

**THE FOOLISH FOLK.**

Between life's gates of mystery  
Through solemn men and things,  
With scales to weigh the things that be,  
To sift, reject and prize;  
Long loved beneath the wisdom's yoke  
They ponder as we meet;  
But we, we be the foolish folk  
Who know the world is sweet.

Scholar and sage and fearful priest  
They trudge a dismal quest,  
And marvel if the great be least  
Or if the least be best;  
Weighs each the worth of prince or hind  
Neath cowl and cap and hood;  
But we, we be the foolish kind  
Who know the world is good.

Within the dust of yesterdays  
Their gaunt hands dig and stir,  
They ponder on to-morrow's ways  
And guess, distrust, aver;  
Yesterday's fault, to-morrow's sin  
They withered lips repeat;  
But we, we be the foolish kind  
Who know to-day is sweet.

Oh, wise men of the sombre heart,  
We be of little worth,  
Who play our useless games apart  
And take our joy of earth;  
God's mirth when this His world awoke  
Ye have not understood—  
We only heard, we foolish folk  
Who know that life is good.  
—Theodora Garrison, in the Smart Set.

**A MIX-UP WITH CUPID.**

How the God of Love Worked in Disguise.

BY BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR.

**B**EAR huntin' don't always turn out just the way you've got it figured," volunteered Jack Gordon from his perch on the top rail of the horse corral. "Sometimes you hunt the bear, and sometimes the bear hunts you—and once in a while extraneous circumstances, as the Professor calls 'em, hops in and mixes things up in good shape."

Jack deftly twisted paper and tobacco into a brown cylinder, the touch of a match sent blue spirals of smoke curling up above his head. He leaned back against a post and breathed a deep sigh of content.

Across the bottom of the canon a cozy cabin nestled close under the brown earth wall that slanted back toward the hills. Snowy lace curtains and pots of green leaves, flowering things in the windows proclaimed a feminine presence. At one end of the cabin a brown bear paced ceaselessly to and fro with the stealthy, noiseless tread of his kind.

"Why is it," I queried, plaintively, "that when I ask you anything about that bear you always appear to be struggling with some strong emotion? And yesterday, when I remarked to Tony that 'Cupid' was a rather peculiar name for a creature as ungainly as a bear, he got as red in the face as a turkey gobble. What's the joke?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Jack, "and you can judge for yourself. Last spring they had a big horse round-up along the river here. Three or four outfits thrown in together and ran a wagon for about a month. There was lots of stray horses in this country then, and one or two outfits in the Judith basin sent men down to ride with us. Tony was workin' for the D-crows, and they sent him down because he was familiar with this country."

"There was quite a bunch of us—fourteen riders, I guess. The Professor was rumin' the layout, and the way was got over the country wasn't slow. One day we moved down and camped on the mouth of the Mussel shell; there was a little bunch of wild horses running on the river ten miles or so below there that the Professor wanted mighty bad. So next morning he tells Tony and me to mount our ridge runners, for he wanted us to ride the river bottom and get that bunch of broom-tails."

"You never was on a round-up with the Professor was you, Kid? Don't ever get life ain't worth livin' then. He forgets about bugs and beetles and rock formations long enough to send you out on herd or on circle, and then goes to meditati' about things that would give a Powder River horse wrangler the lockjaw to talk about. Petrified things—trees and fish and shells—which is common as dirt in this country, has a horrible fascination for him. Once he sent Bud Wilkes and me to hold a herd, and then clean forgot us till it was time to set the night guard. We were in pretty hostile, but when the Professor fixed his wild gray eyes on us kind of reproachful, we faded away, and looked around for a prairie dog hole that we could crawl into."

"That was his way, so we had to figure on getting those horses without any help from him. After starting us out, he'd forget we was on the earth, and if we run our horses down and got afoot, we knew we'd have to walk to camp—which was against our religious principles, to say nothing of the way the rest of the crowd would roast us."

"We poked along slow, kept an eye open for horses. We'd rode along the ridges till we come to the lower edge of Sun-Dance Flat, where this particular bunch was supposed to be. As we was amblin' down the hill into the river bottom, I see something pokin' around among the sagebrush, which growed like young trees along there. I could see it wasn't no horse and it didn't much resemble a cow. I was tryin' to figure out what it was before I said anything, when Tony—who's got an eye on him like an eagle—blurted out, 'A bear, b'gosh!'"

"And it was, sure enough; a big brown cuss, nosin' around in the brush like he'd lost something. We loped down toward him, Tony cussin' considerable as we went along."

