

A TWENTIETH CENTURY SER-  
MON

Don't hurry so. There's time, my friend,  
To get the work all done;  
Before the world comes to its end,  
Just take some time for fun.  
What's all our living worth, unless  
We've time enough for happiness?

Don't flurry so. Just wait, keep cool!  
Your plans are all upset?  
Ah, well the world whirls on by rule  
And things will straighten yet,  
Your flurry and your fret and fuss  
Just make things hard for all of us.

Don't worry so. It's sad, of course,  
But you and I and all  
Must with the better take the worse,  
And jump up when we fall—  
Oh, never mind what's going to be,  
To-day's enough for you and me.  
—New York Times.

PHOTOGRAPHING BEARS

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

In grafting apple trees one has to be very careful not to mix the scions. Otherwise you may have a tree or a row of trees intended for Baldwins mixed up with early fall apples, or anything else. It was from a misplaced scion label that a row of fifteen young seedlings, meant for White Winter Pearmain, was grafted to August Sweets at Clement Brooks's apple-farm, up among the Sierras in California.

As it chanced, too, this row of trees was on the extreme upper side of the farm, where the log fence bordered the yellow pine growth which was the mountain side of the little valley. That was about the worst possible place for early sweet apples, which should be near the property house, where they can be protected from boys, squirrels, crows, hogs and other pilferers. No wonder did these luscious sweets bear better than all the wild-growing ones in man's bounty took knowledge of the fact, and congregated there.

Not only squirrels and birds, deer and bears came poaching. As a matter of fact, bears are not numerous in that portion of the Sierras. A grizzly is rarely seen there. A few yellow or cinnamon-colored bears are more frequently met, but as frequently as in the State of Maine.

Clement Brooks was a New Hampshire boy who had come into possession of this apple-farm in the Sierras by way of a namesake uncle. His family in New Hampshire naturally felt a great interest in his welfare, and a certain anxiety for him after his uncle's death, fearing that he was quite alone in a wild, remote region.

As a result of this solicitude at home, Clement's older sister went out to California during the following summer to pay him a visit and learn how he was prospering. Lucretia Brooks was a school-teacher, but the summer vacation offered a good opportunity for making the trip. As she was also an amateur botanist and photographer, she anticipated much enjoyment from the tour, and from the pleasure of seeing Clement.

The bears had been holding carnival in that row of August Sweets for two or three weeks before Miss Brooks's arrival. Clement watched for them on several nights with a gun, and had slightly wounded one of the black fellows. One bear, too, had nearly choked to death from sucking an apple into its windpipe when the gun was discharged. Clement heard the animal making most distressing sounds as it ran off.

They came back, however, either the same bears or others, in spite of the gun. These apples proved a great attraction to them. A bear, like a man, enjoys variety in his diet, and will eat almost anything, from pineapples to salt pork. That is one of the secrets of his survival, perhaps.

These were mostly black bears, although it is not easy to distinguish one species of bear from another in the night. Clement had seen but one that seemed very large. Clement was in the midst of this campaign against the bears when his sister came. She had brought her camera, and indeed was enthusiastic over the idea of "hunting with a camera," instead of with a gun. When she learned about the bears, she was desirous of photographing one or more of them in the act of robbing an apple-tree.

A photograph by flashlight of a group of bears at an August Sweet tree would be a notable one to send to a prize competition. The more Miss Brooks thought of this the more enthusiastic she grew.

But the affair was not easily managed. To secure a good photograph it would be necessary to bring the camera within thirty feet of the bears, and naturally the young lady was afraid of them. It occurred to her to set the camera and the flashlight apparatus on a post near one of the apple-trees, and operate the shutter and light by the aid of long lines extending to a covert behind the log fence. This project did not prove practicable when attempted, and the only other plan which Clement could hit on to gratify his sister's whim was to haul an apple-wagon out near the row of Sweet trees, and use it as a hiding-place from which to operate the camera.

This apple-wagon had a body thirteen feet in length, with sides four feet high, made for transporting forty boxes of apples to market at once. The better to serve their present purpose, Clement covered the top of it over with boards lightly nailed, and made a peep-hole in the tail-board.

