That fell from the book to the floor. Had I sinned? Heaven grant me its par

Did a lover's sad tear the page spot? Who pressed there the gem of the garden The flower "forget-me-not?" It lay as if carved on a gravestone,

And all of its sweetness forgot. I held the curl up to the lamp-light,
And, watching the gleam of its gold,
There I heard with the rush of the mid-

A sad liltle story it told : But I promised the sacred old volume Its secret I would not unfold.

But I would that the world knew its sor The story I must not reveal,

But go to your book-case to-morrow And each to your own heart appeal, And you'll know why the tattered old vol-

The little curl tries to conceal.

THE SNOW BLOCKADE

In the fall of 1884 I was at St. Paul, My friend, John Hall, conductor, had persuaded me to go with him over the Northern Pacifice road to San Francisco. It was late in the season, and I feared a blockade. However, I provided myself with a basket of provisions, for use in case my fears were realized, and started on my journey.

gentleman and lady seated in my sleeper. I had scarcely time to take a good look at the latter—and in fact I could not make much out of my inspection, for she was heavily veiled-when Half entered, and passing me with a hasty didn't find it too cold to sleep?" "good-morning," went up to the lady's my numerous traps, and did not hear what was said, until, as it was getting near the time to start, Hall observed that he must go and see if all was clear. Then I caught these words:

"Look well after Mrs. Forsyth, Hall, and when you give up the train, speak to the next conductor about her." "I will do my best for the lady, sir,"

said Hall, who a moment after left the "You'll have the drawing-room to lid. yourself," continued Mrs. Forsyth's escort, "and need not be bothered with

any one. My back was toward the speaker, and in a little side mirror between the windows I saw that he cast a suspicious and significant glance in my direction as he | faint.'

spoke the last words. we were started on our long journey. a picnic breakfast. My solitary companion retreated to her

master of the situation. passed through the car, the morning lar breakfast station.

passed quickly enough. We were to "Please let me be yet." carry a dining-car the first day or day and a half-a fact that also added to my

sense of general satisfaction. When the first call for dinner was made, I was not long in answering it, been before me, and I was fortunate in all the et-creterus. securing the last table. Scarcely had I entered, piloting the lady who had been all the tables had one or more occu- not live on fruit-out of Eden." pants, he brought her over to the one at which I sat. He introduced me, placed charmed with her face would be to give only a very faint-indication of my feelings. She appeared to be about 23 or 24 years of age, and was dressed in mourning, though not of a sufficiently asked, as I stood, can-opener in hand. distinctive character to tell whether or not she was a widow. I must, confess, however, that even at the moment the question occurred to me, I wished that

it might be decided in the affirmative.

The meal passed off delightfully at will be plenty." least to me, and I managed to ascertain that I should have Mrs. Forsyth's com- the tea?" I asked, as I handed the nepany for the greater portion of the jour- cessary implements and material. ney, her destination being Seattle. I "Certainly. What a dear little lamp took her back to our car, when she again and sauce-pan! I am sure they'll make withdrew into the drawing-room, and I delicious tea!" resolved to smoke the soothing cigar. In search of company and a chat, I I'm sorry to say I haven't any butter. sought the smoker of the next car, Didn't think it would keep." which was occupied exclusively by men, who after a time dropped one or two my tea. quiet hints about the enviableness of my position, and their desire to exchange berths. By-and-bye a little game of feminine predilection. I dished out the poker was proposed, and would have chicken as gracefully as I could, and we basket, we got through the second day time, but a clergyman read us such a ing. lecture on the sin of gambling that no one felt quite disposed to materialize as and laughed. "This is funny, isn't it?" one of his "terrible examples." So, after a while, I went back to my own Mrs. Forsyth's door was open, I ventu- three days ago, I had never seen you. red to ask her if I might have the pleaswithout seeming to be inquisitive, to for years. skirt round the subject, I did not succeed in gaining any information as to ber matrimonial condition. The next ly. her matrimonial condition. The next ly. "Oh, no," she answered, with a shade day, however, I was fortunate enough to discover that I had two or three times of mischief in her tone; "he volunteered met Mrs. Forsyth's single sister when the information." she had been visiting some mutual acthan Hall's had been, and in the more | self. intimate conversation that followed I at

her future home with her sister. day saw snow incessantly descending, delicious beverage ever prepared. and Mrs, Forsyth began to prophesy all kinds of disasters, and even suggested the advisability of her lying over at the getting on so comfortably.' mext station of any size. From following this course she was, however, disshaded by the joint eloquence of Hall inconvenience." and myself. Each hour that I spent in her society added to the charm that was ma'am. The fact is, we haven't moved gapidly stealing over me, by discovering the last thirty minutes." new similarities in tastes or ideas, and even by an occasional warmly contested station already?"

