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The Heroes.

Here's to the man of honor! O'pawing, brave and true; Whose will is strong; Who sees the wrong, And dares the right to pursue.

Here's to the man of intellect! Whose brain controls and plans; Whose practiced sight Directs aright, The power of seas and lands.

Here's to strength and purpose Of heart and brain and hand, In men we see, And men to be— They make or mar the land.

—Emery Dean, in Golden Days.

THE STORY OF A GRASSHOPPER.

Somewhere about the year 1794 one might have found half-hidden among the trees in the magnificent park at Versailles, a tiny cottage of Swiss architecture. Had any French peasant been asked the question as to who owned this fanciful dwelling, the reply would have been given, "T'at is the dairy of Dame Capet!"

And, as the reader may at once surmise, this Dame Capet was no less a personage than the lovely but unfortunate queen, Marie Antoinette.

Here, one summer afternoon long ago, was assembled a group of women, whom by their rustic attire you would have called peasant-girls, were it not for the indescribably high-bred air about their words and actions.

The room in which they were gathered was large and sunny, the floor was of black-walnut—highly polished—and here and there were tables covered with thin slabs of marble, upon which were placed silver and porcelain pans, containing creamy white milk from the sleek cows browsing outside the dwelling.

One beautiful young girl, whose fair complexion showed in fine contrast to her blue dress, was skimming the cream, while three other ladies—one, plump and rosy, the other, tall, thin and angular, and the third, petite and piquante—stood, with elbows resting on the marble slabs, watching her.

These four were respectively, Elizabeth, the king's sister, Madame Campan, the Duchess de Polignac, and the Princess Lamballe.

But in this little dairy cottage all titles were laid aside.

Another group was gathered at the table by the window. Here the queen, a graceful woman, with merry face and rich brown hair, wearing a costume of blue and russet, was molding the golden butter into balls, each stamped with a rose, or some other design of flower or fruit.

Scarcely had she finished the last yellow pat ere there was a noise of footsteps at the vinearched doorway. The ladies glanced up and welcomed with silvery laughter and gay words the party of gentlemen, who now entered, in rustic costume, bearing loose blouses, and with rustic ribbons upon their hats.

"Welcome all!" cried the queen, gayly, brandishing her butter ladle. "All save Monsieur de Lanier," she added, in an aside to a young girl who stood near her.

"The person whom she addressed was, as we have said, young, and, besides that, she was extremely beautiful, with perfect features, delicate pink-and-pearl complexion, large, soft, blue eyes, and with masses of shining, bronze-brown hair, half concealed by a coquettish little lace-cap adorned with crimson ribbons. Her dress was a black delaine, looped over a quilted, crimson petticoat, so short that it displayed a pair of dainty feet encased in tiny slippers, with high heels and gay, crimson rosettes. Her blue eyes flashed, and she said, in low tones:

"Yes, your majesty—I mean Dame Capet—Monsieur de Lanier is never welcomed by me, Louis d'Argent."

"You did right to refuse him, cherie. No one could endure such a bear for a husband," said the queen, glancing toward a tall, gaunt man, whose thin, fiercely compressed lips, thick, bristling eyebrows and fierce, deep-set eyes made his face a most unprepossessing one.

"But what strange creature has he with him?" exclaimed the queen, her bright eyes widening with astonishment. And then, curiosity overcoming dislike, she called out: "Pray, Monsieur de Lanier, what rara avis brings you hither?"

"A fanciful with a flourish and a smilk, De Lanier said: "This is no bird, your high—Dame Capet; it is a grasshopper, Monsieur Santarelle," pointing with mock gravity toward a little creature, scarcely four feet in height, who, besides being so diminutive in stature, was also strangely deformed, having a large head set on humped shoulders, and with long, thin arms and legs. His face was small, wizened and yellow, with irregular features. The only thing that repulsive were his eyes; these were large, brown and mild, with that look of dumb entreaty about them that one often sees in the eyes of animals.

