

WHEN FALLS THE CURTAIN.

When falls the curtain, he who plays the clown
And he, the king, are on a common level;
The villain with the virtuous one sits down.
The angel smiles on him who played the devil;
The peasant fraternizes with the peer;
And village maids and courtly dames
Mingle together without fear or sneer—
They're only players all, behind the scenes!

When falls the curtain on the play of life—
This play designed to entertain the gods—
The parts assigned us in its mimic strife
(Though now we think so) will not make much odds;
Who plays on earth the king will be as mean
As any thrall that wearied him with prayers—
Peasant and peer and country girl and queen
Behind the scenes will all be only players!
—Denis A. McCarthy.

THE PRIDE OF A PRAIRIE GIRL.

By MARY K. MAULE.

The sun beat down fierce and hot upon the Dakota prairies, and imparted the temperature of a bake-oven to the endless red road, where the shuffling hoofs of the cattle raised a smothering cloud of dust.

Riding beside the "bunch," on a wiry little buckskin cow-pony, galloped a girl of fifteen, in a short cloth skirt, high leather shoes, and a loose flannel blouse. Her short, wavy brown hair blew loose and free beneath the shadow of a broad-brimmed felt hat.

She sang as she rode in and out along the wavering, snorting line, cracking her long whip and shouting, "Hi! Hoy! Whoop-la!" as she drove a straying steer or a wandering calf back into the ranks.

Before the cattle, and upon the other side, rode a cowboy in his wide sombrero and leather "chaps," and behind the bunch a woman rode slowly, her tall, straight figure severely outlined by a black dress, and her face shaded by a broad-leaved Mexican straw hat.

It was past noon, sultry and still, and the cattle plodded quietly along the road with drooping heads.

"Ride up a little, Billy," called the girl, in a high, clear voice, "and let's get out of this dust! They'll go quietly enough now, and mother is behind to drive."

Touching her pony with the quirt, she galloped on to the head of the column, and fell in beside the cowboy, who, with one leg over the horn of his saddle and his hat on his knee, was pacing along before the herd, singing lustily.

"Hot, isn't it, Billy?"
"You bet it is! I'll be glad when we get to some shade; and," looking back at the animals that plodded wearily behind him, "them pore critters will, too. They ain't had no water since yist'day, and I reckon them steers is plumb dry."

"I reckon they are, poor things. It seems kind o' cruel to drive 'em on a day like this, but this bunch had to be got back to the ranch. It won't be long now before we get to the river. There's the bluffs over yonder."

They both gazed ahead to where a high bluff loomed up before them, its red sides broken with outcropping rocks, and variegated with green patches of weeds and clumps of stunted timber.

As they approached it, the level prairie road wound close in along the edge of the bluff, while the land at the other side of the road gradually dwindled away until there was only the width of a narrow wagon-road between the high walls that rose up above their heads and the steep bank that fell sharply away into the river twenty feet below.

The shade thrown by the high bank was grateful after the ride along the broiling road, and the cattle threw up their heads and sniffed noisily, while the cow-ponies fell in side by side, and the girl lifted her hat from her damp hair with a blissful sigh.

"Isn't it cool and lovely here?" she murmured, gazing up at the steep bluff and out over the shining river. "I wish this trail went all the way home."

The cowboy, who had been looking back over his shoulder uneasily, turned in his saddle, and said, bluntly:

"Well, I don't. Not by a jugful." "Why not? Don't you think this is a pretty road?"

"H'm-m, wal, it's pretty enough, I guess, but it ain't any good to drive a bunch of straying cattle over, I'll tell you that."

Both riders turned in their saddles and looked back.

"Oh, they're all right, Billy," said the girl, easily. "See, they're coming along as peacefully as can be."

Behind them the cattle ambled along quietly, and through the still, sultry air the voice of the woman came to them in the soothing, crooning, long-drawn "Yo-hee, yo-hee, yo-ho-hee!" which the cattle love.

Billy jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

"Yer mother knows what the danger is," he said, quietly. "Harken at her? She's a-singing to 'em back there for to keep 'em quiet an' steady."