The chamber thus formed inside the body permitted one to sit at ease on a low stool, and Clement placed the little lamp and cup of magnesium powder for making the flash on top of the body outside.

With this by way of outfit, the two young people sat up several nights, watching for the bears. Lucretia was afraid to remain out there in the wagon alone, and Clement was obliged to go along, too.

By the second night, however, Clement's interest in watching for bears that did not come had nearly vanished. He fell asleep at the front end of the wagon. But his sister maintained the vigil assiduously. She could sleep through the days; Clement was obliged to work.

Bears came to the trees at the far end of the row during the third night, but they were not near enough to be photographed. After this, Clement refused to spend the night in the wagon; he preferred his bed. But Lucretia persevered. She had by this time grown accustomed to her hiding-place in the wagon body, and she ventured to remain there alone. Clement himself considered the place safe enough for her. He did not believe that a bear would go near the wagon. He slept with his window up, however.

On either the fourth or fifth night of her prolonged effort to "hunt with a camera," Miss Brooks fell asleep, perhaps for an hour or two. A considerable jar and rattling of the wagon waked her suddenly. She looked out at the peep-hole. The night was starlit, and it seemed to her that those apple-trees were full of bears! Branches were cracking and apples were falling by the bushel! There were loud champing sounds, coughing, snuffing, and all the riotous commotion of an ursine feast.

For the moment our amateur photographer was not much alarmed, but rather elated. This was just what she had watched for. In nervous haste she reached for her camera and made ready to work the flash-light. Just then, however, the wagon was jarred again, and she heard a shuffling noise close beside it.

Could this be Clement? But on peering forth she saw a very large animal within an arm's length of the peep-hole. Its great muzzle was raised to sniff the cart!

Miss Brooks gasped in terror—whereupon the animal rose upon its haunches with a low growl. This completed her consternation, for the creature loomed up much taller than the cart. It seemed to her to be eight, yes, ten feet tall, and so near that she smelled its breath.

She felt sure that at a stroke of one of these big, drooping paws it could have knocked the cart body to bits.

Miss Brooks did what most young ladies would do under circumstances so startling—she screamed, or attempted to do so, but was so terrified that she merely made a faint sound. The bear snuffed repeatedly and went ambulating round the wagon, evidently investigating those little, gassy squeaks.

By this time Clement had arrived on the scene with his gun. He, too, had been soundly asleep at the cabin, but waked, having heard through the open windows the sounds of ursine activity in the orchard. He jumped up and putting his head out at the window to listen, distinguished his sister's little gasping cries.

"My heart nearly flopped over," so Clement wrote in a letter, "for I thought those bears were eating Lucretia up! I grabbed my gun and ran up there. At every step I could hear the faint little squeak! It was awful! I didn't expect to get there soon enough to save much of her! There wasn't much left of her, to judge by the sound!"

"I ran along beside the log fence, and then I saw that tremendous big bear moseying round the wagon. Just as I got there he swung round on the upper side of it, so that he stood clear of the body, and I cocked both barrels and let go at him. I was wild with fear, for I thought that bear had eaten Lucretia. He looked big enough to eat a whole family."

"The bear gave a yell and ran. The other bears left, too, when they heard the gun. I could hear them leaping out of the apple-trees, swarming over the log fence, coughing up apples, making a general stampede up into the tall timber. But I didn't stop to listen to them, I ran to the wagon."

"Lucretia!" I exclaimed, with a terrible sick feeling coming over me. "Speak, can't you? Are you alive?" "And with that Lucretia put her head out. 'Was that you who fired, Clem?' said she. 'I am all right.'"

"She pretended to be so calm, and not a mite scared that I was a little angry—I had been so frightened about her. 'That was a pretty noise to make, anyhow,' said I. 'You sounded like a little pig dying of colic!'"

"She laughed at me. 'You have too much imagination, Clem,' said she. 'But I think you hit that bear; I seemed to hear something strike him!'"

"That was the end of our adventure for the night, and Lucretia said nothing more about taking flash-light pictures of bears in apple-trees. I guess that she had had as much hunting with a camera as she cared for."

"Of course, as every one knows, it is easy to tell a great story as to the size of bears seen in the night; but

in this case certain facts were obtained later. In the latter part of October, a Cinnamon bear was trapped less than ten miles from my place, and we have little doubt that it was the one I fired at. For this bear had a broken jaw which had not healed, and four marks as of buck-shot in his hide.

