Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., May 26, 1905.

THE SILENT GOSSIP.

It isn't always what you say that harts your fellow man; There are other ways of giving him

"hooks." And knockers long since learned to try a mon

effective plan-They simply do it by their knowing looks

No spoken word-why waste the breath? Just give a little wink,

Or elevate your eyebrows half an inch. Just toss your head a trifle, smile a bit and slyly blink,

And you've done the dirty business-that's a

There's Brown, your nearest neighbor, he's

distasteful unto you But you haven't nerve enough to spe

out. So whene'er you hear him mentioned as a fel

low good and true. You only wink your eye, expressing doubt.

You grin a knowing kind of grin, your eyes are narrow slits,

But never say a word-from that you flinch.

But your actions tell your story, and his nam is smashed to bits,

And you've done the dirty business-that's a

You envy Mrs. Jones a bit, and know no reason why;

But never stop to give her half a chance. You merely hate the woman, though you smile

on passing by And curl your lips when taking backward

glance. You hear her kindly mentioned

your head and smile, But wouldn't dare a word in tightest pinch.

But your nodding tells your feelings, and in just a little while

You have done the dirty business-that's cinch.

It'isn't always what you say-you needn't say

word To blast a woman's name beyond repair. Perhaps you never spoke her name that any-

body heard. Yet smooched a reputation that was fair.

And all the while you do it you are puffing up with pride

That you wouldn't gossip even in a pinch; But your nod or wink or smiling in a knowing

way aside-And you've done the dirty business-that's

a cinch.

"ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNIN'."

Adjutant,' remarked the Colonel of the Twin Counties Rifles, "to-morrow will be St. Patrick's Day." 'Yes, Colonel.

"And the sutler of that Irish regiment down the road is going to sell liquor-for

one day only." "Yes, Colonel."

"There are about a hundred Irishmen in our own regiment." "Yes, Colonel."

"Well, what are you going to do about it 917

The Adjutant might have answered safely by repeating the Colonel's question, for the two men had been close acquaintances in civil life before the war. But it was custom in the volunteer service for a Colonel to shift all possible responsibility upon the shoulders of his Adjutant, with the understanding that if the load was borne bravely and ably, the Adjutant, ner were noted by captains who stood afar

men broke ranks in the company streets there was a wild outburst. These exclamations, highly seasoned with profanity, mingled with excited conversations shouted from one company's street to another. created an uproar that made itself heard at review!" the field-and-staff mess-table, causing the Adjutant to appear apprehensive, and the Colonel to regard the Adjutant reproach-fully. The excitement continued during supper time, and so much longer that the leader of the band, a young lieutenant who knew something about music and had consented to train the band for a few weeks, strolled over to the Adjutant's but to ask whether it was known at headquarters that

military misdemeanor.

the entire camp was in uproar. "Do we know it?" shouted the Ad-jutant. "Perhaps you imagine that we don't even know there's a war?"

The band-master apologized, and the Adjutant explained the situation. The first sergeants already had reported that the Irishmen of their respective companies had declared bluntly that they would not "turn out" for guard duty on St. Patrick's Day—not even if the commanding general of the army or the President himself desired it. The band-master, who was a good fellow, and usually sympathetic when anyone was in trouble, suddenly became so untrue to himself as to smile-almost to grin-and to assume an air of superiority and condescension.

"Don't worry, old chap," said he. "The Irish will be all right in the morning, after I've got at them."

"You ?" exclaimed the Adjutant. "What have you to do with it ?" "More than any other man," replied the

band-master, his grin becoming positively offensive. "You seem to forget that I select and direct all music played at guardmount and on all other occasions. If I don't soothe those malcontents before guard-mount is over you may call on me

for a box of cigars—the sutler's best." "And if you do," replied the Adjutant soulfully, "I honestly believe that the Colonel, who is pulling out his mustache by the roots, will put a new bar on your shoulder strap as soon as there is a vacancy.'

"Good ! I shall torment you to keep him in mind of it."

