

AGE.
"The hoary head is a crown of glory."—
Proverbs xvi, 31.
Is the best of life, the gold that our youth
is said to hold?
Is the prefect to be chosen, or the story
that is told?
It is better, so it seems, to have wakened
from the dreams,
To have seen the glamor passing, while it
left the true gleams:
To have learned that always peace gives
our petty cares release,
Hushes all the idle clamor, bids the fretting
troubles cease.
Better, thus, with folded hands, musing on
the falling sands,
Than to strive and strain and struggle—for
at last one understands
That the moving pen of Fame writes each
hour a newer name,
And the scroll of all the victors goes to
feed the flicker flame.
It is best to calmly gaze down the pathway
of the days.
—W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.

THE HONEY THIEF.

By FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

For several years Lancaster and I had been managing a rather large apiary in southern Ontario. In 1900 we tried the experiment of establishing an "out-apiary" in the wild country northeast of Toronto.

The forest had all been "lumbered off" and the ground burned over, and from the charred earth had sprung miles of raspberry bushes and crimson fireweed, growing in an almost impenetrable tangle over and among the half-burned roots and logs and trunks. All this furnished thousands of acres of bloom, that lasted from June till frost, and there were no bees to gather the nectar.

The country was quite unsettled, and we had to ship our bees by express and then haul them eight miles from the railway over a corduroy road; but the experiment was a success from the start. Out of our fifteen hives that year we sold one hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth of beautiful comb-honey.

We had now more than a hundred hives on the spot, and this backwoods apiary had become the larger half of our business. We usually went up together in early spring to unpack the bees, and then one of us camped near the hives during the summer, to harvest the crop. It was generally Lancaster who did this, for his management had proved much more successful than mine, although he disliked camp life, cared nothing for the woods, and took no interest in any plant that did not produce honey. But he was a born apiarist.

It was near the end of July last year when I received an unexpected telegram from him:

"Apiary half-ruined. Come up at once."

I went up by the next train, much alarmed, and reached our station at about two o'clock. As I walked over the eight miles of logging road, I was much relieved to see that neither tornado nor forest fire had passed that way.

The apiary stood a long way back from the road and upon a gentle slope, where we had cleared a little island in the jungle of vines and weeds. Everywhere else the ground was tangled with the raspberry bushes and the tall fireweed, now in glorious bloom.

As I came within sight of our ranch, I perceived my partner rushing frantically about among the hives, and at my first glance it seemed to me that every colony must be swarming at once. The air was clouded with bees. Lancaster came running to meet me, but I could make out little from his breathless explanations. I put on an extra veil and gloves and went down to the hives. The apiary was hardly "half-ruined," but the spectacle was enough to depress any bee-keeper.

Ten or fifteen hives were upset, smashed and splintered. They had been tiered up three or four-supers each, full of delicate comb-honey, which was crushed into a dripping mass. Over the ruins crawled the homeless bees, and wherever honey had been spilled there was a seething swarm of the insects. They were furiously excited, and pounced upon us as soon as we came near, but we had to disregard stings.

Whenever bees obtain access to honey, this exposed, they become greatly excited over the plunder, and usually end by raiding and robbing one another's hives.

Lancaster had done what he could, but robbing was already going on merrily. There was a pitched battle in progress at the entrance of almost every hive between the assailants and defenders.

I think that I never saw bees so infuriated. They attacked us in clouds when we approached, clustered against the veils, flew into our sleeves and trousers-legs, and stung impartially at everything they touched.

In spite of this opposition, we filled up the entrances of the still standing hives with wet brass, scraped up all the spilled honey and bits of comb, and in an hour or two the disturbance was greatly diminished. Most of our own bees had ceased raiding, although still full of wrath, but there were a great many strange black bees about, that must have come from bee-trees in the woods. Against these we could do nothing but wait for nightfall.

I now demanded explanations of the mishap, but to my surprise I found that Lancaster could tell me little. All he knew was that on rising that morning he had found the hives wrecked, and had rushed on his bicycle to tele-

graph for help. He suspected that it was the work of thieves, probably of some camping party of roughs from town, for we had no neighbors within four miles.

