

When The Deacon Spoke

C. R. Lewis, Copyright, 1905, by R. B. McClure.

No one ever doubted that Deacon Haskell, farmer, meant to be a kind husband and a just father, but there was Puritan blood in his veins, and his ways were harsh and arbitrary. There were those who said he was domineering and obstinate, but, to give the deacon his due, he was simply carrying out what he called principles. It was a principle of his to go to bed on the stroke of 9 and get up on the stroke of 6, and his wife had to do the same. Had an earthquake or a cyclone prevented the good wife from doing the family washing on Monday and the family baking on Tuesday the husband would have made no excuses for her.



TWO THOUSAND BEES CLUNG TO HIM.

During the earlier days of her marriage the deacon's wife had opinions of her own, but before she had been five years she gave them up. The thinking and expressing in that house was all done by the deacon. There he was not speaking to her he did not forbid her, but when a young man called things were made so unpleasant for him that he never repeated his visit.

As the summer passed and winter came on there were candy pulls and spelling schools. Both were the height of sacrifice in the deacon's eyes, and he groaned in spirit and gritted his teeth when he knew that his daughters attended them.

It was in June that the deacon had vowed not to speak to his daughter again until she had become repentant. Now and then, as time passed, the wife ventured to say something to her husband, but only to find him obstinate. What he had said he had said. What he had said must be right because he had said it, and he would therefore stick to it until the day of his death.

"Let Ruth get down on her knees to me and confess that she has done wrong and I will speak to her, and perhaps forgive her," was invariably his answer, but time continued to pass and Ruth did not kneel.

One day the deacon's wife was called to the bedside of a sick neighbor. The deacon had a dozen swarms of bees, and as he came up from the field about 2 o'clock that afternoon he found one of the hives swarming. He ran for a tin pan and began to beat it, and in his excitement he almost spoke to his daughter, who was working in the garden. He caught himself in time, though, and resumed his beating and gamboling around. A spare hive should have been ready, but was not.

The bees therefore circled and buzzed around for ten minutes and finally began to fight. Unfortunately for the deacon they lighted on him. In two minutes they had covered his straw hat and neck; in two more they were clinging to his shoulders in great masses.

As she planted her hollyhock and sunflower seeds Ruth heard a still, small voice uttering her name. She investigated and found that her father had become a king bee. His back resembled a pear tree, and he was terribly frightened. Two thousand bees clung to him, and if he disturbed them he was a dead man.

"Well, daddy?" asked the girl as she stopped within ten feet of him.

"Ruth, you will find an empty hive in the barn. Get it and smear some jam on the front of it."

"Are you really speaking to me, daddy?"

"Of course I am. Can't you see the fix I'm in?"

"But you were not to speak again until I beg your pardon."

"Go after that hive. Do you want to see me stung to death?"

"The bees are quiet now. About that hammock, daddy—may I have it up this summer?"

"No—that is, I guess you can."

"And may I ride one of the horses?"

"If—if they are not too tired."

"And I may climb trees and jump fences?"

"Are you going for that hive?"

"When you answer."

"Then climb and jump all you want to."

"One more question, daddy. May I have young men come here to see me?"

The deacon groaned.

"May I? The bees seem to be getting angry."

"Yes, have 'em and be hanged to you!" shouted the deacon, using slang for the first time in fifteen years.

The hive was brought and smeared with sweet stuff, and presently the bees began to find their way into it. At the end of ten minutes the deacon shook himself, drew a long breath and said to his daughter:

"If you ever tell mother or any one else about it I'll box your ears, big as you are!"

What the Parish Needed.

An excellent example of the humor of parish bendies is related by the Rev. Dr. Gillespie in his "Humors of Scottish Life."

Two ministers of neighboring parishes exchanged pulpits one Sunday, the Rev. Mr. Peebles officiating in a parish church which shall be nameless. After the service Mr. Peebles said to the deacon:

"George, I hope the people would not think my sermon was too short today."

"A' dinnit think they would, sir, but may I make bold to ask what ye're inquiring for?"

"Well, you see, George, when it was arranged that I was to preach here today I selected a sermon and laid it down on a chair in my study. I have a dog which frequents the study very much. It got hold of the sermon, tore off the last four leaves and destroyed them entirely, so that I could make no use of them. But I thought that since I had chosen it I would just preach what remained of it, and I was afraid the people might consider it too short."

Quick as thought George asked:

"Oh, sir, could ye no get our minister a pup o' that sort?"

Re-established.

Millie—I thought you always said Charlie Slow was a "has been."

Kate—He was, but he made an unexpected strike in oil and has money to burn.—Detroit Free Press.

A Fatalist.

The Jolliter—Cheer up, old boy; some day you'll get in on the ground floor.

The Jolliter—If I do I'll tumble into the cellar.—Tom Watson's Magazine.

THE PORTUGUESE SONNETS.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Gift to Her Husband.

It was during their residence in Pisa, early in 1847, that Browning first saw the "Sonnets From the Portuguese," as the poet Edmund Gosse has told by authority of Browning himself. "Their custom was, Mr. Browning said, to write alone and not to show each other what they had written. This was a rule which he sometimes broke through, but she never. He had the habit of working in a downstairs room where their meals were spread, while Mrs. Browning studied in a room on the floor above. One day early in 1847, their breakfast being over, Mrs. Browning went upstairs, while her husband stood at the window watching the street till the table should be cleared. He was presently aware of some one behind him, although the servant was gone. It was Mrs. Browning, who held him by the shoulder to prevent his turning to look at her and at the same time pushed a packet of papers into the pocket of his coat. She told him to read that and to tear it up if he did not like it. And then she fled again to her own room." All this was in fulfillment of prophecy, for had she not said in her letter of July 22, 1846, as much as this about the "Sonnets": "You shall see some day at Pisa what I will not show you now. Does not Solomon say that 'there is a time to read what is written? If he doesn't, he ought.'"

