

THE HUNTED FAMILY.

I suppose that San Francisco is as safe and pleasant a capital to reside in as any in the world now; but it was not so when I first went there—some twenty years ago. It had sprung up like Aladdin's palace on the discovery of gold in California, and as the thousands who flocked thither were too delirious with the yellow metal fever—to wild to get up to the beds of wealth, to think about laws, regulations, or police, every one did what was right in his own eyes; and Vice and Crime went to the wickets together, got hold of the ball, and had a grand innings. When the Anglo-Saxon love of order began to resume its sway, matters grew worse, for the chief criminals managed to assume the civil authority, and carried on wholesale murder and pillage under the guise of protecting the citizens. This kind of thing could not last long, and protection necessitated the establishment of a police force, carried out by a Vigilance Committee, of which I was one of the most active members. I was very young, indeed I ought properly to have been an Oxford freshman at the time; but my poor father took a very harsh view of a little peccadillo I had committed, and—ah, well, I was young, I repeat, but knocking about the world matures a man rapidly, and somehow I took a lead, and it was generally considered that I was the principal agent in bringing certain members of the most dangerous confederation in the town to justice. This was a band of desperadoes, headed by a clever, daring, enterprising villain, known as Tom Blood—probably a sobriquet, and if so, one as appropriate as horrible. We could not catch this leader, but we hung upon his four most reckless followers. Mr. Blood was aware of whom he was indebted for this spoiling of his game, and honored me with a letter in which he confessed that it was my hour of triumph just then, but promised to be even with me one day. And he confirmed this assertion with oaths which might make a Ribbonman's blood run cold.

Some time after that I joined an expedition to Niagara, where I happened to become very intimate with a Spanish family. I played chess with the father, the sons taught me how to use the lazo, and the daughter lassoed me herself. So I married and settled—settled literally, not in your sense. I bought land, and sheep, and a house, and built a house, and led the life of the early colonist who has to clear away the forest before he can plant his crops. It was rather lonely, when one had time to think about it, for our nearest neighbor lived ten miles off, and he was a deadly enemy. The fact was that he and I had both wanted the same land, and each of us had taken the slope of the mountains rising to the south of the Great Lake; and I believe that I was unduly favored in the allotment through the influence of my father-in-law, which was considerable. At all events, the other fellow, Enrico, thought so, and loved me accordingly. Indeed, it happened to me only once, but as I was considered, in the immediate district, and my matrimonial success had excited some jealousy in Granada.

Another matter affected me much more. I often had to make the journey to Greytown on business, and on one of these occasions I went into the bar of the principal hotel, and suddenly myself face to face with Tom Blood. I caught hold of my pistol, expecting him to shoot, but he didn't. He only smiled, if you call the grimace the fellow made by that name, and said that he was glad to see me. "Can't keep your little account with me together on the hill?" "but I must just pay waiting long!" "Take your time; I have a receipt in full ready for you at any moment," I replied, as defiantly as possible. But I was startled; I had a wife and child now. The course of events did not tend to reassure me; the country was in a state of disturbance, and the man whose name stood on the list of the persons who were to be executed, espoused the political cause which was favored by Enrico, and the two were seen together by one of my brothers-in-law.

One day I was strong on felling trees at a distance, and was returning in the evening, when, about two miles from home, I met my wife, with her baby in her arms, and looking wild. A stranger had ridden up, and asked for me, saying that there was an appointment. She had invited him in and given him food, but his manner was so queer that she took fright, and, making an excuse about attending to the supper, had slipped out. Surprised not to see any of our people about, she went to the stable; it was empty; the horse of the stranger being picketed in front of the house, and our own—gone! Thoroughly alarmed, she had come to meet me, and now urged immediate flight. I demurred to this—the man might really have come to buy bullocks; but the disappearance of the horses, and the queer, certainly; yet it was a serious thing to leave home and property, not to mention the exposure of a woman to a long night march. I determined to go back, and judge whether the pretension was well founded. Before we had gone far, however, I saw a glint among the trees in the distance, and threw myself down amongst the brushwood, whispering my wife to do the same and keep the child from crying. Two men rode leisurely up, following the path close to which we lay hid. One of them was speaking: "Oh, it is strong enough to hold half-a-dozen such as Milady; she will sell him when he hears the whistle; then we rush in—"