The ugliest and most deformed creatures were eagerly sought after and retained as pages.

"Le Santarelle is quite a juggler," continued De Lanier; "and if your majesty would desire it, I will order him to perform some of his feats."

"Pray, do," said the queen. "But let us go out and sit beneath the shade of the trees."

Merrily chatting the party of ladies and gentlemen left the neat little dairy. When all were seated on the violet-dotted grass, Monsieur de Lanier gave Le Santarelle a sign, whereupon the latter began a series of most wonderful performances.

He caused mysterious eggs to suddenly appear in the grass; he swallowed poiard after poiard; he produced yards of gayly-colored ribbon from his hat; he caused six white mice, with pink eyes, to jump out of the pocket of the Duchess de Polignac, so startling that haughty dame that she quite forgot her dignity, and acted like a scared schoolgirl.

And, last of all, he nearly sent everyone into convulsions by his gymnastic performances. He hopped, leaped, rolled, and distorted face and form into the most grotesque shape.

Shrieks of laughter rang out at every new effort.

"That is enough," said the queen, rising at last, while tears of merriment were rolling down her lovely face. "I can laugh no more. Monsieur de Lanier, we are much indebted to you. Come, Louis, let us take a stroll among the trees before the sun sets and the dew falls," and she and her husband sauntered away.

Scarcely had the two royal personages left the group ere De Lanier said: "Come Le Santarelle, show us some more. Give us something new. Prove your agility as a monkey by leaping over that ditch," pointing to a ravine some six or eight feet in width, at the bottom of which bubbled a tiny stream with a pebbly bed.

The dwarf hesitated.

"Indeed, master," he said, slowly, "I would obey you if I could; but I fear that this is beyond my power. I cannot jump so far."

"Indeed he cannot," spoke out Louise d'Argent. "It is asking too much of the obliging little man. Besides there are stones down there, and Monsieur de Santarelle might severely injure himself, to say nothing of soiling that pretty costume. So pray, Monsieur de Lanier, do not command him thus."

"And why should Mademoiselle Louise expect that I should heed any request of hers? She scorns mine," said Monsieur de Lanier, in a low, bitter voice, and with a look in his eyes that made the young girl both frightened and angry. "No," he continued; "Le Santarelle must do as I command him."

The poor little dwarf gave one look of entreaty at his inexorable master, and then, smiling gracefully as he saw the sympathy on the faces near him, he threw aside his cloak, measured the distance with his eyes, and then took the leap.

The result was what might have been expected.

There was a fall, and a sight of a green body rolling down among the stones and briars.

"Too bad," murmured the nobles. "Stupid!" muttered De Lanier. "Heias! he's killed!" shrieked the ladies, while Louise d'Argent exclaimed, with much indignation:

"It was a cruel—nay, a dastardly act to compel the harmless little creature to take a leap which has, perhaps, resulted fatally to him."

Seeing that De Lanier made no effort to ascertain the condition of the dwarf, she herself descended into the ravine, and raised the head of the poor little man upon her knee.

He was not dead, but fainted from the pain and loss of blood from a deep gash in his forehead, where a jagged stone had cut him. At this moment the king and queen, alarmed by the shrieks, returned.

"What is the matter?" inquired Marie Antoinette, anxiously.

Some one explained to her in low tones, whereupon her majesty colored with indignation, and, turning to De Lanier, she said, in a voice of stern reproof:

"Monsieur de Lanier, I am sorry that any gentleman of my court should have acted so cowardly."

The king also administered a severe rebuke, and then his majesty and the queen went down to the little group surrounding the dwarf.

De Lanier flushed purple-red, and then grew deadly pale, at the words of his royal master and mistress; and as they turned away his hand rested on his sword, and he said in threatening tones, while a lurid light gleamed in his cruel eyes:

"You have your day now—mine will come by-and-by. I shall live to see those haughty heads bow down to the dust. And Louise d'Argent, too—curse her bewitching beauty!" and so saying he strode away, and was soon lost in the shades of the forest.