About eight o'clock on the morning of

St. Patrick's Day, in the camp of the Twin Counties Rifles, one needed not to hear a name or a word to distinguish the Irish members from their comrades, for in every company a few men, dressed a little more neatly than those about them, stood apart and sulked or looked defiantly. Suddenly a bugle sounded; then the first sergeants appeared anxious, and shouted :

'First call for guard ! Guard detail, fall

Some men turned away; others moved carelessly toward their quarters, as if uncertain whether they would get their arms and equipment. But in an instant the manner of all the malcontents changed, for from the parade ground came the sound of the band playing "St. Patrick's Day in the Mornin'."

In Harley's company-little Harley was to be sergeant of the guard, and he did not enjoy the outlook at all—one man yelled "Whoopoo!" and several others knocked down the men nearest them in the costasy of their surprise; then the entire guard de tail hurried for rifles and belts, after which they fell into line without further summons. The First Sergeant began the work of preliminary inspection, and such men as were ordered to improve their appearance obeyed with alaority and cheerfulness. In

some men to be placed in arrest--for talkarms!" the seventy-five rifles found their ing in the ranks during dress-parade is a places with a single click; "Close order -march!" and the ranks were closed; When the parade was dismissed and the "Present-arms!" another single click an each man's rifle was in front of him. The Adjutant faced about, saluted the officer of the day, and announced that the guard was formed. The officer of the day re-turned the salute and said: "March in

The guard, breaking into two platoons wheeled to the right; the band also wheeled; the Adjutant shouted: "Forward-march!" It was the old, old thing; it had been done daily, rain or shine, Sunday or week-day, in the camp of the Twin Counties Rifles and of every other regiment of the service ever since the regiments came into existence. Yet in a few seconds there was a difference--to the guard-for the band began to play "Garryowen."

Good wheeling, by a detachment of any size, is the rarest achievement of soldiers in motion. Yet the Adjutant, who marched at the right of the first platoon, and the Sergeant-Major, who accompanied who the second platoon, agreed that never be-fore had any guard of the Twin Counties Rifles wheeled so perfectly. The platoons had to wheel twice, first to the right, then to the left, yet as they passed in review the new officer of the day said from under the right of his mustache to the old officer of the day that the Irishmen were as perfectly aligned as if they were toeing the orack of a floor, and as if the guard im-agined that the President of the United States, all the crowned heads of Europe and the ghosts of all the Irish kings were at the reviewingstand.

According to Army Regulations, the band should have left the line of march soon after the last platoon had passed in review. But the band-master in front was thinking solely of the possible promotion suggested by the Adjutant, and of the one way of earning it, so mentally he sent the highest written authority to the rear, and still-playing "Garryowen" led the way to the guard-house and past the old guard. That sleepy, soiled, shabby-looking body were so impressed by his unusual demonstration that they pulled themselves together and presented arms in the host specified presented arms in the best parade manner. No sooner had the officer of the new guard wished his predecessor "Good riddance!" and received "Good luck!" in return, than one of the several Irishmen who chanced to be in the old guard roared:

"Three cheers for the band-an' its leader-an' Garryowen-an' Oireland !'

Three great roars escaped from them. The noise of the cheering, which was re-peated several times, in honor of St. Patrick and other noted Irishmen, reached headquarters, and the Colonel dashed out with fire in his eye and a pistol in his hand to suppress the supposed mutiny by call-ing out the entire regiment if necessary. But when he met the Adjutant and learned the truth he strode on to the guard-house and made a short speech which compelled every man of them to believe for the remainder of his life that the Colonel had Irish blood in his veins. When he returned to his quarters he took the handmaster with him, plumped the young man into a chair and ordered a servant to bring ses and a decanter.

For the remainder of the day the campguard of the Twin Counties Rifles was a model of appearance, deportment and effic-iency. Its aspect and manner compelled the attention of the field officer of the day when he visited the regiment, and he said so to the Colonel, who thereupon told of the peculiar manner in which the guard had been formed, and carefully neglected to intimate that the plan was not of his own devising.

