

THE STORY TELLER

MOTHER.

How many buttons are missing to-day?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many playthings are strewn in her way?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many thimbles and spools has she missed?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many burns on each fat little fist?
How many bumps to be cuddled and kissed?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many hats has she hunted to-day?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many ribbons for each little maid?
How, for her care, can a mother be paid?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many muddy shoes all in a row?
How many stockings to darn, do you know?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many little, torn aprons to mend?
How many hours of toil must she spend?
What is the time when her day's work will end?
Nobody knows but mother.
—F. H. Sweet, in Farm Journal.

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 Ontario.

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 until 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 15 hives that year we sold \$125 worth of beautiful comb-honey.

We had now more than 100 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 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 15 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, thus 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 the defenders.

I think that I never saw bees so infuriated. They attacked us in clouds when we approached, clustered against the veils, flew into the burning smokers, tried to crawl up our sleeves and trouser-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 grass, 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 but little. All he knew that on rising that morning he had found the hives wrecked, and had rushed on his bicycle to telegraph 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 the thin section-boxes looked as if they had been chewed. I already suspected the identity of the robber, and when I found long 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 therabouts, but we had never tried to find either. But now that Bruin had found us, it was quite certain that he would return to renew so sweet an acquaintance.

Lancaster had a double-barrelled 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 wait 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 wretchedly 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, I 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 my brain cleared, I recognized the shuffling gait and the 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 five after-hive, till he seemed to find one that pleased him, when he reared up and clawed off the three supers with an easy jesture.

This sight must have wrung Lancaster's heart, for he jumped up and let fly one barrel of his shotgun. The range was about 50 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 moan, 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 out the side of the next hive, whereupon he began to belabor the struggling animal 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 fore foot, but still displayed such agility that my fellow apiarist had all he could do to maintain his head.

Our cleared space was only about 50 yards square; Lancaster apparently had his heart set on a large black-corned 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 was stung on the cheek as I clambered up, and I saw Lancaster wildly fanning the air with his hands, but for the moment I was concerned to get my legs up out of danger. I was obliged to drop the rifle, but 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 the 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 sores 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 falling.

"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 fighting the bees. We could only cower and wait for the stings.

"I simply can't stand this!" wailed poor Lancaster, five minutes later; and the next moment he eld 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.

It Helped Business.

An amusing tale comes from Konigsberg. A Russian lady, while looking at the goods in a certain shop, chanced to see a Japanese saucer, which she took up and fung to the ground, saying: "So may the cursed Japanese be treated." The shop assistant quietly picked up the pieces and, after wrapping them in paper, handed them to the lady, telling her that payment was expected for them. Much excited, the Russian once more fung the china to the floor, this time shouting: "And so may the Germans be treated." This was too much for the patriotic German saleswoman to stand, and she replied by dealing the lady a smart box on the ear, saying: "And may the Russians ever thus be served." Great excitement ensued, and the trade done by the shop has been much increased by the good Konigsberger's desire to see and admire their patriotic fellow citizen.—Chicago Daily News.

The Prince and the Judge.

The late Sir Robert Wright, or Mr. Justice Wright, as he was perhaps better known, wore garments of the bucolic pattern when in the country. It is related that the Prince of Wales was once out with a shooting party, of which Sir Robert was one. The judge wore his usual farmer-like costume, and his pipe was in full blast. The prince entered into a conversation which continued for some minutes. At the close his royal highness went up to the host, and asked: "Where did you pick up that extremely intelligent gamekeeper with whom I have just been speaking?"—Smith's Weekly.

IN TROUBLE AGAIN.



Pop—Let's have an election celebration, Eddie. You hold it—



"And I'll fight it."



Faithful Fido—Hooray! I'll shake it for you!



"What's the matter, now? They don't seem to enjoy it!"

BELIEVES IN DUELLING.

Citizen of New Orleans insists that the Code is Thoroughly Honorable.

"I was thinking," said a New Orleans citizen, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat; "I was thinking of what a great thing the duel is—how romantic, how poetical, how honorable! Ha, may the day of the duel never pass! It shall never pass, according to my humble thinking, as long as we have truly good men in this world. I know that it is against the law to engage in a duel, and the law prohibiting it may be good in so far as it prevents ignorant and foolishly impulsive men from inviting uncalled and unnecessary disaster.

"Of course, it is in violation of the law of the land to fight in any manner, yet we cannot but admit that there is often excuse and justification for a fight. What better manner of fight than the duel? I speak of duels among truly brave men. It puts both men on the same footing, gives each the same advantages. One man is insulted at a dance or other social event and he slaps the aggressor in the face with his glove. Nothing exceeding violent happens for further things are settled. The next day or a few days afterward the men meet on the field of battle. Neither of the men takes advantage of the other until the time of the duel comes; on the contrary, the men shake hands.

