

Current Literature.

WOODCRAFT.

EDITH THOMAS.

He makes his way, with speed and ease, Through woods that show the noonday star; The moss-grown trunks of oldest trees His lettered guide-boards are. The tameless bee he follows home; He marks in air the path it beats, The hollow oak that holds the comb, With all its trickling sweets. The gnarly vine no winter binds, To him swings down its purple beard; The shade-embosomed spring he finds His drinking cup a spring.

Dorothy Ann's Sermon.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

There was great rejoicing among the little ones at the farm when it was understood that cousin Hetty, who lived in the city, was coming to make a long visit. She was not very strong, so mamma said, and they must all be careful to be very kind and polite, and to see that she always had the best of everything. The little lassie came, and they were delighted with everything about her, from her pretty fair curls and white face, so different from their own sunbrowned ones, to her dainty dresses and French boots. There could be no doubt that her manners were quite equal to her appearance, so Jessie and Tom and Polly resolved to be upon their very behavior all the time. "Will you come out into the garden?" said Jessie. "There are lots of currants and a few raspberries ripe. There will be plenty of raspberries next week, though." Such a garden as that! None of your little seven-by-nine scraps, but a full acre of everything which could be found in a liberal, old-fashioned country garden. A broad walk through the middle of it was bordered by beds of bright-colored flowers, with rows of hollyhocks and sun-flowers at the end. Honeysuckles and morning-glories climbed over the fences, and in a shady corner grew such pansies as the children believed only mamma knew how to raise. Miss Hetty tried the fruit and said: "I don't like currants; they're sour. I like only raspberries." It had been supposed that each one would eat a great many currants and a very few raspberries. But on hearing this, the others offered her all the raspberries they could find, and were rather surprised to see that she took them without seeming to think whether they liked them, or no. She kept calling for more, and when Tom scratched his face and Polly tore her sleeve pushing through the bushes in search of them, very quietly at all they had, without so much as a thank you. Then she said they were not half ripe, and unfit to eat. "Mamma don't wish us to pick the pansies unless she is with us," ventured Jessie, as Hetty began gathering them freely, "because she has some choice ones she wants to keep for seed." "I like choice pansies too," said Hetty, with a smile on her pretty face. They went to the swing, where Hetty grumbled when the others wanted to take a turn. Then to the croquet ground, where things went smoothly as long as Hetty was on the winning side; but if the play went against her, she grew sober, then sulky, and finally threw down her mallet and refused to finish the game. Long before tea-time, Jessie and Tom and Polly began to wonder if it was so very delightful a thing, after all, to have a cousin from the city visit them; and before the first week was gone, everybody on the place had fully decided that it was not. Hetty could be very sweet and pleasant while things were exactly to her liking, but less she could have her own way in everything, her frowns and complaints were ready at a moment's notice. She had never been taught to take any thought for others, and her little cousins found it very hard to endure all her whims and ill humors. They were very dutifully anxious to heed all of mamma's reminders that it was their place to give up to their guest, but she herself could not help seeing that Hetty made sore demands upon their patience. One day there was a picnic, to which all the children looked forward for days, and for which great preparations were made. When all were ready to go, it was discovered that Hetty was wearing a pair of thin slippers. "Oh, my dear," said mamma, "you must put on your thick shoes. There will be rough ground, and perhaps damp places, to go over to-day." Hetty made up her mind

