There, in one of those tiny but elegant flats which young couples most affect, Estelle began her new life. Her husband was a fashionable man, free from what he spoke of as "the prejudices of the past."

For the first time in her life Estelle went to the opera, to the theatre. She was dressed by a French modiste, to whose dictum she bowed. She was called upon and pronounced "awfully sweet." She went to afternoon teas and to receptions; she had breakfasts given her by her husband's friends and connections—little parties where dancing was in order. She enjoyed it all, for at first the position of recent bride and bridegroom caused Mr. and Mrs. Drummond to be paired off together very much as they had been in the village society.

However, as time passed on newer brides appeared on the scene. Estelle was merely Mrs. Drummond. People took no special pains to bring her forward. It remained for her to do the best she could for herself. And now Arthur slipped away occasionally. She saw him talking to this one or to that one, and at first her beauty and sweetness attracted the men about her.

It was not long, however, before they discovered that she could talk of nothing but her Arthur's perfection, and the wisdom of the ancient clergyman, her father. She was shy of expressing her opinion on other topics, and she had never learned to flirt. Her idea of matronly dignity gave her manner some stiffness, and at the little dances they discovered that she not only could not dance, but that she felt that it would be wrong to do so.

"It would shock papa if he should hear of it," she would answer when some more than usually gallant youth besought her to "try," and declared that he would teach her the waltz in a few moments, and by degrees she became a handsome wall flower, patronized by elderly matrons and occasional grandfathers, while Arthur devoted himself to the ladies generally, and only appeared at her elbow at the end of the evening.

Then he would wrap her in her pretty cloaks, smile on her benignly, tell her how lovely she looked, and convey her home with all due devotion. It pleased him that his white rosebud should set herself apart for him, should choose "to blush unseen" when he did not look upon her. At first Estelle was content, less, however, as time passed on, and her blissful little castles melted one by one, and at the ball the first protest came.

Arthur was a good dancer. He had refrained from waltzing simply because he hated to dance on the carpet in a crowded drawing-room. But here in this elegant ball room, where all the youth and beauty of the city were assembled, his old delight in dancing returned. He had secured a partner for every dance of the evening. He was proud to point out that exquisitely lovely woman in the graceful and modest costume as his wife; he thought how unpleasant it would be to be the husband of the married flirt, Mrs. A——, and that the fellow who married Miss Merle would be very wretched. But, as you see, he devoted his evenings to them and others like them, looked into their eyes, clasped their waists a little closer than need be, was loverlike and sentimental with one, whispered merry words that might mean more than lay on the surface to another, and relegated his wife to the company of that superior but somnolent old lady, Mrs. Jackson.

"Shall I have a scene?" he asked himself as he went in search of Estelle, after his last dance with a debutante, who could not be prevailed upon by her chaperon to go home "until it was all over," but, to his surprise, his wife was merely a little chilly. He did not like the chilliness, but was too wise to reproach her with it. At breakfast she was a little distrait, but by no means cross. Arthur was delighted. After all, he was to be let off very easily, and when in bidding him adieu his wife handed him a letter which she desired him to post he was quite gallant in promising to execute the little duty. He glanced at the envelope as he walked along. The name upon it was quite new to him. "Mr. Louis Romaine, ——Hotel."

He had never heard his wife mention any Romaines, but the thought was only a passing one.

For a day or two business kept him out a great deal, but he found Estelle in good spirits on his return.

Monday he opened the door to hear the lilting of voices, the chink of spoons, and to find his wife presiding over quite an elegant little afternoon tea. Three or four very fashionable matrons and one heavy old gentleman occupied the foreground, but behind Estelle's chair stood a veritable modern Adonis—one of those men who somehow seem better dressed than other men in the same clothes.

An impromptu affair, certainly, Arthur thought, for Estelle had always impressed upon him the fact that "what made the assembly shine was Robin Adair"—in other words, that she did not care to have company if he was not present. Still, his wife's elaborate dress, the hot house flowers that adorned the room, spoke of preparation.

He said something about "an unexpected pleasure," shook hands with those he knew, and waited.

The exquisite who sat so close to Estelle had arisen, and looked politely from one to the other.