"I might a-knowned," he growled, "that if I strayed down into this God-forsaken country without a gun I'd meet some varmint that needed killin'. Ain't even got a pistol—and I don't suppose there's a sheep camp within ten miles where we could get one."

"Tony seemed to be real distressed about it. He looked as sorrowful as a cow puncher caught in a storm on day-herd with his slicker in the bed wagon. I tried to cheer him up, but it wasn't any use; he seemed to have a grudge against that bear right from the start."

"We went on till we got right close to him, and he didn't pay any more attention to us than if we'd been a couple of jack rabbits out for a moment's stroll. Pretty soon Tony pulled up and started to unbuckle his rope strap."

"What in thunder you going to do now?" I asked. I knew well enough, but it seemed like a fool thing to try.

"I'm going to take a fall out of that coyote-faced son of a reptile if it's the last thing I do on earth," he snaps. "Are you game? A bear ain't got no

bered the bear. I looked up and Tony was standin' over me, jigglin' water out of a tin can on to my head. There was a girl standin' there, too, lookin' at me sort of anxious. I couldn't make it out at all.

"Where in blazes did she come from?" thinks I.

"Then I says to Tony, who'd quit sloppin' water on me when I opened my eyes: 'Well, what about it? How'd you make out with that bear?'"

"The girl giggled then, and Tony's face looked like you'd slapped it—It got so red."

"I sat up then and looked around. I thought I was dreamin'. Tony's horse and a couple of other cayuses—one of 'em with a side-saddle on—was standin' in my near. A little piece away—no more than fifty feet—was our bear, sittin' contentedly on his haunches watchin' us; a little kid about ten years old sprawled on the grass holdin' the end of Tony's rope, which was still around Brownie's neck."

"I began to ask questions then, and there was explanations till further orders. The girl's folks had settled on the lower end of Sun Dance that spring. One day there comes a Dage down the river with a dancin' bear and a hand organ on a scow. He was headed for North Dakota, but his plans and his scow was both upset when he struck Sun-Dance."

"The rapids was too much for him. He and his bear got out, with the assistance of the girl's father and Brothers, and the scow and the hand organ stayed in. He sold the bear to the girl's father and went overland; he didn't hanker to keep his hand organ company."

"The bear was a regular pet—just like a big overgrown dog. They used to let him run around most of the time, and once in a while he'd ramble off up the flat huntin' roots and berries. It was him we'd been havin' such a rip-roarin' time with; and that's him you see now, sashayin' around at the end of the house."

"Tony rounded up old Pop while I was recoverin', and then we hit the trail for camp. We told the Professor a little tale of woe about not findin' any horses, and how my horse got mean and fell with me—to account for me bein' skinned up so. It went all right at the time, but that little brother of her's—measly little cuss—gave the whole deal away to one of the boys who strayed down that way a few days after. Maybe you think them horse jinglers didn't gyp us! The roasin' we got was somethin' to be remembered."

"Tony took his horses home when round-up was over, and then come back and went to work for the Professor. He like to rode a good string of horses to death runnin' down to Sun-Dance; but he got the girl, all right, all right. She says she married him out of pure sympathy; he felt so blamed mean about ropin' a bear—a bear that was called Cupid at that!"

"It seems to me," I ventured to suggest, "that you deserved a little sympathy yourself."

"I did," Jack assented, mournfully, "but Tony—the son-of-a-gun!—he beat me to it."—San Francisco Argonaut

**Most Wonderful Invention.**

Writing in the Forum on man's inventive skill, Prof. W. I. Thomas says that "on the psychological side, an invention means that the mind sees a roundabout way of reaching an end when it cannot be reached directly." He says it involves the associative memory and the recognition of analogies. There is a likeness, he says, between the bow that flies back in one's face and the rebound of a bow, between the serpent's tooth and a poisoned arrow. Seeing these analogies the savage gradually developed his inventive powers, and he thinks that as beginning is more difficult than carrying on the process it is more wonderful that the savage should have produced his crude inventions than that we should develop such perfect modern machines. "I confess," he says, "that the bow and arrow seems to me the most wonderful invention in the world."

**An Old-School Gentleman.**

A leap year joke recently appeared in the New York Press. A white haired, infirm old man stood wedged between other standing folk in a crowded Broadway car. Every seat was occupied, and for a time no one paid any attention to him.

At last a little girl, whose golden hair fell in waves over her handsome velvet coat, noticed the old man clinging to the strap. Without a word to her mother, who sat beside her, she rose and gently plucked the sleeve of his coat.