argument on slight points of difference. When I awoke on the fourth morning the windows were thickly crusted with ice, and though I could not scrape a inch. I've telegraphed for relief." place through which to observe our rate of progress, I felt sure from the motion that we were making little headway. I "Oh, dear me! When shall we get out?" "I hope to-morrow," answered Hall

meditating getting a cracker from my sible. basket, when Hall came in, and exand dressed.

"I think it was hunger that roused me out," I answered, "That supper last night was pretty queer. Are we near the breakfast station?" "The Forks are about fifteen miles

ahead. "And how long will it take to get there? "I don't think we'll get much farther

vet awhile." "Do you mean we're going to get stuck? "Guess so," replied Hall with a calmness which under the circumstances was

a little aggravating. "Well, if we can't get ahead, can't

we go back?" "Afraid not. We put on an extra engine and a plow last night. There's our sight. no switch near, and the cuts have filled

up behind us." "Then what are you going to do?" I asked, a little hotly. "Stay till we're dug out. I've got

telegraph instruments on board. When good cry. Best thing for her; will do we do stick-won't be long now-I'll her lots of good. Come and have a cut a wire and ask for a relief party." "What about food?"

"Oh! they'll manage to send some from the Forks, by men on snow-shoes. They did last year. I silently thanked Providence, for my

well-stocked basket. "Don't say anything," whispered tobacco. When I reached the depot I found a Hall, as he heard the door of the drawing-room open. "Let me break it; I'm used to letting 'em down gently." Then time had come out, said, cheerily: "Good-morning, ma'am; hope you

"Oh no, thank you, "she replied; then, companion. I was busy storing away after saying "good-morning" to me, she again addressed Hall. "We seem to be ing up some cold meat and stale bread,

"We're pushing ahead first rate,"

tremulousness about his left upper eye-

"Shall we breakfast soon?" was Mrs. Forsyth's next question. "Well, it may be some little time," answered Hall.

tiest way imaginable, "and I feel quite I dived for my basket. "I have some

In a moment more he was gone, and things here. We might manage to make "No, no; I won't trouble you. I'd room, and I was left a rather desolate rather wait till I can get some tea."

"I think you had better accept Mr. With the help of newspapers, books Austin's offer," suggested Hall. "We and an occasional word with Hall as he may be a little late getting to the regu-"Please let me be your host," I urged.

pan, and I have—let me see—cold beef, they would be all gone."

trains in this weather. I know I trains in this weather. I know I trains in this weather. I know I trains in this weather. chovy paste, a pot of marms but quick as I was, many others had of crackers, sugar, condensed milk, and snow-shoers brought. The only things headlong plunge

'Quite a larder, I declare,' said Mrs. comfortably seated myself and settled Forsyth, laughingly, as I finished checkon the details of my dinner, when Hall ing off the contents of my basket. "How stupid of me not to bring anyspoken of as Mrs. Forsyth. Seeing that thing except some fruit, and one can-

losing no time in putting his intention her opposite, and to say that I was into action. "The porter's tired out; begins to seem quite natural having you we kept him up late last night. Now sit at my table and make my tea. you're all comfortable, I'll see how the others are getting on.

"What shall I open for you?" "Oh, I don't know; anything you like." "I like them all. Suppose we have a feast?" and I began to make a reckless assault on the curried chicken.

