

HIS NEIGHBOR'S BEES.

It was a still, frosty evening in October, with the moon just old enough to cast a ruddy light on the leaf carpeted path, and the ancient stone wall, all brodered over with lichens and moss. The air was instinct with sweet aromatic scents, and one red light burned like a beacon star in the cottage window on the hill.

"Look!" said Fleda Fenwick, "Mamma has lighted the lamp! It's high time we were home."

"And you haven't said yes!" mournfully uttered Jack Trevelyn.

"And don't mean to say yes."

Jack seated himself on the stone wall just where the bars had been taken down. He was a handsome, sunburned fellow, with sparkling black eyes, and a rich dark complexion, as if in his far back ancestry there had been some olive browed Spaniard. Fleda leaned against the bars, the moon turning her fair hair to gold, and lingering like blue sparks in the depths of her laughing eyes. If ever opposites existed in nature, they existed there and then.

"I've a great mind to go away to sea," said Jack, slowly and vengefully.

"Do," saucily retorted Fleda.

"And never come back again!"

"Oh, Jack!"

"The idea," he cried, raising both hands as if to invoke the fair moon hers if by way of audience, "of a girl refusing to be married simply because she hasn't got some particular sort of a wedding gown to stand up in."

"If I can't be married like other girls, I won't be married at all," declared Fleda, compressing her rosy lips.

"The idea of keeping a man waiting for that!" groaned Jack.

"It won't be long," coaxed Fleda.

"But, look here, Fleda, why can't we go quietly to church and be married any day, and get the gown afterward, pleaded Jack.

"But, Jack, it wouldn't be the same thing at all. A girl gets married but once in her life, and she wants to look decent then."

"My own darling, you would look an angel in anything."

"Now, quit that, Jack!" laughed Fleda. "That is what my school children call 'taffy.'"

"I hate your school children," said Jack venomously. "I hate your school, I despise the trustees, and I should like to see the building burn down. Then you would have to come to me."

"No, I shouldn't," averred Fleda. "I should 'ake in millinery and dressmaking until I had earned enough for the white silk dress. I never would—Oh Jack! Who's that?"

"A tramp! I'll soon settle him with my blackthorn!" cried Trevelyn, springing up.

"No, don't," whispered Fleda, shrink close to him; "it's Mingden. He's on his own premises; these woods belong to him. It's we that are trespassers; wait! Stand still until he has gone by. He's very near sighted and he will never see us!"

"And who," breathed Jack, as a stout, elderly person trotted slowly across the path of moonlight and vanished behind the stiff laurel hedge, "is Mr. Mingden?"

"Don't you know? Our neighbor. The new gentleman who has bought Smoke Hall."

"The old cove who is always quarreling with you?"

"Yes; the man who hates bees so intolerably, and wants mamma to take away all those lovely hives, down by the south fence. He says he can't take his constitutional in peace because he's always afraid of being stung."

"Why don't he take it somewhere else, then?"

"That's the very question," said Fleda.

"Mingden, eh? I believe he must be Harry Mingden's uncle—it's not such a very common name," said Jack, reflectively. "And Harry's my college chum and I am going to ask him to be my best man at the wedding."

"Oh, Jack! I hope he isn't as disagreeable as his uncle!" cried Fleda.

"He's a trump."

"Besides, I don't believe his uncle will let him come," added the girl.

"Not let him come? Why shouldn't he?"

"Because he hates me so."

"On account of the bees?"

"It's regular Montague and Capulet business, is it, eh?"

"Rather so, I'm afraid," sighed Fleda.

"But, I say, Fleda," cried the young man, "this complicates matters. I promised to go and see Harry Mingden when I was down here."

"Go and see him, then, but don't mention the name of Fenwick for your life."

"Indeed I shall. Isn't it the name of all others in which I take the most pride?"

"Oh, Jack, you will only make more trouble! It'll be worse than the bees. Promise me Jack, or I'll never, never speak to you again."

And Jack had to promise, after some unwilling fashion.