Strange that Estelle did not seem to heed this, then she said, as if remembering a very unimportant duty—

"Oh, my husband, Mr. Romaine; I forgot you had not met. Mr. Romaine, my husband."

Very cool, very self-possessed, quite the lady of the house, quite the city bride. Arthur felt a wave of surprise, of something very like resentment, sweep over him. He did not like to be ignored in this way. He felt that he was the person who should be the lion of the occasion, and he was a little jealous of the man who had taken his place. He shook hands with Mr. Romaine, and sat down beside his wife, and tried to talk to her, but she was engaged with her guests, and he was left to the society of cold ale you do bring into the room, Arthur."

"Sorry," said Arthur, barely nodding in return to Romaine's elegant bow, and shortly took himself out of the room.

The flat did not give him much space to pace about in, so he went up, took advantage of what little there was, and walking into the passage that led to the kitchen he heard the waitress say to the cook—

"Oh, ain't that Mr. Romaine just lovely! I never see nobody so stylish before."

On this Arthur wandered back to his bedroom and looked into the mirror. The reflection he saw there seemed to him to be that of a rather commonplace young man. Certainly he had not the six feet of height the broad shoulders and the splendid chin of that man behind his wife's chair. Romaine! Who on earth was he? Where had he heard that name before? Ah! he remembered. It was upon the envelope directed to the —— hotel, which he had posted. Who was he? What was he? Why had his wife never spoken of him before? What hypocrites women were! He could have sworn that he knew the name of every mortal his wife had ever met. She had had a boy lover, but his name was Johnny Craft, and he was rolly poly and yellow haired. A rolly poly, yellow haired boy could never have become this startlingly large and showy exquisite. As he thought of this point, Arthur felt a curious tingling of the blood that he had never before experienced.

He seized his hat, dragged on his overcoat, stalked to the elevator, and, being lowered to the hall by the manager thereof, who stared curiously into his wrathful face the while, took his way to a restaurant, where he dined.

After this he spent his evening at the club, and returned to find his wife not sitting up for him, as was her wont, but quietly asleep in bed.

She opened her eyes, however, as he turned up the gas.

"Oh, dear, you have waked me out of the loveliest dream!" she said. "Do put the shade on that dreadful gas."

"I hope you had a pleasant tea party," the husband said, sarcastically.

"Oh, yes," Estelle replied, smiling. "The loveliest little time."

"And who is this Romaine fellow?" Arthur asked.

"An old, old friend of mine, and just as delightful for anything," his wife replied.

"He looked like a puppy to me," said Arthur.

"Don't show temper," said Mrs. Drummond, coolly. "If you didn't like him you might have talked to old friends. I am sure he is very intelligent. And how you looked when you marched out of the room! In good society one does not display one's feelings."

Certainly his country wife was improving.

Arthur was too much startled to say anything.

The round of gayety was at its height. Cards came to the young couple by the dozen. They went as usual to one or two places nearly every night, and everywhere the handsome Louis Romaine appeared.

"Every one seems to know the fellow," Arthur said, and Estelle answered:

"Oh, yes; I have asked every one to invite him for my sake."

For her sake! This was frightful! But there was something more terrible still. His lily, his white rose, his adoring wife, who thought only of him, who cared only for his admiration, was utterly devoted to the fellow. No longer did she sit beside old ladies in a corner—she was the gayest of the gay, and ever at her side hovered Louis Romaine. Sometimes coming home from business he wind met her driving with him, and she would had gayly. He suspected his wife of no evil. She did not flirt, she only quietly preferred the company of young Romaine to his, and he knew he who stood silently apart in the haunts of society, watching his wife with eyes full of regret and jealousy, remembering what she had been to him and was no more.

"Ball tickets!" Mrs. Drummond cried one morning. "How delightful! Of course we will go."

Her husband hesitated.

"I shan't be so stupid as I was at my first ball," Estelle laughed. "And you know, you love dancing. I shan't let you be my apron strings this time."

"We will go," he answered.

And they went.