for I had to clear the brushwood at every step, disturbing many a noisome, deadly reptile, which glided hissing away. We feared them not, for they sought not to harm those who left them in peace; it was Man, Cain-stamped Man, that we dreaded. Five hours' work, and the wood grew thinner, huge masses of rock bulging up amongst the trees. Then I was able to take the child, and we pressed on, up, toward the summit of the ridge. The trees grew yet sparser, until there were but a few clumps of dead ferns here and there; and then we were forced to halt. I heard the sound of the ever-roaring cataract, and we knew we were among the precipices. Nothing but the most immediate peril would have justified our pursuing our course by night; for though the path was familiar to me by daylight, it was easily missed in the dark, and there were many places where a false step would be fatal. Then how should our enemies track us? How guess the route we had taken? We crouched under the lee of a sheltering rock—for at that altitude the air was cold, and my wife was lightly clad—and rested. Fortunately, my flask was not empty, and I had the remains of my midday meal in my pocket; we finished what there was, and watched for the dawn. The baby cried with the cold, and even in that solitude I shuddered, and even in that solitude I shuddered, and even in that solitude I shuddered.

Light shone on each at last. We hastened on, and soon came in sight of the bridge over the cataract. One of the tributaries of the Great Lake made two leaps here as it rushed along its rocky course—the first, a shorter one of some thirty feet, into a pool where its volume was swelled by the rush of another mountain torrent which sprang simultaneously from the side; then a terrible, appalling, suicidal dash into the unknown depths. The edge of this water-paved abyss was broken by a mass of rock which rose above the torrent, and this had been made use of as the centre pivot of a rule bridge. A fragile passage over such a nasty place—merely a couple of poles laid perpendicularly from a peak which actually hung over the cataract, and a few logs nailed across them; then a similar continuation to the further side. But the traveller to the shores of the Great Lake must cross rocks, and go miles out of his way; so that the most delicate nerves must have braced themselves to the passage. Of course, we inhabitants thought nothing of it; we hailed the sight of it now with joy indeed.

"Hark! the bay of a bloodhound!" I glanced along the way we had come, and saw a dark, shaggy dog, the size of a dog at least, two of them on horseback. "Take the child!—quick!" cried I. "Cross the bridge, turn to the left, keep to the natural step close to the brink, and you are safe!" She ran lightly over, holding the child. I followed as the centre rock, and saw a man cutting away the main poles of the bridge with my axe, and I doubt whether woodman ever made his tool fly faster or bit deeper. On they came—it was time-work with a vengeance! Not on my wedding-day did I feel half the joy with which I now saw that frail wood-work part, swing back, and flash down the precipice, just as the enemy came up! I stepped across the other half of the bridge to where my wife had passed, to see the effect of my effort; then she turned in the direction I had hidden her—not too soon, for a bullet struck the spot where she had been standing. I was about to spring to her, when I perceived that a man so reckless as Blood might, by a desperate leap, reach the centre rock, while to jump from thence to our side was impossible; there was no run, and the landing was narrow and slippery. I had out the wrong bridge; the only remedy was to chop this down, and I began to do it. The cloud of spray partially concealed me; but that the villains could make out what I was at was proved by several more pistol-bullets pattering against the rock behind me. But the rasals were out of breath, and could not shoot straight, and I gave them a few more, and a half-a-dozen blows, and the bridge broke; and I stepped over a few steps took me out of sight of the pursuers, and to the side of my brave little wife.

"Safe!" I shouted in her ear, as I took the baby from her—my girl, whom you know. Before the heat of the day, we were sitting on the bank of the cataract, and we crossed to Granada. It was tough and go, though; the bloodhound nearly bit. That wretch, Tom Blood, got off scot-free for the time; but I had the pleasure of witnessing his being hanged, six months later. Mrs. Milady never liked the bridge, and afterwards, though she sold everything off at an alarming sacrifice, and went back to California, where I made my pile, as the Yanks say. But I doubt if I should ever have come back to the old country, if it had not given me a sort of disgust to have been hunted like a noisome—hum—I mean like a fox.