Many events have taken place since the ones last recorded. The sunshine of prosperity has changed to the storms of adversity. All France is shaken with the throes of a terrible agony.

Paris, the beautiful, has changed into a huge butcher shop—the streets run red with the blood of human beings. Men have gone mad. Riot and rapine have reared a goddess and worshipped it under the name of Reason.

Who does not shudder when recalling that epoch known in history as the "reign of terror?"

A few miles out of Paris there was, at that time, a large graystone chateau, the property of Monsieur de Lanier.

One, the lady, we have met before. It is Louise d'Argent. Her companion, a young man of noble presence, is Eugene St. Leger, her betrothed.

Mademoiselle d'Argent is as beautiful as ever, although her face is pale and wan with suffering. Her long black mourning-ropes show that death has wrested dear ones from her. Her father and uncle have both perished in the revolution.

That morning, while she and her betrothed were just about starting for a place of safety, they were seized by the soldiers of De Lanier, and brought to the residence of the latter.

For two hours they have sat in this apartment, every minute expecting to be hurried away to Paris, there to meet a bloody fate. Only one alternative is given them; De Lanier has promised that if Louise will wed him, he will let St. Leger go free. But she prefers death to such a bridegroom, and her lover applauds her resolution.

So the two sit there with all comfort gone save the deathless affection they have for each other.

"This suspense is killing me," murmured Louise, pressing her hand to her heart.

"Be patient, love," says Eugene, striving to soothe her.

"Hark! What is that?" she suddenly exclaimed.

There was a slight noise in the wall back of them. One of the beautifully carved panels was shoved aside, and the wizen face and grotesque form of a dwarf appeared.

"La Santarelle!" Louise exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Hush—hush, 'tis I," he replied, coming into the room.

"And what do you here?" inquired Louise, after she had explained to Eugene whom this strange visitor was.

"I have come to aid you if I can, for I have not forgotten your kind pity when I was hurt at the Petite Trianon, and his eyes filled with tears of emotion.

"Grateful creature! And can you really help us?" inquired Louise, grasping his hand excitedly.

"I trust so, lady."

"But how can you get us out of this prison-like apartment? The door is locked, the windows barred. I see no way of escape, unless it is, indeed, by the passage through which you have just come. I never suspected that the panel could be moved."

"Nor does Monsieur de Lanier," said the dwarf, with a comical grimace. "He has only very recently come in possession of this building, and knows very little about it. I discovered this secret passage, and trust that it is the very thing to help us. We had better start at once, for Monsieur de Lanier intends to visit you soon, and when he comes he must find his prey missing."

"But what is your plan, my friend?" inquired St. Leger.

"It is this," replied the dwarf. "You and mademoiselle follow me through this passage until we reach the door which is in the wall of the wine-cellar, and is so covered by vines as to be entirely concealed from the outside. Inside this door you will remain while I go back and assist Monsieur de Lanier with his toilet, so that he will not suspect me. When dressed he will repair to your room. Discovering your absence, he will at once cause a search to be made. When you are not found on the grounds he will conjecture that you have taken to the highway, and then, mounting horses, he and his servants will set out on a wild-goose chase. After he is gone, I will repair to you, and we will his way in another direction."

"But suppose Monsieur de Lanier commands you to accompany him?" said St. Leger.

"He will not do that—he will leave me in charge of the chateau; for his servants are new, and he trusts none of them."

"And the horses?"

"There are three which, with this objection view, I told Monsieur de Lanier this morning were disabled; so he will not ask for them. They are sound and swift, and will carry us to a place of safety."

"I have a friend at hand—who will conceal us until we have a chance to leave the country," said Louise.

"Very well. But come; we must be going. Mademoiselle, will you be so kind as to give me your glove?"

"Certainly."

The dwarf took it with a smile.

A half-hour later all was bustle and confusion at the chateau.