The decollete dress that Estelle wore set off her beauty, but her husband remembered the modest lace fichu that she wore at her first ball with a pang of regret, and when the young wife turned to him with a little petulant sigh and said:

"Of course it is a bore, but we must dance the first dance together," he started violently.

"But you do not dance," said he.

"Oh! I've been taking lessons," said Estelle, "and I do dance very well."

"I am proud of you," said he. "We shall dance the first waltz together, shall we not?"

"No," said she, "not another for you to night. Besides, it is promised to Louis."

"To whom?" cried Mr. Drummond.

"I should have said Mr. Romaine," said Estelle.

And now for the first time a furious jealousy took possession of Arthur's heart. He watched the wife she glided over the floor with Romaine, with murder in his heart, he asked no one to dance.

"How well does he look together," said some near him. "And they seem so fond of each other."

The man did not seem to mind his presence or care if he heard.

"I will bear no more," the furious husband said. "To night shall end it."

Later, after supper, he missed his wife and Romaine, and followed them a little room where those who were weary or overheated could rest awhile. They sat there laughing, enjoying some joke.

"You will get your wraps and come home, madame," he said, in a low but furious tone. "And as for you, sir"——

"We have carried it too far," said Romaine. "Introduce me, Estelle."

"Arthur," said Estelle, "don't you remember hearing me talk of brother Lou? This is he."—Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.

Facts About Snails.

The snail is really an interesting animal as is to be found in our gardens, and deserves a better fate than the pitiless crushing which usually awaits him at the feet of the gardener whose path he happens to cross. If you wish to examine a snail, procure a piece of glass and place him upon it. It is useless to expect him to seem at ease in your hand, for the snail is a cold blooded animal, and your warm flesh must be nearly as uncomfortable to him as the top of the kitchen range would be to you.

The snail emerges from a small egg which was buried in the ground by his mother, and from the very first shifts for himself, quite ignorant of a parent's watchful care. Spring is the season which sees the snail emerge from the egg. He attains to about half his full size before winter compels him to retire from active life for a while, accomplishing almost the whole of his growth during spring and autumn. The heat of summer seems in some mysterious way to militate against his development.

Snails always pass the winter in a state of hibernation. At the approach of cold weather they scoop holes in the ground, which are carefully lined with dead leaves cemented to the sides with slime. The hibernation of the snail is almost death. He scarcely breathes, and the heart's action is nearly in abeyance. In the early days of spring the sleeper awakes, and proceeds to form another hole in the ground destined to become the receptacle for the cluster of eggs, varying in number from twenty to fifty, which are about to be laid, and which will hatch in about three weeks.

As might be expected from the way in which he can renew his head, the snail is blessed with very great powers of vitality. A snail is recovered of an Egyptian desert snail which came to life upon being immersed in warm water after it had passed four years glued to a card in the British museum. Some specimens in the collection of a naturalist revived after they had apparently been dead for fifteen years, and snails frozen for weeks together in solid blocks of ice have recovered on being thawed out. The eggs of this creature are as hard to destroy as himself. They seem perfectly indifferent to freezing, and have been known to be productive after having been shriveled up in an oven to the semblance of grains of sand.—Longman's Magazine.

The Oldest Couple.

An old couple, perhaps the oldest in the world, died recently in the village of the vilayet of Monastir. The man was 138 and his wife 123 years. The couple lived in a house which they had built themselves exactly a century ago. Adjoining the house was a little garden plot which in process of time has developed into a wood with trees 90 and 100 years old, trees which the husband planted himself and constantly tended to the day of his death.—New York Telegram.

Unknown Parts of the United States.

The natives of northern Alaska report that further north is another land, not down on the maps—an inhabited land with a comparatively mild climate.

In the new state of Washington there is an unknown land of 2,500 square miles. This land is shut in by the Olympic mountains, and Indian traditions say that it is inhabited by a very fierce tribe, which none of the coast tribes dared molest.—Golden Days.

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Used His Fiddle for a Paddle.

A party of three young ladies, with a fiddler as an escort, undertook to cross the Rivanna in a canoe. The river was somewhat swollen and some ice running. After passing the middle of the stream the canoe turned over. Two of the young ladies clung to the boat and the other was washed down by the current and drowned. The fiddler mounted astride the canoe, and as the paddle was lost, used his fiddle to propel the canoe to the bank, and by that means they were saved.—Columbia Bulletin.