How to See Down a Well. It is not generally known, says the Lancet (Pa.) Intelligence, how easy a matter it is to explore the bottom of a well, cistern, or pond of water, by the use of a common mirror. When the sun is shining brightly below a mirror so that the collected rays of light will fall into the water. A bright spot will be seen at the bottom, so light as to show the smallest object plainly. By this means we have examined the bottom of wells fifty feet deep when half full or more of water. The smallest straw or other object can be perfectly seen from the surface. In the same way one can examine ponds and rivers, if the waters be somewhat clear and not agitated by winds or rapid motion. If a well or cistern be under cover, or shaded by a building so that the sun's rays will not fall near the opening, it is only necessary to employ two mirrors, using one to reflect the light to the opening, and another to reflect it down into the water. Light may be thrown fifty feet or a hundred yards to the precise spot desirable, and then downward. We have used the mirror with success to reflect light around the house to a shaded well, and also to carry it from a small window through two rooms and then into a cistern under the north side of the house. Half a dozen reflections of light may be made, though each mirror diminishes the brilliancy of the light. Let any one not familiar with the method try it, and he will not only find it useful, but very pleasant experiment. It will perhaps reveal a mass of sediment at the bottom of the well that has been little thought of, but which may have been a frightful source of disease by its decay in the water.

Spelling Schools.

Have you forgotten them? When from all the region about them were gathered in the log school-house with its huge fireplace yawning like the entrance of Avernus? How the sleigh-bells, big in the middle of the string and growing small by degrees, and beautifully less towards the broad brass buckles, chimed in every direction long before night—the gathering of the class! There came one to school, "the Master." Give him a capital M, for he is entitled to it—Master, and all bundled into one huge red, double-stick, strewn with an abundance of straw, and tucked up like a Christmas pie, with half a score of buffalo robes. There are a dozen cutters, each with a young man and a maiden, they two, no more. And there again a pair of jumpers, mounting a great outlandish looking bin heaped up, pressed down, and running over, Scripture measure, with a small collection of hosen homes, and all as merry as kittens in a basket of wool. And the bright eyes, and ripe red lips that one caught a glimpse of beneath those pink-lined, quilted hoods, and the silvery laugh that escaped the muffers and fur tippets they wore then—who does not remember? Who can ever forget them?

The school-house destined to be the arena of the conflict had been garnished, boughs of evergreen adorn the smoked, stained and battered walls. The pellets of chewed paper have all been swept from the ceiling, and two pairs of water brought from the spring and set on a bench in the center of the room, in a tin cup—a wise provision, indeed, for warm is that spelling room! The big boys have fanned and replenished the fire, till the old chimney fairly jars with the roaring flames, and the sparks fly out of the top like a furnace, and as a lance in the battle. The two "Masters" are there, and such a moving to and fro! Will they swarm? The female comes down upon the desk with emphasis. What the roll of the drum is to the armies, the "rule" is to this whispering, laughing company. The challengers are one side of the house, the challengers on the other. Back seats, middle seats, front seats are all filled. Some of the fathers and grandfathers, who could, no doubt, upon occasion "Shoulder the crutch, and show how fields were won," occupy the bench of honor near the desk. Now the preliminaries. The reputed best speller on each side chooses. "Susan Brown." Out comes a round-eyed creature, blushing like a peony. Such a little thing. Moses Jones. Out comes Moses, an awkward fellow, with a shock of red hair, shockingly combed, surrounding his brow. The girls are asked for what he don't know in the Elementary, isn't worth knowing. Jane Murray. Out trips Jane, fluttering as a bride, and takes her place next to the caller. She's a pretty girl, but a sorry speller. Don't you hear the whispering round the desk? "Why, that's John's sweetheart." John is the leader, and a battle lost with Jane by his aid, would be sweeter than a victory without her. And so they go, "calling names," until five or six champions stand forth to do battle, and the contest is fairly begun.

