

His Educated Bee

"I'M A-GOING to tell you fellers about my educated bee, Bizzer," said Uncle Bill. "This here bee an' I was out in my garden that day. I was there lookin' around an' the bee he was trespassin' onto some o' my flowers. It's hard to fool a bee on the weather, but this shower came up so almighty quick I was fooled myself. First I knew it was crack-crack all over my head. I put fer the house and the bee put fer his house. An' a big hallstone cracked him one, an' a purty a wing shot as I'd want to make on a partridge. Down come Mr. Bee, bizzin' right across my face, an' fell a'most under my feet. He was sich a big, fine-lookin', intelligent actin' bee that I picked up careful an' took him to my house, not seein' any probability of his gettin' to his own. The next hallstone would have finished his cay-reer.

"It took some little time for that bee to git used to me. I fed him good on sugar an' water till I got him so I could handle him. Then I took to lettin' him fly aroun' the room. One day I found him settin' a-top of a whisky bottle that happened to be there—I'd been havin' a cold that week—bizzin' his wings an' seemin' mighty satisfied with the smell of the cork. That put it into my head to try him with a little whisky an' sugar an' he took to it kindly. I wouldn't give it to him regular, understand, fer it ain't no part of Uncle Bill's make-up to be corruptin' the beasts of the field with strong drink; but just a appetizer before meals.

"He never got drunk but once, an' that was excusable, fer I was on a bit of a celebrate myself that time, an' spilled a lot of whisky on the floor. I guess Bizzer must have seed spiders in his dreams that night, for he was mighty ashamed of hisself next day, an' it was a week before he'd take his morning suffer. Wal, with the aid of that whisky I got him so's he'd answer to his name an' come flyin' to me bizzin' his wings like a locust whenever I'd call him. I could let him out of the house without fear that he'd run away. We'd go out fer walks together an' he'd chase flies or fight with damrin' needles, or go honey suckin' in the flowers, or may be stop to pass the time of day with some wild bee, but whatever the wild bees said to him they never got him to leave me.

"Back he'd come when I called, an' in the evenin' after his nightcap of whisky he'd curl up in the corner of a little box I fix fer him an' go to sleep. There was only one thing wrong with Bizzer. He was almighty jealous. I had a pet chipmunk around the place, an' Bizzer wouldn't endure that chip. He'd buzz aroun' the chip's head an' then he'd light on the end of chip's tail till the poor little critter went a'most loony with fear that he'd get stung. Lively as the chip was, Bizzer was a sight livelier. Once the chip nearly got him while Bizzer was takin' his noonday nip. After that Bizzer never let him alone, an' the little feller give up the fight an' went out into the cold world to grub fer nuts like an ordinary chipmunk. I was sorry to lose him, but I'd got mighty fond of Bizzer, an' I wouldn't have traded him fer 50 of Bill Eversole's yaller purps."

"Ef that wonderful bee had ever set foot on Sarcher," began Bill, prickled to wrath, and never got any farther, for there was a chorus of protests against the interruption, and Uncle Bill mildly preferred a request that somebody tell him whether he was telling this story or Bill Eversole; also that they tell Bill. That gentleman having been squelched, the old man continued:

"Wal, it never occurred to me that Bizzer was anythin' but a pleasant companion. I didn't figger as how he should be made to work fer his livin'. It was enough to just have him aroun' fer company. But one day late in June after Bizzer an' me had got mighty well acquainted a feller come spookin' aroun' my honeysuckle vines with a big net. He was a harmless critter an' pleasant spoken, an' he had a bottle in his pocket that was somethin' extry. He said he was collectin' butterflies, an' if I hadn't no objections he'd like to hunt a few in my garden. I hadn't none, so he hunted. After he'd ketchesd some he come aroun' to me settin' on my doorstep an' I ast him what luck.

"'Pritty good,' says he. 'I didn't git one species, though,' he says. 'They fly too high,' says he. 'They don't come down much this time o' year. I'd give a quarter apiece fer them fellers,' he says.

"Then he pulled out his bottle aguin and passed it over.

"'Mind ef I give a sip to my friend?' I asked.

"'Certainly not,' says he, very polite, but he looked a little huffed when I poured a bit on the doorstep.

"I buzzed with my lips an' Bizzer come a-hustlin' an' settled down in the whisky.

"'Shoo!' says the stranger. 'There's a bee in the whisky,' he says. 'First bee I ever saw drink liquor,' he says. 'Wonder if it'll make him drunk?'

"It will not," I says. 'He never gets a drunk.'

"'Whew!' says the stranger. 'They drink right along then, do they? This must be a hot township,' he says, 'where even the insects hit the bottle.'

"'That's my bee, stranger, I says. He's got enlightened tastes. Come up, Bizzer, you've had enough.'