The field officer of the day told the story to the division commander, who was so astonished that he rode down to the Twin Counties camp, a and spoke to each sentry, making each as proud as if the great Brian Born himself was the common ancestor of the lot of them. The division commander afterward complimented the Colonel on his shrewdness; the Adjutant was present, and heard it all without even raising an eyebrow, and the Colonel gave him a grateful wink for his loyal silence and composure, and the Adjutant looked "Didn't I tell you so?" at the Colonel, when the division com-mander promised to make a special and commendatory report to corps headquarters, with the suggestion that so taotful an officer deserved command of a brigade.

good order and military discipline to favor his benefactor.

Harley devised and rejected a dozen plans in his effort to comply with his pre-server's wishes, yet not be untrue to his own sense of daty. After two or three hours of effort, he muttered to himself: "There's one way out of it, though it makes me feel like a sneak to think of it.

Larry told me to offer a monthful to the officer of the guard. I'll do it, and tell the story. The officer probably will forbid the thing going any further, and to make sure of it, he'll take the bottle in barge. Here goes!"

The officer of the guard, a lank but able lieutenant who had fought to a draw with several different forms of malaria, and there-fore had constitutional longing for whatever might be strengthening or even stimulating, was found in his den in the guardhouse, sleepily killing time over a game of solitaire. He listened to the Sergeant's story; was thoughtful; smelled the liquor; became somewhat animated; smelled the liquor again-

"I hope, sir, that it won't get Bagglety into trouble," said Harley, as the Lient. placed the bottle to his lips and the liquor began to gurgitate, "for he once saved my

"Ah !" the Lieutenant sighed lingeringly. "I believe he has saved my life too. What splendid stuff this is ! 'Tis Irish lv. whisky-just the thing for St. Patrick's Day. I wish you'd learn from him where he bought it. I didn't suppose that any sutler in the army sold anything so good." The Lieut. again tasted the contents of the

bottle, and continued : "Saved your life, eh ? He must be a good fellow, for he's saved mine too-saved it twice in a single evening. Still, to bring whisky to a guard-house, to be offered to men who may be called to duty at any moment, why," here he raised the bottle and regarded it critically, "I really ought to lay the case before the officer of the day."

"I beg that you won't, sir. I'll warn Larry never to do such a thing again. He knows no better. He's a simple-minded fellow, and did it only through kindness of heart. It really was self-sacrifice on his part too, for he might have saved the liquor for his own use at some future time." "What? An Irishman save whisky?" from which that came ever since Christ-

"Great Cæsar ! What a grip the fellow must have on his thirst ! I don't believe he ever can have had malaria. Now, I'm

So saying, the officer raised the bottle to

"That being the case," persisted the Sergeant, "and your life having been saved persisted the I hope that you won't lay the case before the officer of the day ?"

The Lieutenant assumed a judicial air, held the bottle upside down, looked at it

as if it was a witness to be interrogated, and replied : "Sergeant, you may, for there's no case remaining to lay before him. It may have been very selfish of me; but that's not to the point. You may re-port to your friend that his liquor was consumed by the guard, according to his re-quest; but warn him never again to be so indiscreet—anless his whisky is of this same quality and I chance to be officer of the guard."

The upshot of the case was that the Colonel of the Twin Counties Rifles was appointed Brigadier-General, and the Adjutant became Major, and the band-master was promoted, and Sergeant Harley got a lieutenancy, while the officer of the guard who saved his men from temptation, did not get even a headache.-By John Habherton, in Sunday Magazine for March 19th, 1905.

bees. Queen bees of Cancasian Cyprian, Dalmatian, Italian and Carniolan races will be specially imported for propagating purposes, with a view to the improvement of varieties. Within the last few years science has taken up the business of im-proving the honey bee, particularly in re-spect to its capacity for honey-gathering, though also in relation to gentleness of temper (an important point to the bee-keeper), and bees of various stocks have beer brought from abroad and crossed with those on this side of the water. It is a curious fact, not widely realized

perhaps, that there were no bees in America until the seventeenth century, when they were brought from Germany. These first importations were of the common, black variety, now found all over the United States, which are so fierce as to be difficult to handle and control. At the present time bee-keepers select their bees as carefully as farmers do cattle, each stock having its special merits. The Cyprians (from the island of Cyprus) are wonderful honey-getters, but somewhat irritable. The Italian bees are exceedingly dooile and prolific.