The Oldest Couple.

An old couple, perhaps the oldest in the world, died recently in the village of the vilayet of Monastir. The man was 138 and his wife 123 years. The couple lived in a house which they had built themselves exactly a century ago. Adjoining the house was a little garden plot which in process of time has developed into a wood with trees 90 and 100 years old, trees which the husband planted himself and constantly tended to the day of his death.—New York Telegram.

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Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER, Hood Depot.

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A Cure for Snoring.

Snoring has for all time reigned supreme as the nocturnal curse, and many experts declare that when Macbeth heard that he was to sleep no more it was simply an announcement that Mrs. Macbeth had been taught to snore. But a recent invention practically abolishes the snore. It consists of a thin piece of celluloid to fit between the teeth and lips. It is made to follow the arch of the teeth and when well made fits snugly.

The reason why people snore is that they sleep with their mouths open. About nine out of ten persons breathe through the mouth when they sleep. They all say they don't, but it's only a little fancy; they do. A moment's reflection will show that the nose was made for breathing and smelling and the mouth for eating and speaking.

Three-quarters of the throat troubles are said to come from mouth breathing, and much of the evil of supposed catarrh is nothing but the effect of mouth breathing. The bad taste in the mouth in the morning, the dryness of lips and tongue, all come from the passing of air through the opening channel.

The piece of celluloid prevents air from passing through the mouth and forces it through the nose. It may be supposed that a cold in the head will sometimes necessitate mouth breathing, but not so. Colds in the head are largely due to the sensitiveness of the nasal membranes to the touch of air, caused by not using the nose for breathing. Once accustom the nostrils to passing air, especially the cool air of night, and cold in the head will disappear. Nose breathing is an art, and an athlete is not sure of success until he has mastered it.

The celluloid appliance is light, and after a few nights' use is no longer noticed. It cannot be swallowed, and causes no disagreeable feeling. After a few weeks it discloses the habit of nose breathing, and then it can be laid aside.—New York Journal.

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TIME TABLE.

Adopted Nov. 17, 1889. Eastern Standard Time.

Eastward from ANDOVER, N. Y.

7:23 a. m. Daily. No. 8—Vestibuled limited for New York. Does not stop at Andover.
11:13 a. m. Daily. No. 10 -New York day express stopping at all stations to Hornellsville. Connects except Sunday for Carrollton.
7:22 p. m. Daily. No. 14—Hornellsville accommodation. Connects for Philadelphia daily.
7:46 p. m. Daily. No. 12—Night express for New York and Boston. Does not stop at Andover.
12:57 p. m. No. 56 Except sunday.—Way freight and accomodation for Hornellsville.

Westward from ANDOVER, N. Y.

1:57 a. m. Daily. No. 5—Vestibule limited for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St Louis. Does not stop at Andover.
8:47 a. m. Daily. No. 3—Pacific Express, for Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St Louis.
1+1 p. m. Daily. No. 29—Accomodation for Dunkirk and Buffalo via Dayton.
8:22 p. m. Daily. No. 1—Accomodation for Salamanca.
7:00 a. m. No. 95. Except Sunday—Way freight and accomodation for Salamanca.

Further information from C. H. Richardson, Agent at Andover, or
Geo. E. Allen, Gen. Northern Passenger Agt.
E. T. Parker, Gen. Passenger Agent.
W. J. Murphy, Gen Superintendent.

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WEST BOUND.

Leave Wellsville	8.00 a. m.	2.15 pm
" Alfred Mentown	8.38 a. m.	2.53 pm
" Bolivar	9.05 a. m.	3.20 pm
" Ceres	9.33 a. m.	3.48 pm
" Eldred	10.05 a. m.	4.20 pm
Arrive Bradford	11.35 a. m.	5.30 pm

EAST BOUND.