The girl turned her head, and a soft brightness shone in her wide, frank gray eyes. "Yes, she knows—mother does," she said, softly. "She knows most—everything. Poor mother!"

The cowboy glanced at the sun-browned face and wistful eyes, and hastily changed the subject.

"You shore can ride some, Miss Jess," he said, irreverently. "I seen you yist'day over to the round-up. How come a leetle gal like you to know so much about ridin' an' cattle an' sich like?"

"Mother taught me," answered the girl, simply. "When—after—father died there wasn't any man or boy about the ranch to do things for us, and so mother and I had to do all the

work ourselves. I learned to ride then, so's to be mother's boy."

The cowboy looked at her dumbly, while a gentle light dawned in his hard, keen eyes, and a slight flush crept up through the brown of his lean cheeks.

"Well, mother's got a first-rate kind of a boy, all right," he said, presently; and then, as if fearing that he had already said too much on a tender subject, he burst into a loud roar of song, and caroled and roveled as if trying to turn the girl's thoughts into a more cheerful mood.

Suddenly, in the midst of a rollicking cowboy ditty, the girl gave a startled cry and looked back.

"Billy!" she screamed. "Billy! Hush! Look! Look! The cattle—the cattle are coming!"

With the song frozen on his lips, the cowboy gave one swift backward glance, leaped square in his saddle, and wheeled his pony into the road beside the girl.

"They've stampeded, by thunder!" he muttered between set teeth. "I was feared it might happen! The river—the river—ride, girl! Ride for all you're worth! We can't never turn 'em here! Our only chance is to get out of here! Ride!"

With blanched face and widely distended eyes the girl gripped her bridle-rein and looked back.

Down the narrow trail behind her thundered a wild, dark, packed mass of crowding bodies and madly tossing horns, as along the road between the bluff and the steep embankment the stampeded cattle, with lowered heads, blind and mad with thirst and fury, came plunging on.

Digging her spurs into her pony, she waited for no second glance at the death which thundered so close behind her, but, followed by the cowboy, plied quirt and spur, as she galloped for life along the narrow trail.

"Ain't there a turn up here in the road somewhere?" shouted the cowboy, as with strained muscles they plunged on, urging the terrified ponies to their utmost. "Ain't there somewhere we could turn out, so's to get a chance to turn 'em or mill 'em? We can't hold out long this-a-way! Hurry, Jess! Faster, faster, girl! Give him the gad! Can't you make that old pony go no faster? They're a-gainin' on us every minute!"

The girl, sitting straight and square in her saddle, with her lips set firm and white, and her quick, keen gray eyes glancing now behind her, now in front along the curving, narrow trail, shook her head.

She had been over this road many times before, and knew there was no turn in the road, no widening of the trail for more than a mile ahead, and before they could reach that—

The thunder of hoofs came closer, the snorts and bellowings of the maddened beasts were in her ears. With shuddering heart she glanced back.

As far as she could see along the trail behind her came the black wave of tossing horns and lunging forms, coming every second nearer and nearer, bringing a death the horrors of which this prairie girl knew all too well.

Setting her teeth hard, she gathered her reins firmly in her hand and bent to the neck of her pony.

"We've got to do it, Buck!" she almost sobbed in his ear. "We've got to risk it, boy! It may be our last jump, but there's nothing else for us to do!"

Then, as the foremost of the cattle rose as a breaking wave behind her, she screamed, "Jump, Billy, jump! It's our last chance!" And giving the buckskin a cut of the whip, she plunged over the embankment and sank like a stone beneath the rushing, yellow waters of the river.

At the same moment the leading steers, unable in their mad wild rush to see or heed the turn in the road, plunged after her over the embankment, in a huddled, plunging, struggling mass of hoofs and horns.

The cowboy, caught on the brink of the bluff by the wild rush of the cattle, had no choice but to leap into the river with them or be ground to atoms beneath their trampling hoofs.

The chances of life were small, anyway, and with something like a prayer on his lips, he shouted to his horse, and went over the embankment into the river in the midst of a struggling heap of horns and hoofs and tumbling carcasses.

