

HIGH-WAY AND BY-WAY.

Said Bouncing Bet to Black-eyed Sue...

"You see life here! and more than that, You've seen yourself. It must be fat...

But black-eyed Susan answered back That as she'd never felt the lack...

Now listen, children, while I tell The fate that Bouncing Bet befell...

As if people passed her where she grew And went to look for Black-eyed Sue...

WHY BEES MAKE HONEY.

It is really a lovely garden. Never were there whiter lilies, nor bluer violets...

For bees are so picturesque! And then the hives!—the hives are as picturesque as the bees themselves...

So we bought some beautiful hives, and placed them in the orchard, just on the edge of the garden...

"Dear Bees," I said, "what is it that you miss in the garden? Every morning you fly away; but when can you find whiter lilies, or bluer violets...

"We are not looking for whiteness, or blueness, or interestingness," the bees explained. "We are looking for honey; and the honey is better in the cloverfield than in any other place..."

"Oh! if that is all," I exclaimed gladly. "Pray don't have the honey on your minds..."

"We don't," they said. "We carry it in little bags..."

"I mean don't mind about the honey..."

"Certainly not; how could we, when we haven't any minds?"

"But please don't feel obliged to hunt for honey. I don't care at all for honey; that is," I added hastily...

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"It doesn't seem to be very easy to write a sonnet..."

"No," I exclaimed enthusiastically, "it isn't at all easy. That is the charm of it. Anybody can write some kinds of verse, but very few people can write sonnets..."

"And are you trying to obey all the rules?"

"Yes, for the fun of it. It is so interesting to see whether one can do it..."

"But it must be awfully tedious; and from your own account, you are really working harder over it than you need to..."

"Only because it is a great deal more interesting to do a thing well than just to do it. Let me read you something from Wordsworth's sonnet about the sonnet. He says:

In truth the prison unto which we doom Ourselves no prison is;

meaning that; if we are willing to take pains, there is a great deal of enjoyment in working hard over a thing, even if it is a small thing...

"That is just what you meant, isn't it?—that you are one of those who speak of who have felt the weight of too much liberty?"

"Yes, that is what I meant; but I think I said it better than he says it. If it is a fine thing to say what you mean in just fourteen lines, why isn't it a finer thing to say what you mean in fourteen words?"

"Of course I am right. Sweetness is all very well, but I should think it would be very tiresome just to be sweet, like a flower; I'd rather be a bee and have to hunt for the sweetness..."

"And I'd rather be a human being and have to make things sweet. For, after all, if a bee doesn't find any sweetness he can't have any, while people can make it for themselves. Do you know, by the way, that you have given me a splendid subject for a poem?"

"Perhaps I have. But if you will excuse me, I will be off to the cloverfield; and my advice to you is, if you must write a poem, try to put it in four lines, instead of fourteen..."

So I tried, and this is the poem:

Sweetness in being sweet, that's for the flowers; Sweetness in finding sweets, that's for the bees; Sweetness in making sweet sorrowful hours, That is the sweetness for you and for me.

—Alice Wellington Rollins in St. Nicholas.

How the Engagement Closed.

"Hallo, old boy!" said Robinson to his friend Jones. "Glad to see you. How are you?"

"First rate. You well?"

"Thanks, quite. By the way, I heard you were engaged to Miss Bondcliff."

"No, Robinson. I was engaged to her, but that is past."

"Well, Jones, between you and me, now you're a lucky boy. She's rich, of course, but that is all she has to recommend her."

"Yes." "And then her money is only prospective, you know, Jones. Her father might lose it all before the daughter got to handle it."

"That is true." "Well, that's the way I look at it, Jones. I could have married her myself."

"You could?" "It's a fact; but I counted the cost, and drew out just in time. Fortunately, wasn't it?"

"Very." "But tell me how you managed to break the engagement?"

"I didn't break it." "Oh, she did herself, did she? But perhaps I ought not to say anything about it. I supposed, of course you broke it yourself, as she was so anxious to marry, and everybody knows that about the affair."