Monsieur de Lanier strode hither and thither, his dark, saturnine face full of wrath. He cursed the servants one and all, and declared that he would slay with his own hand the person who had aided in the escape of Mademoiselle d'Argent and her lover; for, as may be surmised, he had gone to the room in which they had been confined, and found it vacant.

He ordered the building to be searched and the grounds surrounding it. This was done, but with no success, except that just outside of one of the gates, and on the road leading to the northeast, a tiny gauntlet was found.

into a gentle trot, they began to converse.

"How fortunate it was that De Lanier chose the other road instead of this!" said Louise.

La Santarelle chuckled.

"He selected the other road, lady, because he thought you had taken it. You remember my asking you for your glove? That was a ruse to deceive him. I purposely dropped it in the road so that he would think you had passed over the spot. But let us make haste, for the sky is becoming tinged with red, and we must reach your friend's house ere daybreak."

An hour later they were in a place of safety. In a week they had set sail for America.

Louise felt no regret at leaving her native land. The death of her only relatives and the trials through which she had passed made her anxious to seek a new country in which to found a home with Eugene and La Santarelle. For the latter accompanied them and lived with them until a good old age, and after he died his memory was ever cherished in the hearts of Louise and her descendants.

RATS.

Mrs. Benedict's Remarkable and Valuable Discovery.

It has always been easy for housewives, who are troubled with rats to poison them, but the problem has been to induce them to die upon the field of honor, so to speak, to wit, the kitchen floor. They have usually preferred to retire to their inaccessible retreats in the walls as soon as they have felt the symptoms of arsenic poisoning, and the low state of sanitation is such that poisoned rats are never properly buried or incinerated by their associates. The problem has been how to kill the rats without bringing unpleasant odors into the house.

Mrs. Benedict has solved the difficulty and is entitled to the honor we give to an inventor and benefactor. She was engaged, it appears, in the domestic manufacture of plaster casts of various kinds. Complaint having been made of the fragility of these casts, Mrs. Benedict began a course of experiments with the hope of giving greater durability to her casts. One of her devices was to mix wheaten flour with her pulverized plaster of Paris, so that the gaten of the flour might make the paste less brittle.

One evening she had visitors, who rang her doorbell just as she was sifting the mixed plaster and flour for the third time by way of mixing them intimately, as the chemists say. She had already set a dish of water at hand, intending to make a cast at once, and when the door bell rang she hastily removed her apron and went to welcome her guests, leaving her materials upon the kitchen table.

The guests stayed until late bedtime, and when they bade her adieu Mrs. Benedict went to bed without returning to the kitchen.

What happened in the night was this. A rat, sniffing the odor of flour, made up the legs of the table to the top, where he was speedily joined by other foragers—his brethren. The dish of flour and plaster was easily reached, and the rats ate freely and hastily of it, as it is their custom to do. It was rather a dry supper, and water being at hand, each rat turned from the savory dish of flour and plaster to slake his thirst with water. Everybody who has had to do with plaster of Paris will guess at once what happened. The water drank first wetted the plaster in the rats' stomachs, and then, in technical phrase, "set" it; that is to say, the plaster thus made into a paste instantly grew hard in each rat's stomach, making a cast of all its convolutions. The event proved that with such a cast in existence it is impossible for a rat to retreat even across the kitchen.

The next morning thirteen of them lay dead in a circle around the water dish. Mrs. Benedict, like a wise woman, kept her secret and made profit of it. She undertook, for a consideration, to clear the premises of her neighbors of the pests, and succeeded. It was not long before the town was as free of this sort of vermin as if the piped piper of Hamelin had traveled that way. Then Mrs. Benedict advertised for agents to work up the business throughout the country, selling each the secret for a fair price.—New York Evening Post.

Broiled Beefsteak.—If possible have a nice bed of coals; put the steak on a hot-buttered gridiron, let it remain till nicely browned, turn, letting the other side brown, also remove to plate, taking care not to lose the juice; butter, sprinkle with salt, and cover tightly; serve hot. If the steak is tough it may be made more tender by pounding with the edge of a plate.