Mrs. Fenwick, a pretty, faded little widow, was full charged with indignation when Fleda returned from her stroll in the woods.

"Mamma, what is the matter?" said Fleda.

"One of the hives was tipped over tonight," sobbed Mrs. Fenwick; "and I'm sure he did it."

"It was the wind, mamma."

"No wind ever did that, Fleda. But I set it up again. I will never, never sacrifice my apiary to his absurd prejudices."

"Dear mamma, if you would only have the hives moved to the other side of the garden!" pleaded Fleda caressingly.

"And sacrifice a question of principle! Never!" declared the widow.

Mrs. Fenwick, ordinarily the most amiable of women, was aroused on this subject to an obstinacy which could only be characterized as vindictive. And Mr. Ezra Mingden was ten times as bad as his neighbor.

"That woman is a dragoness. Hal," he said to his nephew, "she keeps those bees simply to annoy me. I hate bees. Bees hate me. Every time I walk there I get stung."

"But, uncle you shouldn't brandish your cane about so," reasoned Harry.

"It's sure to enrage 'em."

"I don't brandish it on the woman's side of the fence. If her abominable buzzing insects persist in trespassing in my garden am I not bound to protect myself?" sputtered Mr. Mingden.

"Can't you walk somewhere else?"

"Can't she put her bees somewhere else?"

"But, uncle, all this seems such a trivial affair."

"Trivial, indeed! If you'd been stung on your nose and your ear and your eye lids and everywhere else, would you call it trivial? I never eat honey, and have always considered bees to be an absurdly overated section of entomology. What business have her bees to be devouring all my flowers? How would she like it herself?"

Harry Mingden smiled to see the degree of fury to which the old gentleman was gradually working himself up. He was already in Jack Trevelyn's confidence, and thus, to a certain extent, enjoyed the unusual opportunity of seeing both sides of the question.

"Look here, sir," said he: "did you ever hear of the doctrine of similar similibus curantur?"

"No," said Mr. Mingden.

"Why don't you set up a colony of beehives yourself? If her bees ride your flowers let yours go a foraging in her garden. Let her see, as you suggest, how she would like it herself. Put a row of hives as close to your side of the fence as you can get it. If they fight, let 'em fight. Bees are an uncommonly warlike race, I'm told. If they agree, what's to prevent 'em from bringing half the honey into your hives?"

"By Jove, said Mr. Mingden, starting to his feet. "I never thought of that. I'll do it! I wonder where the duce they sell bees. There isn't a moment to be lost."

"I think I know of a place where I can buy half a dozen hives," said Harry.

"The gentleman wants to buy some bees," said Fleda. "Dear mamma, do sell yours; we can easily get all the honey we want—"

"But I've kept bees all my life," said Mrs. Fenwick, piteously.

"Yes, but they're such a care, mamma, now that you are no longer young, and you are hardly able to look after them in swarming time, and she (dared not allude to the trouble they were making in neighborly relations, but glided swiftly on to the next vantage point) "it will be just exactly the money I want to finish the sum for my wedding dress."

Mrs. Fenwick's face softened; she kissed Fleda's carmine cheek, with a deep sigh.

"For your sake, then, darling," said she, "but I wouldn't for the world have Mr. Mingden think that I would concede a single inch to—"

"I don't know that it is any of Mr. Mingden's business," said Fleda quietly.

The next day Mr. Mingden trotted down to look at his new possessions.

"Too bad that Harry had a chance to see how the bee hives looked in their place," soliloquized he. "A capital idea, that of his, 'Similia similibus curantur,' ha, ha, ha! Well, I guess it will be pretty much that! I wonder what the old lady will say when she sees the opposition apiary! Won't she be furious! Ha, ha, ha!"

He adjusted his spectacles as he hastened down toward the sunny south walk which heretofore had been the battle ground. There was a row of square white hives on his side of the fence—but lo! and behold! the bench that had extended on the other side was vacant and deserted!

"Why!" he exclaimed, coming to an abrupt standstill. "What has she done with her bees?"