"Oh, you needn't apologize, I'm not worrying about it." "That's right. Might I inquire what made her break it?"

"Oh, she didn't break it either." "Well, that's strange. Then it must have been her father."

"No." "Then how did you manage to get out of the engagement?"

"In a very simple way." "But how, Jones?"

"Ah-h-h! Well, I really must be going now. Good-by."

"Good-by."

The Ghost Was the Better Man. Dick Cannon had a remarkable experience while passing a graveyard in Wayne county. He was in company with a buxom country lass on a dark night, when suddenly a spook appeared upon the scene, emerging from the city of the dead. The girl fought bravely for a while, and at last, faintly, while Cannon's coat tail stood out like a checkered board as he made his way home, half a mile distant. The ghost proved to be a rival of the soldier and carried the girl safely to her home, where afterward they were married. The colonel was invited, but he did not attend.

A New Use for Wealth. "I clean my eye-glasses these days with a ten-dollar note," said Captain Orcutt at the St. Charles Hotel, with a smile, as he commenced to rub his spectacles with a bill. "It cleans the glass and doesn't hurt the money. A one-dollar bill would answer the purpose as well as a note for a hundred, but in this case I happened to have the ten and used it."

"I have been cleaning my glasses for years with bank notes and I have never found anything that makes them as clear. If you use a handkerchief it leaves the lint behind, and ten to one the glass is blurred. The money removes all the dirt and grease and leaves no trace of itself. Am I afraid of contracting some disease of the eye? Well, I never thought of that, and I know that some physicians claim that diseases are transmitted by money, since it passes through so many hands, No, I am not afraid; and I will still continue to use the bank notes for this purpose. The texture is soft and it certainly removes dirt. Indeed, there is nothing like paper money for polishing the glassware."—[Pittsburg Dispatch]

Fishes That Catch Birds. In England the pickarel is famous for its attacks upon birds, small ducks, especially being considered tidbits, while in many flocks ducks with one leg are common, the big, sharp-toed fishes having nipped off a leg in default of better game.

The birds that habitually live under water, as the loons, divers, petrels and others, are all more or less the victims of rapacious fishes. Sharks capture some, while dolphins and toothed cetaceans occasionally dine upon the bird, feathers and all. A naval officer reported a chase which he observed in southern waters between a large fish, probably a shark and a school of porpoises. The latter are nearly wingless and rely entirely upon their powers of swimming to enable them to escape. The birds shot by the vessel, diving out of water from wave to wave, almost exactly resembling porpoises in their movement, and immediately behind them came a large fish that made savage rushes from side to side and desperate efforts to reach them. The birds attained such prodigious speed that they undoubtedly escaped by making the neighboring rocks.

Useful Ornaments. The latest craze is to order one's cremation urn and use it as an ornament till it should happen to be wanted. All the large china shops confess to having had several orders lately, while silversmiths have been equally favored. An enthusiastic "cremationist" of my acquaintance has a couple of delightful little old silver urns which ornament his sideboard, and should any guest happen to admire he is told that those are for the host's ashes, which are to be divided and sent to two old valued friends, in these fascinating little cases. Some are even made in gold, while the more ordinary urns, which, instead of adorning the dining room, are for the present used as pot-pourri jars, are of Derby stoneware, the same material as old-fashioned "loby" jugs.

Return of Painted Glass. In Italy painting on glass is beginning to flourish again, and to prove this we have only to remember the grand windows recently painted for the beautiful church of San Francesco, of Siena. The paintings, which are being done at the Royal Institute of Munchen, in Bavaria, are stupendous. Still, whether in Italy or in the rest of Europe, we are still far from reaching the perfection of the ancient Italian churches; for example, the windows of San Francesco di Assisi, which are reputed the most beautiful in the world. The painting on glass leaves me no time to mention the affairs of Abyssinia and of his majesty Menelek II., which form the delight of the Italian parliament.