We examined the wrecked hives carefully. A great deal of the honey and comb was missing. The boards of the hives seemed to have been wrenched or split apart, and thin section-boxes looked as if they had been chewed. I already suspected the identity of the robber, and when I found claw marks across the boards I felt sure I was right. There was only one animal, wild or tame, that was capable of such a feat—the honey-loving bear.

Bears, as well as deer, were not uncommon thereabouts, but we had never tried to find either. But now that bruin had found us, it was certain that he would return to renew so sweet an acquaintance.

Lancaster had a double-barreled shotgun in his tent, which I think he had never fired. I took the bicycle, rode four miles to the nearest settler's cabin, and borrowed his rifle with a magazine full of cartridges. We decided to lay an ambush that night.

Daylight lasts late in that latitude and season, and at nine o'clock it was hardly twilight. Some of the bees were still flying about, not yet recovered from their excitement. We selected a screened nook on the hillside, where we could overlook the whole establishment, lay down in the middle of a clump of weeds, and waited for night.

Darkness seemed never coming. Long before dusk had fallen a big white moon rolled up over the burned woods, flooding the wilderness with clear light.

This illumination kept the agitated bees restless, and we could see them hovering thickly about their entrances, while the homeless ones crawled and buzzed over their ruined hives.

I did not expect the bear to return, if he came at all, before midnight. Lancaster and I were both tired, and the night was warm. Soon I found my eyelids drooping. Again and again I roused myself and punched Lancaster with my elbow, but I must have dozed after all, although I never seemed to lose consciousness of the dark trees and vines and the white hives in the moonlight.

But suddenly, with a shock of excitement, became aware of a dark object moving among the hives. At the first glimpse I took it for a large hog, but as my vision and by brain cleared, I recognized the shuffling gait and dark fur of our honey-thief.

Lancaster was breathing heavily. I put my hand over his mouth and punched him, smothering his startled ejaculation. The bear had made a leisurely inspection, sniffing at hive after hive, till he seemed to find one that pleased him, when he reared up and clayed off the three supers with a single easy gesture.

This sight must have wrung Lancaster's heart, for he jumped up and let fly one barrel of his shotgun. The range was about fifty yards, and it is not likely that he did much damage; but the bear made a leap aside and stood glancing about uncertainly. Fearing that he would get away, I sighted at his neck and fired.

The bear reared up and fell over backward with a snort, upsetting another hive. We both ran toward him, and my companion, supposing him to be done for, ran up almost to arm's length and discharged his other barrel. He was so near that he missed completely, and blew the side out of the next hive, whereupon he began to belabor the struggling animal over the head with his gun-butt.

I shrieked a warning. The bear, with an aggrieved yelp, clutched the gun-stock in his teeth, and I heard it crunch like a shaving. Lancaster recoiled, astonished, and the bear managed to regain his feet, and made a lunge which my partner barely escaped.

I fired again and missed, and Lancaster took to flight with the enemy in close pursuit.

I ran after them. The bear limped, holding up one forefoot, but still displayed such agility that my fellow apiarist had all he could do to maintain his lead.

Our cleared space was only about fifty yards square. Lancaster apparently had set his heart on reaching a large blackened pine standing among the bushes. He did not seem to know that a black bear climbs trees with about the same facility as a cat. He plunged into the tangled

weeds, tripped immediately, and went down out of sight with a terrified howl.

I fired again and shouted to distract the bear's attention. I think I missed, but I turned him. He wheeled about and charged straight at me, obviously "mad clear through."

I tried to aim coolly at the white mark on his chest, but the shot went wide. But for the bear's wound I never could have escaped. As it was, I just dodged his rush, and in my turn I made for the tree where Lancaster was already perched.

It was full of stubby dead branches, and as easy to climb as a ladder. I clambered up, and I saw Lancaster wildly fanning the air with his hands, but for the moment I was concerned only to get my legs up and out of danger. I was obliged to drop the rifle, but I got safely into the tree, and only realized the folly of my act when I saw the bear rise up against the trunk to climb.