"On account of his nearly useless jaw he had grown very thin, but the hunters who trapped him estimated his live weight at seven hundred. None of the mountain men hereabouts had ever seen a larger bear. They kept him over in the Yosemite Valley in a log cage for several months. His jaw did not heal, however, and at last he grew so emaciated that it became necessary to shoot him."—Youth's Companion.

MONOTONY OF BRITISH COOKING.

Any Attempt to Break Up Established Course Ends Only in Disaster. Those who have eaten a great many English things will fully appreciate the American girl's strictures on the British table. After her observations on tea, she remarks:

As to the other details of English diet, the American girl felt, after eight weeks' experience, that monotony was its chief characteristic. Being adaptable, she had not minded the grumbling of her fellow-Americans. English food is more than substantial, it is solid, and it never varies. It must be infinitely easier to run an English house than an American one, since it seems necessary only to supply a sufficient quantity of food and the man of the house will not complain that he had this or that dish yesterday or the day before, or the day before that. From his youth up he expects to have repetition, and probably would be resentful if he did not have it.

Any attempt of the American to break up the established course only results in disaster, and it is the part of wisdom in England to begin the day with marmalade and end it with cheese, as all good English folk do. Even in lodgings, when a complaining lady inquires, "What will you have for breakfast?" the invariable answer should be "Fish," or "Ham and eggs." Marmalade and toast or rolls will appear as a matter of course. To be sure, one may substitute coffee for tea, but one is more fortunate who takes tea, for the English coffee is a poor thing even in the best places, and in others it is an abomination.

The eating of fresh fruit for breakfast is an American practice that is not favored in England. It is possible to get it, but it is not easy, and it is expensive. After a week or two of insistence, one will usually fall back upon marmalade or jam, much as she may detest "sweets for breakfast."

There seems to be little discrimination made in England between ham and bacon. To order one seems quite likely to result in getting the other. In fact, the American girl saw very little of what is in her country called ham served for breakfast. Eggs almost always meet expectation, which is more than can be said for them in the American boarding house.

To be served with fish at an American breakfast table more than once a week is a rarity. It seems a staple in England. The absence of hot breads is, perhaps, the most difficult thing for an American to endure. Always at home he has hot rolls, muffins, gems, biscuit, or some such thing, often with the addition of a special course of batter cakes, served with butter and maple syrup. The English seem to eat even their toast cold, or nearly so, and to get on without any other pretence to hot bread.

Luncheons, likely to be poor in all parts of the world, are only a shade worse in England than in America. An Englishman can take his cold cut every noon; an American demands variety and housekeepers have to exercise great ingenuity in disguising the remnants of the previous day's dinner, and in inventing new dishes that are not too expensive.

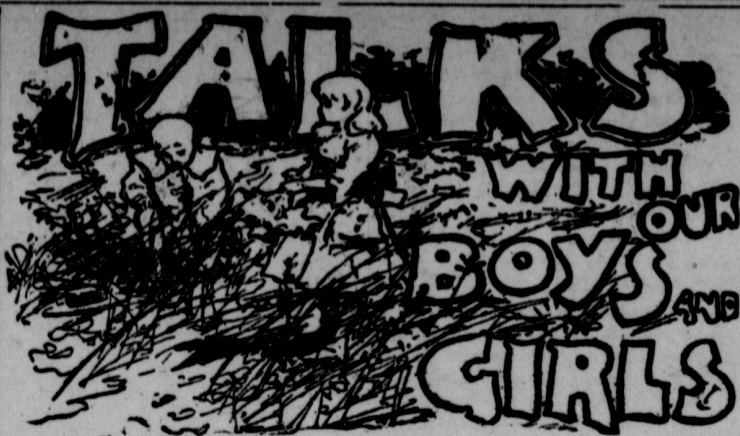
Timber Wolf Caught in Indiana.

Indianapolis hunters, armed with bird shot intended for the elusive quail, came across three wolves on the farm of John Oursley, about thirty miles from Indianapolis, yesterday. By strategy they captured one of the animals, a timber wolf as large as a setter dog.