Male and Female Asparagus. It has been ascertained by recent experiments with male and female asparagus plants that the male plants give an average of fifty per cent. more yield than the female and the shoots were also larger and the crop earlier. It was found that the differences in yield were greater in the early part of the season than in the latter part. Male plants can be secured for a certainty by the division of old plants, or better, by the selection from two-year-old seedling of such as do not bear seed. It has been contended for a long time by growers that there was a difference in profit between the two, and these experiments which have proved it to be a fact are timely.

People sometimes keep their secrets in order to keep their friends.

It lacks point—A circle. An empty pepper-box is out of season. The main part of a horse is the back of its neck. It is the bath attendant who sponges his way through life. An echo is like a woman, always determined to have the last word. California pedestrians are all right when they strike the Golden Gate. "I've gone through a great deal," remarked the saw as it emerged from the lo.

The man who tried heroic measures found they were several sizes too large for him. "Thank fortune," as the man said when his money opened to him the doors of society. Specialist—A man who charges you twenty-five dollars for what another charges five dollars. In a Sad Plight.—Belated passenger—When does the next train go? Ticket agent—It's just gone.

If you want to keep your friend do not tell him disagreeable truths about himself or flattering ones about yourself. Little short—Ah, Mr. Cutaway, how do you do? What's the condition of trade this season? Cutaway (briefly)—Cash.

When there is no hawk flying around the biggest thing in the barnyard is the strut of the smallest rooster. Young lady (to young man who kissed her)—That's very singular, sir. Young Man—Ah, well, allow me to make it plural?

"Why do you object to German opera? It is full of vigor; it braces me right up." "That's my objection to it; it is Teutonic."

"Anything new on foot?" asked one politician of another. "Yes," was the reply. "What is it?" "Our baby. He's just learned to walk."

There is constant complaint of the lack of morals in politics. There is no place yet discovered, even out of politics, where there is an oversupply. Somehow a handsome diamond never looks quite so desirable to a woman at any other time as it does when she sees it in another woman's eye.

Patient waiters—Callers in the physician's ante room.—Lowell Courier. A man down in Indiana is so lazy that he won't ever labor under an impression.—Detroit Free Press.

The butcher is no gambler, but he is always ready to steak the lucky boarding-house keeper.—Texas Siftings. The hen-pecked husband who misses a train he has promised his wife to return on "catches" it when he gets home.—Boston Courier.

Dinkle—"I had a rattling good time last night." Tinkle—"Shouldn't wonder; you were pretty well rattled when you came home."

"What queer things do come to pass in this world!" sighed the counterfeiter expert, as he rejected another bit of queer money.—Chicago Light. Minister (on Sunday, to Tommy, who is about to go fishing)—"Why are you digging worms to-day, my son?" Tommy—"Cause yer can't get masey 'bout yer do dig!"—Boston Herald.

The author had just gotten his MSS. back from the publishers when he remarked: "This business isn't remarkable for large profits, but it certainly shows quick returns."—Boston Post.

"I tell you," said Murray Hill, "there's an indescribable sense of luxury in lying in bed and ringing one's bell for his valet." "You got a valet?" "No; but I've got a bell."—New York News.

When a man has devoted brain power and energy to putting a handsome polish on his shoes it wounds him to have the first bootblack he meets look up indignantly into his face and say: "Shine, sir."—Somerville Journal.

Millie—"I don't mind marrying you, Clarence, but I hate the idea of giving up my fifteen-dollar-a-week job at the store." Clarence—"Then don't give it up, dearest. I'll give up mine. I'm getting only \$10."—Chicago Tribune.

"Look, Adolph, your tailor's sitting over there." "Don't attract his attention." "Ain't you getting on well together?" "Yes, but I don't want to embarrass him. He owes me receipted bills for two suits of clothes."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

To be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time so set about it, is as if a man should put off eating and drinking from one day to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you," don't always hold good when you laugh heartily at your own story.