"Sold 'em all to you, sir," said Jacob, the gardener. "And a fine lot they be! And not an unreasonable price neither. Mr. Harry looked arter that himself."

"I hope you'll be very kind to them, sir!" uttered a soft, pleading little voice, and Fleda Fenwick's golden head appeared just above the pickets of the fence. "And I never knew till just now who bought them."

"Humph!" said Mr. Mingden.

"But, I hope, after this," kindly added Fleda, "that we shall never have any more trouble—as neighbors, I

mean. It has made me very unhappy and—"

The blue eyes, the faltering voice melted the old gentleman at last.

"Then don't let it make you unhappy any longer, my dear," said he, reaching over the picket fence to shake hands with the pretty special pleader. "Hang the bees! After all, what difference does it make which side of the fence they're on? So you're the little school teacher, are you? I'm blessed, if I don't wish I was young enough to go to school to you myself!"

Fleda ran back to the house in secret glee.

"I do believe," she thought, "the Montague and Capulet feud is healed at last! And I do believe (knitting her blonde brows) that Jack told young Mingden all about the bees and that is the solution of the mystery!"

But that evening there came a present of white grapes from the Mingden greenhouse to Mrs. Fenwick, with the old gentleman's card.

"He must have been very much pleased to get the bees," thought the old lady. "If I had only known he liked bees I should have thought very differently of him. All this shows how slow we should be to believe servants' gossip and neighborhood tattle. If I had known he was the purchaser I should have declined to negotiate; but perhaps, everything has happened for the best."

Jack Trevelyn thought so when he stood up in the village church a fortnight from that time beside a fair vision in glittering white silk and a veil that was like crystallized frostwork.

And the strangest part of all was that Mr. Mingden was there to give the bride away.

"I take all the credit to myself," mischievously whispered Harry Mingden the "best man." "But I'm afraid it is easier to set machinery in motion than stop it afterwards! And it's just possible that I may have an aunt-in-law yet."

"Stranger things have happened," said the bridegroom.

The Origin of the Mafia.

Crime-stained as it is today, and ghastly with murder every step of its tortuous secret career, the "Mafia" sprang into being from an inspiration of patriotism; but its very birth was heralded by a libation of blood.

The "Mafia" society is over six hundred years old, having its original at the revolt of Palermo, which took place during an Easter ceremonial in the suburbs of that city in the year 1282. A beautiful young girl and her betrothed, in accordance with quaint and primitive customs of that people approached the Church of the Holy Ghost to be united in marriage at its altar; and while the lover sought the venerable padre in the little room at the rear of the building, his bride paused upon its threshold.

As she stood, expectant—grateful as a fawn, fair as a dream, her innocent heart throbbing with its new born happiness—a drunken sergeant of the French garrison, Druet by name, strode up behind her and threw his arm about her waist. With a cry of horror the poor child tore herself from his polluting grasp and turned to fly, but the heel of her dainty slipper caught in the coping of the stone pavement and she fell, striking her head against a sharp projection of the church cornice.

At the instant the returning lover's eyes fell upon his beautiful fiancée—lying lifeless, her white brow gaped with its cruel wound, her long tresses dabbled with her blood. With the savage fury of a wild beast he threw himself upon Druet, bore him to the earth, and drove his stiletto to the wretch's heart, crying, "Morte alla Francia!"

"Death to the French!" There was a moment, a pause of silence, and then that maddened cry became the roar of infuriated thousands. It swelled and deepened; it took more solemn meaning—became nationalized—and then burst forth, "Morte alla Francia Italia anela!" Death to the French is Italy's cry! For seventy-two hours armed bands, headed by the father and betrothed of the hapless girl, hunted the hated French, and their search was as the quest of the tiger and blood-hound.

But retribution was to come after this carnival of blood, and in dread of the French nation these unhappy people formed themselves into secret organizations with the password and name of the society, made up of the initial letters of the words which compose that fateful death cry, thus forming "Mafia." Its object was resistance to oppression, and at the lapse of years added to its power and influence it stretched forth its hands against the rich and mighty in behalf of the poor and the downtrodden. Today it is but the hideous cloak of the creeping thug and the assassin of the night.

