



How Kuli saved the Kirmanshah

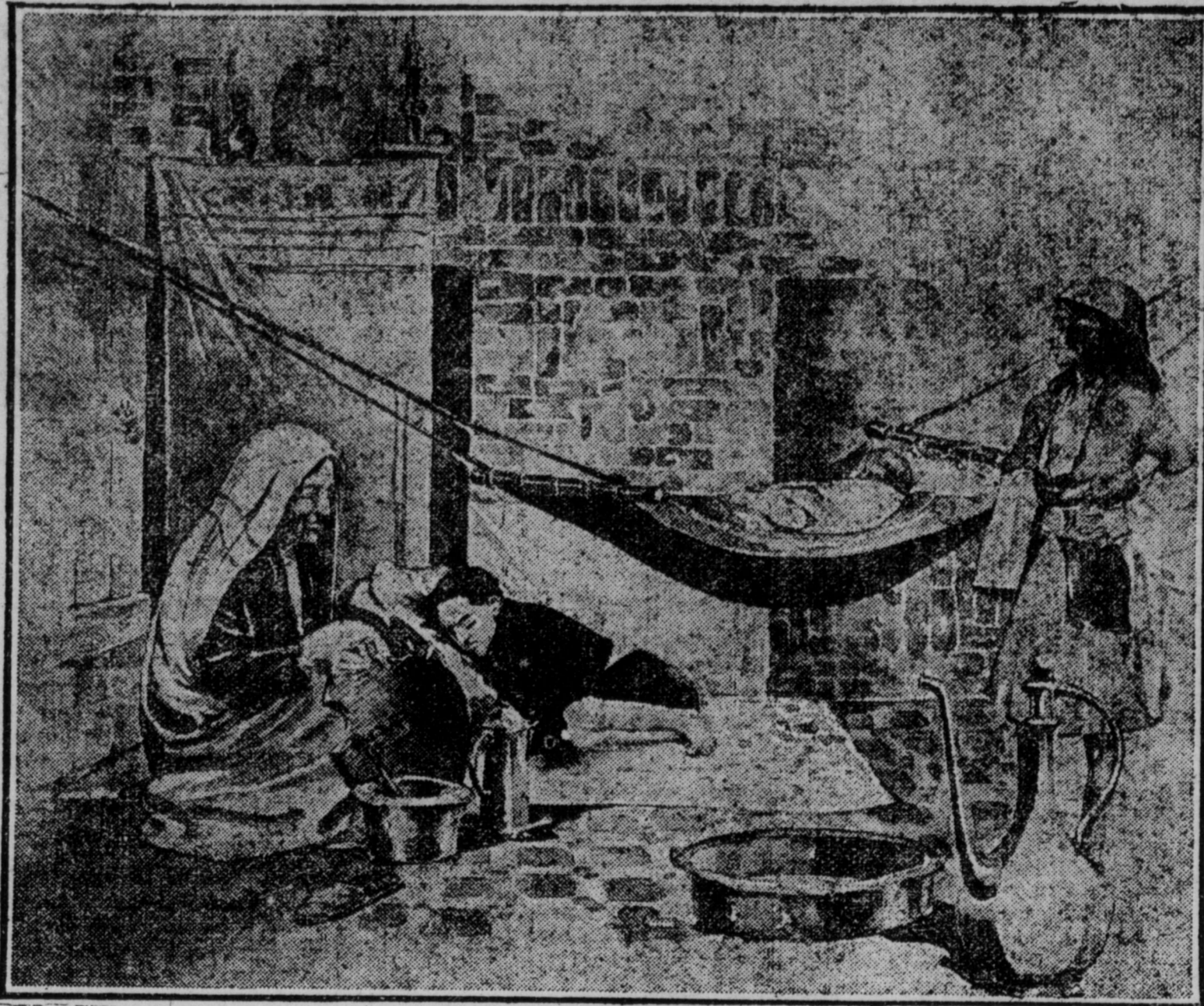
With an exclamation of impatience, Kuli stepped to the side of the roadway. An instant he paused, watching the camels and mules of an approaching caravan. Then he rested a hand upon the ruined wall and lightly vaulted into what had once been the courtyard of a grand palace.