"No, no!" she exclaimed. "one meat | snow?" "Will you be kind enough to make

"I have no doubt of it with your help. "No matter; I like crackers soaked in

Infatuated as I was, I could not express my agreement with that essentially doubtless helped to pass a good deal of began our repast while the tea was draw-Presently Mrs. Forsyth looked at me

"I think it's very jolly." "Oh! I don't mean the breakfast, but car and my books. At supper time, as my sitting down as your guest, when, "I assure you," I said, "I'm an emi-

ure of taking her to the table, and was nently respectable and proper personrewarded by a gracious smile and a that is, for a lawyer. The conductor prompt acquiescence. Although I tried, can vouch for me. He has known me "Yes, he gave you a character."

"Then you inquired?" I asked eager-"How good this tea is!" I observed,

fact served as a far better introduction "I never could have made it so well my- noon, with extra snow-shoes, and that "It certainly is nice, but it's not due last learned with delight that Mrs. For-syth was a widow of over a year's stand-tea."

I, of course, dissented from this view, ing, and that she was intending to make and took several cups-or at least glass-We lost our dining-car, much to our es, for I had no cups-of that tea, which regret, on the second day. The third I was willing to swear was the most

We were just finishing when Hall came back and said: "Glad to see you

road is so smooth we could without any "You give the road too much credit, ful all my life."

"You don't mean to say we're at the

"No, ma'am; we're stuck." "Stuck!" repeated Mrs. Forsyth. "Yes-in the snow. Can't budge an

began to feel a sensible yearning to who assuredly disregarded truth in his on the water, and soon had the simreach the breakfast station, and was desire to make things as pleasant as pos- ple breakfast ready. Mrs. Forsyth did

"Can't you back down?" asked pressed some surprise at seeing me up the lady, after a brief pause, evidently spent in an inward struggle.

"No, ma'am." "What shall we do?" try to send some provisions from the Forks by this evening."

"And in the meantime there is my basket," I observed in as cheerful a tone as I could command. I had been yearning to offer my sympathy during Hall's explanation, but thought it best not to interfere with the process which he called "letting 'em down easy."

"I was so anxious to get quickly to "I think Seattle!" said Mrs. Forsyth. I'll go and lie down for a little while, Perhaps I'll be able to get some sleep. "She took it better than I expected,"

observed Hall, as the door hid her from "She's a regular brick!" I exclaimed, with an amount of enthusiasm that would have done credit to a more fit-

ting and tender designation. "For all that, she's gone to have a

smode." I thought Hall was an unfeeling brute, and I didn't consider I should be much better if I smoked while she was erying. Still, I went, and as I puffed syth could not know the consolation of

In the afternoon Mrs. Forsyth resumed her usual cheerful demeanor, and | even ventured out for a few minutes on turning to Mrs. Forsyth, who by that the platform to look at the walls of snow by which we were overshadowed. We had recourse to the friendly basket for dinner, and in the late afternoon we had some little excitement attendant on the arrival of the snow-shoe party, bringgoing very slowly, and the windows are which we considered vastly inferior to lated, "that I am to be left here all so frosted I can't see how deep the snow our tinned supplies. The novelty of the alone? It's an outrage!" situation and the discussion of the chances of speedy extrication whiled said the unmoved and unblushing con- away the day, which to me, at any rate, man in the next car." ductor. "You don't feel the motion | did not seem a long one. When I got because the snow deadens the vibra- up the next morning affairs did not seem | she exclaimed from behind her handker- | will hatch out a chicken every day, and | the crawling bees, and puts them into have changed. There was no sign of | chief. Hall looked at me with a certain Mrs. Forsyth's stirring, so I went forward to find Hall and hear if there was any news. Unfortunately there was not, and after a brief talk I returned, and was agreeably surprised to find my fair fellow-passenger sitting in the car, with an expression on her face which I "Oh, dear!" she gasped, in the pret- flattered myself indicated wonder as to tion in the matter." what had become of me. "Good-morning, Mrs. Forsyth. Were away."

you pondering as to what had become

"Not at all," she answered, cooly; "I am scarcely awake enough to think about anything." "Well, now for breakfast," I said en-

"We deavoring to hide my chagrin by wrestling with the basket. "What is to be this morning; -you know the menu," "Bnt I can't go on living on your pro-Here's a spirit-lamp and a little sauce- stay here another day or two. Why, chief, "They've no business to start

alade, lots | tough salt beef and very stale bread the worth their bringing were the beer and

"That's just like a man." "I wouldn't like to be like anything else. What do you say to some ox tongue? I'll open the tin while you out their wives."
make some tea." Then, as she grace"Well?" "I'll fix up a table," observed Hall, fully began the necessary preparations, I ventured to add: "Upon my word, it

"Does it? Well, I sincerely hope I sha'nt have to do it much longer. What's the prospect of our getting out?" "Her face was hid en by the wretched "Not very brilliant. The snow is handkerchief, but from behind it she

packed tight in the cut for two miles sobbed, "Only f-f-five."