One gets a notion of the impootance of the bee-keeping industry from the fact that during the last year four contiguous counties in one State turned out no less than four million pounds of honey. The raising of queens in itself has become a large business, and one Texas woman sells more than two thousand of them in a year. For raising queen bees miniature hives are employed-little wooden boxes, in which is put a handful of working bees, a bit of honeycomb, and a single queen not yet emerged. Inasmuch as an ordinary hive will produce from a dozen to three hundred queen-bearing cells each season, it is a simple task to detach them from the brood comb and use them in the manner described The queens sell for from two to five dollars apiece.

Queen bees propagated in the manner described are sent by mail all over the world-even as far as from this country to Australia. In the same way workers and drones are shipped as samples. The package used for the purpose consists of a little wooden box about four inches long, which is a patented invention. It has a compartment for the insect, and another for a piece "Yes, sir; he's been saving the bottle rom which that came ever since Christ-bee, suffices for food. Formerly bees were not permitted to enter this country from

abroad free of duty, but now they are permitted to come in as "animals imported for breeding purposes." In Central and South America there are

never was able to save whiskey. It has been exactly the other way; whisky al-ways has had to save me—and right now is They make excellent honey, which, though less sweet than that to which we are accustomed, has an aromatic perfume and a delicious flavor of its own. Since prehistoric times they have been domesticated once more this evening, within a moment, by the indiscretion of my comrade, mayn't of wood, and such hives at the present day are commonly hung from verandas in the tropics. The honey is not stored in hexagonal cells, but in wax bags as large as pigeon's eggs, hung around the inside of the receptacle.

On account of their lack of stings, it has been deemed desirable to introduce these bees into the United States; but the plan as proved impracticable owing to the fact that they cannot bear the climate. They belong to the tropics exclusively.

The Human Stomach.

The stomach proper has ceased to be a serious problem to the surgeon, says Samuel N. Adams in *McClure's Magazine*. He can even, if circumstances demand, relieve the owner of it entirely, and so arrange the loose ends that the functions of nutrition are successfully maintained. To be sure. fully maint the patient can never thereafter derive much pleasure from his meals; but he must restrict himself to a rigid diet; but for all the other affairs of life he may be as competent as before. There are, to-day, several stomachless men who are earning their daily predigested ration in occupations varying from clerk to expressman.

A New Type of Cow-Milking Blachin

To construct the perfect milking ma-chine has been the ambition of many in-ventors. In the records of the patent oface at Washington may be found hundreds of the attempts to solve the problem. These are the results of patient thought and labor by men in nearly all of the walks of life, but principally by farmers, dairymen, engineers, and scientists. Many of these inventions show great ingenuity and some are fairly practical notwithstanding the more or less slight defects that they exhibit.

One of the great advantages of the milking machine is that it supplies of the milk-ly important but missing link in the chain of the sanitary transmission of milk from the cow to the consumer. Unless the most rigorous conditions of cleanliness prevail, hand-milking is a danger point in even the best of modern dairying processes. In using the mechanical milker, the milk passes directly from the cow into a closed receptacle, and the danger of the entrance of bacteria into it from the hands or clothing of the operator is, of course, entirely obviated. It is self-evident that in handmilking the danger that the milk may be-come infected by disease germs from the person of the milker, is ever present. And, should the person in question be a sufferen from tuberculosis or some other infectious disease, the danger is enormously aggravated. Besides adding this safeguard, the successful milking machine must fulfill two further conditions—it must decrease the time necessary entirely to extract the milk, and it must make the operation less troublesome to the animal. One of the latest of these machines has

been invented by Loomis Burrell, of Little Falls, N. Y. It is claimed that in his invention, Mr. Burrell has succeeded in de-signing a machine that fulfills the con-ditions described above, and one that has overcome the defects that are found in nearly all of the machines hitherto constructed. Reputable investigators fully substantiate this statement. The following is a brief description of the operation

