

I WONDER.

I wonder why such homely girls
Are often blessed with lovely curls.

THE FEMALE BOSS OF DUVAL.

"Speaking of bosses," said Archie Parr,
rancher and politician of Duval county,

"She's Sheriff Powell's ancestor. You
know him? Well, he's had the harness on
for three terms and there ain't no sign of

"He's never writing lately about sheep?
I asks, playing for another move before
showing my hand.

"You just ought to have seen that old
lady's face. It fairly flashed and crinkled.

"How's the sheep?" she asks, springing
a fresh hand on us. Well, that liked to
have bogged me. Them sheep had been

"Bill again warmed up to the game.
'Bad Hoffman was saying just the other
day,' says Bill, 'Jo Powell is the best

"Once some grassers came through and
rode off old Bud Hoffman's best out-
pony and forgot to bring him back. Well,

"Well, things went mighty smooth till
them mustangs denised. That seemed to
confound Jo. He didn't say nothing but

"The bosses just fell over each other
offering him jobs. It seemed to him to
have to refuse, but he'd have to speak

"They were a pretty unregenerate set out
there and it wasn't a month till they had
him steered straight to the bad. He was

"Well, no, he ain't bought one just yet'
I says, 'but it's only a question of time,
which is the same thing with Jo. At pres-

"When I found Neil he'd already run
out here now, and I'm going to fetch him
right in. He'll be monster proud to see

"Well, I don't know," says the old lady,
hesitating. Like she was feeling her way.
I'd his mother, and when he left home he

"That's exactly what I mean, ma'am,"
says I, shaking her hand and expressing
how glad I was to meet her.

"Likely you're the friends he's been
writting me about?" she says softly.

"Don't know," says I, not knowing
what had been writ and not wishing to take
credit for nothing I was not entitled. 'Jo's

"I'm so glad that," says Mrs. Pow-
ell, with a hint of selfish sigh, as if she'd
let go something she was glad to get rid of.

"They'll be so much help to him in the
election. Jo's been writting how his friends
were standing by him, but Jo was always

"'Look out where you're driving,' says
Neil, fumbling with the reins and winking
at Bill like a lunatic. Bill stared like a

"'Never was but one other fellow that
came as near making me feel religious. A
preacher they call Bishop Johnston, that

"'You just ought to have seen that old
lady's face. It fairly flashed and crinkled.

"I guess there's not a spot on this half
of the globe where the sun gets in its tracks

"'How's the sheep?' she asks, springing
a fresh hand on us. Well, that liked to
have bogged me. Them sheep had been

"'Well, he went,' I says breathing easy
again; 'and he's prospering—natural born

"'The old lady looked happy. She then
tackled the scenery. Gushed about the

"'You see the reason we call her grandma.
He married one of them high-steppers that
took her out of a swell college in the east.

"'Excuse me," he broke off; "I want to
speak to Grandma about the progression of
the baby's new tooth."—By Gay A. Jam-
ison, in Watson's Magazine.

Perhaps not many little people know
that the first candlestick known to our an-
cestors was a boy—a real live boy.

"I see the cards would have to be stacked
on the old lady or all the strain we'd
put on our imaginations would be knocked

"'What did you say was the matter with
the harness?' she asked as we crawled back
into the stage.

"'Oh, that's just a word we use when
things get mixed up,' I says, and she sank
back with a soft little 'Oh!'

"'Well, no, he ain't bought one just yet'
I says, 'but it's only a question of time,
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"It Don't Hurt Meek."
What, ho! little fellow upon my knee,
Telling your story of trouble to me—

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How Bees Make Honey.

A great many people think that bees get
honey from flowers, says the Rev. Theo-
dore Wood, in The London Tribune, but

When a bee goes out on a honey-making
expedition it depends a great deal upon its
tongue, which is very long and slender,

How this is done, I am sorry to say, I
cannot tell you; for nobody has ever been
able to find out. If we examine the honey

Some little time when they are storing it
up for use during the winter, for instance
—they are not satisfied with this creamy

Now, perhaps you wonder how it is that
the honey does not run out of the cells as
soon as the bees have filled them. For

When the bees get back to the hive with
its load it goes straight off to a honeycomb,

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