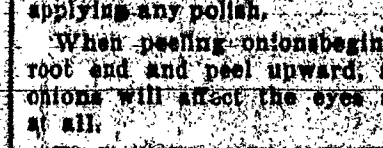
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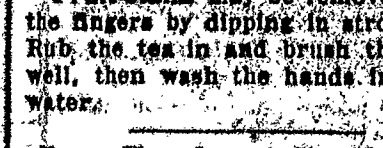
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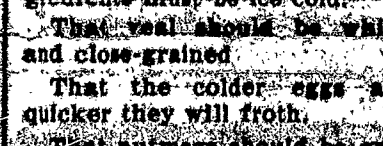
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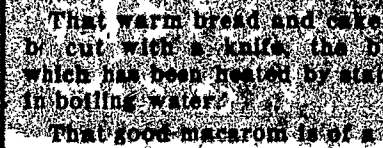
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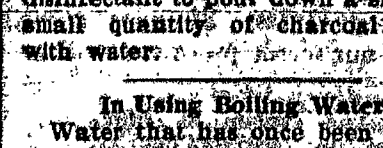
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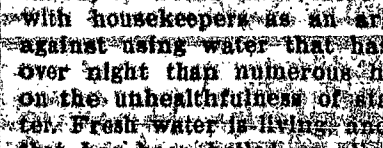
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WOMEN'S WORK

Employment of Women in the United States.

The remarkable increase in the last few years in the number of women employed in all branches of commercial life is an unmistakable sign of the times.

With the occupation of the home, they have almost exclusively belonged to the fields which have been considered as belonging to the male sex.

The experiment made in the employment of women as clerks and bookkeepers has been found satisfactory, and now many girls are employed by many of the firms and stores in Tokyo and other large cities. The employment of women in these various directions will do much toward emancipating the Japanese women, who have until now been entirely dependent on men for the shaping of their destinies. It is only natural, under such circumstances, that female education should engage serious public attention. The number of girls receiving a school education, if in Japan, is now more than eight times the number of those at school ten years ago. More remarkable are the figures given by the Tokyo Educational Society.

Fifteen years ago the percentage of females admitted to the training school was less than 20, compared with the men, but to-day the rate has been completely reversed, the number of male applicants being now about 15 per cent of the total. It is said that women as teachers are proving themselves superior to the men, and that there is consequently more demand for the former than the latter. There is no doubt that the employment of women in the various branches of business activity will steadily increase with the advance of education among them.

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