"Won't you take my seat?" she said. The old man looked at her sweet upturned face and hesitated for a moment. Then he bared his snowy head and bowed low.

"My little lady," he said, "I thank you. I shall accept your offer because it is leap year."

**A Hospital For Wheat.**

At Port Arthur, Canada, there is a wheat hospital where wheat that has been injured by exposure to dampness, etc., is treated. If the wheat has only common smut it is run through huge scouring and cleaning machines, then weighed and stored ready for shipment.

But if the grain has a malignant case of smut (called stinking smut) it is thoroughly washed and carried to the driers, which are large screen-bottomed bins with currents of air circulating beneath. Then it is run through a series of brushes and fans, after coming from which it looks as bright as newly-threshed wheat. "The hospital," says the Country Gentleman, "has a capacity of treating 25,000 bushels daily and has been the means of great saving and benefit to the growers."

**Achievement.**

"Him?" astonishedly, proudly, and ungrammatically ejaculated the landlord of the tavern at South Squantum, Conn. "Ye ain't heard of him? Why a-suz—that's Austin Bradd, the most extravagant man in the hull State of Connecticut! Actually and truly, he lit a cigar with a brass new dollar bill! They arrested him for it, though he was crazy—but they found out after a spell that he was doin' it just for notoriety. He got it, too, for there ain't anything that will make a man famous here quicker than bein' a spendthrift!"—Puck.

**The Farm**

**Teaching Animals to Eat.**

Young animals that have never passed a winter in the feed lot know of no other food but green pasture. If they are not taught to eat while on grass they must be starved to feed when winter approaches. Starving is indeed expensive under any condition and is especially so with young animals. The check in growth, the going backward may not be overcome until grass comes again and the work and food given for winter goes for naught. A gradual change by giving fodder and grain while on grass is much preferable to sudden changes.

**The Best Poultry House.**

For the information of new readers we again attempt to reply to the oft-repeated inquiry, "Which is the best kind of poultry house?" When a beginner asks such a question he does so from his standpoint. He does not take into consideration that the planning of a poultry house is as difficult as the preference of individuals is concerned. We might inquire on our part, "Which is the best dwelling house?" If you wish to give a reply, just take a walk along any street or road, and select the best. You will not find any two houses alike, the reason being that individual preferences differ.

There is no advice that can be given. Even if a hundred plans of poultry houses can be had, from which to select, the same difficulty as with a dwelling continues, as the individual preference and the cost of the house are the dominant factors which govern.

**Study the Matter.**

A few days ago an Indiana cattle grower marketed a few carloads of cattle weighing over 1300 pounds per head at \$6.10. On the same day another with a lot of cattle of about the same weight and general appearance could obtain only \$5.50. The beef cattle expert, who was able to see the thick mottled meat as the first lot appeared, saw a larger profit from the block than he did in the cheaper lot. They were both grade Shorthorns, and the difference was only in the feeding. In view of these things, occurring almost every day in the great markets, it is well that the agricultural colleges have taken up the subject of cattle feeding, and are teaching students how necessary it is to feed properly in order to obtain top prices in the market. The difference of sixty cents per 100 pounds on cattle weighing 1300 to 1500 is too large a loss, when it may be avoided by learning how to feed properly and in a way requiring no more time or labor, nor with feed-stuffs costing any more. It is a matter worth studying.—Indiana Farmer.

**Mutton Chops.**

Sulphur, or snuff, rubbed through the fleece will destroy ticks. The best single grain for breeding sheep is oats. Bran is also good for breeding ewes to stimulate them and produce strong lambs. Corn should be restricted to the fattening flock, and then must be strong with a nitrogenous food such as clover hay.

Timothy hay is not suited to the needs of the sheep; digestive disorders occur when timothy hay is fed, which often result in the loss of the sheep. Clover and mixed hay may be fed to the flock with good results.

Roots, when fed with grain, produce choice mutton. The sheep may be herded on the root crop in the field, after which the cups can be pulled and stored before frost.

A few neglected sheep will eat up the profit of several good ones. Get rid of the unprofitable ones and give the others good care.

Each sheep should be allowed five feet floor space and eighteen inches to two feet at the rack.

The troughs for grain feeding should be ten to twelve inches wide so that the sheep must eat slowly.

Racks which prevent the chaff from getting in the wool should be used.

A rack consisting of vertical slats, with a moderate slant, placed about two inches apart, will keep the fleece clean, as little or no hay is placed over the sheep's backs. The back of the rack may be given a slant to allow room for sufficient hay.