J. C. Clark and Jack Abrams sighted the wolves on the Oursley farm and they went after them, thinking they were large foxes. Two of the animals were some distance away and they scampered over the hills and escaped. The third wolf was chased by Clark's setter dog, and the wolf, after a mile run, took refuge in a hollow log. It held the setter at bay until the hunters came up.

It was desired to capture the animal alive and, still thinking it a fox one of the men went after Oursley, a blanket and an axe. A hole was chopped in the top of the log and a small stick was used in prodding out the wolf. It finally ran out of the end of the log and Abrams fell on it with the blanket. A lively fight followed, and the three men finally overpowered the animal by choking it. They then tied and muzzled it securely.

During the fight the men realized for the first time that they were struggling with a strong wolf and not a fox. The wolf was placed in a wagon and brought to the city. Clark said he would attempt to save the animal's life and keep it as a pet.



TOYS.  
All up and down the land I go  
With mother making calls,  
And sit in chairs so much too high  
In strange and different halls,  
And cannot think of things to say,  
And feel so pleased to start away.

But when we come to home again,  
I'm glad as glad can be  
To see the very oldest toys  
All waiting there for me—  
The horse with missing tail, the blocks,  
And all the soldiers in their box.

The hose-cart with the broken shaft,  
The doll that will not talk,  
The little duck that ran so fast,  
And now can't even walk.  
They all are friends so tried and true  
Because of what they used to do.

And every day when I'm away  
I know they miss me so—  
I never ought to leave them once,  
They're sensitive, you know,  
And just to comfort them a mite  
I take them all to bed at night.  
—Youth's Companion.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO PLAYED.

The visitor and Sue Frances sat on the pleasant, shady piazza, eating cookies. Between bites they took long, straggly stitches in Lady Claire's sleeves; they thought they were making Lady Claire a dress. Since the visitor's arrival they had played croquet and ball, go-a-visiting and school, travel and guess-what-in-mine. They were really quite tired playing.

"Who's that striped little girl cross there, wheeling a baby carriage without any hat on?" inquired the visitor suddenly.

Sue Frances took another bite and answered: "Oh, that's the little girl who never plays. She's always wheeling or sweeping or doing something; she never plays."

"Never plays?" Sue Frances Tre-worthly!

"Well, honest she never. I guess you'd pity her if you lived on the opposite side of her. It makes me ache!"

The visitor got up rather suddenly. "I guess I'll take Lady Claire to walk," she said; "she needs a constitution."

But it was not of Lady Claire's health she was thinking; she wanted to go a little nearer to the girl who never played and see how she looked.

Across the street the baby carriage came to a stop as the visitor approached. The girl who never played was smiling! She looked just like other little girls!

"How'd you do?" she nodded.

"No, thank you—I mean I'm pretty well, thank you," murmured the visitor in some confusion. "You don't look a bit different!" she added honestly.

"Me different?"—in wonder.

"I mean because you won't ever play. I s'posed you'd look—"

"Don't ever play—me? Why I play all the time!"

"O!" stammered the visitor. "O, I hope you'll beg my pardon. I thought Sue Frances said you swept and—and worked."

"Why, I do; but I play all the time I'm doing it. I always take the baby out like this; what do you suppose I play then? I was playing it when you came across the street. You can't ever guess, so I'll tell you. I was playing body-guard."

The visitor's eyes opened wide.

"Yes," laughed the other, "I'm the body-guard, you know. The baby's the Czar and he can't go out alone for fear of being bombarded and—things. I have to stay right with him every minute to body-guard him. Then, when I feed him, I have to taste everything first to be sure it won't poison him; that's the way they do with the regular Czar, you know. I take little bites, and, when it doesn't poison me dead, I give it to the baby—the Czar I mean. It's lots of fun to play that!"

"But—but you have to sweep a lot, don't you?" questioned the visitor slowly.

"Course; and then I play I'm driving out the hordes."

"The—the what?"

"Hordes—of sin, you know. My, don't I sweep 'em out like everything? I make those old hordes fly, I tell you! But they will creep back, so next day I take the broom and drive 'em out again. That plays 'em, too."

The visitor's eyes were getting very wide open indeed. She had never "played" sweep or body-guard the baby. Suddenly she remembered a kind of work you couldn't play.