Down goes one after another, as words of three syllables are followed by those of four, and those again of similar pronunciation and divers signification, until Moses and Susan remain. The spelling-book has been exhausted, and still they stand. Dictionaries are turned over, memories searched for "Words of lengthy sound," until, by-and-by, Moses comes down like a tree, and Susan flutters there still, a little leaf aloft, that the forest and fall have forgotten. Pollysillables follow, and by-and-by Susan hesitates just a breath or two, and twenty tongues are working their way through the labyrinth of letters in a twinkling. Little Susan sinks into the chink left for her on the crowded seat, and there is a lull in the battle. Then all get in solid phalanx by schools, and the struggle is to spell each other down. And down they go, like leaves in winter weather, and the victory is declared for our district, and the school is dismissed. Then comes the hurrying and bustling, the whispering and glancing, and pairing off and tumbling in. There are hearts that flutter, and hearts that ache; "mittens" that cannot be worn; "mittens" that are not returned. There is a jingling among the bells at the door, and one after another dash up, receive their freight, and are home? "Why, that's our Master!" covers the fire and snuffs the candles (don't you remember how he used to pinch the smoking wick with his forefinger and thumb, and then thrust each helpless luminary head first in the socket?) and we wait for him. The bells ring faintly in the woods, over the hill in the valley. The school-house is dark and tenanted, and we are alone in the hall.

Merry, care-free company! Some of them are sorrowing; some are dead, and all we fear are changed! Spell! Ah! the "spell" has come over that crowd of dreamers—over you—over us; will it ever be dissolved? In "the white radiance of eternity" — B. P. Taylor. A Vessel's Crew Saved by a Dog. The brig Emma, from Liverpool, was lost one stormy night last winter, near St. John's, Newfoundland. A heavy swell setting into the night, the vessel became unmanageable, and finally went on shore. The cook, an Italian, jumped overboard, with the intention of saving the crew by means of a rope attached to his person, but the surf on the shore cost the noble fellow his life. The captain and crew succeeded in getting on shore, the vessel parting shortly afterward. Here we must record one of those instances of sagacity peculiar to the dog, which are much oftener read of than witnessed so near home. A fisherman, of the name of Mayo, living near the scene of the wreck, with two sons, was aroused from sleep by the barking and scratching of their dog outside the door, and supposing some person was lurking around the premises, they got up, when the movements of the animal attracted their attention, and they followed him to the edge of a precipice, some seventy feet high, at the foot of which the captain and his men had landed. This circumstance saved their lives, for the surf was beating so furiously around them, that it was found necessary to haul them up with ropes.