of the machine. When suction is applied to the milk pail or vessel, a piston-valve moves slowly up and down in its cylinder and produces pulsations in the milk and air tubes conected therewith. These pulsations take place in such a manner that when the suction is applied to the milk-pipes and through the same to the internal compartments or spaces of the flexible linings of the teat-cups, the external air is admitted to the air-pipes and through the same to the external compartments of the teat-cups outside of the linings, thereby applying the suction to the tests within the linings and at the same time applying external air-pressure to the outer sides of the linings. In this manner the teats are squeezed at the same time that the suction is applied to them. When the suction is out off from the milk-pipes and the in-ternal space of the cup-linings, the suction is applied to the air-pipes and the outer Is applied to the air-pipes and the outer sides of the cup-linings, and thus the lin-ings are drawn away from the teats against the shells of the cups, and the teats are allowed to hang nearly free in them. The vacuum in the linings is re-lieved quickly when the suction is cut off by the cup acted to the suction is cut off by the air entering the milk-pipes through the connector. In this manner pulsations are produced simultaneously inside and outside of the cup-linings, the operation alternating in such a manner that when the suction is applied to the interior of the lining to draw the milk from the teats, the external air is admitted to the exterior of the lining to squeeze the teats; and when the suction is applied to the exterior of the linings to draw the latter away from the teats, the external air is admitted

mas.

not what's called a drinking man, but I one of its chances."

his lips and turned the bottom high in air.

should the proper vacancy occur, might expect to become a major without first going through the intermediate grade of captain.

"Our Irishmen and hundreds of our other men, but particularly the Irishmen, will want some of that liquor. I don't imagine that many of them have money, for the paymaster is four months past due but most of them have acquaintances in the other regiment, some of whom will stand treat. Probably the whisky itself will be very bad. Such of our men as get some of it will wish to celebrate the glorious day. When such celebrations begin no one can predict the end. So what are you going to do to keep our camp quiet on St. Fatrick's Day ?"

The Adjutant had been thinking, so he paraphrased a historic saying of the first General-in-Chief of the American army thus : "Put none but Irishmen on guard to-morrow.'

The Colonel gasped : "What? Do you wish to drive me out of the service ?"

'On the contrary. I'm devising a chance for you to be promoted for having the division's most orderly camp on St. Pat-rick's Day. There are Irish in every regiment, you know.'

Colonel's hand consulted his mus tache before he replied : "It's a brilliant plan; but it would be shockingly irregular, and it might make trouble for us. The men would have to be detailed out of their regular order on the company rosters, so any captain could complain of departure from time-honored custom. How can you see your way clear to do it ?"

'Easily, if you will assist me. Theoret ically, practically too, guard-duty is the most honorable detail of military service; so there's no reason why you shouldn't write one of your dignified orders, saying so, and glorifying the duty, and announc-ing that in honor of the coming day the peace and safety of the camp shall be in-trusted entirely to Irishmen. I'll read the order at dress-parade, in my best style, after which the sergeant-major shall in struct the first sergeants to detail only Irishmen for to-morrow's guard."

The Colonel appeared doubtful a mo-ment or two; then he said : "It mightn't be a bad plan, if we had an Irish captain for officer of the day, and an Irish lientenant for officer of the guard; but for som reason no Irishmen applied for commissions while the regiment was being organized.'

"True; but there's a good Irish sergeant for the job-young Harley, who doesn't drink, and whom you've booked for the first vacant lieutenancy,"

"Very well, have it your own way. I hope we sha'n't have to be sorry for it. I suppose I may as well get at the order at once. That feature of the affair shall not lack force."

"Nor shall it in the reading, unless my tongue has lost its cunning."