Far Fetched.

A Wyoming man who has investigated says prairie dogs obtain water for drinking by digging wells. Each has one with a concealed opening. He says he knows of several of these wells from fifty to two hundred feet deep, each having a circular stairway leading down to the water.

Small Comfort.

A man can usually tell his own fate by going out and looking at the weeds on the grave of a friend who died a year ago.—Acheson Globe.

WHAT MRS. JOHNNIE DID.

"Whatever you do, don't take the 12:10," Tom had said, when at breakfast Mrs. Johnnie declared her intention of running up to town. "It's slow and awfully dirty and there generally a rowdy crowd aboard. Wait for the 2:00 express."

But no sooner had Tom taken his departure than Mrs. Johnnie decided to do nothing of the sort—he was a bawling little body, forever on the go and when once an idea crept into that clever little head of hers she was inclined to carry it through to a trichin in her own particular way.

Consequently, Mrs. Johnnie did take the 12:10 local, and within five minutes time she was winking serenely that she had followed Tom's advice, for it was hot and it was dusty, and they were crawling along at a snail's pace and there were some rough looking customers on board, and—well, oh dear! After all, Tom did know what he was talking about occasionally.

At the far end of the car a young woman was sitting. She looked so young that one might almost have mistaken her a child in spite of the fact that her pretty brown hair was twisted up on the top of her head in a vain imitation of the latest fashion. And there Mrs. Johnnie most atrocious fact that her cheeks were covered with rouge.

Mrs. Johnnie gathered her belongings together and set out to take possession of the seat just in front of the young girl, saying so to herself meanwhile.

"It's really the most ridiculous sight I ever saw. The child must be crazy. It was only an old woman of my age (Mrs. Johnnie was rather fond of calling herself an old woman although she only owned to being twenty-eight)—but was only an old woman of my age now, there might be some excuse. But for a child like that, with the complexion of a peach, why—why—It's perfectly preposterous."

Mrs. Johnnie settled herself comfortably in the seat and then, half turning she scrutinized the young girl at her elbow. She could do so without reproach, for the girl was gazing out of the window, and her thoughts seemed to be far away. "It's a sweet little face," thought Mrs. Johnnie, "and I don't see if it's punished; it's innocent and trusting. Her dress fits her abominably but she has a glorious pair of eyes. She's a positive anomaly. I'm going to introduce myself."

The girl turned her head just at that moment, and as their eyes met both of them smiled, and each perceived for the first time that the other was the little silver Maltese cross of the King's Daughters. They needed no introduction after that. Mrs. Johnnie moved into the seat with her, and they were soon the best of friends. It did not take Mrs. Johnnie very long to gain the particulars of her story. She had never been to the city before, she said; indeed except for some little excursion now and then, she had never left her home, which was in a little village on the coast of Long Island. She was so glad to have some one to talk to, for of course she was feeling a bit lonely.

Then she told Mrs. Johnnie that her name was Daisy—Daisy Hope—and that she was an orphan with just one sister. Her name was Sophie, and she was married now. They had always been the very best of friends—she and Sophie—until Dan Hackett came along. Now, however, she added with a sigh, "Sophie had eyes for no one but Dan."

"But I don't mind it so much now," she added, suddenly brightening up again, "now that I'm going to be married too."

"Married!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnnie in astonishment. "You don't mean to tell me so! When is it coming off, and what's his name?"

"Yes, we're going to be married right away—Jack and me. This isn't very much of a trowsouse, is it?" she added, with an expressive gesture toward her old-fashioned carpetbag and two paper parcels. "But Jack said that wouldn't matter. He could fix me up when I came to town. He told me in his letter not to bring anything along, my country dresses would never do for New York, he said. So I've left them all at home there, hanging up in my closet—except my new pink one I got at Garter. It's so pretty I couldn't bear to leave that behind. I guess it will do for the morning, now and then."