The bear tried hard to scramble up, but, to our unspeakable relief, he could not quite make it. His damaged fore leg crippled him, and the tree was covered with a crust of charcoal, which gave him no clawhold. He persevered for a long time, and it was only after a score of futile experiments that he gave it up and lay down in the bushes, alternately licking his wound and glancing resentfully at us up above him.

Meanwhile the bees that had accompanied us in our flight forced themselves upon our notice. Both of us had lost our hats, and the insects had settled on our heads and faces and necks, crawling about inquisitively and stinging at every opportunity. Lancaster suffered worse than I did, for, unlike most bee-keepers, he had never become hardened to stings.

We could see the swarms on the bear, too, but he was armored in hide and hair. We tried to wrap our coats about our heads, but it was not successful. The venomous little creatures seemed to discover the smallest loophole, and I had a dozen crawling about under my clothing. I was in mortal terror of being stung in the eyes, but I contrived to protect them.

The pain became agonizing; it was almost unendurable. I smarted all over from the scores of tiny poisoned punctures, and the effect upon us of the incessant attack was maddening, and really beyond any possible description. We could not move. We were standing on short dead branches and holding on to the charred trunk, and it seemed that it could hardly be worse to be clawed by the bear. There was really a certain danger that we might be stung to death, and I began to feel a rising dizziness and nausea from the amount of poison I had taken. I had to hold hard to avoid fainting.

"I can't stand this!" exclaimed Lancaster. "I'd rather fight the bear!" But I did not think that he really meant it.

There was no use in fighting the bees. We could only cover and wait for the stings.

"I simply can't stand this!" wailed poor Lancaster, five minutes later; and the next moment he slid past me and jumped, wisely choosing the side most remote from the bear. As he struck the ground he stumbled and fell, and I expected to see him instantly mangled.

The bear rose stiffly but alertly. Instead of making for his enemy, he stood quite still, trembling violently, it seemed to me, and shaking his head with a sort of moan. Lancaster righted himself and rushed off through the bushes toward the tent. But there seemed no longer any danger. The bear began to sway as he stood, and slowly slipped to his knees, and then over upon his side.

I ventured to jump as Lancaster had done. The animal paid no attention. With some trepidation I ventured near enough to regain my rifle, and fired a heavy bullet into his skull at close range. But he did not stir, and was no doubt already dead.

We spent the night chiefly in applying hot water to our wounds. In spite of these efforts we were a pair of terrible objects the next morning; but the subsequent pain was not nearly so great, for some reason, as I have often suffered from far fewer stings.

I was obliged to stay in the woods for a week before I again became presentable for civilized society.

When we came to examine the stiffened corpse of the bear, we found him lying in a great pool of coagulated blood. My first bullet appeared to have cut a large vein or artery in his shoulder, so that he had been slowly bleeding to death as he kept guard upon us under the tree. He was in poor fur, and his skin was so smeared with blood that it was not worth taking off. From a sense of poetic justice we ate a few slices from his hams, but the meat was tough. In fact, we got little return from his carcass for the hundred dollars' worth of bees and honey he had destroyed. But the apiary remained undisturbed for the rest of that season.—Youth's Companion.

Night Off.
Professor _____ of Harvard, is much interested in epilepsy in its different forms. During a summer sojourn in the mountains he heard of an old woman with epilepsy who had lived to the age of seventy-nine years. Curious to know the details of so unusual a case, he inquired concerning her. Having inquired concerning different symptoms he proceeded—
"Did she grind her teeth much at night?"
"The old man considered for a moment and then replied—
"Wal, I dunno as she wore 'em at night."—Lippincott's.

Cashmere Back Again.
Cashmere is back again with a greater prestige than when it left. It has many qualities that adapt it to the present fashion—a highly finished surface, suppleness and a long range of colors. All the new tones are, in fact, out in the old weave—the American Beauty shades, the pretty greens, of which almond, bronze and lichen are most prominent, and there is a generous touch of lace. Especially for the afternoon gowns, the revived texture lends itself to attractive and economical costumes. For simple home dresses, many cashmere skirts are being made to accompany silk blouses that match them in shade.—New York Sun.