The order, when completed, was a clever bit of composition, and the Adjutant, who in civil life had been a lawyer, read it with fine spirit. The regiment listened attentively, for it was rather proud of it's Col-onel's rhetorical efforts; but when the pur-pose of the order became evident there were so many low yet distinct expressions of disapproval from the ranks that the

off to see how their sergeants wo ceed with the possible mutineers. Soon the bugle sounded the "Assembly

-the signal to march to the parade-ground. Hardly had the first sergeants in charge of the details shouted "Rightface! Forward-march!" when the band struck up "St. Patrick Was a Gentleman." In a moment the Adjutant, shivering wretchedly on the parade-ground, was warmed by the spectacle of ten detach ments emerging from as many company streets, each detachment of proper size, and approaching him with a jaunty, marching swing. He turned his head sharply, and when he saw the Colonel near the flags and in an expectant attitude, he signaled "All right!" so vigorously with his head

that his cap fell off.

The line was formed in quicker time than it ever before had been made by the Twin Counties Rifles-so the Sergeant Major said in an undertone when he reported to the Adjutant that the guard details were "All present." Then the of-ficer of the guard, who himself expected

trouble before the day should end, march-ed gloomily along the front to the center and then twelve paces forward, and the sergeant of the guard took post four paces behind him, the three corporals formed line four paces in rear of the Ser-geant, and the Adjutant ordered:

"Officer and non-commissioned officers about-face! Inspect your guard-march!" The guard was brought to "open order,"

and the most wearisome duty of guard-mounting began. But the guard did not assume at once the air of weary resignation peculiar to guards under inspection—for the band began to play "Killarney." It also caused the only delays and hitches of the ceremony, for some of the men became so oblivious in reverie that they neglected to pass their rifles promptly to the inspecting officer when he approached them, and one large and unusually nervous Irishman from Killarney itself acted as if

Irishman from Killarney itself acted as if asleep with his eyes open until he was ronsed by a sharp "Well, sir?" When the inspection ended, the signal being given by the officer of the guard taking his post, the new officer of the day, accompanied by his predecessor, and both resplendent in red sashes across their breasts—though the guard agreed to a man that the sashes on that particular day should have been green-the new officer of the day took his place a few paces in

rear of the Adjutant, who then gave the command: "Parade-rest!" Seventy-five right feet moved eight inches backward and at right angles with seventy-five feet left, seventy-five rifle-barrels inclined leftward and were clasped by

one hundred and fifty white gloved hands directly in front of their owners' hearts, and the Adjutant, looking toward the band,

ordered: "Troop—beat off!" A rattle of drams, a crash of cymbals, a blare of brass-wind, and the band, moving from the right and wheeling, marched guardsmen stood during this detail of the peremony; but when the Adjutant shouted rade who has saved one's life outranks al-'Atten-tion!" the movement, slight in it-"Atten-tion:" the movement, sight in te-captains turned in amazement and growled "Silence !" and the lieutenants in the line of file-closers mentally noted the names of they heard the command "Shoulder— willing to transgress any and every rule of

Little Sergeant Harley was too good a soldier not to keep his men well in hand, on a day of so many possibilities. But just as the blankets were being

pread on the guard- house floor, and Harley was gazing placidly at the stars above him and thanking his own stars, there came out of the darkness Larry Bagglety, and with him a zephyr that seemed first to have wandered through several distil-

eries. "Tis a great day for Oireland, Ser-

"Right you are, Larry."

"An' 'tis the fine gyard ye have." "True for you Larry. 'Tis as fine a one as this regiment, or any other regiment, ever saw, and I'm proud to be sergeant of it."

"An' do ye remember the day, Sargint, whin we wor crossin' Blue Creek under fire?"

"And when you dragged me out when I fell, and kept me from being drowned? Do you suppose I ever shall forget it? You saved my life that day, Larry." "Don't mention it! What's a little

thing like that, between Oirishmen? But seenin' ye remember it, Oi'll be askin' ye But to do a bit of kindness by me." As he paused for reply, Larry took something ignited leaves on the end of it in such a from inside his blouse, held it up to Harley's face, and continued, in a hoarse The latter rise in a cloud into the air about whisper: "Shmell of that! Do ye recwhisper: ognize it ?" "Whisky! ejaculated Harley with

shudder.