"But wasn't it awfully good of Jack, though? He sent me this dress to wear on the way up, and this diamond," pointing to a huge brooch that sparkled at her throat, but which Mrs. Johnnie's eyes pronounced to be very bad taste. "And there was a box of complexion salve he sent me too. I've put some of it on just to please him, but I can't say that I like it very much. It itches so and feels horrid. Do all ladies paint in New York?"

At another time Mrs. Johnnie would have burst out laughing, but just at present matters were taking so serious a turn. Mrs. Johnnie was beginning to wonder very much.

"But when are you to be married, my dear?" she asked hastily. "You haven't answered my question yet. And what does Sophie say? For of course, you've told her all about it."

The girl hung her head, and Mrs. Johnnie could see her blushes even in spite of the rouge.

"You see, it's this—Jack hates a fuss and all that. He said for us to get married first and then let Sophie know. That was the hardest thing I had to do—leaving her without a word of goodbye. But Jack knows best, I suppose. Only I wish—"

"Excuse me, Daisy, you mustn't think me impertinent for asking all these questions, my dear. Is Jack going to meet you at the station?"

"Well, no—not exactly. He's so busy at this time of day you know. That's the reason why he sent the dress and things. He said in his letter that he had shown them to a lady friend of his, she's to meet me at the ferry and take charge of me till he comes."

"Oh! And how long did you say you have known—a Jack?"

The girl hung her head again. "I saw him first about six weeks ago. He came down on one of the yards. He came down twice on Sunday after that, and he's written me so often."

Mrs. Johnnie had her hand tenderly upon the young girl's arm. "And do you really think, my dear Daisy, that you know him well enough to marry him? Wouldn't it be wiser to wait a bit and take your sister into your confidence? Why not ask Jack to wait a year for you and then see how matters stand? He'll wait for you gladly enough if he's really in earnest."

"Why should I keep him waiting?" she answered. "He loves me, isn't that enough? I love him and trust him entirely, and he does the same by me, isn't that enough?"

Mrs. Johnnie did not answer for a moment. Her lips were pressed tightly together, for, to tell the truth, Mrs. Johnnie was making up her mind to adopt a desperate measure. The car half full of men, was certainly no place for a scene. And Mrs. Johnnie began to realize that if she proceeded to do her duty by this little girl a row was bound to come. The train was just slowing up for a moment at a little wayside station.

"Well, my dear, I hope sincerely that you will find it is enough," she said. Then, springing up suddenly, she grasped the carpetbag and her own belongings.

"Harry up, my child!" she exclaimed, giving the girl a little push. "Here's where we change cars, you know. Come along."

"But I thought this train—"

"Now, my dear, that's just what you mustn't do. Don't think, but follow my instructions."

Before the girl had realized what she was doing Mrs. Johnnie had huddled her out on to the station platform. The train moved slowly out. Mrs. Johnnie watched it disappear with a sigh of relief, and then she turned to the bewildered girl and spoke to her very gently.

"Let us walk over to the little hotel, Daisy. We shall have to wait there half an hour. Perhaps we can secure a room there, for I want to have a little talk with you."

In speaking of it after ward Mrs. Johnnie always declared that to her the walk from the station to the hotel was by far the saddest part of all that day's ordeal. It was then that the magnitude of the work she had to do dawned upon her for the first time.

Before they two should be standing on that platform again, Jack, the young girl's idol must be shattered and thrown from its pedestal. To Mrs. Johnnie fell the task of displaying him in his true colors and though it was a task which she shrank instinctively from in perspective when the time came Mrs. Johnnie was not found wanting. She never told any one—not even Tom—the particulars of what occurred in that little room but when the train from New York came rushing along half an hour later the semaphore was hoisted as a signal to stop and the two women stepped silently on board.

Both of them had tear stained faces, but there was no rouge on the young girl's face now, her hair hung simply down her back and she wore her pretty pink dress. That night when Mrs. Johnnie reached her own home after quite a long combat with sister Sophie, Tom was told just as many of the particulars as Mrs. Johnnie thought fit.