Eggs Poached.—Set a stewpan on top of stove, pour a pint or two of boiling water in, add two teaspoonfuls salt, drop eggs carefully in; when whites are firm, draw off water, dip up, put a little butter on each egg, and, if desired, sprinkle with pepper.

Eggs Fried.—Break eggs into a dish, butter a warm frying-pan, pour carefully in, sprinkle with pepper and salt, cover; when whites are firm take up, or, if preferred, turn and fry the other side.

Omelets.—Beat six eggs, stir in one teaspoonful sweet milk and one-half teaspoonful salt; butter omelet pan freely, pour in, set over moderate fire, keep raising edges; when firm and a rich brown on the under side turn together and lay doubled on the plate. The pan should never be washed, but rubbed with a wooden cloth.

Quibbled Potatoes.—Boil potatoes; when hot press slightly through a colander into a dish or platter; sprinkle over a little salt and set in an oven a moment to dry, not brown, before sending to the table. This is an attractive dish and is very nice.

The Power of Enjoyment.

Comparatively few people possess uniformly cheerful dispositions. Most of us have our sad hours and moods. But, whatever his disposition, a man is bound by the laws of his own being, and by those of his social relations, to cultivate the virtue of cheerfulness as a duty, and constantly. He has no more right to injure his neighbor's happiness than to interfere with his pecuniary property, and he cannot indulge in venting ill-humor or spleen, with gloomy forebodings or complaints, or even carrying a sad, sour, frowning visage, without sensibly diminishing the enjoyment or comfort of others, and thus infringing on their rights. Any individual who has tried to do so can win himself from despondency and selfishness. The power of enjoyment is in itself a faculty capable of improvement, and as practice always enhances power, it is a good thing to form the habit of enjoyment. It is not true that the sources of pleasure are few and rare, but it is sadly true that we pass them by unnoticed. We crave the excitement of business or politics of fashionable life, and forget the world of innocent enjoyment that we trample under foot. Nature and art offer their treasures in vain, the loveliness of childhood, the attractions of home, the real satisfaction of honest labor, the simple pleasure of little things all plead for utterance, but we repulse them. How can we possess a cheerful spirit and a glad heart when we scornfully despise our simple pleasures? Every innocent means of happiness should be welcomed, and gloomy thoughts persistently banished.

Fatherly Advice.

Don't run in debt. Don't buy what you don't want. Don't spend all your salary whatever it is.

Don't scold children or servants if you want to get any good out of them. Don't think swearing will make the carpet fit the rooms in your new house.

Don't imagine the world wouldn't go on as usual if you slipped out of it today. Don't cut up your heavy clothing for carpet rags; they may come handy next year.

Don't leave business affairs altogether to clerks, or household affairs to servants. Don't expect other people to take a joke in good part if you flare up for nothing.

Don't blame the maker if a number six glove goes to pieces on a number eight hand.

Don't try to suit all your relatives when you name the baby; suit yourself and stop there.

Don't think the world will call you wise if you make a fool of yourself through the telephone.

Don't imagine the harmony of the solar system will be upset if there's a wrinkle in the back of your new coat.

Don't commit suicide if the girl you want won't have you; she wouldn't care a fig and you might be sorry too late.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Keep fighting the insect enemies.

Poor fences often make bad neighbors.

Exterminate weeds, briars and brambles, everywhere.

Alfalfa, or Lucerne, is California's greatest forage and fodder plant.

Quicklime is destructive to worms, slugs and the larvae of injurious insects.

The Farmers' Alliance of England is credited with large influence in the late elections there.

New Orleans has shipped to France and Italy within a year 2,400,000 gallons of cotton-seed oil.

The annual tribute paid as rent to the landed aristocracy of England by the farmers is estimated at \$500,000,000.