"That is it, an' the rale stuff too. Oi've had a quart of it hid in the pillow of me bunk ever since Christmas, awaitin' for bunk ever since Christmas, awaitin' for persons who understand the business. How this blessed day. Well, O'm full of itfull up to me chin, an' Oi'm that glad that I was on guard yesterday instead of to-day, an' Oi'm that sorry for ye an' the

other boys, that Oi want ye to take a sup with me, an' offer a monthful to the Lif-tinint, if ye like to be so bold, an' thin let the rest of the guard wet their lips and warm their souls. St. Patthrick was only born once a year. Ye'll do it—that Oi know. Now Oi'm off."

Harley had not tasted liquor twenty

times in his life; but suddenly he found himself wishing that he had great capacity for alcohol, for the more he could absorb from the bottle in his hand the less trouble would the stuff cause in the guard. Had down to the left and back again, playing all the while "The Bold Soldier Boy" to the best of its ability. Like statues the would have tossed the bottle across the road into the stubble-field. But the commost everyone and everything else, as any

Bringing Glant Bees From India.

The Government is about to establish model apiary at the Arlington Experimen tal Farm, across the Potomac from Wash ington. Various races of honey-getting bees will be kept there for experimental or the so-called "giant bees" of India, which specially and for the first time will be imported into this country. These giant bees, one species of which is

found in the Philippines, are much larger than the little honey-gatherers to which we are accustomed. They are plentiful in India, and though they never have been domesticated, enormous quantities of their combs are collected, chiefly for wax, which is an article of considerable export from that county. One may see tons of it stored in ware houses at Calcutta and other seaports.

These are forest bees, dwelling in the wild woods. They do not live in hives, but suspend their huge combs from limbs of lofty trees. The natives are exceedingly araid of them, telling incredible tales of their force in the subscription of the subs their ferocity, and even parrating instances where swarms of the insects have attacked villages and killed many people. Never theless, for the sake of gain, professiona bee-hunters are engaged regularly in the occupation of robbing the honey-makers of their stored sweets. The bee-hunter in India wears no

clothing except a breech-cloth, and lacking a bee-veil or other protection, he uses stratagem. Having located a comb, he climbs the tree—or perhaps it is a lofty ledge of rock from which the comb hangs -and holds a long stick with a bunch of way that the smoke will drive out the bees. The latter rise in a cloud into the air about and lowers it to the ground gently with

the help of a rope. Notwithstanding the supposed ferocity of these giant bees, there is no doubt that they can be handled easily and safely by tion remains to be ascertained, but in any event, if introduced in our semi-tropica forests, they would furnish considerable crops of the finest and most valuable wax. The drones, or males, strange to say, are no larger than an ordinary bees, and it is likely that they would mate with the fe-

to introduce these bees from India is that they have much longer tongues than our bees, and so could get honey from many kinds of flowers which, like redelover, have domesticated in the United States. If this nectar, which now goes to waste, can be gathered by the imported insects, it is so much clear gain. The subject is one in which all bee-keepers, whose industry is one of great importance in this country, have good reason to be keenly interested.

A common stomach ailment, and one which in the long run often proves fatal, is gastric ulcer. About ninety per cent. of these ulcers occur near the end of the stomach, where it opens into the smaller in-testine. When healed the sore leaves a scar which contracts the walls of the stomach, narrowing in the exit and thus causing disturbances ranging from slight discomfort to poisoning and death. In serious cases the method of treatment has been to out out the ulcer or scar-a complicated and dangerous resource because of the proximity to the solar plexus, which (as every one knows, since Mr. Fitzsimmons operated upon Mr. Corbett at Carson City for the removal of a championship belt) is a nerve centre highly susceptible to shock.

Several years ago a German surgeon named Wolfler contrived an operation which is nothing more nor less than a skillful plumbing device. He cut a hole in the stomach in front of the ulcer, clipped off the smaller intestine, and spliced the two together with a Murphy button, leaving the ulcer to take care of itself. This pro-cess short-circuited the food route. The ulcer, relieved of irritation from the passing over of food, soon healed; the resultant contraction didn't matter because the old exit was now out of commission, and the system of plumbing promptly took its place among recognized useful operations. A record of twenty-five cases operated on pre-vious to 1875 for ulcers and strictures of the stomach shows a result of twenty-five deaths. Now the process is not regarded as dangerous.

