

All in All.

I am a pilgrim of the withered staff  
My gaze illumine, and fruit and chaff  
Are sought. But pour me tears of rain  
to quaff.  
And I will care not if I weep or laugh,  
Wandering the world, and thou my god-  
like love;  
Thou art the dizzy universe above  
Sena sunny winds to please, mak-  
oceans move  
For my great wonder, O my poet love,  
To thy sweet woods I would be like a  
flower  
Soft in the flowing wind, or like a pool  
Beneath the purple rain; from hour to  
hour  
Thou swayest; I am thine, priestess or  
fool,  
I care not if my life be song or sob,  
So in the night I hear thy strong heart  
throb.  
—Florence Brooks in Century.

In the Sugar Bush

It had been understood by the Dixon and the Taylor families, and by most of the people for five miles around, for that matter, that Tom Dixon and Bessie Taylor became engaged as they were riding home together from the county fair in October. The exact date and exact circumstances of such things are always of vital interest to an agricultural community.

It was a match that pleased both families, as Tom was a fine young farmer, and Bessie a smart girl of nineteen, who could have had the pick of half a dozen.

The marriage was not to take place for a year, and the course of true love ran smooth until December. Then Bessie Taylor suddenly exercised the prerogative of her sex.

Tom was too sure of her, and he must be made to understand that his bird was not yet caged.

There was to be a spelling bee at the red school house. He and Bessie would go, of course. As both of them were accounted among the best spellers in the community, it was probable that they might be asked to choose sides.

It was unfortunate for Tom that he forgot to say that he would drive up to Taylor's at a certain hour for Bessie. He meant to, and he had no doubt that she would be ready, but the matter slipped his mind, and when the evening finally arrived, he got out of his cutter at the door, only to be told that Bessie had been gone half an hour.

More than that, she had gone with a windmill man who was canvassing the neighborhood and stopping at her father's house.

Tom Dixon was stunned. Here was coquetry, treachery, deceit. It didn't occur to him that Bessie felt piqued over his neglect and wanted to "get even" in the only way open to her. Neither could he know that she had told the windmill man that her old beau would probably escort her home.

He gasped—he muttered—he swore. Then he got into his cutter and put the whip to his horse and sent the animal over two miles of smooth road on a dead run.

His first idea was to kill that windmill man on sight, his second was to kill the pair of deceivers, his third was to blow his own brains out and die the death of a martyr. Then he happened to get a fourth idea, and he adopted it and stuck to it.

He entered the schoolhouse with his jaw set and a firm resolve to make a certain person repent in sackcloth and ashes. Bessie Taylor was there, but he saw her not. The windmill man was there, but he was too insignificant for a second glance.

The homeliest girl for six miles around was there, having hired her brother to bring her, and Tom walked straight up to her, and began to laugh and giggle and flatter.

Worse was soon to come. It happened that he was chosen to lead one

that Tom Dixon and Bessie Taylor were "out" and, though several parties volunteered their services as peace-makers, the gulf could not be bridged.

The couple were brought together at a candy-pull and apple-bee and a second spelling school, but they held aloof from each other and resorted to sarcasm. The old folks on both sides tried their hands, but the result



"Oh, Tom!" she exclaimed, was the same, and it finally came to be understood that the match was off for good.

Time wore on and the month of March came in. Mr. Dixon had 200 sugar maples in his woods, and there was sugar making every spring.

On the night of the fifth he gave a "sugar-off" party to half a dozen young fellows and their girls, and, of course, Bessie heard of it.

Tom heard that she heard of it, and also that she said she never could see any romance in trailing about the wet woods and eating maple wax off a chip, and so he repeated the performance a week later. This time she had no remarks to make, and he felicitated himself that he had made her feel real bad.

Three or four days after his second party Mrs. Taylor said to her daughter:

"Bessie, I've got a great yearning for a taste of new maple sugar, and if it wasn't for my sore heel, I'd go over to Dixon's bush and ask Tom for some."

"And what a goose you'd make of yourself," snapped Bessie.

"Well, I dunno. There's worse fellows than Tom Dixon. I've never been mad at him."

"But you ought to be. You should not stand up for any one who has acted as mean as he has."

"No, mebbe not, but perhaps you were a little bit to blame. I'd like some new maple sugar, as I was saying, and next to that I'd like two or three leeks to eat with bread and butter. The leeks must be coming up in the woods now, and I can fairly taste 'em. If father wasn't so busy to-day, I'd have him go down in the woods and look for some."

Bessie made no reply, but an hour later, when the mother happened to look out of the kitchen window and saw her climbing the pasture fence and making for the woods, she said to herself:

"Our woods and the Dixon's woods join and if leeks and maple sugar don't get together, it won't be my fault."