Shaking hands is probably the most appropriate thing the men can do; for why not shake hands with the man you are about to kill, or who is about to kill you, on the field of honor? If you are going to kill him, certainly it is bad enough that it has been so decreed, and it is better to keep silent when the poor fellow's soul is flying to eternity; and if he is going to kill you, then die without very bad feelings toward him, if you can do this. Now, I am not a man who believes in bringing about a duel upon a slight provocation; for a duel is a very serious thing and often ends sadly. Duels have brought about the deaths of men of many families, and have brought retribution to many, particularly unnecessary duels, brought on by men whose foolish dreams transported them to fields of artificial honor.

But duels among truly honorable men are, I repeat, to be justified. And I want to add that I do not think laws can prevent duels any more than laws can prevent other fights. It seems as though every man likes duels, anyhow. Read a novel, and much avidity overtakes you when you come across a duel in the moonlight. How you strain your eyes and ears, catching every moment, listening to every word! Sir, you cannot deny it, you like the duel."

Pleasure of Old Age.

Free from the distractions of life, the aged are at leisure to observe and admire. "I never knew," said Cornaro, "that the world was beautiful until I reached old age." This period was frequently declared by him to be the most beautiful of his life. Writing at the age of 91, he said that he felt it his duty to make known to the world that man could attain an earthly paradise after the age of 80; but only by means of the two virtues, self-restraint and temperance. At that time he was writing eight hours a day, walking and singing many other hours, enjoying the beauties of nature, and abundant in labors for the good of mankind.—Good Health.

Not Fit for Publication.

"New, Tommy," said the teacher, "what is this word I have written on the board—s-l-o-w?"
"Dunno."
"Oh, yes you do—think. What does your papa call you when you go on an errand and don't get back for a long time?"
"You'd lick me if I told yer, ma'am."
—Cleveland Leader.

CZAR IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

Instances of His Cruelty Which Are Without Parallel in World's History.

Some of the reasons why Ivan, czar of Russia, was called "the Terrible" have been retold by K. Walliszewski in his recent book, says the Chicago Daily News. Persons who displeased him he would saw asunder by the constant rubbing of a rope round the waist, or sprinkle alternately with ice-cold and boiling water. He marked his sense of a bad jest by deluging the perpetrator with boiling soup and then running him through with a knife. He rebuked an unmannerly envoy by summoning a carpenter and ordering him to nail the man's hat on his head. There were also wholesale orgies, as at the punishment of Novgorod, when he had a hundred persons roasted over a slow fire by a new and ingenious process and then run down on sledges into the river to be drowned. At Moscow the czar had a disappointment. There was to be a great execution of 300 victims who had already been tortured to the last extremity and loyal subjects had been summoned to the function. "To Ivan's astonishment the great square was empty. The instruments of torture that stood ready—the stoves and red-hot pincers and iron claws and needles, the cords, the great coppers full of boiling water—had failed to attract this time.

"But there had been too much of this sort of thing lately, and the executioners were growing too long armed. Every man sought to hide deeper than his neighbor. The czar had to send reassuring messages all over the town: 'Come along! Don't be afraid! Nobody will be hurt!' At last, out of cellars and garrets the necessary spectators were tempted forth, and forthwith Ivan, in-exhaustible and quite unabashed, began a lengthy speech. Could he do less than punish the traitors? But he had promised to be merciful, and he would keep his word! Out of the 300 who had been sentenced 180 should have their lives! Torture and execution were, however, in the case of Ivan very much more than the mere instruments of barbaric justice. They were his recreation and delight. As a boy his amusement was to throw dogs down from the top of one of the castle terraces and watch their dying agonies. As a man he used to go the round of the torture chambers after dinner. One of his first crimes was the execution of his earliest friend, Feodore Vorontsov; one of his last was the murder of his own son.

According to Walliszewski, it was the recognized thing in Russia for the upper dog to make things as uncomfortable for the under dog as knouts and slow fires could make them. So "the Terrible" only talked to his subjects in the language they could most readily understand. Ivan was by no means unpopular with the people. In many ways he was an enlightened and progressive monarch. He took the first steps toward the founding of Russia's great eastern empire; he made more or less successful attempts toward political and legal reform, and he had a certain gift of leadership and instinct of statesmanship which he used to best advantage. Personally he was a coward, as was shown at the siege of Kasan, where he kept dilligently to his devotions in spite of the repeated entreaties of his men to come and help them.

A Bad Aim.

Bilkins—Yes, sir, I was fired from the circus without a cent of pay and not even a recommendation!
Friend—What part did you take in the performance?
"I've been playing the human frog."
"H'm! You must have made an awful bad jump, to have landed so completely in the soup."
—Detroit Free Press.

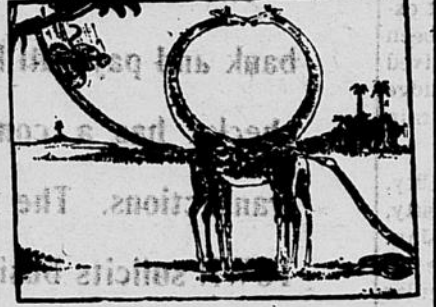
Freack Turtle.