What a long-suffering receptacle the human stomach may be is shown in the case of a young man named Fasel, who went to St. Luke's hospital, Brooklyn, in 1900 and asked to be operated on for indigestion.

"Nonsense," said the house sprgeon. "We don't operate for indigestion. What have you been eating that hasn't agreed with you ?"

"I think it was the brass watch chain. but it may have been the horse shoe nails," said the patient.

After locating a mass of foreign substances with the X-ray, they opened him and listed the following miscellany : Six hairpins, two horse shoe nails, eleven twoan-a-half-inch wire nails, one two-inch wire nail, two door keys, two steel watch chains, one brass watch chain, one imitation dia-mond finger ring, and a hundred and twenty-nine pins.

In a month he was back at the dime museum. Four years later his stomach again rebelled, and the surgeon found the following evidence that he had made alter-ations in his diet : Six knives, one door key, one desk key, four Yale keys, one gold plated watch chain, one key-ring chain, fourteen wire nails, one button-hook four hore shoe wile and to buttonhook, four horse shoe nails and two pins. Fasel was broken in health and declared his intention of giving up his freak trade.

-After a man has tried every way to

vacuum therein and quickly relieve the teats from the suction. The linings are in this manner positively moved both inward-ly and outwardly, and sharp and effective pulsations are produced. When the suction has been relieved on the milk-pipes and the lining has been drawn away from the teat, the cup nevertheless stays on the teat, partly because a slight vacuum re-mains in the interior space of the lining and partly because the flexible monthpiece of the onp holds the latter on the teat after the cup has once been drawn up to the place thereon.

The reciprocating movement of the piston valve is effected by a reversing-valve and an exhaust obamber and diaphragm. The milk-pipes are partly of glass, to show whether the flow of milk is constant, and enable the operator to control the working of the machine.

Legend of the Red Breast.

Ages ago, when the world was very young, a long winter came upon the earth. The trees lost their leaves and the sap ran low. The flowers faded and perished. All the birds flew far away. In those days the seasons were not so well disciplined as they are now. Spring tarried in the South and would not come back to drive old Winter away. Every morning when Dawn came up out

of the mysterious East he looked sadly over the bare and barren earth. "Spring not here yet?" he would sigh. Then the trees would shake their tops and the wind would whistle, "Not yet."

Days, weeks and months passed, and Dawn grew sadder and sadder as Spring refused to return. Then one day he sent South Wind as a messenger to Spring, beg-ging her to come and send the Winter "Why should I come?" replied the way. fickle Spring. "I am comfortable here in this land with the birds and the flowers. Why should I go back to that frozen coun-"I am comfortable here in try, where I must fight for my right?"

South Wind returned to Dawn with the answer. It was sad news, but Dawn did not give up. "Go," said he to South Wind, "and beseech each flower and bird to come back; for if Spring learns that even one of them is here in the cold she will feel sorry, and hasten to his rescue." South Wind went from bird 'to bird, but all were content to stay where they were. At last he spoke to a little gray bird called Robin: "Will you go with me to a cold country in the North, where everybody is

longing for a sign of Spring?" "Yes," replied the Robin, "if I can be of use I will go." So the robin flew over the bleak fields and the frozen rivers till he reached the land of which South Wind had told him.

Here Robin sat alone on a bare bough while the piercing winds taunted him and ruffled his little gray coat.

In the morning Dawn came up from the mysterious East. "Ah!" he cried. "Brave little bird, come to me! What is your name?" "My name is Robin." replied the bird, ohirping to greet the Dawn. Then Dawn came softly and kissed the Robin upon its breast. When Robin went that ay to drink from a pool of water he saw that his breast was a beautiful red, where Dawn had touched him with her lips. And ever since then all the robins have had a

red breast on their gray coats to show that make a man lose his money he can always they are the descendants of so brave a fore-