Bessie reached the home woods and began to look for leeks. Here and there one was beginning to sprout, but she passed them by and went further. By and by she came to the line fence dividing the farms. The leeks on the other side looked bigger, and, after a long look between the rails, she climbed over. Yes, the leeks were bigger.

She had pulled three or four and was still wandering along, when she passed a brush heap and a rabbit ran out with a great rustle. Naturally, she screamed.

The rustle of the rabbit was followed by the hoot of an owl, and naturally the girl screamed again. She heard the sound of footsteps near at hand, and was about to scream for the third time, when she heard the words:

"Miss Taylor, do not be afraid."

It was Tom Dixon, with two pairs of sap suspended from the neck-yoke on his shoulders. In her hunt for leeks she had wandered into the Dixon sugar bush.

"Oh, Tom!" she exclaimed, as she turned to face him.



Tommie walked straight up to the homeliest girl.

side, while Bessie was not. Everyone looked to see him call her name as first on his side, but he overlooked her entirely. It was the homeliest girl who was called, although it was known that she would go down and out on the first three-syllabled word.

When only he and Bessie remained on their feet the climax of his meanness came. When they got among the hard words he stood and glared across at her as if he had never seen her before, and, in her confusion, she blundered and left him victor.

Next day it was known far and wide

"You mean the windmill man."  
"I do not—I mean—I mean—well, you ought to have asked me to go to spelling school with you."  
"But you had better company."  
"So did you."  
"Miss Taylor!"  
"Mr. Dixon!"

It was just growing dusk when Tom and Bessie reached Taylor's. Tom had a handful of leeks and Bessie had a big maple chip, with a big lump of sugar wax on it.

"Why, Tom, is this you?" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor, as the pair walked in.  
"Yes, aunt Sal," he replied, "and here's the leeks and maple sugar and Bessie, and—"

"Well, I never, never did see," she remarked, as she turned from her work of peeling potatoes to give Tom a hug and Bessie a kiss.—Cyrus Derlekson in Boston Globe.

**The Gopher's Paradise.**  
I ask but little when I'm dead  
As recompense for earthly woes,  
No golden crown upon my head,  
No harp to weary hands and toes;  
No halo would I wear, indeed,  
No purple robe beyond my means—  
I only ask a well rolled mead,  
With eighteen holes and putting greens  
A caddy with a lynx-like eye,  
And wings upon his shoulder tips,  
Shall watch me whack the balls, then fly  
To follow on their airy trips;  
And when I come on gentle wing  
He'll hand me then, the watchful soul,  
A putter fit for prince or king  
That's guaranteed to make the goal.

The tees shall be the sort from which  
One drives two hundred yards at least,  
While over hurdle, bunker, ditch  
The balls shall rise as though of yeast  
The niblick, masher and the creak  
Shall never miss or make a slip,  
While only those who Scottish speak  
Shall have a card of membership.

Here on this field of perfect strokes  
I'll play a winning game with all  
Who beat me when on earth, the folks  
Who say I cannot hit the ball;  
And best of all, the games between,  
When o'er my nectar I am heard,  
My triumphs to recount, I ween,  
There'll not be one to doubt my word.  
—William Wallace Whitlock in Lite.

**Eccentricities of Genius.**  
"One of the first things she did as soon as the success of her book became the talk of Paris was to fly from the city into a hidden retreat, and no communication from the outside world was tolerated by her—not even her letters were forwarded." The lady with this remarkable genius for shyness is Mme. Marcelle Tinayre, author of "La Maison de Peche." She gave some interesting advice at a later time to another lady who "became the talk of Paris." This was Mdlle. Thourret, who tried to shoot M. Marcel Prevost. M. Prevost had made free use of Mdlle. Thourret's private letters in one of his romances. "Why shoot at him, my dear?" wrote Mme. Tinayre. "You did not hit him and Paris now laughs at you. Now if you had printed his letters Paris would have laughed at him."

**Pat's Capability.**  
"What'll you charge for taking away these ashes, Pat?" I asked, pointing to the Winter's accumulation.  
"Sivin dollars an' a half, Sor," promptly replied the owner of the village garbage cart.

"What?" I exclaimed. "Why, I thought you charged 75 cents a load?"  
"That's right, Sor," agreed Pat. "Sevinty-five cints a load ut do be."  
"Well," I estimated, eying the pile of ashes speculatively, "there isn't any ten loads here. There's not more than five, or maybe six at the outside."

"Don't be ather frettin' yerself over that now, Sor," said Pat, cheerfully. "Shure, just lave ut to me entirely, Sor, an' O'll make tin loads out av ut widout anny botheration at all, at all, Sor."

**A Wide Difference.**  
Kate—Is there much difference in their social position?  
Neil—Oh, yes. Her father gets a salary and his father gets wages.