Ordinarily Kuli, like most other Persian lads of 7, would have remained to look at the caravan. But today he yearned for solitude. A great sorrow lay heavily upon his heart and he turned naturally to the friendly forest for recumbent masonry, upon some of which the wonderful moldings and stucco work still bore witness of an ancient builder's art. He gained an open space wherein stood a fountain, unused for many a century. Beyond it, a path, however, and passed thence into the open. On and on he went, through fields of wheat and barley and rice and sugar cane; among the nodding, crimson heads of poppies; by patches of ground cultivated for indigo, madder root and henna. Along irrigation ditches he traveled; along towers of turban-born amid the snows of mountains. Sometimes he passed houses, with their gardens of tangled, lowly vines, their little vegetable plots and melon patches, and orchards of plum, apricot, pear and apple trees. And so he left the city of Yazd far behind.

As he crossed a stretch of desert land, hizards, with tails a-quiver, scuttled to hiding places in the sand. But Kuli needed them not. Straight forward he bent his steps, until he entered into the cool shade of the forest, where it starts to crawl upward over the slopes of the Kohrud mountain range.

Threading his way among cypresses and dwarf oaks, he had finally thrown himself down under a konor tree—an old friend of his. Here the thoughts he had been struggling to escape came fully upon him. Surely he could not help thinking of what he had heard his father say but a few hours ago. Even now he seemed to hear the voice speaking to his mother.

"Yes, I fear we must part with our most precious possession, our Kirmanshah. During the long time I have been ill our savings have been dwindling. So that now, with my health recovered, I am without money to buy materials for my carvings and filigree work." Sell the magnificent Kirmanshah rug! Kuli shuddered at the mere suggestion. How well the boy remembered the time his father had brought home this treasure! It had been purchased several years before in Kirmanshah, whither father had journeyed to visit a friend.

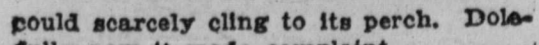


"KULI LYING UPON THE RUG HE HAD SAVED, SLUMBERED AND DREAMED"

Arriving home, father had greeted the family joyously and then gave him (he was only a very little boy then) a handful of dates bought on the way through Bagdad. Kuli's mouth watered at the memory of those dates. His eyes kindled anew at the recollection of how father had then unpacked the rug and spread it out, in all its magnificence,

for them to behold. "Ah!" father had said: "naught but a genius could weave such a rug. It is a dream come from the loom." Those prosperous days were gone, however, and good fortune was not yet returned. So the rug must go. Two dark, lustrous eyes brimmed with tears, and Kuli buried his little brown face in

the moss. "Squee-aw! Squee-a-aw!" The boy leaped to his feet, startled. Looking quickly about him, soon he perceived whence the sound had come. To the lowest bough of a walnut tree hardly hung a falcon upon whose breast the blood showed in spots. So badly wounded was the bird that it



could scarcely cling to its perch. Dolefully now it made complaint. Kuli stared, and his eyes opened wider. Yes, he was sure of it. Many a time he had seen the wealthy Abdul Kasr ride forth to hunt rooks and partridges, with this very falcon perched upon his wrist. The bird was hooded then, but Kuli could not mistake the peculiar bristles which covered the yellow, waxy band of skin at the base of the beak, nor the beautifully mottled colors of the plumage.

Quickly tightening the red silk cord which held his blue cotton trousers (saroumah), the boy climbed nimbly up the tree. The falcon seemed to regard him as an enemy at first and pecked at him feebly once or twice. But soon it permitted Kuli to bear it tenderly to the ground. "You may know that the boy lost no time carrying the falcon back to its owner."