"How awful! Wouldn't it be possible to get to the next station over the we have been acquainted for months-

"Only on snow-shoes. There is frozen crust on the snow that will bear anything. The relief party had the greatest trouble in getting there." "How stupid of me to venture at this

time of the year! But Fanny urged me to! She's been expecting me ever since I finally arranged my poor husband's affairs.

The widow's handkerchief went up to her eyes. I silently anathematized the deceased, and wished she wouldn't refer to him, especially at meal times.

By the aid of cards, talk, a very little reading, and two more assaults on the of our imprisonment. Each hour saw my subjugation grow more and more complete, and I had to keep careful guard over my tongue for fear I should prematurely betray my feelings, and perhaps, through my impetuosity, lose all hope. It was true that Mrs. Forsyth grew more friendly and confidential, but she possessed a quiet though very effective way of checking any at-

tempts to digress into tenderness. The third morning again showed no apparent change in the outside situation. When Hall came in he, however, appeared unusually cheerful.

'You look as if we were going to get out," I remarked. But that frost last "Not yet awhile. night was splendid, I've got a message this morning that the Forks Snow-shoe

quaintauces in San Francisco. This tasting some that she had handed me. club will come down early this afterany of the men who think they can manage it may try to get to the Forks. I suppose you have been on shoes often?

"Yes; but to ten you to get away." not particularly anxious to get away." "Yes; but to tell you the truth, I'm Hall broke into a quiet laugh. hought I saw which way the wind was blowing."

I didn't quite relish his a musement. and was about to remonstrate and explain, when suddenly a brilliant idea "Yes, remarked Mrs. Forsyth; "the struck me." and is so smooth we could without any "Hall," I exclaimed, "I want you to do something for me, and I'll be grate-

> "What is it?" "When Mrs. Forsyth and I are at that I only marry you to save your life." breakfast, I want you to—" At this "I shall never repent. I love you, too moment the latch of her door clicked, I stopped, and pulling him along, said: 'Come outside; I can tell you in a minute or two, but she musn't hear."

On the platform I confided to him my cheme. What it was, and how it worked, the reader will soon learn. On my return I lighted the lamp, put | be one,

not keep me long waiting. When she came in she took her usual seat, and did not make her customary protestations about deplenishing my stock. I took this to be a good sign, and my spirits rose accordingly. She cast an amused "We can only wait, ma'am. They'll glance at my preparations, and said: "You're getting to be quite a domestic

> without you," that again."

morning. "Hall is expecting some every moment. He was going to the wire when I left him.

"I wish he could send us through by

wire.". "I am not in a hurry." "But I am. Think of my sister. "I prefer to think of her sister." At this moment Hall came in. His

oreternaturally solemn expression caught Mrs. Forsyth's eyes, and I believe spared me a rebuke. "Why, conductor, what a long face

you wear this morning! Surely things can't be worse than yesterday.' "I am afraid you won't like it, ma'am, The fact is, the difficulty to get food at my cigar I regretted that Mrs. For- here is so great, the company has or- eye on Muggs, and when his hand came his face and fitting close round the dered that all the single men among the within reach she picked a small piece of crown of his hat. the Forks this afternoon.

"I am sure," I exclaimed, "I could it into his pocket. Then he stood and open the tree just at the hollow, which never manage it on these awkward contemplated the hen in silence for sev- is sounded beforehand with the back of snow-shoes." "Very sorry, sir," said Hall, with

The full meaning now seemed to dawn on Mrs. Forsyth. She began to "Do you mean to say," she expostu-

well-assumed imperiousness.

consolingly, "and there's an old clergy-"I don't want any old clergyman,"

I made a sign to Hall, and he disappeared. As the door closed on him, the farmer. "Some hens set harder beforehand. When the queen bee is se; Mrs. Forsyth took down her handker-

ductor gone.