The girl struck the water a moment ahead of the avalanche of living creatures from above, and came up gasping and panting, but in fair swimming water. With a cry she urged her pony on with whip and spur, and struck out into the middle of the channel in time to avoid being crushed to death or drowned by the frantic struggles of the cattle.

Glancing continually behind her as the brave little buckskin breasted the current, she saw Billy Callahan's red

head bob up from beneath the waves, and breathed a thanksgiving as she saw his powerful horse strike out for clear water.

As Billy came to the surface he looked about him, and then began to shout with all the power fright and water had left in his lungs.

"Hi, there!" he yelled. "Hi, where you goin', girl? Why don't you make for the shore? What you doin'? Air ye crazy? What ye—"

"I can't go and leave those cattle!" shouted Jess. "Do you think I'm going to save myself and let those cattle drown? O, Billy, help me, help me to save them! They—they're all we've got, and m-mother—mother has worked so hard to get them together. I—I could never look her in the face again if I let them drown! She trusted them to me. I'll save them if I drown myself trying!"

Regardless of lunging horns and plunging hoofs, she swam her little pony in among the struggling mass, and began to drive the cattle apart, shouting meanwhile the "Hi, hoy, whoop-la!" which was as familiar music to their terrified ears.

With a look of mingled admiration and astonishment on his face, Billy Callahan gave a mighty answering shout, and putting his horse into the current, swam in among the cattle. He called to the girl to keep well out from the shore and away from the quicksands, and adding his familiar whistle and whoop, as he circled in and out among the bewildered animals, herded and drove them on one side while the girl "held the bunch" on the other. So they guided the swimming cattle down-stream with the current, until at last they were able to drive the now thoroughly meek and subdued creatures out of the water and back to the road.

As the ponies came out of the river, with their riders safe but dripping on their backs, the girl turned in her saddle and sent a joyous "Whoop-ee!" ringing over the prairies.

"We're safe, mother!" she shouted. "Safe and sound, and we never lost a steer!"

And Billy Callahan, wiping his dripping face upon his dripping sleeve, echoed, with a grin, "Never lost a steer! She saved 'em all, she did, and there ain't another girl in all Dakota could have done it!"—From Youth's Companion.

PROFITS THROUGH ADVERTISING
It is the Cheapest Form of Salesmanship, Diners Are Told.

Men who help to sell goods for those who make them sat down in the concert hall of Madison Square Garden at the first annual banquet of the New York Advertising League, and discussed their problems.

Gerald E. Wadsworth, the president, in the introductory remarks said that the work of the advertising agent was "not how can we catch suckers, but how can we give a square deal."

W. S. Crowe talked on "The Fourth Party," meaning the purchaser. The other three were the advertiser, the publisher and the advertising agent. Mr. Crowe said that the fourth party was the most important, because he fed the other three. He ridiculed the idea that the advertising cost in disposing of goods to customers had to be added to the selling cost, thus making their price necessarily higher. Advertising was, in fact, he said, the cheapest form of salesmanship, which was the reason why mail order business had proved so profitable, and why a New York house could sell goods cheaper to a man in Buffalo than to a man across the street. Advertising was the world's industrial university.

"On account of a few fake advertisements advertising agents as a class have been blamed," said Mr. Crowe, "probably on the principle that the braying of one jackass can be heard above the neighing of a hundred horses. I don't so much object to lying per se as I do to the lack of style. What distresses me is the utter stupidity of the ordinary sort of advertising lying."—New York Evening Post.

Canada Beats Us.
The foreign trade of Canada, observes a writer in Harper's Weekly, has grown during the last ten years from \$229,000,000 to \$552,000,000, and is now two and a half times per head that of the great American Republic. The expansion of her home market is attested by the statistics of her economic prosperity. Last year her railroads, in which \$1,289,000,000 are invested, carried 30,000,000 passengers and 102,000,000 tons of freight and earned \$106,000,000. The paid-up capital of the banks in the Dominion is \$3,000,000, and the sum of their assets is \$767,000,000. In 1905 the revenue of the Dominion was \$71,000,000 for 6,000,000 people; in 1855 the revenue of the United States was but \$65,000,000 for 27,000,000 people. No better proof could be afforded of the immensely greater purchasing power of Canada to-day than was possessed by our republic half a century ago. In view of these facts, it is not strange that Canada should face the future with supreme confidence. It remains to add that the opening of the short route to Europe by way of Hudson Bay—a route which will be open for five months in the year, and will shorten the distance between Liverpool and the Western shippers of grain by about 2000 miles—is now definitely assured, no fewer than six railroads to Port Churchill, the best of the Hudson Bay harbors, having been already chartered.