Talk With Mothers.
Be kind to the dear little children. If they are not perfect, neither are you. Give them bright smiles, do loving deeds for them, reason patiently so that they can understand that everything that they want may not be good for them, says the Boston Sunday Globe. We are only children grown up, and often do what we ought not and leave the things we should do undone, and want many things that are not good for us. Bright smiles, cheerful words of praise, make us all feel better. So give to the dear little children loving words. Praise them in their attempts to do better. Teach them to improve every minute. Do not nag, find fault, or make yourself disagreeable.

The Evening Gown.
This season's evening gown will be far more effective than ever, for the law has been passed that women shall dress in the evening for the theatre, restaurant, or any public place in gowns made exactly like ball gowns, in so far as material and trimming are concerned, the only difference being that the waists are cut high in the neck, not low. What an opportunity is thus furnished for the using of rich and rare fabrics! Velvets, laces, chiffon cloth, and, in fact, every possible and many impossible fabrics are used in either plain or most elaborately embroidered and braided. The lace gowns, black or white, made up over colored linings, are most exquisite in texture, and although it may take a connoisseur to realize at first glance the value of such a gown, those who do appreciate it admire it, and the wearer thereof possesses a proud knowledge that she has probably paid more for her gown than anyone else. The very palest shades of cloth and velvet and bright shades, also, of the chiffon or panne velvet, embroidered in colored stones, with applique of real lace, are not thought any too elaborate and are worn with hat to match, trimmed with feathers or flowers—as a rule with the very handsomest of ostrich feathers. These costumes are most exquisite and will certainly attract no end of attention.

Baby's Clothes.
Why is it necessary for a baby to wear long clothes? I know a boy six months old who has never worn long clothes. He weighs fifteen pounds, is perfectly well and has an unusual amount of strength, which I attribute to his never having had his limbs confined, says a writer in Good Housekeeping. He has been able to kick to his heart's content right from the first. His dresses have been made about twenty inches in length, his skirts some shorter, of course. At first when he was in his bassinet the most of the time he did not even wear socks, but when he grew older and was handled more he wore thin woolen stockings and socks. The stockings were always pinned to his diapers, so his little legs were covered, and although he was a cold-weather baby we had no difficulty in keeping him warm. A baby blanket was always kept handy to throw over him when he was taken out of his warm crib. It was an experiment, but it has proved most satisfactory in every way. The baby looked like a doll in his short dresses. Some people thought a baby without long clothes would be no baby at all, but more people thought it a good innovation. No more long clothes for this family, when comfort for the baby is so well provided by short ones. At any rate, it is more than worth a trial.

Mother Love in Japan.
Public demonstrations of affection are most repugnant to the good taste of the Japanese, and it is the absence of this which is so generally mistaken for a lack of genuine feeling. I recall one man who was so devoted to his mother (though I doubt whether he could ever have been said to have "talked about" her), that when she died, while he was abroad, his depression was so profound that my husband watched him with anxiety lest he should commit suicide. The social training may render more unsympathetic a coarse nature, but repression of the refined soul brings an exquisite capacity for pain scarcely conceivable by those who are free to give utterance to every emotion.
Another man said to me, "I rarely speak of my mother, for a foreigner



does not understand that a Japanese mother may be just as dear to her son as his to him, and by the Japanese it is not expected that one should utter one's deepest feeling." That same son fainted with grief when his mother died, and when consciousness returned rose to make light of a little dizziness, "without reference to its cause. To this day, whenever he goes from home, he carries with him his mother's letters, mounted on a beautiful roll of ivory and brocade, and on the anniversary of her passing beyond his mortal ken quietly devotes a portion of the day to meditation and special thought of her. Even to his wife, despite the closest bond of love, he says not, "This is the day of my mother's death."—The Outlook.