It is best in feeding not to carry the hay over the sheep's backs; it can be dropped from above to the racks, or placed in the racks from the ends or alleys.

Drinking places should be provided which allow fresh water to be kept before the flock.—Farm Journal.

**Horse Talk.**

The greatest watchfulness and common sense should be used in the care and feeding of the weanlings.

They should have an abundance of nourishing food, plenty of sunshine and exercise.

Colts suffer sometimes from teething, and at such times they may run down so much in condition that serious setback may result.

Crushed oats and barley steamed, also cooked roots mixed with ground grain and wheat bran, are very nourishing and should be fed.

A little ground flaxseed should always be added to the ration.

If the colts do not thrive as they should, skimmed milk should be given them daily.

A good allowance of bright clover hay should be given them, but not all they will eat.

An oversupply will stuff the digestive tract and cause dyspepsia.

Liberal feeding must be accompanied by plenty of exercise in the open air.

Every fair day should be spent in the paddock or field.

In cases where a weanling is weak and thin, whole cow's milk can be fed with profit.

The stalls should be kept clean, level and well littered with bright straw free from dust. Uneven and slippery floors may easily ruin a most promising colt.

Handle them quietly and carefully every day as you move around them, always offering a piece of apple or sugar.

It will pay to raise mules. I noticed a magnificent pair of mules. Upon in-

**BETTY THINGS TO WEAR**

New York City.—Deep yokes are very generally becoming and just now are among the most fashionable of all models. This very attractive waist



FANCY YOKE WAIST. Shows one of cream colored lace over chiffon combined with a full blouse of pale blue crepe poplin and includes sleeves of the very latest model. The trimming also is a novelty and consists

possible to have a variety of different effects for the one gown. These bodices are often elaborate affairs of pleats which are really a part of the gown itself. On one gown, for instance, the folds of the bodice are high at the back, carried up in a point.

**How to Wear the Hat.**

Both English and American women must come to Paris to learn to wear their hats with distinction. Only the Parisienne understands just how to always wear correct headgear. Never does she wear a superbly large and flaming hat laden with expensive plumes except she be en grande toilette.

**Eyebelt Embroidery.**

Very many of the most beautiful new cloth gowns are worked in eyelets, along with other embroidery, in broderie Anglaise fashion.

**Severe and Gentle Tailor Modes.**

Two kinds of severe tailor modes are to divide feminine affection, and fashion will smile alike upon both the severe and ornate style of coat and skirt costume. The dividing line will be found even more distinctly than formerly, the severe gown having for its basic fabric the rougher tweeds and mixtures and the frock of lesser severity being smartly evolved from one of the legion of new smooth cloths, which

**A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.**



of ruchings of the material gathered through the middle and finished with tiny silk braid over the stitching. In addition to outlining the yoke and concealing the closing at the front it is continued round, the lower edge falling over the belt to give a bolero suggestion. The sleeves are of the "leg above the elbow" sort and generously full at the waist is worn a shaped belt of panne velvet and a little fall of lace completes the front.

The waist consists of the fitted fitting, the full back and fronts with the yoke. The yoke is hooked over onto the left shoulder seam while the waist and lining are closed separately at the front. The sleeves are made in one piece each, arranged over fitted foundations that are faced to form the cuffs. The deep girde is smoothly fitted and extended slightly below the waist line at the front.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and five-eighths yards twenty-one inches wide, three and one-half twenty-seven inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide, with one yard of all-over lace and five-eighths yards of velvet for belt.

**Petal Dress.**

One of the loveliest dresses is of satiny Liberty silk in delicate pink. And it might well serve as a costume for a ball masque if the fair wearer had a floral headdress, though it is not at all loud and none too showy for any evening wear. This dress is a founced affair, the skirt being in triple flounce effect. Each flounce is cut out in petal shape around the edge, and between these petals another petal of palest pink chiffon is introduced. The petals are edged with tiny pink sequins and the veenings are done in glistening silks. Three shaped founces form the elbow sleeves, and the pretty blouse bodice is likewise formed of three overlapping sections, these like the skirt founces being edged in this petal effect.

**Belts and Bodices.**

Belts and bodices of all sorts and descriptions are worn with waists of dinner and ball gowns. Silk, satin and velvet on the bias are in favor, or ribbon, but the long ash ends have not met with popular approval, and the bodice is fastened with buckles or fancy buttons. The different colored bodices considered so smart last season will be as fashionable as ever, and certainly they are a great addition to almost any gown, besides making it



GIRL'S BOX PLEATED DRESS. Five and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, or two and one-half yards fifty-two inches wide.