

HOMeward Bound.

The train goes roaring up the track...

Contentment fills my heart to-night...

I think of one who waits out there...

Ab, but the years will pass away...

THE TRIBULATIONS OF DOOLITTLE WRIGHT

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE

What's in a name? That is what Shakespeare says...

which, indeed, it was very far from being to me...

My paternal cognomen is Wright. Not remarkable for elegance...

Once he said, with sarcastic emphasis that cannot be put upon paper...

To do my mother justice, at first she strenuously opposed it...

In this way my schoolboy days passed. Nor did my troubles end here...

I was lying, kicking and screeching, upon her knee...

But as he made no response to this, save to repeat the often expressed hope...

But when my father set strongly before her the substantial benefits that might accrue to me...

"No objection at all to you! It's your name I object to. Doolittle Wright!

"But just think, Henry, how horridly it sounds! Doolittle Tickellum Wright!

"He can change it in a few years—before he is old enough to have it do him any harm...

But he seemed likely to do so. From the day that there was thrust upon me that luckless name...

"Then, glancing at my letter to him, which was signed D. T. Wright, he added:

"What does T. stand for?" "It was in for it now, and there was nothing to do but to go forward."

"Tickellum, did you say? Why, that is worse if anything, than the other—more ridiculous, at all events. A man who will give an offending child such a name as that ought to be indicted by the Grand Jury...

He patted me on the head, and hoped that I would live to be an honor to my name, repeating the above assurance—"if I did he would do something handsome for me."

So, after various other attempts, ending just as disastrously, I accept a second rate clerkship in a small retail store...

"Father," said I, as we walked down the steps into the street, "I hate my name; all the boys laugh and make fun of it."

At this juncture I completed the sum of my tribulations by falling in love. The object of this, Miss Clara Montague...

"Never you mind that, my boy; when you get this fine house into your hands, as perhaps you will some day, it will be your turn to laugh."

So far as could be judged, the attraction was mutual; the fair Clara, if not so demonstrative, seemingly to be equally as well pleased.

The reader will readily infer that I did not bring into any marked prominence my luckless name. In fact, she was in entire ignorance of it, until one of my rivals maliciously alluded to it...

The next time I visited her she received me with marked coolness. When I pressed her, for a reason, she opened fire on me by declaring "that she never could marry any one with such a ridiculous name!"

"Hold up your head and speak so I can hear you," he roared, as I faltered out my name.

"But you can easily change it," she added, in a more graceful tone, "and if you have the regard for me you have professed, you will not hesitate to do so."

I assured the fair speaker "that my name was as distasteful to me as to her; that I was named for a rich and aged uncle, who would be greatly displeased..."

"Excitement on Monhegan Island. Great excitement on Monhegan—Dan Stevens' horse ran away and stove the cart into kindling wood. He came off to the harbor Wednesday and bought a new one, so he is all fitted for hay or any other teaming. You can't stick Dan. He has been all over the world and traveled the rough road, you may believe.—Boothbay Register."

"Staging" by Automobile Now. A daily automobile service between Durango, Col., and Farmington, N. M., is soon to be established.

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HOW THE BEE SPENDS ITS TIME

Swarming Day the Only Day of the Year—Fealty of Worker to Queen—Drone Pays Terrible Penalty For Gay Times.

BEES, in a way, are something like children—they hate to feel lonely. A bee will die of sheer loneliness if you take it away from its friends.

Directly she heard the piping note of the young princess she threw herself into a violent temper, and doubtless she would have fallen upon her poor daughter and stung her to death had not so many of the other bees blocked her way.

No queen is more lovingly attended by her subjects than the queen of the bees. They would do anything for her, but they can do nothing without her.

And so she made her way to the door of the hive, and then sprang into the air, and at once a great cloud of bees streamed after her, and the cloud floated away from the dear old home that they had filled to overflowing with treasure.

If anything should happen to her all the bees will nearly go off their heads in their sorrow, and if she should be lost and her bees can't find her, all her unhappy children will soon die of distress.

Now, the bee keeper had watched the bees swarming, and had made ready of them a new clean hive. Directly he saw that the swarm had settled, he took an empty box and placed it on the ground just below the cluster.

The queen herself is the busiest of all in the hive. But she never enjoys long days of sunshine spent among the flowers. It is her duty and her joy to keep on laying eggs without stopping in the darkness of the hive.

And then, knowing well that all the bees were far too happy to think of stinging any one, he gently shook the bough from which the cluster hung, and the great ball of bees dropped down into the empty box.

She lives three or four years so that she may do this work properly, but the common bees who have been born in the spring only live to see a little of one bright summer, six or eight weeks, perhaps.

The old hive must have seemed very deserted to the few bees who remained with the new princess, after the old queen and her swarm had departed.

Usually the vine was placed in a south window every morning, where it absorbed all day the benefit of the sun's rays. It happened, however, through an oversight, that one afternoon the shutter shaded half the window and the vine was set in the shutter's shadow.