"There's washing the dishes," she said triumphantly. And as sure as you live the other little girl nodded with glee.

"Oh, yes, that's splendid play!" she laughed. "I play that three times a day. Shipwreck, I call it."

"Shipwreck?" the visitor gasped.

"Yes, the dishes tumble into the boiling sea; waves always are soap-

LIFE'S LITTLE PLEASANTRIES

UNRESPONSIVE.  
Her marble brow I do admire,  
And ardent looks I dart,  
But ah, for me there is no fire  
Within her marble heart.

SPOILED IT ALL.  
Smoothtongue—I agree with you entirely.  
Old Hunks—Shucks! Then what's the use of arguing!—Chicago Tribune.

IS, OF COURSE.  
"How does the Senator take this wave of popular indignation against him?"  
"He's resigned."  
"Has, or is?"

PRISON GATES.  
"I see they didn't allow any floral pieces at the opening of Congress. Wonder why?"  
"Guess they were afraid some Senator might get a 'Gates Ajar.'"

A MEAN MAN.  
"I think I'll join a 'shut in' society." Whined a woman who imagines that she's a hopeless invalid.  
"I wish you'd join a shut-up society" was her husband's brutal response.

MUST DO THAT.  
Mrs. Subbuus—My new neighbor is a great borrower.  
Mrs. Citman—And does she never return anything?  
Mrs. Subbuus—Only my visits.

CRUEL GIRL.  
"This," remarked Mr. Sappyhead, "is my photograph taken with my two French poodles. You recognize me, eh?"  
"I think so," said Miss Sulfuric. "You are the one with the hat on, are you not?"

A REFLECTION.  
First Hen—Mrs. Farmer hurt my feelings very much today.  
Second Hen—How?  
First Hen—She came here with another woman and said she thought she might have done better with an incubator.

REMARKABLE CHANGE.  
Visitor—Your husband's sojourn in the country seems to have done him a world of good.  
Mrs. Lapsing—Yes, indeed. I was fairly alarmed at Gerald's condition when we went there, and his present indecency of course, gratifies me exceedingly.—Chicago Tribune.

EVEN POSSIBLE.  
"They say that the latest fad is to cultivate the 'art of talking.'"  
"That's encouraging. Maybe some day somebody'll start the fad of cultivating the 'art of thinking.'"—Detroit Free-Press.

IT NEVER FAILS.  
"These high-heeled ladies' shoes of ours are not selling at all," complained the junior partner, "and yet we guarantee them to please the wearer."  
"You are unacquainted with woman nature," responded the senior partner. "Guarantee 'em to ruin the wearer's health!"

HIS TIME TO GUFFAW.  
"Well, old St. Perkins, the fellow who wunst bought a gold brick, has been the laughin' stock of this county fer twenty year, but his turn has come at last."  
"How's that?"  
"He's about the only man in the township that hain't got a life insurance policy."

THE MERRY MINSTRELS.  
Mr. Tambo—Why does a human being cross the road?  
Mr. Bones—I give it up, Mr. Tambo. Now, why does a human being cross the road?  
Mr. Tambo—Merely to annoy the chauffeur.  
Mr. Bones—Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Falsetto will now sing, "I've Got a Senator A-Workin' Fer Me."

STATE OF AFFAIRS.  
"Your police and fire departments seem to hold each other in supreme contempt," observed the visitor in Plunkville.  
"Well, yes, there is a little feeling of that sort," acknowledged the native Plunkvillian. "You see our police got robbed about a month ago and a week later our engine-house burned down."

HE WENT.  
Enamored Youth—I would go to the uttermost ends of the earth for you.  
Voice (from the head of the stairs)—Would you go somewhere for me, young man?  
Youth—Certainly, sir; I—  
Voice—Then go home, or out and sit on the curb; it is time that girl was permitted to retire.—Houston Post.

CHANGE HIS TUNE.  
"Well, I see they've cornered linseed oil."  
"So? Guess that don't interest me any."  
"Linseed is the same thing as flaxseed, you know."  
"Eh! Same thing as flaxseed! Why, my wife told me to bring home some flaxseed. Well, dern their pictures, what'll those rascally trusts do next?"

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