Leave Bradford	8.15a m.	2.10 p m
" Eldred	10.15 a m.	4.28 p m
" Ceres	10.52 a m.	5.02 p m
" Bolivar	11.15 a m.	5.25 p m
" Allentown	11.43 a m.	5.53 p m
Arrive Wellsville	12.20 a m.	6.30 p m

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"At home is the woman's place,
Take care of your children, cook and sew,
And cherish your womanly grace.
Those forward women who war on us
Disgrace themselves and their sex;
Plunging in dirty politics,
The peace of the land they vex."

So, gentle mother, sit still at home,
And cross fo your baby boy,
While a monster lurks in the street without
Waiting his chance to destroy.
Soon as those little feet can pass
Out of the garden gate,
He'll be fair play; but sit you still,
Sing him to sleep. 'Tis fate.

Love and cherish your winsome girl,
Train up the fair, sweet life
To every pure and gentle charm
Befitting the drunkard's wife.
Make her so fair and sweet and wise
She will win some careless love.—
So pure that a drunken stab or shot
Will only send her above.

What, dropping your song, and starting out
With only a bare and bleak
And striving, with your soft white hands,
To throttle the monster dire?
Why not? The hare for her young will fight,
The tiny bird prow and
Defending her nest and dare you think
A woman cares less for her child?

Yes, home is the woman's truest sphere,
Its sweeter her goodliest too.
If a viper coils by your sleeping child,
Is the gentlest too mild for a blow?
Because you are womanly, tender and true,
And your home is your chosen sphere,
Fright, fight and slay lest if you shrink or fall
You may lose all life holds dear.

The best cure for pessimism is a dose of the last century.—Herrick Johnson.

It is to be supposed that the infamous laws which in England and this country placed the age of consent at 10 and 12 would have found a place on the statute books if woman's vote had been felt in the legislation? Politicians want votes; and saloon-keepers, gamblers, and procurers are more potent with votes than the best of women without them.—Gen. Wm. F. Singleton.

When, twenty-five years ago, Alfred Love first advocated the principles of arbitration to settle difficulties it was said: "As well might one attempt to drive a span of fiery steeds with white ribbon reins." Hannah J. Baily comments: "This is just what the W. C. T. U. expects to do. We have harnessed the two fiery steeds, war and intemperance together and with the power of the white ribbon and the inspiration of our beautiful banner hovered over by the white dove of peace, we expect to drive them from our country, and finally from the world."

The Young Men's Christian Association of Kansas City was recently presented with a library, valuable far beyond the list price of the volumes it contains. The donor is the Rev. Dr. Palmore, pastor of the Walnut M. E. church. The story of this library deserves to be known and considered by young men everywhere. Fifteen years ago Dr. Palmore decided to stop the use of tobacco, and every day he laid by the amount he had been accustomed to invest in the seductive narcotic. The aggregate is now sufficient to purchase the 2,000 volumes, which constitute his generous gift. This fact should be written in glowing letters over the door of the room containing it, for it is doubtful if any recorded within will teach a truth so practical.

Fermenting.

Whether applied to the efforts of a candidate or to intoxicating liquors, the idea is the same. They do work, hard work—work of the devil every time.

"Ferment means to work," said the teacher to the language class. Now each of you write a sentence containing the word."

This is what Tommy Cumsee who reads the papers, wrote: "Temperance do not like to ferment."

Country Road Improvement.

The most notable agitation in state affairs of the year, thus far, relates to the improvement of country roads. This month has seen the first annual meeting of the state association organized for that purpose and the public interest in the undertaking increases fast. The Legislature is devoting attention to the subject and among the originators and active promoters of the state association are a number of prominent and influential lawmakers, including Senators Jacobs, Collins, Richardson, Hunter, Coggeshall, Erwin, Roesch, Hawkins, McNaughton, McCarren, Birkett, Speaker Husted, and Assemblymen Deyo, Huson, Andrus, Acker and Stevens.