"Yes, dear Mrs. Forsyth. But it is really not his fault. He has no discre-

"Oh, I suppose you're glad to get "Indeed no. I'd much rather stay." "Then stay." "They won't let me."

"What is to become of me?" 'Hall will take good care of you." "I don't want to be taken care of-at least not by him. Can't I go too?" "Impossible! It's even a great risk for stand it at all.

"It's disgraceful!" she exclaimed, "I can even give you tea or coffee, visions. Suppose we should have to again having recourse to the hander- fast as that would be apt to mature ever be. Then the buckets and pans, trains in this weather. I know I shall as it were.' My time had come, and I made a

"Dear Mrs. Forsyth, there is a way by which I might stay. 'In Heaven's name, what is it?"

"I hardly dare to tell you. That order applies only to single men, or men withno use, Kate-yes, I know your name-

saw it on one of your books. Kate, I a couple of days and then gave them to love you. Don't say anything but hear my boy to cut up into bean-shooters.' me out. It is true I have known you but a few days-

"Excuse me nearly six: but we have seen so much of each other that it seems

you said so yourself yesterday. 'No; it was you who said so." "You didn't contradict me. And then I've met your sister."

"Yes, that is true," she assented, as she again permitted her face to be seen. "I know enough of you," I continued "to feel sure of my love for you. Cannot you care for me a little? There is a clergyman on the train; he can marry us at once, and then I can remain with you, not only here, but all my life."

"What!" she cried, in dismay; "be married all in a hurry, without any warning, and to you, whom I- And then I have no troussou. No, it's impossible! Leave me, and let me die." I don't know what form of consola-

tion I should have tried as she sank back weeping, but at this juncture Hall came "Mr. Austin," said he, "you'd better be packing up the trifles you want to take with you." Then turning to her:

"It's no use crying, ma'am; we have to make the best of it. "Have you ever been snowed up be-"Yes, ma'am, last year—twenty-two days." And with that tremulous eyelid again noticeable, he went out.

"Twenty-two days alone," ejaculated Mrs. Forsyth, "in a snowy tomb, with a conductor and an old clergyman!" "Kate, dear Kate, won't you listen to me? Together the time will not be half so long, for we will share it. Think, of what you may save me from. I am

not used to snow-shoes, and may perish on the way." "I would not keep you here for selfish reasons," she said, after a brief pause; but to save your life, I might be tempted-"

'Then you consent?'' I cried. "Are you very sure you love me?" "As certain as that I breathe,' "Then Robert-yes, I know your name-that nice conductor told me you-you may ask the clergyman if he will. But oh! it's awful to be married

without a wedding dress." "You shall have the handsomest that is to be got when we reach the coast,' "That won't be like being married in Remember, if you ever repent this, "I shall never repent. I love you, too much." I started toward the door to

see the clergyman. She called me back, and as I held her in my arms she whispered, "Robert, I think I am a little selfish, after all."

The only way to have a friend is to

TALKING AROUT HENS.

How a Coolness Sprang Up Between Two Friends-New Use for Spring Chickens.

A Rochester man named Muggs has been out in the town of Wheatland visions and busily carrying on their visiting some friends who live on a farm. | sweet and earnest work of honey makman. Suppose I had been shut up here Mr. Muggs is not only a man of more ing. One or two of the hands are with disagreeable people, and with than average intelligence, but he is also armed with axes and buckets. The scarcely anything fit to eat. I really of an inquring turn of mind; and while women, with large tin pans, and two or don't know what I should have done he was visiting on the farm he managed three little b ys are flourishing each to pick up a good deal of valuable infor- a long-handled iron spoon. On arriv-"Don't you?" I cried; "please say mation by asking questions about ing at the tree, which is always an thing again." "You mustn't spoil your palate with he went around with the farmer to look a big hollow inside, the work of cuttoo many sweet things. Any news this at the stock. One of the first things ting begins—one "hand" on each side that excited his curiosity was a hen giving alternate strokes until the great that was on a nest under the end of a leafy top begins to tremble, and the bylumber pile.

confidently.