to wear those slippers, and was not inclined to change them, but still quite determined to go to the picnic. So she said, "Then I believe I won't go." The other children were as wofully dismayed as she had expected them to be. "Oh, Hetty!" cried Jessie, "you must not stay at home. It's lovely out there—wild flowers and vine swings—" "And a creek where we fish and wade and sail boats," said Tom. "And such good things in the basket," whispered Polly. "Hurry, dear," said her aunt, coaxingly. "We are all waiting you see." "Don't wait," said Hetty; "I'd rather stay at home." She went to her room, much enjoying the commotion she was making. From the back of it she could look out of the window and see what was going on. The children got into the big spring wagon and sat looking up at her windows. Then her aunt came out and called cheerily up to her, "Come Hetty, we've got a good seat for you." "And I'm to have the whip, and I'll let you have it half the time," shouted Tom. Hetty came to the window, and said, "Thank you, Aunt Emily, but I'd rather not go;" and then watched again from the back of the room, wondering what they would do next in the way of urging her. Aunt Emily got in, and to Hetty's great astonishment the wagon was driven away. What could it mean? They surely would never, never think of such a thing as going without her. They must be going to turn back for her—perhaps they were doing an errand first. But there was a little misgiving at her heart, as she slowly walked down to the kitchen and asked Dorothy Ann, the maid, "Where are they all gone?" "Why, to the picnic, of course! Seems to me I'd gone, too, if I'd been you." "Gone without me?" Hetty stood in blank amazement for a few moments, then flung herself down on the floor and screamed. At the first howl, Dorothy Ann quietly took a chair, folded her arms, and sat looking at Hetty as if she were some very interesting natural curiosity. And Hetty screamed louder, and kicked until her bronzed slippers were as badly off as if they had gone through half a dozen picnics. And the louder she screamed and the harder she kicked, the straighter Dorothy Ann looked at her. It was very perplexing for Hetty. She had never kicked and screamed before without everybody being frightened for fear she would injure herself, and coaxing and petting her, and offering her everything she wanted, including her own way, if she would only stop. But here was Dorothy Ann looking as if she would not mind if it lasted all day, and not a soul anywhere near to do any coaxing. Hetty was nonplussed. At last, when her throat ached and her face was red and her whole self very badly tumbled, she sat up on the floor and looked at Dorothy Ann. And then Dorothy Ann spoke. "You're a nice child now, ain't you?" It was not spoken sneeringly, nor in anger. Dorothy Ann was a pleasant-faced, hard-working woman, older than Aunt Emily, and her words always had weight in the family. After a pause she went on in a slow, earnest way: "You're a nice child, I say! Don't you think it's nice to be a-makin' yourself a trouble and a torment with your cross, crabbed, cantankerous ways? Don't you think it's nice to come where folks are so glad to see you, and their hearts just warm and a runnin' over with kind feelin's to you, and little ones that's always a-givin' up to you, and you just for all the world like a buzzin' wasp or a stingin' nettle or a prickly chestnut burr that everybody's glad to get away from or drop out of their hands? Don't you think it's nice to keep them children all rasped up with your tantrums, and to keep your aunt in a fret all the time between her wish to do everything that's kind by you and tellin' her children the same likewise, and you a-goin' on like all possessed?" Hetty stared at Dorothy Ann, bewildered at words the like of which she had never heard before, and slowly through her mind came the idea that the next thing for her to do was to feel very angry. "How dare you to talk so to me?" she cried. "Mamma won't let you." But Dorothy Ann noticed her anger as little as she had her screams. "If you go on to see your mamma, don't she think it's nice to have a little girl to buy pretty things for and to take good care of, and then to have her a-snappin', and a-snarlin', and a-scowlin', and a-makin' people wherever she goes wish she was a thousand miles away? Don't you think she's proud of havin' such a child? Don't you think it's nice to see your pretty blue eyes all red, and your forehead all crumpled up so you might iron it out, and your mouth that was made to smile and laugh all puckered? Don't you know there's a wolverine lookin' out of your eyes when there ought to be lambs and doves? Don't you know the words you speak are like so many snakes and toads a-droppin' out of your mouth? And what do you s'pose?" Dorothy Ann's voice grew solemn—"the good Lord thinks when he looks at that little heart of your'n that he gave you to keep full of sweetness and lovin' kindness, and to make you a comfort instead of a trial to folks—what does he think, do you s'pose, when he sees it all blotted and stained up with all sorts of hateful thoughts?" Hetty had never taken her eyes from Dorothy Ann's face, and now as she seemed to have said her say, and went back to her work as if nothing had happened, it came over her very strongly that the next thing for her to do was to feel very much ashamed. With a little sob or two, she got off the floor and went out and lay down under an apple tree. There Dorothy Ann found her, an hour later, fast asleep. "Poor little creature! She's tired herself clean out."

Dorothy Ann had for some days been "bilin' over for a chance to speak her mind," and having now had it, felt very kindly disposed. She slipped a cushion under the poor little rumped head, and when dinner time came, Hetty found a dainty pudding, just big enough for her, baked on purpose. And during the long afternoon Dorothy Ann told funny old stories and let her make molasses candy to pass away the time. "I do declare, I'm most afraid to see Hetty!" said Tom, as the picnic party drew near home. And the other members of it felt very much so too. But Hetty was subdued, and as the days went on every one was amazed at the change in her. And nobody could ever guess how it came about, for she never told of Dorothy Ann's sermon. I wish all spoiled children could hear of such an one—don't you?—The Congregationalist.

The Apiary.

BEE NOTES.