Of the probable action of the Legislature the Buffalo Courier says: "The movement in behalf of better country roads in this state promises to result in the passage of Senator Richardson's bill, around which many of the original friends of the DePeyster and Coggeshall bills are now rallying. The bill is drawn on the lines suggested by Govenor Hill in his message and, as it places the expense of the intended work on the state instead of the counties, it will prove more acceptable to the farming communities than the other measures which have been suggested. Senator Richardson is himself the owner of a large farm and is president of the Orange County Agricultural Association and a director of the State Agricultural Society. His bill provides for a non-partisan commission of four citizens who are to serve without pay as State Road Commissioners and are to borrow $10,000,000 at a rate not over 3 per cent, to be repaid in not more than 18 years. The sum of $2,000,000 is at once to be appropriated to begin the construction of the state roads outside of cities and incorporated villages. The State Engineer and Surveyor is to determine the character of the roads to be constructed, with the approval of the Commissioners, and the work is to be awarded to the lowest bidder. The State Engineer is to select the routes connecting the points of most importance in each county, using so far as practical the land already devoted to public roads. If the inhabitants of any county disapprove of the route selected, the Commissioners may order a change after a hearing. The bill provides for its own submission to a popular vote, as required by the Constitution in case of bills creating a state debt, and also for levying a tax to pay the interest and redeem the principal. The bill has been reported to the Senate and its author thinks it will easily pass that body."

Road Building.

W. Henry of Farmersville Station, writing to the Rochester Herald on the subject of public improvements, observes that it is fair to say that every dollar paid by farmers to improve roads will yield them 200 per cent. each year in the saving of horse flesh alone. He commends Gov. Hill's recommendations that the state should construct or repair two roads across each county as a sort of object lesson, and he says: "I estimate his plan would require an average of 50 miles of road in each county, 3,000 miles of road in the state. With the improved machinery we have these roads could be built for about $14,000,000, which would be about $15 a rod. Fifty years ago it would have seemed a formidable sum. Viewed from the standpoint of our present wealth it is a small sum. Fifty years from now our children will wonder how we could have got from village to village on such roads as we now have, and will cheerfully pay bonds contracted for building roads, and the masses will hardly miss the money required."

A Man 193 Years Old.

It sounds fishy, but a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press gives what he calls facts to prove that there is an Indian in Chili 193 years old. He says that during a recent visit to Chili he came in contact with this modern Methuseleh. His name is Jolaquin Happole. The miners call him Hercules. Happole was born in the southern part of Patagonia, and is a perfect type of the Patagonian Indian, being seven feet eight inches in height. He is of very heavy build, his voice is remarkably sonorous, and his hair now white, reaches far down his back, and is very coarse. For about fifty years this Indian worked in the copper region, and he also worked in the silver mines for twenty-five years. He has learned to speak the Spanish language. Men that knew him fifty years ago say that he could make a running leap of thirty feet with great ease, and many are the talks of his strength. Old native Indians say that their grandfathers have spoken of him as being old in their youth. Some of the oldest Spanish settlers in the region remember him to have been gray-haired when, seventy-five years ago, he, with about sixty or seventy other Patagonians, was induced to come and work in the copper mines. Happole says he can remember a Spanish Catholic missionary named Alondez traveling through Patagonia. It has been found that this was in the years 1748–49. The first and largest part of his life he was uncivilized, obtaining his living by the chase. It is a pretty story and there may be truth in it.

A writer in the March number of an English magazine in an article on "Lisbon" relates that Kathsa Hine Fitz-Gerald, countess of Desmond, came to her death at the ripe age of 162 by a fall from a cherry tree, where she had climbed for the fruit. She was born in 1464.

High Speed of Electricity.

It is not out of place to cast a glance into the future, in order to discern in what direction electricians are working in the domain of electric railways. One of their main objective points is to attain higher speed than is now reached by the fastest express trains, and enough has already been demonstrated to show that this is by no means impossible.

There has been for some time in operation at Laurel, Md., a system of electric railway, originally designed by David G. Weems. When it was recently inspected by the writer, with watch in hand, he noted the speed of the electric locomotive of nearly 120 miles an hour. The electric car there employed is cigar-shaped, pointed at both ends. The electric motors are constructed with a revolving armature which is mounted directly on the axle, so that no intermediate gearing whatever is employed. The curiously pointed ends of the car, which might by some be considered fantastical, have their origin in the fact that at the high speeds at which the car is run, the resistance of the air is by far the greater retarding influence, much greater, in fact, than the resistance due to the axle and rolling friction, which at lower speeds is predominant.—Joseph Wetzier, M. E. in Scripner's.