"By the serpent god, Azal Dahaka!" exclaimed Abdul Kasr, when the bird was brought to him. "I had grieved for my favorite hunter as utterly lost, and now he is returned! Boy, take this for thy service." Kuli lowered his head. "I would not take the money, sir, but for—"

"But for what?" asked the surprised man, as Kuli hesitated. In a moment the kindly Abdul knew the story of "a misfortune of Kuli's family."

"But thy father come to me, boy," said the man.

A few minutes later Kuli was bending his head reverently before his father.

"Master," said he, respectfully, "as do the Persian children, 'Abdul Kasr wishes to speak with you.'"

After a word or so of explanation, the father went upon his errand. Soon he returned, rushing into the house, he clasped in his arms Kuli's mother, Kuli's sister and Kuli—all at once. Then he gave Kuli a hug all by himself, and finally ended by bestowing a hearty kiss upon baby.

"Our rug is saved!" cried he. "I am to have a loan of money, and the good Kuli there is to study under the tutor of Abdul's son and to be taught also by the son's governor. So the first thing we buy with our money is a new lambskin kolia (cap) and a gorgeous alka-luk (waistcoat) for the lad. Now, let us rejoice, for a bright season has come at last!"

But Kuli, overcome with weariness from his adventure, passed into slumber. And with his glossy black head resting upon myrtle trees of life and symbolic, octahedrons patterned the beautiful Kirmanshah rug saved by him, he dreamed of the time when he should be called "mirza" (scholar), and carry in his muslin kemmerbund (belt) a penance and roll of paper—the tools of the craft that he longed some time to follow.

HOOGLIGANS IN OTHER LANDS.

Slang Terms Used for a Youthful Ruffian.

In Australia, what England dubs a hooligan they call a larrikin. On the other side of the Pacific, in San Francisco, he becomes a hoodlum. New Orleans designates him a copperhead, after a particularly venomous kind of snake which infests the swamps outside that city.

Paris styles him an apache, the term having its origin in a tribe of North American Indians so named. In Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana, he is known as a santape, which is the Creole way of pronouncing centipede.

The Neapolitan hooligan is a Iazzaro, from an old Spanish word meaning leper or pauper. In Calcutta he is budmah, literally "bad man." In Birmingham he is a peaky-blinder, or they say of him in a roundabout fashion that "he carries the stick," which means the same thing.

New York is content to know him simply as a tough, or a Bowery Boy. Scorpion is the name applied by the British resident in Gibraltar to the half-bred, half-baked variety of the type who infests the dark and devious alleys of the Old Town.

The hooligan has many other names, too, beside these; but his main characteristics are the same, wherever met. Assault and robbery he revels in. Work he disdains. In short, he is the typical "criminal in the making" of Lombroso and his disciples.

Tourist—"It looks like pretty good soil around here. What crops do the farmers grow in this section?" Native—"That all depends, stranger." Tourist—"Depends on what?" Native—"On what sort of seed they put in."

GOLDEN FLEECE. Sheep, Great Source of Australia's Wealth, Not Native There.

It is 120 years since the first shipment of people left England for Australia. There was then not a sheep in that country. The pioneer sheepmen were met with ridicule and rebuffs on all sides. The first fleet, in 1787, brought sheep, the genesis of Australian wealth, but only for food on the voyage. Spain, Holland and France had sneered at Australia and passed it by.

The sheep shipped in England were eaten on reaching the Cape of Good Hope. Forty-four sheep were taken aboard, with some cattle and pigs. The sheep were Cape natives, hairy fat-tails. Some were landed but died. Gov. Phillip blamed the rank grass. Never did other sheep reach Australia alive till 1791, when the Grogon brought sixty-eight from the Cape. In 1792 twenty were brought from Calcutta. In 1793 100 more came from Calcutta.