**The Up-to-Date Author.**  
"Yes, sir," said the up-to-date author, "I may say that I've been quite successful in a literary way. What do you think my capital was, in starting out?"  
"Don't know."  
"A bottle of ink, a couple of pens, a ream of paper and a dozen stamps!"  
"And now?"  
"I employ a secretary, two servants, and keep ten typewriters busy eight hours a day! Talk about 'Genius'—but I haven't time to talk now—I must get off a couple of new novels on the fast mail."

**Couldn't Fool Her.**  
"My dear Miss Myllins," said the impetuous young man. "I love you more than I can find words to tell."  
"But I presume you could tell me in figures," rejoined the beautiful heiress in tones that suggested the Ice man.

**Luxury.**  
Mrs. A.—"Would you like to be very wealthy, dear?"  
Mrs. Z.—"Yes, indeed. I'd like to be so wealthy that I could hire a girl to do nothing but set the rubber plant out in the morning and bring it in at dusk."

**Land of Feuds.**  
"So Kentucky is a bad state?" interrogated the friend.  
"I should say so," responded the drummer. "I thought I was counting the milestones and they turned out to be tombstones."

**Solar Plexus E'ows.**  
The pugilist speaks of knockout blows over the solar plexus, but it is the stomach that receives the shock, and from it the nervous disturbance originates.

One trouble with the average "sure thing" is that it's so mighty uncertain

BEAD STRINGING FAD REVIVED BY WOMEN AND CHILDREN

"O, ma, buy me some o' them big blue ones with the stripes."  
"An' I want some little teeny-weeny ones like the Injuns string."  
"If you are a mother or an aunt or a sister you will probably recognize these expressions of youthful yearning as part of your adventures at the bead counters in big stores. For the school children—and many grown-ups

This, continued indefinitely and with great care, brings out the intended design and finishes the work.  
Among the novelties which are delighting the children are gun metal beads from the Black forest, real amber from Dantzic and imitation amber from Bohemia, coral from Naples, assorted colors from Venice and Murano, pearl from Paris, black-eyed Su-

few feet away Saturday. One of its front paws struck the ninety cent key and the other the \$2 key with such force that both were registered. The druggist's attention was immediately called to the register and a ticket for \$2.90 was placed in the drawer.  
"That's a remarkable cat," said the druggist, "but I would never believe such a story had not my attention



LEARNING TO OPERATE THE LOOM

as well—are stringing and weaving beads with an enthusiasm which makes the arduous shown in the bead stringing days of twenty-five years ago seem weak and commonplace in comparison.

You don't string beads to-day exactly as you did under grandmother's tutelage a generation ago. Those mottoes like "Touch Not, Taste Not," and "Home, Sweet Home," which you used to contrive out of beads under her eye are not longer in fashion, and, moreover, would be considered too easy by the young folk of this age. Weaving beads into Indian designs—belts and moccasins and wampum bags—is the thing now. The adherence to native American art ideals in preference to all foreign types of the beautiful is the dominant note of the new craze.

All the city kindergarten schools now have classes in bead weaving. Each class had a quantity of models, which are procured in the downtown stores. There are belts brought direct from the Winnebago country, legging strings from the Sioux reservations, headresses from the Zunis, and square braided ropes from the Mojaves, in some of the schools Navajo blankets have been hung up as models and their scheme of decoration accurately copied by the young folk.

The children are taught to weave on little bead looms which look like portable book racks, with a row of teeth on the top of each flange. Threads are stretched from one row of teeth to the other to constitute the warp of the piece to be woven. Then the beads are strung half a dozen or a score at a time on a thread, and finally sewed into the warp a row at a time.



SCHOOL CHILDREN WEAVING BEADS

sans and mimosa berries from the Hawaiian islands, kelp from Tasmania, and sea shells and sea beans from Ceylon.

The craze has not only extended to all children, rich or poor, but it has laid its hold on grown-ups as well. Not a few of the customers at the bead counters are women who prefer to string their own necklaces and weave their own bracelets and belts.

**Cat and the Cash Register.**  
An innocent house cat, the pride and pet in a drug store, leaped from the soda fountain to the cash register a

been called to the accident at once. Hereafter I shall watch her the same as a suspected thief, for who knows how the mystery would have been solved but for the fact that eyewitnesses were numerous. I might have suspected my clerk."—Kansas City Journal.

**Believes in Co-Education.**  
Mme. Loubet, wife of the French President, believes in co-education. Recently at a society of French mothers she brought down upon herself severe criticism by advocating American methods of training girls.

NEW PROPULSION SYSTEM FOR CANALBOATS

Option on a majority of the canal-boats in good condition now operating on the Erie canal have been secured by representatives of the Inland Transportation company of New York, which, if the consent of the legislature can be secured, intends to put into effect a new system of canalboat propulsion.