One of the strangest freaks discovered of late was a turtle with an oyster growing on its back. The turtle was taken by a gill netter in the Choctawhatchee river.—Detroit Free Press.

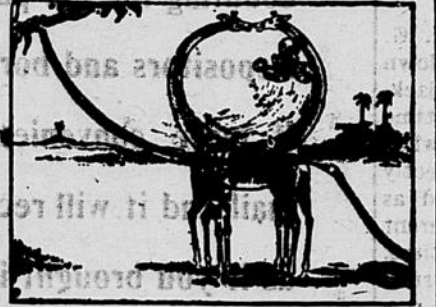
Queer Fact About Wires.

Telegraph wires will last for 40 years near the seashore. In the manufacturing districts the same wires last only ten years, and even less.

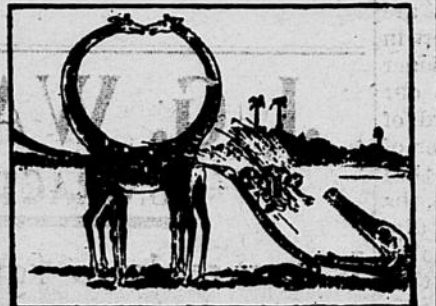
LOOPING THE LOOP.



(1) He Got Round—



(2) The Giraffes, But—



(3) Couldn't Square the Alligator.

THREE YEARS AFTER.

Eugene E. Lario, of 751 Twentieth avenue, ticket seller in the Union Station, Denver, Col., says: "You are at liberty to repeat what I first stated through our Denver papers about Doan's Kidney Pills in the summer of 1899, for I have had no reason in the interim to change my opinion of the remedy. I was subject to severe attacks of backache, always aggravated if I sat long at a desk. Doan's Kidney Pills absolutely stopped my backache. I have never had a pain or a twinge since."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

ALWAYS CALL FOR A CIGAR BY ITS NAME

"CREMO"

MEANS MORE THAN ANY OTHER NAME

BROWN BANDS GOOD FOR PRESENTS

"Largest Seller in the World."

RECENTLY RELATED.

They were on a golf course not far from Glasgow. "A splendid stroke! Caddie, did you follow that ball?" said the player who had just driven. "Now, sir," replied the caddie, "but I think that gentleman w' the red coat can tell you where it struck. I see him feelin' his head."

It is told that while John Sharp Williams was speaking in Mississippi a man in the audience cried: "I've been robbed by pickpockets!" "I did not suspect there were any republicans present," said Mr. Williams, amid great laughter. "There ain't," cried the victim. "I'm the only one!"

Lord Erskine, when chief justice of England, presided once at the Chelmsford assizes, when a case of breach of promise of marriage was tried before him in which a Miss Tickell was plaintiff. The counsel was a pompous young man named Stanton, who opened the case with solemn emphasis thus: "Tickell, the plaintiff, my lord." Erskine dryly interrupted him with: "Oh, tickle her yourself, Mr. Stanton. It would be unbecoming to my position."

Senator Stockbridge, of Michigan, often told a story of a very rich lumberman who came to congress from the lake region and rented the furnished house which belonged to a senator whose term had recently expired. The house was a palace and was completely furnished, all except the library, for the senator had taken his books with him. True to the instincts of a lifetime of carefulness, the lumberman-congressman surveyed the library, then accurately measured the empty shelves and telegraphed a prominent house in Chicago: "Send me at once 216 running feet of books." That was his idea of furnishing a library.

WHEN WOMAN ENVIES MAN.

When he gives his hair a neat brush and his coiffure is complete.

When he doesn't have to kiss his sworn enemy, and tell him how sweet he looks.

When the children cry and he can whistle a tune, get his hat, bang the door, and go out.

When he trips up the street ahead of her on a rainy day with his trousers jauntily turned up and no skirts to carry.

When he doesn't have to twist his arms to hook his bodies up the back or drag six superfluous yards of dress goods behind him—and do it gracefully, too.

HABIT'S CHAIN.

Certain Habits Unconsciously Formed and Hard to Break.

An ingenious philosopher estimates that the amount of will power necessary to break a life-long habit would, if it could be transformed, lift a weight of many tons.

It sometimes requires a higher degree of heroism to break the chains of a pernicious habit than to lead a forlorn hope in a bloody battle. A lady writes from an Indiana town:

"From my earliest childhood I was a lover of coffee. Before I was out of my teens I was a miserable dyspeptic, suffering terribly at times with my stomach.

"I was convinced that it was coffee that was causing the trouble and I could not deny myself a cup of breakfast. At the age of 36 I was in very poor health, indeed. My Sister told me I was in danger of becoming a coffee drunkard.

"But I never could give up drinking coffee for breakfast although it kept me constantly ill, until I tried Postum. I learned to make it properly according to directions, and now we can hardly do without Postum for breakfast, and care nothing at all for coffee. "I am no longer troubled with dyspepsia, do not have spells of suffering with my stomach that used to trouble me so when I drank coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."