To Capt. Waterhouse, an army officer, belongs the credit of bringing the first Spanish Merinos, the ancestry of our valuable flocks, says the Imperial Revue. In 1797

he was sent from Australia to the Cape for Merinos, a service which he described as almost a disgrace to any officer. Col. Gordon had some years before brought a few Spanish Merinos to the Cape and they had increased to thirty-two. Waterhouse bought twenty-nine of them and brought them to Sydney.

Macarthur was allowed to take three rams and five ewes. He noticed that as they remained in the colony their fleeces became heavier, the wool softer and of better quality. By judicious breeding he further increased the quality.

Samples taken to London in 1803 were valued at six shillings a pound. He had gone to London with a great scheme. He explained to the Secretary of State that his flocks would double themselves every two and a half years. In twenty years, with proper encouragement, he could "make England independent of Spanish Merino wool."

His ideas were pooh-poohed on every hand. The sheep could not live on Australian grasses, such was the voice of the experts. Failing to get extra capital Macarthur yet persevered. He returned to Australia with a few particularly

valuable rams and ewes presented to George III. by the King of Spain. His flock increased to 4,000.

The extraordinary growth of sheep raising is seen from a few figures. In 1792 there were only 105 sheep in the country. In 1800 there were about 6,000; in 1810 about 33,000; in 1821, about 290,000, and in 1842 over 6,000,000. Today they are the true Golden Fleece of Australia.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

Adventurer Who Victimized Women is Sent to Prison.

"Tall, dark, robust and very energetic," were the terms in which Adolphe Grappe, of Paris, France, was in the habit of describing himself when answering advertisements of widows and spinsters in quest of a husband.

Whenever the would-be-bride had a little money he wooed energetically until he secured her property, when he disappeared in search of another confiding woman.

A few weeks ago he duped a prepossessing widow named Richeux, and secured \$600 from her. Mme. Richeux advertised for a husband again, but in a different name,

The Boy who didn't believe in Fairies

BEFORE him, on the road which wound up the steep hillside, toiled an old woman. Wrinkled was she with age and bent almost double by the heavy burden of fagots she had gathered in the forest and was now carrying home.

But it was not pity for the old woman's feebleness that moved the lad, Ormond, to quicken his pace so that he might overtake her.

"She looks like a witch, or she may be a fairy in disguise," mused Ormond to himself; "and should I help her with the fagots she may reward me well." Thereupon he stepped to the old woman's side and asked, politely: "May I not relieve thee of thy burden for a distance?"

Gratefully the aged peasant surrendered the bundle to him. Anxious to gain his reward, the youth

strode forward quickly and soon arrived at the top of the hill, where he gave the fagots back to the woman. Then, after bowing low, he stood expectant.

"I thank thee again, young sir. God will reward thee," quavered the peasant.

"What?" the boy cried. "You are not a fairy nor a witch, and you have nothing to give me?"

In a furious rage he seized the bundle of fagots and hurled it far down the steep bank. As he walked angrily away he cried:

"No more do I believe in fairies. I've done with such foolish fancies." The old woman was still gazing despairingly at the fagots, wondering how she could recover them, when along came an honest lad. No sooner did he observe her trouble than he set about helping her.

Quickly descending to where the bundle had been stopped in its downward flight by a clump of bushes, he raised the dead branches and twigs to his shoulders. Just then, what should he see but a leather bag, the contents of which clinked merrily as he raised it.

With great eagerness he regained the summit of the hill. There he opened the bag, discovering that it was filled with shining golden coins of much value.

"Heaven has given it thee for thy kindness!" exclaimed the old woman. And the lad, after generously bestowing upon her a share of the coins, took his way joyfully home to bear news of his good fortune.



"HE SAW A LEATHER BAG"

Afar off stood Ormond. He it was who had brought about this happy find, in which he himself had no benefit. "The old woman was a fairy, after all," muttered he, in bitter disappointment; "and she has chosen this way of punishing me."

PA'S NIGHTMARE---AND WHAT A TERROR IT WAS!