The canal fleet, which once numbered 7,000 boats, has dwindled now to about 700 serviceable vessels, and of these only about 400 are fit to carry grain. If the promoters of the new scheme can get a permit from the state to use their system on the canals, it is their purpose to acquire all the boats that are available, although the towing system will be open to all canal boat owners at a price which will be far lower than the cost

of mule power.

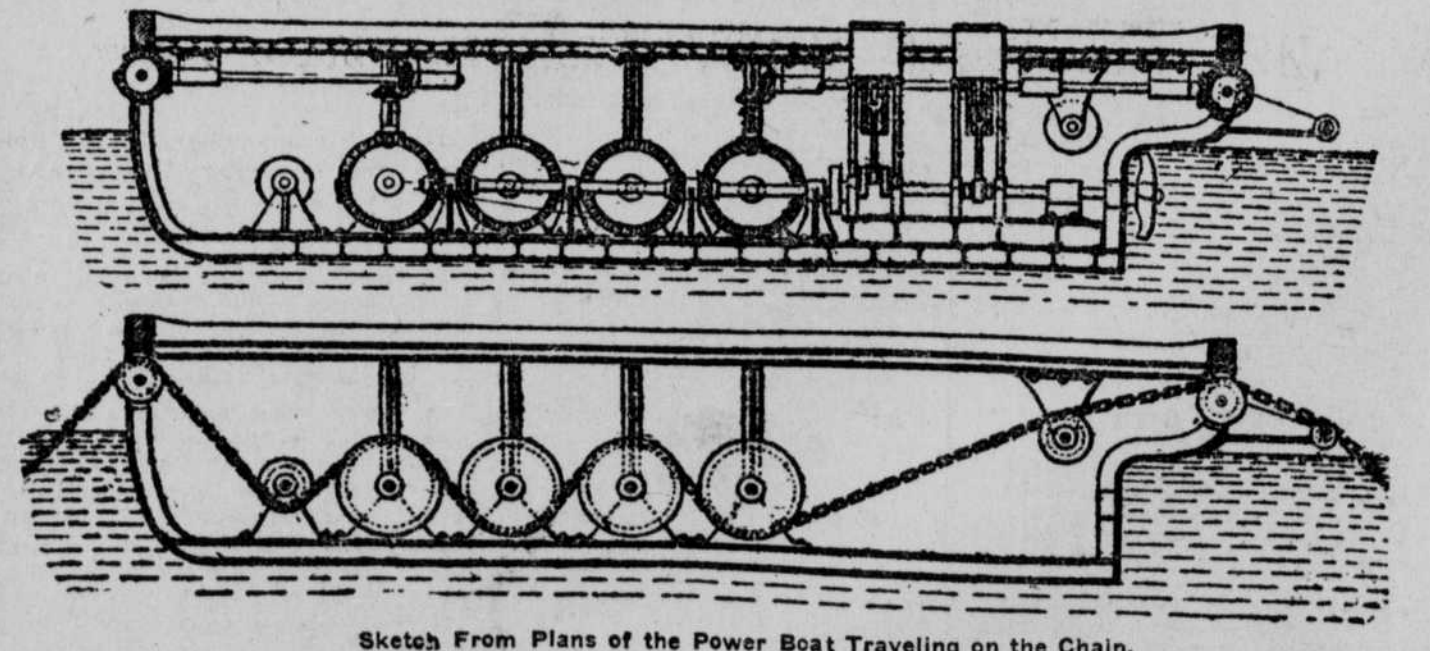
The system is not essentially a new one, as it has been used successfully abroad. The American patents were taken out last February by Joseph C. Tone of Irondequoit, who has used the system to operate a river ferry near Rochester.

It consists of chains along the bed of the canal. These are gripped by power boats, which pull themselves along. The chain passes longitudinally through the power boat, going alternately over and under sheaves or rollers. The cog wheels are moved by engine of the power boat.

In this manner the power of the engine is directly applied. The bevel-gears and sheaves distribute not only the applied power, but also the draft on the chain so that the chain is en-

gaged in a number of places. By this device the strain on the chain is also distributed over the structure of the power boat. This enables the machinery to move evenly and smoothly and with a minimum amount of strain and wear and tear. The simplicity of the theory is shown in the accompanying illustration.

It is asserted that one power boat moving along a chain will be able to haul a fleet of at least twenty-five canal boats, each having a cargo of 240 tons at an average speed of four miles an hour. The aggregate tonnage of this fleet would be 6,000 tons, equal to three good train loads. The estimated cost of this system of towing will not exceed one-half of a mill per ton per mile according to its inventor.—New York Sun.



Sketch From Plans of the Power Boat Traveling on the Chain.