"It is," said the farmer. easy," ventured Muggs. "Quite the contrary," said the farm-

'She is busy. Muggs.

'She is setting." remark to the hen and reached down to wary enemy. The "master" (the only stroke the fur on her neck. The hen blessed soul who is not afraid of the was busy, but not too busy to keep an | bees) then puts on a black net veil over passengers are to try to push through to skin off from it. Muggs took his hand away with wonderful quickness and put hands have taken turns in splitting

eral minutes. At length he said: phobia?

"Seldom," said the farmer. pretty bad, don't they?" inquired Muggs with considerable anxiety. the farmer. "The hen is mad, but not cape the wrathful honey makers. They

ous," "I suppose, now," said Muggs, "that an industrious, persistent hen like that head, cooly takes a spoon and scoops up

not feel it." than others and hatch chickens faster. curely hived, the rest rapidly follow, chief and asked: "Has that brutal con- I have got one that hatched out a brood and when, in a quiet and orderly proof chickens last summer in ten days. cession, they are marching steadily into She never stopped for Sundays or legal | their new house, the hands all come up, holidays, but just kept right at it. But and begin to take out the rich and wellit wasn't a verry good job because it filled honey-comb, while the women fill was rushed too much. Nine of the their pens with the dripping fluid. The chickens were foolish and the other little boys manage to secure each a four were not any too bright. You see handful, which they gobble up bees, they were not expecting it and they comb and all, and then kick up their seemed to be sort of dazed-couldn't un- lusty little heels in hilarious jollity over derstand how they got here so soon. their luscious feast. Then the hive is They would stand around in a half-wit- left in position, to be removed at night, ted kind of a way and try to figure it when all is quiet. There is no dissipaout, but they never seemed to under- tion among bees. They have no night

thoughtfully, "that chickens hatched so homes, as good, steady workers should quickly-get old while they are young, heavily loaded with the fruits of their

said Muggs, still more thoughtfully, as

if an idea had occurred to him. who was also beginning to have an idea. What of it?"

A coolness has since existed between Muggs and the farmer.

A Free and Fearless Bill-Poster.

The New York bill-poster has from time immemorial, been a free and fearless rover of the highways. In the days when Harry Paulding, now dead and gone, had his headquarters in a Park Row cellar and drank champagne as a beverage, with a paste barrel for a throne, these bill-posters' wars were incessant. A truce was callen to one only to have another begin. At first Paulding had a monopoly of the business. He made a mint of money and tyrannized the whole community that about another man's business, of which had to deal with him. Then opposition started up and he set to work to fight it. personal experience of a preacher of The streets were full of war and the police courts kept busy fining the contending factions. Now and then one would commit a murderous assault, and on at | ing at Mount Carmel. He was accomleast one occasion that I recall a murder was scored against the adhesive As they leisurely journeyed along, they

guild. ing got into a quarrel with Paulding woods. woke one morning to find the whole pavement, covered with show bills. Even the windows were pasted over, and it cost him a handsome sum to clear the defilement away. In another instance, Paulding's brigade pasted the sidewalks of Broadway and Fifth avenue with dodgers that did not wear off for a week. When his men were in a merry mood they made nothing of decorating the backs of private carriages with advertising paper, and once they adorned a church front with the bills of a burlesque troupe.

An Old-Fashioned Saving.

This expression is a corruption of an old-fashioned saying that originated in early days of this country.

As most of you know, wild geese, when they migrate in autumn, form themselves into lines shaped like the letter V, the leader flying at the point, the two lines following; and as they sail away, far above the trees, and beyond all danger from guns,-on those cold mornings when the air is clear, and the sky beautifully blue,—they seem full of glee, and join in a chorus, "Honk, honk,

Any one who has heard those curiously sounding notes, never could mistake them. And the folks on the earth below who heard the birds' wild call, in old times, realized the happiness of the winged creatures in being so high and safe. And so it became quite natural, when two persons met each other under this or that enterprise, for them to say:
"Everything is lovely and the goose honks high!"

oest moiasses, one half pound of loaf sugar, simmer all together and when cold bottle tight. Dose one tablespoonful three times every day.

Bee Hunting in North Carolina.