Browning, notwithstanding his intense love of privacy, took the right ground concerning these works of inimitable art. "I dared not reserve to myself," he said, "the finest sonnets written in any language since Shakespeare's." Mrs. Browning finally consented to their being printed under Miss Mitford's care as "Sonnets by E. B. B.; Reading; Not For Publication; 1847," and in the edition of her poems brought out in 1850 they were actually published with their present title, which was suggested by her husband. The author's suggestion had been "Sonnets Translated From the Bosnian," but Browning, who called the author of "Atarina to Camoens" his "own little Portuguese," named the title that prevailed.—Century.

Floating Islands of Olden Times.

Pliny ("Natural History," book 2, chapter 96) says: "There are certain islands which are always floating, as in the territory of Caecubum and of Roete, Mtilna and Statonia. In the lake of Vidimonis there is a dark wooded island which is never seen in the same place for a day and night together. In Lydia the islands named Calanuse are not only driven from place to place by the wind, but may be pushed from place to place by poles. Many citizens saved themselves by this means in the time of the Mithridatic war. There are some small islands in the Nymphaeus called the Dancers, because when choruses are sung they are moved by the motion of those who keep time."

Similar stories are told by the same writer concerning the Egyptian floating island of Chemmis and the island of Delos, one of the Cyclades. The island last mentioned was the only one of the group named which escaped disaster in the time of the great earthquakes of the year 820 B. C., and Pliny, from whom most of the above facts have been gleaned, was first to point out the fact that the immunity Delos enjoyed was owing to the fact that its base had no ground connections. Pliny says, "Not a tremor was felt in Delos on that awful day when the other islands were rent asunder."

Man as an Agriculturist.

M. Felix Aican in his "Conquest of the Vegetable World" shows man's progress when he became an agriculturist. At first man was a hunter, afterward he reared cattle and lastly cultivated the soil. If he had been able to domesticate animals, that helped him in tillage. The want of proper animals may have in a certain measure retarded the advance of particular races or minimized agricultural efforts. Agriculture called on a higher degree of intelligence when a field was plowed. There was even requisite a new mental element, the exercise of patience. The man might exist on the deer he killed, but at once the effort supplied the food. But when he plowed, sowed and garnered a season elapsed before he had the reward of his toil.

"The profession of agriculture was much more toilsome than that of herdsman, and man, averse to hard work, recoiled long before the fatigue of the task." When the first field was plowed then the true resources of mankind were found, and his progress was assured. The distinguishing race of cultivators of the soil were the Aryans, and so the name Aryan comes from the Latin arare, to plow.

Her Hat Luck.

There was a young lady named Hoka, Who affected the new style of toque, But her face was so flat 'Neath this queer little hat When she peered in the mirror it broke. —New York Herald.

Matrimonial Music.

Trix—Is his married life one grand, sweet song?

Tom—No. It's a "plaintive" melody just now. He's the defendant in divorce proceedings.—Puck.

Methodical Finance.

It has been thus for ages; 'Twill be thus for ages hence. A few acquire the money, Others get experience. —Washington Star.

Six Hish.

BEHNKE-WALKER BUSINESS COLLEGE
PORTLAND, ORE.

If you are thinking of attending Business College, you cannot afford to ignore the best one in the Northwest.

Our equipment is unsurpassed. The proprietors are teachers. Our graduates are all employed. We will assist you to a position when competent.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE FREE.

CHINA WARE

CUPS AND SAUCERS.
CHOCOLATE SETS.
SALAD SETS.
TEA SETS.
FANCY TEA POTS.
ALL APPROPRIATE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Yokohama Bazar
623 Commercial Street, Astoria

Accordion, Sunburst and Knife Pleating To Order

STEAM PROCESS.
No Hot Irons. No Burning of Goods.

Miss O. Gould
Eighth Floor, Marquam Building, PORTLAND.
Prompt and Careful Attention Given to all Out-of-Town Orders.

J. Q. A. BOWLBY, President. FRANK PATTON, Cashier.
O. I. PETERSON, Vice-President. J. W. GARNER, Assistant Cashier.

Astoria Savings Bank

Capital Paid in \$100,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits \$25,000.1
Transacts a General Banking Business. Interest Paid on Time Deposits

Tenth Street. ASTORIA, OREGON.

The MORNING ASTORIAN

75 CTS. PER MONTH

Astoria's Best Newspaper

Let Me Tell You Something

Traveler to the East, I have a word for you: There are through Pullman sleepers, both Standard and Tourist, going East from the Coast at frequent intervals. Over two routes they travel via Rock Island System for a good share of the distance.

You can go by way of Ogden, Salt Lake and Colorado, or you can go by way of San Francisco, Los Angeles and El Paso, and the Rock Island will land you in Kansas City, St. Louis or Chicago. Direct connection in Union Stations at all three cities for all important points in the East and South.

Or the traveler via Northern route can take the Rock Island from Minneapolis and St. Paul to Chicago.

Rock Island service is the kind that gratifies—best meals on wheels.

Rock Island System

A. H. McDONALD,
General Agent, Rock Island System,
140 Third St., Portland, Ore.

JUST A MOMENT!

We Want to Talk to You

ABOUT BOOK BINDING

We do it in All the Latest and Best Styles of the Art. . . .

We take your Old Magazines that you have piled away on your shelves and make Handsome Books of them fit to grace any library.

We take your old worn out books with the covers torn off, rebind them and return to you good as any new book.

Let us figure with you on fixing up your Library.

The J. S. Dellinger Co.
Makers of All Kinds of Books

ASTORIAN BUILDING CORNER COMMERCIAL AND 10TH STREET