At a recent shearing at Caldwell Prairie, Racine county, Ind., the heaviest fleece shorn was twenty-seven pounds.

Nathan Stowell, the originator of the famous Evergreen sweet corn, is still living at Burlington, N. J., and is eighty-seven years of age.

Farmers who keep sheep should not forget to dip the lambs in tobacco water about three weeks after shearing to kill the ticks.

Fowls are very fond of milk and thrive well upon it. Sour milk will bring better returns in eggs than in any other way it can be fed.

The wheat crop of the world for 1879 shows a deficiency of 375,000,000 bushels. Nearly 300,000,000 of this deficiency was in Europe alone.

The prospect is good for an unprecedented wheat crop in all sections of the republic where the grain is grown, in both quantity and quality.

Three tablespoonfuls of London purple well mixed in a peck of plaster of paris, will make a compound which is sure death to the Colorado beetle.

During the past fiscal year, according to official information obtained at Washington, more settlers have occupied homesteads on the public lands than in any former years.

Clean farming is the best under all circumstances, and if adopted as a rule will tend largely toward preventing the increase of chinch bugs and of all other injurious insects.

It is said that one spoonful of coarse powdered saltpeter to a pail of water will destroy potatoe bugs, squash bugs, and other insects. For roses it is unsurpassed. For maggots that work at the root of squash vines, pour about a pint of the liquid on the root of each vine as soon as the pests indicate themselves.

Recipes.

Broiled Beefsteak.—If possible have a nice bed of coals; put the steak on a hot-buttered gridiron, let it remain till nicely browned, turn, letting the other side brown, also remove to plate, taking care not to lose the juice; butter, sprinkle with salt, and cover tightly; serve hot. If the steak is tough it may be made more tender by pounding with the edge of a plate.

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The Bumble-Bee.

Did you ever stop to consider the immense power possessed by a bumble-bee? An insect weighing no more than a tenth of an ounce is capable of "raising" a man weighing 220 pounds from a bench in the public park, and then have lots of lifting material left. Just stop and think of it. The stinger of the bee is not near as large as the finest needle, but such is the force behind it that it can be driven through heavy cloth pants, backed by merino drawers and into the flesh. If a man could wield a crowbar in comparison, he could drive it through seven sawmills and a distillery at one blow. Nature could not give the bee teeth and claws without spoiling its beauty, and in compensation she gave this stinger as a weapon of attack and defense. If the bee had no weapon, ants, beetles and bugs could cuff him around as they pleased; but, as it is, he is the boss of the walk, and won't take a word from any of them.

The bumble-bee is not naturally of a quarrelsome disposition, but he can't sit down over half an hour without feeling that some one was doing him a great wrong. If left to himself, he will crawl up your coat sleeve, look around and go about his business; but if well-comed with a blow between the eyes, he is going to be revenged if he breaks a leg. He invariably closes his eye when he stings, and you have only to look a bee square in the face to see when he is fooling around, and when he means fourteen per cent. per annum.

The hayfield is a favorite resort of the bumble-bee, but you can find him almost everywhere else if you try hard. Having no pair of long hind legs he cannot build his nest in a marsh, like a frog; and having no beak in which to carry straw he cannot nest in a tree like a bird. He therefore takes to the grass, and under the roots of an old stump, or among a pile of old rails, he rears his gentle young, and gives them printed instructions as to the difference between stinging six-inch stove pipes and runaway boys. The knowledge of old bees is powerful. They know where the schoolhouse is. They know when the school is out. They can sail miles away from home, get in their work on a farmer's sun wedding out corn, and return home without missing a fence corner, or need of an afternoon nap. As a rule they are early risers. Barefooted boys driving up their cows at daylight will find the bumble bee out of bed, and ready to begin the arduous labors of the day. Along about sundown he quits work, counts noses to see if the family are all in, and then stows himself away for a night of calm and peaceful repose.

The Seven Bibles of the World.

The seven bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the E