An empty hive which has held foul brood may be disinfected by inverting it over a fire until it is scorched inside. It is said that those who have suffered intensely from asthma have found almost instant relief from a single teaspoonful of warm honey. Never change the location of hives after the bees have commenced their labors for the season, as before they sally forth to the woods and fields they mark well their surroundings and are bewildered and often lost if their home is removed during their absence to another spot. Most of our apiarists agree as to the superior qualities of alaska over other clovers for pasturage or honey. It is claimed that as great yields may be obtained from it as from basswood, and the quality of honey is much superior. If when a queen bee's wings have been clipped and she is returned to the hive the bees attack her, thinking, from her unusual excitement, or from some strange odor attaching to her from being handled, that she is a stranger, place her on another comb, where she will have access to honey in open cells. She will usually become quiet as soon as she has satisfied her appetite. If that does not help, cage her for a few hours. When clipping a queen's wings is practiced, it is necessary to keep a close watch of swarms, as the queen may be caught by birds, toads, or by larger insects, or may enter a wrong hive and be killed by bees. The owner should therefore secure her as soon as she is out of the hive, and to aid him in doing so as speedily as possible, the ground in front of the hive should be kept free from grass and weeds during the swarming time. I have timed bees many a time, says Mr. J. H. Andre, when working on syrup, and it takes them from ten to fifteen minutes to make a trip of half a mile: add to this five minutes more when working on the flowers, and twenty more for a distance of five miles (for no heavily laden bee can fly two miles without stopping to rest on the way), and it is self-evident that not much surplus will be stored if the bees have to go a distance of two miles for honey. First Principles in Bee-Keeping. 1. Bees gorged with honey never volunteer an attack. 2. Bees may always be made peaceable by inducing them to accept of liquid sweets. 3. Bees when frightened by smoke or by drumming on their hives, fill themselves with honey and lose all disposition to sting, especially if the motion jars their combs. 4. In districts where forage is abundant only for a short period, the largest yield of honey will be secured by a very moderate increase of managing bees. 5. Queenless colonies, unless supplied with a queen, will inevitably dwindle away, or be destroyed by the bee-moth, or by robber-bees. 6. The formation of new colonies should ordinarily be confined to the season when bees are accumulating honey; and if this, or any other operation, must be performed when forage is scarce, the greatest precaution should be used to prevent robbing. 7. The essence of all profitable bee-keeping is contained in Oettle's golden rule: Keep your stocks strong. If you cannot succeed in doing this the more money you invest in bees the heavier will be your losses; while if your stocks are strong you will show that you are a bee-master as well as a bee-keeper, and may safely calculate on generous returns from your industrious subjects.—Rev. L. Langstroth. BLUE VITRIOL.—Port Drug Co. 100 State street, is the place to get it.

What is Honey Dew?

A writer in the Prairie Farmer says in a positive way that this dew is produced from the aphid which is found on barks of trees, and which are apparently herded by small black ants, and who enjoy the atom of sweet exuded from the body of the aphid. A gentleman whom we met at the Newberg fair, and who is authority on matters connected with the apia-ry, says the dew is produced from some peculiar state of the atmosphere and is not an animal secretion, and gave some sensible theories about this dew. We would like to call out discussion on this subject. We recently bought some good-looking honey in the comb, but it was so bitter that we were compelled to throw the most of it away. What blossoms would produce this result, or were the bees fed on sugar? This is a fine bee country, and there is a growing interest in all matters pertaining to its production. The New Agriculture. The editor of the Register, published at Friendship, Allegany county, N. Y., has this to say of the new agriculture of Prof. Cole: Not only can much larger crops of larger and choice fruits and vegetables be raised by this new system, but the waters as they bubble forth from these trenches, after passing from trench to trench, are purified and infiltrated, and equal to the purest of living spring water, and it will be within the possibility, through the adaption of Father Cole's trench system, of every hamlet, to have the best of water works with a never failing supply of the purest water. The hills about Friendship, if properly trenched, would produce enough water to supply the whole country! And the supply would always be reliable. But Father Cole does not find it an easy matter to introduce his discoveries. He has followers who firmly believe that he is the greatest discoverer of the day; but there are others, moved from feelings inspired by jealousy, or from other equally or senseless natures, who fight him at every opportunity and who in some cases even maliciously oppose him in his labors. But Father Cole has never yet downed, and he will yet triumph over his enemies, and both the "new agriculture" and "aquaculture" will come into general use. Both are genuine and will prove upon trial to be and do all that their discoverer claims for them. Father Cole is no fraud; the "new agriculturist" is no fraud. The thousands of people who have visited the now famous "Home on the Hillside Farm," at Wellsville, all bear witness to these facts. Three years ago white beans could not be raised on Father Cole's hillside farm, where all was hard-pan of the most unproductive kind. To day such crops as are nowhere else grown in Allegany county, as to size and yield, are realized from the deep, rich and fertile soil. And all this is owing to the "new agriculture." It will fully repay farmers to look up this matter, and to adopt Father Cole's new system of sub-surface irrigation. There is no interest on the farm that requires more watchful attention than animals in winter when they are dependent for all sustenance on the provident care of owners. They must have enough to eat, water to drink, shelter against storms to insure thrift, and all these must be provided in the best way, looking to the comfort of animals. They may live through winter exposed to storms, but they will require more food than with good shelter, and exposure to cold storms will impose upon the owner penalty for his neglect. The merciful man is merciful to his beast. This implies care for comfort, as well as abundant supplies of food at the proper times. Great improvement has been made in the care of domestic animals during the past thirty years, and as the result, farmers derive greater profit from the keeping. They meet fewer losses, and they have more pride in well-kept animals than in the scrawny creatures that years ago gave in winter visible evidence of neglect. TO ANYONE who will send us a new subscriber for 1887, we will send any one of those articles of cutlery advertised on the 8th page of this issue. Heppner Gazette is Not a Claim! Neither is it a mountain oyster; but it is a wordy paper scribbled up in plain U. S. language and printed on a sweat-pourer press in a part of Eastern Oregon where cords and cords of vacant government and railroad land still lies out doors. It never stole hogs, but it is sometimes borrowed by the neighbors. Sample copy with description of the Heppner hills country, 10 cents in stamps. No discount to bummers. It never sucks eggs. Address, J. W. Redington, Heppner, Oregon.

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