All who are to take part in the performance with a number of lookers on, proceed to the tree (or the bee tree, as they call it), in the hollow of which a swarm of working bees have been observed to go in and out, laying in prostanders rush out of the way as the "This must be a hen," said Muggs tree comes down with a tremendous crash and thump which seem to shake the very earth. Then an agile youngster "She seems to be taking life pretty runs quickly to the hole where the bees go in, and stops it up tightly with leaves and sticks, to prevent the bees from taking summary vengeance upon "Laying an egg, probably," suggested | their ruthless invaders. They are by no means pleased to be thus attacked in "Probably not," said the farmer. their stronghold, and are apt to place a foot as hot as that of the Irishman's Then Muggs made some patronizing wasp on any unprotected part of an un-

In the mean time two or three of the an axe. Then it is suddenly laid open. "I suppose hens seldom have hydro- The crowd falls back. The millions of bees crawl over the split wood, some flying up in the air. The little boys But when they do have it they have | yell and flourish their spoons, and "Dar's a bee!" is heard repeatedly among the fallen branches as the old "Oh, you needn't be alarmed," said and young, nestle and hide away to es-"I shall be here, ma'am," said Hall, in that way. Her fangs are not poison- are evidently on a strike, and there is

danger in the air! The master, with his veiled face and a narrow opening under a hive, or "There is a difference in hens," said wooden box, which has been prepared frolics or escapades, but are always to "I should think," said Muggs, be found after sundown in their own labor, are taken up and brought home, "Exactly-they do," said the far- and thus endeth the bee-taking.

On my way home I saw a large black "You remember that I bought a cou- ball suddenly roll out into the middle ple of spring chickens of you last fall," of the grassy lane, and, on nearer approach, a tremendous snake uncoiled itself from a large rat, which it had "Yes, I remember," said the farmer, held in a close and deadly embrace. The reptile raised its head and shot out a ong, forked tongue, and I looked round "Well?" "O, nothing; only I thought perhaps for help, but found that I was alone.
"If—if—you would only—well, it's they belonged to this brood that you have Then I thought to myself, "This is a been speaking about. We broiled them | test of courage, and it will never do for me to show the white feather," so I grasped a stone as large as I could possibly lift, and staved it upon the head of his snakeship. He threw his great black tail into the air, and struggled violently, but was securely fastened until help came, when he was promptly dispatched. He measured two yards in length, and I felt quite exhilarated by my adventure, and fancied that I was quite equal to the master in bra-

very! His Curiosity was Satisfied.

Eagerness to know the affairs of another person is an impertinence. The desire for knowledge of this sort should be restrained. Sometimes it is hazardous to attempt to know too much an amusing illustration is given in the sixty years ago. The reverend gentleman, whose name was Cotton, was one time returning from a religious meetpanied by his father-in-law, Mr. Folks, saw a man run across the road and A prominent theatrical manager hav- make his way through the surrounding

Mr. Cotton, impelled by curiosity to front of his residence, from cornice to learn what the man meant by this maneuver, followed him. He soon overtook the man, who stopped and utterly dumfounded his pursuer by presenting his cocked rifle and giving the imperious order to "Stand and deliver."

The preacher as soon as he could collect his thoughts, replied rather weakly: "My dear sir, I've got nothing in the world; I'm nothing but a poor Metho-

dist preacher." It was the fashion of that day for gentlemen to wear enormous seals and watch chains suspended from their fobs, and Mr. Cotton was in the fashion. The quick eye of the robber (for the man was none other than "Phelps," a noted free-booter,) fastened on that watch-seal. "I see you sport a watch," he said; "please hand her over."

"I beg you will spare me my watch," said Mr. Cotton, fumbling nervously at the chain. "No fooling," said "Phelps," impatiently. "Pass over that watch," Reluctantly the preacher took out his

watch and gave it to the robber. Before they parted "Phelps" read his victim a homily on the ill effects of "This, sir, will teach you a curiosity. esson. Remember, when you wish to follow a stranger hereafter, first make sure that he is not a robber."

Cough Syrue, -One ounce each of thoroughwort, slippery elm, flax seed and licorice stick, simmer together in one quart of water till the strength is entirely out, strain, add one quart of best molasses, one half pound of loaf