Any man who can get used to drinking poor coffee can get used to being married.

THE WAYS OF FOXES.

Their Habits and Life—Annoying a Herd of Cows.

A letter, from Will W. Christman, of Delanson, N. Y., sent to Forest and Stream by John Burroughs, says:

"My occupation as farmer has tended to familiarize me with many things of which you write. This is especially true of the fox. I have fought them with gun, trap and poison, and have had some interesting and amusing experiences. Every summer, usually in early morning, they lurk in a piece of woodland, near the barn, and whenever hen or chicken ventures too far from the buildings, it is pounced upon and carried away. Such a long procession of Plymouth Rocks has gone in that direction, year after year, that I make no truce with reynard, but take his life in season or out, whenever opportunity offers.

"Have you ever heard a fox bark in the daytime? One wintry morning I saw one, a quarter of a mile away, sounding his 'wood-notes wild.' Again, while plowing last November, I heard one barking about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. One night I heard one barking in the pasture lot. I took my gun and hurried out to interview him. They had been in the habit of crossing the creek about a hundred yards from the barn, and I selected this place for our meeting. While getting in position I could hear him barking at intervals, each time a little nearer. There were a few inches of light snow, but no moon, so that it was rather hard to pick out his foxship from the few small evergreens that grew near the ford. I stood behind a large elm, steadying my gun against the trunk and covering the road I felt sure he would take, perhaps seventy-five yards away. I did not have to wait. He came out of the protecting evergreens almost as soon as I was ready. It was too dark to take aim, but when I felt sure I had him covered I let go. It was such an unusual time for an ambush that he was undoubtedly the most surprised fox recorded in the annals. He paused just long enough to locate his enemy, and disappeared in the neighboring woods. I took a lantern and followed. I had wounded him, for I found an occasional bloodstain on the snow. He led nearly straight away for half a mile, then circled back within a hundred yards of his adventure before making a final plunge into the wilderness. I think he must have gone daft with his wound and fright and did not know exactly where he was going. If he still survives, he must be regarded among his wild associates as a most worthy veteran, after having run the gauntlet of such a midnight ambuscade.

"Hardly a season passes here without someone locating a den and making captive the whole litter. Two years ago I accidentally discovered one, and with a neighbor's help dug them out and made them secure in the corn crib. At times they were as playful as kittens, but they often fought like dogs over their food. The first morning after their capture I saw the old fox nosing around their prison. One of the young died in a day or two, and my boy carried it to the woods. The next afternoon when he returned from the pasture with the cows, he informed me that he had found a young fox dead near the scene of the capture. I thought at first that it might be one that had died in the nest, and we had overlooked it when we destroyed their roof tree; but after investigating we found it to be the one that had died in captivity, as the one could not be found that my youngster had disposed of. We concluded that the mother had carried it back to the old home, a quarter of a mile or more. How unquerable this mother love! I must confess that I felt something like remorse at finding such a human trait in my enemy.

"I have a neighbor who has trapped skunks for twenty years. I think he knows every woodchuck hole within three or four miles, and when only a quarter of a mile from home, we crossed a farm that had been abandoned by its owner. Every summer some one cuts the 'hay on shares' and picks the apples. Except for the commotion on these occasions it is desolate and alone. As we entered the dooryard I found a muskrat hide, freshly skinned, on the grass; a little further on some bunches of rabbit's fur. 'Have we a fox den here?' I thought. 'Here are the usual ear-marks, but it seemed a most unlikely spot.' At the corner of the house we found a hole, probably opened by a woodchuck, leading directly into the foundation. Scattered about were hen's feathers, and a small pig had been poked into a crevice in the crumbling foundation. The pig was one that a neighbor had lost a few days before, and had been consigned to the manure heap. Now it was evidently held in reserve as a choice morsel for some wild gourmand. After a careful examination of the hole, and of the cellar—for the doors were unlocked—we plugged the opening with stones promising the tenants a call later in the day.