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HUNTING FOR HONEY.

How the Australians Search for the Sweet Dainty in the Forests.

The wild bee in Victoria and New South Wales is the apis mellifica of Europe and the whole civilized world, and, as in America, it has spread over a great part of the continent. On the Murray river, and in the whole of Riverina, it is especially plentiful, and there I found most honey when I went out hunting. Though it seems a mild enough pursuit, in my opinion it is the only really dangerous game to go for in the ancient land of the marsupials. One has to exercise a considerable amount of awkwardness and to display much natural stupidity to get hurt by a kangaroo; the innocent native bear is no more a real bear than it is a shark; the sneaking dingo will lie down to be killed, and, as for the fierce and formidable mosquito, man is his prey rather than the reverse. Putting scrub cattle out of court, there is hardly anything in Australia to hunt, save the bee, which can make things unpleasant for the hunter, for the snakes we usually left alone unless they came within reach of our stock whips, and for the bunyips we always regarded it as a black fellow bogey. But bees were often exciting and sometimes dangerous.

I was a new chum of six months' standing when I was first invited into the bush with a bucket and an axe to pursue the bee. It took some persuasion on the part of my mate, Bill Stewart, on the Upper Murray, to induce me to brave them in their native wilds, for I only too distinctly remembered having played the fool as a child with a bee hive, a course of proceedings which naturally had resulted in hurtshorn and the blue bag. I argued that if such were the case with the tame, domestic, civilized bee the wild one would be infinitely worse. However, after a judiciously applied series of taunts Bill induced me to shoulder the ax and take the bucket in hand, though I own I would much rather have mounted a buck jumper. It seemed better to die of a broken neck than to be stung to death.

The knowledge I possessed of the bush at the time was just sufficient to enable me to get lost on the very second day out, and it seems I was that Stewart was cruelly reckless both of his own life and mine when he plunged into the thick forest and proceeded to climb an almost inaccessible hill. By the time the sharp stumps of wattles had nearly torn the shirt off my back I was utterly exhausted. But presently we stayed under a big gum tree, perched on a slope steep as the roof of a house, and my mate informed me that it was a bee tree. He tried to persuade me that he had known of it before; but I had his assurances, not being able to believe that any man could find one particular tree in such a forest. However, we commenced cutting it down. It was the first time I ever handled an ax seriously and the amount of physical strength I expended in making an ugly, irregular gash in the bark would have sufficed an American from the forests of Michigan for a week's work. Stewart smiled grimly, and set me aside. In about an hour it was evident the tree would soon fall, and desiring to do something serious, I took up the ax again.

I had noticed a bee come down every now and again as if to inspect our proceedings, but as none of them attempted to attack me my confidence returned. I began to scorn the wild Australian bee, believing that its native ferocity had been undermined by the mild climate of its adopted country. But the tree began to shake, and a bee, evidently much disturbed in mind, flew down fiercely. It made three rapid circles round the trunk, and then, satisfied that I was undermining the constitution of the state, flew straight in my face and stung me under the eye. I dropped the ax with a yell, and went up hill like a kangaroo. As I started the tree gave a crack and yielded. It fell with a terrible crash almost on top of us, and the bees came out in a wild, excited crowd. I cannot understand why more did not attack us, but we cut the honey out of the hollow branch without more than three stings each. My face did not swell, but Stewart's right eye closed and the left one nearly disappeared with it. If he had been rendered quite blind we should have been obliged to remain until next day, for I could not have found my way home. It took me months to acquire, even in a primitive way, some kind of instinct of wild guidance.

The honey that we found was very fair quality, though it had a shades of color, from the white to the deep sunset stained remains of past years, and the acacia or wattle blossoms give it a pleasant aromatic odor.—London Field.

An Easy Job.

"Why didn't ye punch his head, Cully? I would of he'd a sassed me."

"Cos he's bigger'n me."

"Aw, go on. What dat snoozer! Why, I can do dem girl fellahs wid one changes wit a spoon. Yez kin do dem up in a jiffy."—Dansville Breeze.