About the Light Fantastic.
Nothing is more graceful than a young woman who can dance gracefully. Nothing is more awkward than a woman who is not dainty about dancing.
The woman who dances with her nose pressed out of shape against her partner's coat sleeve is not graceful. The woman who dances with her chin resting on his shoulder is no more attractive. The woman who lays her cheek lovingly against the man's arm is not good to look upon. The woman that permits a man to fling her across the dancing hall is not wise, nor is she graceful.
Women endure much at the hand of (or in the arms of) the men with whom they dance. They are gracious and smiling when a man holds them so closely that they can hardly breathe. They endure the men who chase frantically across the room with them. They make the best of the men who rub the skin off the tips of their noses on rough coats. They even tolerate the men who plant grimy hands against the back of the immaculate white waist.

All this they tolerate in men because they are afraid of offending them. The chances are that men would be grateful to the girl who told them in the right way that she didn't enjoy having her nose skinned, that she could dispense with the wild rush across the floor, that she did want to keep her waist back clean, and that she liked a little freedom of movement that she could dance easily.
Men want to learn; they are more sensible and more generous about suggestions of that kind than most women believe.—Indianapolis News.

The American Woman.
The American woman is, above all women in the world, clever—or, let us say, "brainless," to an almost incredible height of braininess. She is "all there." She can take the measure of a man in about 10 minutes and classify him as though he were a botanical specimen. She realizes all his limitations, his "notions," and his special and particular fads, and she has the uncommonly good sense not to expect much of him.
She would not "take any" on the lily-maid of Astoria, the fair Elaine, who spent her time in polishing the shield of Lancelot, and who finally died of love for that most immoral but fascinating Knight of the Round Table. No, she wouldn't polish a shield, you bet! She would make Lancelot polish it himself for all he is worth, and polish her own dear little boots and shoes for her into the bargain. That is one of her secrets—masterfulness—or, let us say, queenliness, which sounds better. The lord of creation can do nothing in the way of ordering her about, because as the lady of creation she expects to order him about, and she does. She expects to be worked for worshipped and generally attended to, and she gets her way.

Life does not run only in one channel for the American woman. She does not "make tracks" solely from the cradle to the altar, from the altar to the grave. She realizes that there is more fun to be got out of being born than just this little old measure meted out to her by the barbaric males of earliest barbaric periods, when women were yoked to the plow with cattle, as they still are in some parts of Switzerland. And it is the innate consciousness of her own power and intelligent ability that gives her the dominating charm, the magnetic spell under which the stolid Britisher falls more or less stricken, stupefied and inert.

A really beautiful woman is scarcely ever seen, even in Great Britain, where average good looks are pleasantly paramount. Prettiness—the prettiness which is made up of a good skin, bright eyes, soft and abundant hair, and a supple figure—is quite ordinary. It can be seen every day among barmaids, shop girls and milliner's mannequins, for beauty—the divine and subtle charm which enraptures all beholders—the perfect form, united to the perfect face in which pure and noble thought is expressed in every feature, in every glance of the eye, in every smile that makes a sweet mouth sweeter—this is what we may search for through all the isles of Britain, aye, and through Europe and America and the whole world beside, and seldom or never find it.—Marie Corelli, in the Bystander.

FOR THE FAIR

THE LAND OF "HERE INSERT."

"The Land of Hope" and of "Pretty Soon,"
"The Land of the Never-to-be,"
And "The Land of Might" and "The Land of Dream."
Are worked to the limit, see?
And other varieties of strange lands
Have staidied the poet's spirit.
But I—I sing of whichever you choose—
Of the Land of "Here Insert!"
Ah, all of the dreams of youth come true
In the land of (Here Insert!)
The girls have eyes of a wonderful hue
In the land of (Here Insert!)
Never a sorrow and never a pain,
Never a loss but always gain,
Ever the sun and never the rain
In the land of (Here Insert!)
Faith is a fadeless plant that grows
In the land of (Here Insert!)
And lips make mock of the red June rose
In the land of (Here Insert!)
And death sits downward soft as sleep,
On eyes that never have learned to weep,
And fine dress patterns are sold quite cheap
In the land of (Here Insert!)
And so, kind friends, if you happen to have
A special desire to sing
A land of any particular style,
Yet haven't the time for the thing,
Just take the second and third of these
Verses (easy as dirt!)
And put the name of your mythical land
Where it tells you to "Here Insert!"
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