They set to work at once to tidy up the hive and to put things straight, and the princess, who was to become their queen, married a handsome drone gentleman, and on a beautiful summer morning went away for a honeymoon flight in the blue sky.

During the four days the vine stood in the shadow with the sunlight near it, it did something that proved it to have a faculty akin to intelligence. It uncurled itself from its supporting stick, and like a living thing it crawled over the window ledge to the sun.

For quite 60,000 little bees would come out from the cells of the nursery. But the new queen knew that among these 60,000 babies would be four princesses, and killed in turn each of the princesses, for it is a law of the little royal family that only one member of the royal family may live in the hive.

In the hive that I am telling you about there were quite 400 of these grand gentlemen. They were very big and fine, and each one had 13,000 eyes on each side of his head, which seemed rather a shame considering that the poor workers only had 6000.

It was just before autumn began, in the month of September, that the long suffering bees had their revenge on the great, stupid, lazy drones, who had lived such luxurious lives while they had toiled so hard.

With hundreds of little bees coming into the world every day, it is quite easy to see that soon the hive would be too small to shelter all the bees. This is what happened in the hive that I am telling you about—the hive grew too small to hold all the bees, or rather the bees grew too many to live in the hive—and so nearly all the wise little bees went away to find a new home, so that the old home might be left to the rising generation.

Early one morning, while the drones were still sleeping, the working bees, who had quite lost their patience with the drones, and were now very angry with them, set upon them and dragged them to the floor of the hive, and began to tear off their wings. Three or four of the little angry working bees set upon each grand stupid drone, and the drones were too helpless, having no stings, to offer any resistance.

From one of the royal cells there stepped out a beautiful princess. Now, seventeen days before, this princess had been nothing but an egg. The egg had lain in its little cell for three days, and then a grub had emerged. For five days this little grub was fed by the nurse bees, not on the ordinary food that is given to little bees, but on food that is kept only for royalty.

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COUNTRY LIFE.

Why Newspapers of Small Towns Are So "Local."

A British visitor to this country not long since was quoted as saying that he estimated the character and quality of the people largely by the newspapers.

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WIT and HUMOR of THE DAY

The Pigeon. The eagle is a noble bird, and wings its flight on high. The pigeon is of lowlier mold, but makes a better pie.

Yes, he said, sadly, and there was a tear in his eye. Yes, my business has driven me to the wall. And he went on posting bills.

Teacher—"So I've caught you chewing gum, have I?" Sammy—"No, num; I wasn't chewing. I was just keeping it there instead of in my pocket. It's so sticky." Chicago Daily News.

"I came to ask you for your daughter." "But she is the only one I have." "Well, I don't want one. I hope you don't take me for a bigamist." Springfield Journal.

"Oh, dear!" sighed six-year-old Harry. "I wish I was twins." "Why?" asked his mother. "So I could send the other half to school while this half went fishing." he replied.—Chicago News.

Ketchum A. Cummin—"So your father objects to my calling to see you, does he?" Anna Goe Wynne—"Not at all. What he objects to is my being at home when you call."—Chicago Tribune.

"I'm told you play golf on the Sabbath," said the Rev. Mr. Goodman, sternly. "Yes," replied Miss Kute, "but on that day I only use the sticks I won at our church fair."—Philadelphia Press.

"Garden truck in exchange for a subscription?" "No, sir," said the editor. "There's only one thing we'll be willing to have you take out in trade." "What's that?" "Your pocketbook."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Does he advertise all the comforts of home?" inquired Mr. Tiredout. "No," replied Mrs. Tiredout, "the advertisement simply says, 'No mothers-in-law, cross cooks, or crying babies.'" "Well, go," asserted Mr. Tiredout, emphatically.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Can you read?" "Yes, but I don't believe in signs."—The Moon.

Mrs. Backlotz—"So your servant girl has left you again?" Mrs. Subbubs—"Yes." Mrs. Backlotz—"What was the matter?" Mrs. Subbubs—"She didn't like the way I did her work."—Philadelphia Press.

"So you were out in St. Louis?" said the postmaster. "Did you see the big pike?" "To be sure," drawled the village fabricator; then, after a pause, "but it wasn't one inch bigger than the pike I caught in Hurley's mill pond last summer."—Chicago News.

Mr. Tye-Phist—"They tried to work me for a campaign contribution this morning, and I answered them with a level-headed 'no'!" Mrs. Tye-Phist—"And when I try to work you for a contribution for household expenses you answer me with a flat-footed 'no'!"—Chicago Tribune.

"Goodman's in a bad way. He's got such a sore throat he can't talk and—"

"I saw him on the street to-day and he seems to have a black eye, too." "That's just it. Not being able to see his voice he can't explain to people that he got the black eye in a perfectly innocent way."—Philadelphia Press.