"That afternoon I was called away, and my neighbor, after waiting some time for me, started alone for the prize. A large strawstack stood near the house, sloping gradually down to where the machine had stood in threshing time. As he neared the place he saw the old fox on the top

of the stack. From this 'colonnade' she could overlook the surrounding fields for half a mile. This was undoubtedly her 'crow's nest.' No friend or enemy could approach unseen. She took to her heels as my friend approached. The cellar had been lathed and plastered, and far down in a remote corner behind the plastering he found them, three lively little fellows, about half as large as a fair-sized cat, and two very small ones dead. Probably some hound had given her chase shortly before their birth. This would account for the mortality among them. (Since then another neighbor informs me that he found two of the young dead in a hole.) We kept them in the corn crib as we had kept those of the year before. I think the old fox came nightly and prowled around the buildings. One of my hens had hidden her nest in some berry bushes between the corn crib and wagon house. One morning I found her limping around the barnyard minus her tail. Every tail-feather was pulled out and scattered in a bee line from her nest to the yard. Her eggs were cold and she seemed to have lost all interest in them. I looked again next day and several of the eggs had disappeared. I took them all away and at night took a fresh egg, and after putting a little strychnine inside I placed it in the nest. That, too, disappeared, but it was several days before I knew that my experiment had been successful. Then my boy found the female fox dead in the edge of woods, less than a hundred yards away.

"A few days after this event my boy and I were witnesses of a most remarkable fox play. My youngster was starting out to get the cows late one afternoon when I saw what I thought at first was a shepherd dog among them, and the cattle seemed to be taking turns at charging him. They were perhaps 250 or 300 yards away. As I looked, the dog made an unusually nimble leap to avoid being gored, and I grew suspicious. I called the youngster back and told him to go cautiously along the ridge and take a look at them without being seen. In a few minutes he returned excited and out of breath. It was a fox, as I suspected. I took out my gun and we hurried along the ridge to witness the sport and incidentally to have a little fun ourselves at reynard's expense. We crept up within fifty or sixty yards of them. The fox behaved exactly like a strange dog among the herd. When one of the cows would charge him he would run a little way and 'side step,' then another would lower her head and take after him. The fox apparently enjoyed the excitement, but there were seven cows in the herd and they kept him busy dodging them. His conduct was extremely aggravating. He would sometimes stand still one almost caught him, then he would run and turn and provoke another to the chase. I tried several minutes to get a bead on him, but the cows pressed him close. Finally they separated far enough for me to take aim without endangering my Jerseys. I must have fired too soon, for he turned and gave us what I thought was a very reproachful look before he disappeared in the neighboring hard-back."

IT BLEW SHOES.
But Only One of Each Variety Freightened the Air.

Fenton H. Pierce, a shoe drummer for a Chicago house, recently returned from an interrupted Southern trip. When he arrived in this city he was numbered with nothing but the clothes on his back—and a story. His suit case and sample trunks were whirled into the upper air with the other contents of Heaslip's Hotel when the tornado struck MacGrew's Ferry in its disastrous course through Southwest Arkansas a few weeks ago.

The personal property distributed over a wide area was enriched by Mr. Pierce's sample shoes, and in the days following the storm the entire colored population was busy probing for bluchers, patent leathers and congress gaiters in the piles of debris, sifting vicid kid oxfords and Turkish slippers from the drifted sand, and picking moosehide moccasins, arctics and Mackinaw leggins like fruit from the higher branches of trees.

One shoe of a pair, right or left, fulfills the purposes of a sample in a shoe drummer's trunk. Thus it was that the harvest of shoes industriously gathered by the colored folk was entirely made up of odd ones.