When she had finished he was silent for a moment or two, while he examined his stock of anthems upon Jack. Then, turning his attention to the woman in the case, he exclaimed, "Well, of all the little fools!"

But Mrs. Johnnie interrupted him suddenly.

"Don't call her that, dear," she added as she kissed him. "Just think God that I took the 12:10."—Acton Davies in New York Evening Sun.

When a Man Is Thirty.

All men who employ animals in work know how their speed falls off with increasing age. Race horses are withdrawn from the track shortly after they have arrived at the full possession of their force; they are still good for excellent trotting service, but they cannot run in trials of speed.

Man's capacity to run likewise decreases after he has passed thirty years; and the professional couriers who are still in Tunis, running over large distances in an incredibly short time are obliged to retire while still young.

Those who continue to run after they are 40 years old all finally succumb with grave heart affection.—Popular Science Monthly.

Noted Wives.

Mrs. Parnell will preside under the will of her late husband, Lady Wood, and will be fortunate with which her sorrows of her widowhood.

Miss Harriet Mounsey chosen to write the obituary of the great opening of the great a few years ago.

The wife of the American Maderia has a paper kept in her possession: "I broke Porter," and "I know Sherman." The lady had eminent fellow countrymen.

Rachel Sherman's is a memoir of her distinguished husband, and she is said to give marked evidence of ability. She figures on several musical notes like an Arab and straggles. The child of great parents, responsibilities these days.

All the members of the law in Milwaukee, except the mother, and three attorneys-at-law. Even the family is a special branch of legal among mother is a United States minister. Miss Corbett herself to the study of which is appropriate because of name of Pier.

Gabriele Greco, a great editor's only child, is about 10 years of age, height, with one of those sparkling black eyes, a serene and burning of a determination of one's will to perform. Her mother stands it, is to be in the mountains and never before in a house. She goes to a school in his children very devout.

King Alfonso XI died in 1808. I wonder how many people who are aware of the name of the late King Alfonso died six years ago, still awaiting his final coronation which has been postponed, clothed only in mourning. The dead king is a rock with a running stream in a cavern in the side of the on the slope of which the Escurial is built. There is said his body has attained peculiar properties of a man only will the ghostly aspect of his niche in that marvelous under the great dome of the church, where only the remains of his and of the monks are allowed to lie.

Some bodies, notably that of Isabella's father, remained in the vault for twenty and more years before they were in fact transferred to the vault. This vault cavern is the name which is also misapprehensions containing the bodies of the infants.—New Yorker.

A Conventional C.

One of the simplest, most manners would seem to be should uncover his head in his dinner with his hands pretty certain that the best of England two centuries ago wore their hats during emony, nor is it known why the practice was of King's famous Diary, the best manual for names period, we read, under date 1664, "Home to bed, but strange cold in my head, my hat at dinner and sitting wind in my neck."

In Lord Charendon's essay of respect paid to agents in his younger days he mentions that before those who died in 1674. That the members of parliament sit on during the sessions in the and the same practice early town meetings in New York. The presence or absence of therefore simply a convention to it with a thousand practices held, so long as they are the most unchangeable and course affairs.—Harpers' Bazar.

Mirrors of the Greek Roman.

The mirrors of the Greeks were thin disks of burnished and usually rather handles though sometimes set upright on stands.

Silver was used, and the first solid silver is said to have been by Praxiteles in the time of Caesar. Subsequently silver took the place of brass or iron almost altogether, though even gold were also "looking-glasses" of metal played every where up to the century.—Washington Star.

Pawned a Five Dollar Bill.

A man who possessed a five dollar bill, and wanted to blow it out upon a novel plan the bill by which to save and spend.

The bill was given to him by and he was determined to with it. After a lengthy of himself he evolved the brilliant of jaxing the note. He pawned it to his uncle, raised \$4.62 on it and it according to his further tuncs came in here original note.—Philadelphia