Trust few. Do wrong to none. People were never intended to be idle. The whole heralding and chivalry is in courtesy. The red nose of the silent man speaks for itself. What you do, do at once—you never will rue it. Good breeding is the result of much good sense. News is whatever the public will read and pay for. Inactivity frustrates the very object of our creation. If your burden is heavy, then bend your back to it. Don't chase a lie, but pursue the liar with all your energy. It pays to be good, but it doesn't pay to figure on the profits. There is more devilry in the world than there is ignorance. A great many people are good simply for the reputation of it. A man who does a good deed for cash deserves no credit for it. There is no sweeter repose than that which is purchased by labor. When a man does you an injury, you should try to forget it. When a man does you a favor, you should always try to remember it. It is when one lacks the bear necessities of life that the wolf is at the door. No pleasure is comparable to the standing on the vantage ground of truth. The best Christian is the man who never mentions the fact that he is one. The richest man of all is he who has got but little, but has got all he wants. An active life is the best guardian of virtue and the best preservative of health. A man can do no better thing than to try live up to his mother's estimate of him. There are any quantity of people whose virtues are at the mercy of other folks. If a man is honest he may not always be in the right, but he can't never be in the wrong. There are a thousand hacking at the branches of evil to one who is striking at the root. There is nothing more discouraging to a man than thoughts of how great he intended to be. Nature makes all the noblemen—wealth, education, nor pedigree never made one yet. The man who would shine in society must first learn to dance—begin at the foot, as it were. There is nothing that gives to life such sweetness and continued value as habitual courtesy. When the devil wants a good advertisement he sends a man into the earth with a long and doleful fate. Matters are evened up pretty well in this world. The father tans the son and the son tans the father. So much can be accomplished in a day, it is foolish to become discouraged while one day of life is left us. The people who actually deserve to live their lives over again are the very ones who don't want to do it. Ours is not a splendid, but it is a saving religion, it is humbling now that it may be elevating hereafter. Whenever you bear a man say that all men are alike it is an apology for some very contemptible soundred. It is a peculiar fact that the black sheep of the family almost invariably leaves home and gets fleeced. If a man expects to be very virtuous, he must not mix too much with the world, nor too much with himself either. With all busy people we should beware of breaking in upon an hour uninvited; it may be the time dedicated to an important task. If most people tried as hard to please others as they try to get others to please them, what a delightful place this world would be. Let man live for himself all his life, and the only pleasure he will have left when he is fifty is that which he finds in hating his enemies. Marrying a woman for her money is very much like setting a rat-trap and bating it with your own finger. A practical joke is like a fall on the ice—there may be fun in it, but the one that falls can't always see it. Have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things, in order to avoid being ignorant of everything. What a shock it is to find out that the man whose conversation you have been admiring is not worth a dollar. To let them tell it, men's failures are due to circumstances past human control; their successes to native ability. If you want to keep your friend do not tell him disagreeable truths about himself or flattering ones about herself. The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little. Fathers who whip their boys for doing on the sly what themselves are doing openly, make a big mistake. No man is without a friend so long as his mother lives, or in need of pity if he has a wife who believes in him. Young men who think they know it all, and that father and mother don't know anything, make a big mistake. Don't be too profuse in your thanks of the man who lets you have your own way. He may be doing it to cure you of a folly. No woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