The local printer, whose press and type has escaped the general flight of things, saw an opportunity to profit by the general disadvantage. He began the publication of a twice a week sheet of shoes exchange advertisements. In the eager way the odd shoe finders paid for space in its columns his resourcefulness was rewarded. Advertisements like the following describe the situation in an about MacGrew's Ferry:

"Homer Peabody has a left fur trimmed lady's Juliet size 3. Will exchange for right tan oxford size 11." Or: "Aunt Gioriana Turner will exchange a setting of turkey eggs and a 'possum hide for left lady's blucher size 8 or over."

Although the advertisements were inserted in the twice a week sheet at a low figure, the printer made quite a little bit of money, while at the same time performing a public service.—Chicago Record-Herald.

It's a deplorable fact that the average man spends too much time trying to acquire money and too little trying to acquire happiness.—From "Pointed Paragraphs," in the Chicago News.



Wasn't It a Shal
A hen-pecked Mormon named Jas. Took leave of his bewy of das.
"When I reach Cal.
I'll at once tel.
He cried; but they all called him nas.
—The Columbia Jester.

His Idea of It.
"What is it a sign of when a young man kisses a girl on the forehead?"
"Poor eyesight."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Bequests.
Johnny — "Me grandmother died and left me some money."
Tommy — "Huh! Mine died and let me go to a ball game."—New York Sun.

Caution.
Customer — "When was this chicken killed?"
Waiter — "We don't give dates with chickens, sir; only vegetables."
—Illustrated Bits.

The Difference.
Mrs. Crimmonbeak — "When a dog wags his tail he's not mad, is he?"
Mr. Crimmonbeak — "No, but it's often different when a woman wags her tongue!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Gray Ones at That.
"It isn't hard to understand why some jokes tickle," spoke up Uncle Allen Sparks.
"It's because of their whiskers."—New York Mail.

The Modern Query.
"Well, they are divorced."
"No?"
"Yes."
"Which gets rid of the children?"
—Washington Herald.

A Searching Question.
Stella — "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone."
Bella — "Did you ever try to find a place to cry in private?"—New York Sun.

Vishnu Up to Date.
It was the terrible car of Juggernaut. Suddenly a man was seen to hurl himself between the ponderous wheels.
"Drat that carburetor!" he muttered.—Puck.

Wouldn't Dare Say It Now.
The Millionaire's Youngest — "Say, pop, it was Monte Cristo who said 'The world is mine' wasn't it?"
The Millionaire — "Sure! But you know muck-rakers were unheard of in his time!"—Puck.

Only Hypothetically.
"That young lawyer friend of yours."
"Well?"
"Has he popped the question?"
"Only hypothetically."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Knew His Boston, All Right.
"Now, Jimmy!"
"Yes, dad."
"Try to keep that Boston girl outen the conservatory. A sudden drop in temperature would kill them flowers."—Washington Herald.

An Alternating Wife.
"Henry, what is this dark hair doing on your coat?"
"I haven't worn that coat since last month, dear. You were a brunette then."
"Oh, yes."—Washington Herald.

Preference.
"Which do you prefer," said the artistic young woman, "music or poetry?"
"Poetry," answered Miss Cayenne. "You can keep poetry shut up in a book. You don't have to listen to it unless you choose."—Washington Star.

Freshman Wit.
"When I graduate I will step into a position at \$20,000 per," modestly exclaimed the Sibbey senior.
"Per what?" skeptically inquired the obliging sophomore.
"Per-haps!" chuckled the noisy freshman.—Cornell Widow.

Great Thing For Managers.
"A French invention, consisting of bulb thermometers, predicts at sundown whether there will be a frost," said the citizen.
"I've certainly got to have one of them," replied the theatrical manager.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Surprise.
Little Wife — "I'm going to give you a surprise, George. I want some money."
Elderly Hubby — "That don't surprise me a bit."
Little Wife — "But it will when I tell you how much I want."—Ally Slopper's Half-Holiday.

Time to Move.
"They're putting out an awful lot of good songs these days," said Mr. Staylate.
"Yes?" queried Miss Patience Gode with a yawn.
"Yes; there's a new march song that's great. It's fine to march to—"
"Indeed? I wish I had it. I'd play it for you."—Philadelphia Press.