JUST FOR FUN



Algy—It takes three generations to make a gentleman, you know. Penelope—What a chap you are for looking ahead.—Life.
Owner (as automobile starts backing down the hill)—Pull everything you can see, and put your foot on everything else!—Punch.
"Were you ever in love, Edwin?"
"No, but I have a brother who's had measles and mumps 'an' most everything."—Harper's Bazar.

Lady—Oh, that big dog isn't the one I advertised for. My dog was a little fox terrier. Boy—Yes'm, Your dog's inside of dis one!—Puck.
Teacher—Johnny, what is the most effective way to punctuate a sentence? Johnny—Depends on who's talking. Pa usually swears.—Detroit Free Press.
"Jones is growlin' at the world again." "Why, I thought he was doing well." "So he is; but he wasn't expectin' his good fortune!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Miss Antique—Why have you always remained single? Oldbach—Simply from force of habit, I suppose. You know—you know, I was born that way.—Philadelphia Record.
Woman of the House—You're not one of those labor agitators, are you? Goodman Gongrong (with his mouth full of pie)—No, ma'am, I'm a rest agitator.—Chicago Tribune.

Giles—So you've got a place in that banking house? I suppose it was because you knew the president? Harris—Partly that, and partly because he didn't know me.—Boston Transcript.
Church—Haven't seen you at the theatre lately? Gotham—No; I'm laying the foundation for a fund which is to be divided between the plumber and the coal man this season.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Boss—I'm afraid you are not qualified for the position; you don't know anything about my business. The Applicant—Don't I, though? I keep company with your typewriter.—Chicago Journal.
Amateur Violinist—What's the next piece on the program? Neighbor—Sousin's orchestral fantasia, "Night Among the Pyramids." A. V. (much taken back)—"Why, sir, I've just played that."—Punch.

Giffle—Bilkins got unmercifully snubbed by that girl at the haberdashery counter. He went in and called for a standing collar, smirked at her—Spinks—Yes? Giffle—And got a turndown.—Houston Chronicle.
Mamma—Fighting again, Willie? Didn't I tell you to stop and count one hundred whenever you were angry? Willie—But it didn't do any good, ma. Look what the Jones boy did while I counted!—Harper's Bazar.

Father—Henry, don't you think it is time for you to be doing your share of the world's work? Son—I suppose it is dad. If you'll make over to me what you consider my share of the world's surface I'll work it for all it's worth.—Chicago Tribune.
Carry—Maude is such an original girl! She told me once she wouldn't marry the worst man in the world. Martha—I know; that was the time they thought she was going to marry the man who afterward became your husband, dear.—Boston Transcript.

Clarence—Your veil went on a stwike, did he? Bless my soul! I hope you didn't accede to his demands. Claude—Pon m' life, I had to, old chap. The cunning cweatnah threatened to leave me one morning when I was half-dressed.—Brooklyn Life.
"He's boasting that he's got a 'sinecure'. What does that mean?" asked Mrs. Browne. "Oh!" replied Mrs. Malaprop, "that means he thinks everybody's lookin' at him. (Didn't you never hear tell of a person bein' 'the sinecure of all eyes?'"—Philadelphia Press.
"What d'ye want?" asked the coachman at the kitchen door. "De boss o' de house sent me 'round here," replied the tramp, "an' said you was ter gimme anything I needed." "All right. Come out to the stable an' O'll turn the hose on ye."—Philadelphia Ledger.
"Don't you think," asked Mrs. Oldcastle, "that our minister is becoming somewhat recondite?" "Oh, I don't know," replied her hostess, "Josiah thinks so, but it don't seem to me that he weighs a pound more than he ought to for a man as tall as him."—Chicago Record-Herald.