A Texas paper records a marriage in which the bride was 16 years and a widow. Spelling Schools. Have you forgotten them? When from all the region about them were gathered in the log school-house with its huge fireplace yawning like the entrance of Avernus? How the sleigh-bells, big in the middle of the string and growing small by degrees, and beautifully less towards the broad brass buckles, chimed in every direction long before night—the gathering of the class! There came one to school, "the Master." Give him a capital M, for he is entitled to it—Master, and all bundled into one huge red, double-stick, strewn with an abundance of straw, and tucked up like a Christmas pie, with half a score of buffalo robes. There are a dozen cutters, each with a young man and a maiden, they two, no more. And there again a pair of jumpers, mounting a great outlandish looking bin heaped up, pressed down, and running over, Scripture measure, with a small collection of hosen homes, and all as merry as kittens in a basket of wool. And the bright eyes, and ripe red lips that one caught a glimpse of beneath those pink-lined, quilted hoods, and the silvery laugh that escaped the muffers and fur tippets they wore then—who does not remember? Who can ever forget them? The school-house destined to be the arena of the conflict had been garnished, boughs of evergreen adorn the smoked, stained and battered walls. The pellets of chewed paper have all been swept from the ceiling, and two pairs of water brought from the spring and set on a bench in the center of the room, in a tin cup—a wise provision, indeed, for warm is that spelling room! The big boys have fanned and replenished the fire, till the old chimney fairly jars with the roaring flames, and the sparks fly out of the top like a furnace, and as a lance in the battle. The two "Masters" are there, and such a moving to and fro! Will they swarm? The female comes down upon the desk with emphasis. What the roll of the drum is to the armies, the "rule" is to this whispering, laughing company. The challengers are one side of the house, the challengers on the other. Back seats, middle seats, front seats are all filled. Some of the fathers and grandfathers, who could, no doubt, upon occasion "Shoulder the crutch, and show how fields were won," occupy the bench of honor near the desk. Now the preliminaries. The reputed best speller on each side chooses. "Susan Brown." Out comes a round-eyed creature, blushing like a peony. Such a little thing. Moses Jones. Out comes Moses, an awkward fellow, with a shock of red hair, shockingly combed, surrounding his brow. The girls are asked for what he don't know in the Elementary, isn't worth knowing. Jane Murray. Out trips Jane, fluttering as a bride, and takes her place next to the caller. She's a pretty girl, but a sorry speller. Don't you hear the whispering round the desk? "Why, that's John's sweetheart." John is the leader, and a battle lost with Jane by his aid, would be sweeter than a victory without her. And so they go, "calling names," until five or six champions stand forth to do battle, and the contest is fairly begun. Down goes one after another, as words of three syllables are followed by those of four, and those again of similar pronunciation and divers signification, until Moses and Susan remain. The spelling-book has been exhausted, and still they stand. Dictionaries are turned over, memories searched for "Words of lengthy sound," until, by-and-by, Moses comes down like a tree, and Susan flutters there still, a little leaf aloft, that the forest and fall have forgotten. Pollysillables follow, and by-and-by Susan hesitates just a breath or two, and twenty tongues are working their way through the labyrinth of letters in a twinkling. Little Susan sinks into the chink left for her on the crowded seat, and there is a lull in the battle. Then all get in solid phalanx by schools, and the struggle is to spell each other down. And down they go, like leaves in winter weather, and the victory is declared for our district, and the school is dismissed. Then comes the hurrying and bustling, the whispering and glancing, and pairing off and tumbling in. There are hearts that flutter, and hearts that ache; "mittens" that cannot be worn; "mittens" that are not returned. There is a jingling among the bells at the door, and one after another dash up, receive their freight, and are home? "Why, that's our Master!" covers the fire and snuffs the candles (don't you remember how he used to pinch the smoking wick with his forefinger and thumb, and then thrust each helpless luminary head first in the socket?) and we wait for him. The bells ring faintly in the woods, over the hill in the valley. The school-house is dark and tenanted, and we are alone in the hall. Merry, care-free company! Some of them are sorrowing; some are dead, and all we fear are changed! Spell! Ah! the "spell" has come over that crowd of dreamers—over you—over us; will it ever be dissolved? In "the white radiance of eternity" — B. P. Taylor. A Vessel's Crew Saved by a Dog. The brig Emma, from Liverpool, was lost one stormy night last winter, near St. John's, Newfoundland. A heavy swell setting into the night, the vessel became unmanageable, and finally went on shore. The cook, an Italian, jumped overboard, with the intention of saving the crew by means of a rope attached to his person, but the surf on the shore cost the noble fellow his life. The captain and crew succeeded in getting on shore, the vessel parting shortly afterward. Here we must record one of those instances of sagacity peculiar to the dog, which are much oftener read of than witnessed so near home. A fisherman, of the name of Mayo, living near the scene of the wreck, with two sons, was aroused from sleep by the barking and scratching of their dog outside the door, and supposing some person was lurking around the premises, they got up, when the movements of the animal attracted their attention, and they followed him to the edge of a precipice, some seventy feet high, at the foot of which the captain and his men had landed. This circumstance saved their lives, for the surf was beating so furiously around them, that it was found necessary to haul them up with ropes. A Texas paper records a marriage in which the bride was 16 years and a widow.

FAIRM AND HOUSEHOLD.

HOW TO SWARM AND HIVE BEES.—I have kept bees for thirty-one years; have had good luck with them and a great deal of pleasure with them. You may not doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the hive no doubt, often heard bees men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought