

Bees and B'ars

By M. QUAD

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High up on the Cumberland mountains one autumn evening as I sat before the big fireplace in Zeb White's cabin, I asked him for a story of the mountains. He was silent for a while, and then he laughed in a shamefaced way and said:

"It's a story agin myself."
"That's all right."
"It happened a long time ago."
"It will be just as good."
"Waal," he started in, "one Sunday mornin' arter breakfast the old woman looks at me sorter queer and says:

"Zeb, you know that's a camp meetin' agin you at Buckner's grove?"
"Mebbe I do," says I.
"They are havin' a powerful time I hear."
"Glad on it."
"Zeb, we'll take a walk over to that camp meetin' as soon as I git the dishes washed up, and we won't come back home till night."
"It would be time throwed away."
"But we's gwine right along jest the same," she says.

"It was jest the season to watch wild bees and line 'em to a tree," explained Zeb, "and I sgered up puttin' in the day at that. I told the old woman so and asked her to go on alone, and she turned on me with:

"Zeb White, if yo' reckon to cheat the Lawd and come out all right yo'll git left. Nobody ever did it in all this world. If yo' steal his day sunthin' will shorly happen to yo'."
"But we want honey in the fall, don't we?" says I.
"What's the good of honey if yo' lose yo' soul?"
"Nobody's gwine to lose his soul on account of huntin' up a bee tree."
"Mebbe not. Mebbe he'll jest claw his neck or leg or wildcats will draw him up or the b'ars roll him about. The Bible tells about the fate of the stiff necked and obstinate, but yo' won't heed it. Jest go right along arter yo' wild honey, Zeb. White, and I'll go to the camp meetin' by myself. I reckon yo'll find out the power of Providence befo' sundown."

"She went away without another word to me, and fur half an hour I was a good mind to faller on. I didn't feel right about it 'till, and my old dawg slunk away from me as if he was ashamed of his master. I didn't want to give in, however, and bimsy I set the dash and stroled off to look fur bees. I was makin' fur a place about two miles away, but befo' I reached it I stopped to look at a big chestnut tree with a hollow in it. That hollow was big 'nuff fur men to stand in, and I was lookin' in and wonderin' why I had never seen the tree befo' when I heard sunthin' movin' behind me. I wheeled about, and there was a whoppin' big b'ar seekin' up on me. I could tell by the looks of his eyes that he meant business, and I was no use to try to bluff him. One jump carried me into the hollow, and he rushed and jest missed me. I had no gun, but I did have my knife along, and when the b'ar tried to fuller me into the tree I slashed him fo' or five times. He was no fool. He seen I had the advantage, and he jest backed off and set down to wait. I kept purty quiet fur an hour, thinkin' he'd git discouraged and go away, but he had oth'ers on his mind. When I stuck my hand out and waved my arms and yelled at him he growled a few times, but he didn't come nigher.

"It was plain that I was in a bad way," continued the old hunter, "but I didn't see what I could do about it. I was in the hollow, and the b'ar was outside, and there was no show fur me to come out until he went away. It cum sundown, and it cum night, and he was still there. I saw I was in fur all night, and I went to sleep. I woke up once and saw his eyes shinin', but he let me alone. I woke soon arter daylight and he was still there. Not to worry you with perteklers, I passed two nights and two days and a half in that tree, and at last I'd hev given my left arm fur a drink of spring water, to say nothin' about my hunger. I was no longer a match fur the b'ar. I was weak and flighty, and he'd hev a big advantage over me. However, I was tryin' to work up my courage to crawl out and do the best and best I could with when Abe Holden, who was lookin' fur his lost mawl, cum that way, and the varmint made a sneak. My voice wasn't much stronger than a baby's, but I managed to make Abe hear, and he pulled me out and helped me home. The old woman sot on the doorstep singin' a hymn, and as we bum up she looks at Abe and says:

"'Good evenin', Mr. Holden. Kin I take it that yo' old woman is peart?"
"Fairly peart, fairly peart. Mrs. White," he replied.
"And yo' peart to hev a stranger with you, she goes on.
"No, ma'am. It's Zeb, yo' old man."
"Indeed! The last I saw of my old man he was gwine out to find a bee tree. Did he find it?"
"Yes."
"And a b'ar?"
"Yes? And what does he think about cheatin' the Lawd over his Sunday?"
"He'll never do it agin, ma'am, and as I'm in a smart hurry yo'll excuse me if I pass on."
"He passed on," said Zeb, with a sorrowful smile, "and the old woman made me some chicken broth and tucked me into bed."

An Unromantic Love Story

By SADE OLCOTT

Ahead the great ship, the silence of the night, the stars, the moon, the sea, the boats had either been stove in against the ship's side or swamped in the attempt to lower. A stalwart passenger stole up to the captain's side.

"Do you think, sir," he asked, "that there is the slightest chance of our being saved?"
"Look here," said the skipper in tones of disgust, "that's the sixth time you've asked me that question. Why, you great scabby brute, I believe you're the biggest coward aboard!"
"A-a!" No, I'm not," protested the party one. "But, look here. You see that old duffer standing by the rail? Well, he's my rich uncle, and all my life I've had to put up with his rascally rascality. But if the ship's rotting down and there's no hope, I'd like time to give him one good round belting to square the little account I owe him!"

Just then a rescue ship appeared on the scene, and above the joyful shout of the rescued, the voice of the old man by the rail was heard, commanding his dutiful nephew to fetch his hot water bottle from his waterlogged stateroom.

Gallant Claude Duval.
Claude Duval, the gallant robber of men's purses and ladies' hearts, was of French extraction. Duval became so rich with his ill gotten gains that he was enabled to retire from the profession and return to France. But a quiet life, free from the excitement of his old career, did not agree with his adventurous spirit. He returned again to England and resumed his avocation. At length he was captured at the Hole in the Wall, in Chandos street.

While in prison awaiting his doom many ladies of position visited him and endeavored to obtain his release, but justice was inexorable, and he was hanged at Tyburn in January, 1670. His epitaph in St. Paul's church, Covent Garden, speaks of him as "Old Tyburn's glory, England's illustrious thief," and tells us:

Here lies Duval, Reader, if male thou art,
Look to thy purse, if female 's thy heart,
Musk have, no nary-steady-of-both.

Inverted Trees.
A foreign railway company has solved the plan of getting road shade trees in a short time, though they may be small. The trees are so arranged that after two years' time they will give as much shade as trees in the ordinary way of setting out would give. The company gets a small elm tree preferably, digging this roots and all from the ground. The tree then is set the top part being set into the ground, and the roots are left in the air. The tree then grows, forms roots on what originally was the top of a tree, and the original roots that now take the place of the branches begin to rot and form a complete foliage very quickly. Beautiful specimens of such inverted trees in Kensington gardens, London.—New York Press.

The Discovery of Iron.
The stone age, bronze age and iron age so overlap one another it is impossible to say just when one begins or ends. Men began to use both bronze and iron long before stone had ceased to be used. In fact, America was in the stone age so late as its discovery by Columbus 400 years ago. It is safe to say that history proper and the iron age were born together anywhere from 8000 to 10000 years ago. It is more than likely that man gained their first information concerning the properties of iron through experiments with the pieces of it that had fallen from the sky in the shape of meteors.

Our Names Lack Color.
At an early period, and indeed well toward the beginning of modern history, proper names told something as to paternity, occupation and habitation. Today they are quite colorless. A new Olympian would no longer be Laertes, No Peter indicates that he is the son of Paul. A Carpenter or a Weaver is likely to be a lily fingered stockbroker. Even the place names have pretty much disappeared, except in the case of nobility.—London Globe.

Edwin Thorpe had been brought up with his cousin Helen, Wilton's, the daughter of his mother's brother, who had been taken into the Thorpe family when she became an orphan. When the two were grown Mrs. Thorpe was then a widow, was possessed of a fortune. One day, when her son was about to start on a tour she said to him:

"It is time, Ned, that I should take thought as to the disposition of my property, who left it to me, expecting that I would leave it to you. Helen has been brought up as one of our family, and I would like to divide it between you, but I feel it incumbent upon me to leave it all to you. There is a way, however, by which you could relieve me of the embarrassment."
"How is that, mother?"
"By winning her for your wife."

Ned Thorpe had never thought of his cousin in this light. Both sexes seem to prefer to mate with some one they know nothing about than one they know all about. This is a requisite of romance. At any rate, without knowing it, this was exactly the view he took of the matter. From a boy he had had his dreams of some beautiful girl whom he should find in a bower of roses, who should greet him with a blush and a smile and after he had told his story should confess that she had been dreaming about his counterpart since she was a child.

For this reason he received his mother's announcement coldly. He was very fond of his cousin, whom he had regarded rather as a companion than a future wife, but his mother's suggestion was rather too businesslike to commend itself to one who had had such romantic dreams of the girl he should love not only on earth but through eternity. So he told his mother that he would think about it and nothing would give him greater satisfaction than to meet her wishes.

It was now six months, during which the lady of the bower of roses did not appear. The girl he met were all flesh and blood of an ordinary texture, some of them possessing unattractive traits and some of them being positively disagreeable. The only person he saw during his tour, it is true, he first saw in a bower of roses, but she arose therefrom in a dress cut very low above and very high beneath, and prouletted out toward the footlights before an audience of a thousand persons. His imagination was captivated, but not his common sense.

At last he returned to his home, thinking that, since he would please his mother by marrying his cousin and he had tired of waiting for the lady in the bower of roses to appear, he would consent to his mother's plan. Indeed, he admitted that it was a good plan. He did not like the idea of taking all the family property to himself, and he didn't like dividing them between himself and some one else. He much preferred that it should be Helen's as well as his own.

Helen had improved during his absence, having passed out of what to some girls is an awkward age. She received him with the accustomed welcome, and his resolution received a new impetus. As soon as he was alone, with his mother he said:

"Mother, I've come home with the intention of acceding to your wishes in the matter you spoke about to me just before I went away."
"What matter?"
"Why, in reference to Helen and I inheriting the family fortune as one."
"Oh, I remember, now you speak of it. That plan fell through immediately after you left us. I broached it to Helen, and she said that on no account would she accept an inheritance that your father had accumulated and intended should go at my death to his son. She is now studying to be a teacher. But she won't have to teach."
"Why not?" asks the young man, taken quite aback by the turn in the affair.
"Well, a certain man is attentive to her whom it is supposed she will marry."
"Supposed? Don't you know?" exclaimed Thorpe, getting up from his seat, thrusting his hands into his pockets and striding back and forth on the floor.
"Only Helen knows, my dear boy. But what means this change in you? When I proposed this union you did not appear to fancy it."
"Well, suppose I didn't. I've got my mind made up to it, and now I find I've made it up for nothing. It isn't treating a fellow right."
Mrs. Thorpe was looking at him out of a corner of her eye. She did not seem at all hurt at his utterances. On the contrary, she seemed to be endeavoring to conceal satisfaction.

HOW SHE SOLVED IT

By EDITH V. BROWN

The business of business is a matter of the world has been for some time past monopoly in London. The chief center of the industry is in the great city of London. The gathering of the number now on throughout the year, but it is not profitable at the time of the industrial revolution, when the whole and the whole there it is a matter of the world has been for some time past monopoly in London.

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Long Arm of Coincidence.
An amusing story from the suburbs concerns a householder who recently bought two theater tickets for his wife and himself, but inadvertently invited another married couple to spend the evening at his home. When the tickets were discovered it was decided to keep the tickets for another friend rather than ask the expected guests to come as a subsequent evening. But the man to whom the tickets were given was called out of town, and he in turn hurriedly handed them over to a near neighbor, suggesting the latter should take his wife to the play. Now, this is where the long arm of coincidence comes in. The near neighbor and his wife were the invited guests of the purchaser of the tickets. They thought it would be a pity to keep the chance of such a fine dramatic treat, and, not knowing the true origin of the tickets, they wrote a note explaining the situation and used the two seats which their hosts had meant for themselves.—Chicago News.

Change His Wife's Name.
He (name) in the club house—the youngest member—and was scarcely recognized, but he was clean shaven. We had known him with a mustache, with curly hair, with an imperial and with several other changes on the rheumatism, chin and lip. But the clean shaven man was a wonder for a few moments—until some one said, "Yes, that is he!" And the young man with the clean face confessed his identity. And he explained the reason for the change.

"I don't mind shaving," said the young man, "and I don't mind having my hair cut now and then. But what I really object to is having to put up every morning and looking at the same silly face in the glass. I'm going to alter it now and then I've an excellent scheme that will rather surprise you. You can change your face every three months and enjoy the fun in the looking-glass."—London Graphic.

A School Coinage.
It is not a generally known fact that the Blackout school Christ's hospital once possessed a coinage of its own. At that time the coin of the realm could not be had at the hospital. Before he could buy anything in the "cash shop" a new boy had to get one of the hospital boys who were the school money changers, to change his shillings and pence into "house money," as it was called. This was made of copper, and bore some resemblance to shillings, but their value stamped on them. These curious coins are now kept in the museum, and any are for sale.—London Globe.

Meeting Requirements.
A woman buying groceries was annoyed by the whistling of the clerk who waited on her. She complained to the proprietor about it, and after she had gone that worthy gazed with a sort of shaking frown on the boy and inquired why he had been so rude.

"Didn't you tell me the other day if I sold that lady anything on time I'd have to whistle before I got my money?" inquired the clerk, who felt sure of his ground.—Indianaapolis News.

Out of Place.
A sentry, an Irishman, was on post duty for the first time at night when the officer of the day approached. He called, "Who comes there?"
"Officer of the day," was the reply.
"That's what you're doing out at night?" asked the sentry.—Rural Life.

"Good gracious! What makes you look like that? Has anything happened?"
"Well, I had my portrait painted recently by an impressionist, and I'm trying to look like it."—Pittsburgh Courier.

Careful Mr. Smith.
Dr. Phil answered former patient Ah, good morning, Mr. Smith! How are you feeling this morning? Mr. Smith—Doctor, does it cost anything to tell you?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Too Big a Lead.
"Where have you been?"
"Stopped at cafe to get a drink."
"John, you haven't got as bad as that at a cafe. You've been to a brewery?"—London Opinion.

Only Then.
"Does your husband sneeze in his sleep, madam?"
"Oh, doctor, I have never noticed him sneezing at any other time."—Philadelphia American.

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