There will be racing at Saratoga as usual this year. A full mile track is to be constructed at Atlanta, Ga. Weight does not seem to bother Eon much this year. Old Parole was exhibited at Morris Park. Jockey Barnes is not riding up to his last season's form. The Grand Circuit will open at Pittsburg. The pacer Sam Jones is said to be on a "ringing" tour in Canada. Loantaka has demonstrated that his suburban victory was not a fluke. There have been some excellent races at Belmont Course. Seven horses the get of Electioneer have entered the 2.30 list this year. Potomac promises to soon pay for himself. He was not dear at \$25,000. W. L. Scott will sell his stable of runners and retire at the end of the season. The Little Rock (Ark.) Jockey Club has been organized with a capital of \$25,000. Scrogan Brothers have secured second call on Jockey Overton during Briton's illness. The Belmont Driving Club meeting was brought to a close with three good races. The fastest heat trotted this season so far is Miss Alice's 2.17 1/4 in the fifth heat at Hartford recently. According to the Assessor's returns Cincinnati has 8275 horses within her corporate limits, valued at \$478,132. Sunol is in training in California, and she recently trotted a quarter in 29 1/2 seconds—at the rate of a mile in 1.58. Betting men will remember the Sheephead Bay meeting for the great number of favorites that were beaten. The 6-year-old mare Fanny Wilcox, by Jerome Eddy, has already reduced her record from 2.29 1/4 to 2.00 1/4 this season. The running meeting in progress at Chicago is one of the most successful financially ever given by that association. For the first time since 1884 the fleet pacer Johnston is not barred from the free-to-all class in the Grand Circuit races. The order prohibiting jockeys from betting on races is almost sure to prove a dead letter, for the reason that it cannot be enforced. The famous stallion Alcyon, 2.15 1/4, recently trotted a mile at Muskegon, Mich., in 2.20 1/4, which is the fastest mile of the season over a half-mile track. The special meeting of the Board of Directors of the American Trotting Register Association, called for July 9, has been postponed to July 21, at Chicago. Prince Hal, by Brown Hal, reduced his record to 2.16 1/4 at Rockford, Ill. This is the fastest mile of the season so far. Brown Hal is in training. J. D. Creighton, of Omaha, has sold to W. F. Redmond, New York, the bay yearling Billy Anglia, by Antee, 2.16 1/4, dam Anglia, by George Wilkes; price, \$4000. Hal Pointer's lameness was evidently of a trivial character, as at a recent meeting at Mansfield, O., he paced an exhibition mile in 2.24. Mansfield has a half-mile track. The chestnut stallion J. J. Audubon, winner of the 2.50 class at Belmont Course, in which he got a record of 2.27 1/4, is entered for the 4-year-old stake at Point Breeze. Allerton, 2.13 1/4, is in active training for his 6-year-old and other engagements, in the former of which he will have to meet such good ones as Nancy Hanks, 2.14 1/4; Margaret S. 2.12 1/4, etc. Detroit's venture in hanging up \$50,000 for the Blue Ribbon meeting of July 20 to 25 on the basis of 5 per cent. to enter is a bold innovation which horsemen should endeavor to encourage. In the third heat of a race at Rushville, Ind., a dog ran a rabbit down the track and made New York Central break and fall, but the horse recovered himself, and trotted the last half in 1.10. Merrill, Starter Sheridan's assistant, has been engaged to start at the Hankins' track, Chicago, and efforts have been made looking to securing Colonel M. Lewis Clark for presiding judge. William H., a bay gelding, by Messenger Chief Jr., won the 2.45 class at Springfield, Mo., on June 13, in straight heats from a field of eight, distancing five the first heat. Time, 2.34 1/4, 2.35 1/4, 2.35. C. J. Hamlin has sold his entry in the team race at Cleveland to Frank McGraw, of Buffalo. The latter will at once begin to train the gray gelding So Long, 2.22 1/4, and mate, George M., for that event. Mrs. Jacobs, mother of Corinna, the actress, has one of the finest turnouts in this city. It comprises a pair of chestnut stub-tailed cobs with the maces "hogged," and a handsomely painted victoria. The figure-eight track has some advantages which no other track can claim. With the grand stand in the centre the spectator has the race right in front of him at the start, finish, and when the race is half over. Freedom, yearling record 2.29 1/4, will not be trotted this year. He is now running out at the San Mateo Stock farm, California, and will be taken up next winter and prepared for a try at the 3-year-old record. A. F. Walcott, for Messrs. Walcott & Campbell, has nominated one yearling by Longfellow and three by Imp. Bayon d'Or for the Doncaster St. Leger of 1898. The Bayon d'Ors include the brothers to Chaos and Tenny.