"Bizzer gave me a reproachful look, fer he appreciated that whisky. It was better than what he was used to, bein' fed regular on Hank Hiver's fancy pison. No offense, Hank. Yes, it was hard fer Bizzer to break away, but he done it an' came an' sat in my ear. That bug-hunter was astonished.

"'Will you sell that bee?' says he.

"'No, sir,' says I. 'Not to Vanderbilt,' I says. 'That bee ain't fer sale.'

"'He's a great insect,' says the feller. 'I'd like to have him.'

"'You'd like to lock him up in a museum, where he'd buzz his life away fer a curious public,' says I. 'None o' that fer Bizzer.'

"'Wal,' says he, 'I s'pose I could make a good bit out of showin' him off,' he says, 'but it wasn't that I was thinkin' of,' he says. 'I could use him in my business,' he says.

"'How's that?' I asked him.

"'Why, if that bee was mine,' says he, 'I'd learn him to hunt them butterflies that fly so high I can't reach 'em,' he says.

"'How'd you go to do it?' says I.

"'I don't just know how,' he says, 'but any bee that's smart enough to be a judge of good whisky,' he says, 'wouldn't make no job of ketchin' a few butterflies,' he says. 'Pass your friend another drink,' he says.

"'We had a drink all around, and I asked the stranger if his offer of a quarter piece held good fer them big high-flyin' butterflies. He said it did, and described some other kinds he'd give the same price fer.

"'It's a go,' says I. 'If you'll go out an' ketch me a dozen butterflies of any kind I'll do the rest.'

"I'd got an idee into my head. So the feller ketches the butterflies an' went away, promisin' to come back next week. Wal, I took them butterflies inside the house and took an' painted the back of one of 'em with whisky and sugar. Then I put Bizzer's nose into the mixture just to let him know what it was an' turned the butterfly loose an' up went Bizzer after it. Wal, I hollered fit to split. It was funnier than the minstrels to see that fat bee a-chargin' an' dartin' at the butterfly, an' the butterfly not knowin' what it all meant an' scared most to death. Once Bizzer got a good grip with his feet on the butterfly's back, they came down in a heap together, fer Bizzer's weight was too much.

"With one butterfly after another I kept trainin' Bizzer all that day an' got him so when I'd say 'Nail 'em, Bizz,' he'd jest soar up to the ceiling, size up the game an' come swoopin' down onto it like a hawk onto a chicken. Of course, every time he got a butterfly he'd eat the whisky an' sugar offen his back. Next day I tried him with a butterfly that wasn't painted. He took after it all right, but he looked s'prised an' disappointed when he got it, an' sort of scratched his ear with his paw like he was sayin' to hisself: 'This kind of butterfly ain't got no honey. Guess again.'

"But I gave him some whisky as soon as he an' the bug landed, an' after a little time I learnt him that he was to ketch any bug I sent him after an' he'd git his drink. After that it was s' easy goin'. All I'd have to do was to take him out into the garden on a shiny day an' hold him on my finger till I see a butterfly I wanted. Then I'd point that one out an' say: 'Nail him, Bizzer,' an' in two minutes that bug would have a pin through him. I never knowed him to sting any bug he was after but once. That was a big mothiller that happened to be out in the daytime in my garden, an' when Bizzer tackled it it was so strong that Bizzer was gettin' flew away with.

"One little job was all the moth wanted. He come down so hard it like to 'a stunned poor Bizzer. Wal, when the feller with the net come back the next week he an' me had a settlin' an' he paid me over jest seven dollar an' seventy-five cents. That's what you might call good business. Don't s'pose any of you fellers ever made as much as that in a week unless it's Hank. Bill Eversole's deg was only wuth five dead an' that's a heap more'n he'd ever have brung alive."

"Where is this all-fired smart bee?" demanded Bill. "Why don't you fetch him aroun' so's we can see him. A stranger might think you was lyin'."

"Don't you fret, Bill Eversole," said Uncle Bill. "You'll see Bizzer some day. I'm goin' to set him gyardin' my melon patch later in the year if he recovers all right. Couple of days back I sent him up after a yaller butterfly, an' jest at that moment one of these blunderin' locusses come boomin' along an' there was a turrible collision in midst air. Both of 'em come down together floppin' an' rollin' on the ground, an' the big locus rattlin' like a sawmill. Pritty quick Bizzer got in a couple of stabs an' it was all over with the locus. When I come to pick Bizzer up, though, he was an knocked one-sided. He's to home now with three legs in a sling an' his left wing in splints. It's time I was goin' back to look after him, an' say, Hank, if you'll jest All that bottle with a superior brand of whisky fit for a sick bee an' put it down on my account at

the same rate, I'll take it kindly. Educated bees ain't like educated dogs. They're scarce, an' as long as mine lives nothin's too good fer him."—N. Y. Sun.

King Oscar Was His Head.
A story illustrating the simple bonhomie of the king of Sweden and Norway is told by M. Gaston Bonnier, the botanist. M. Bonnier was botanizing near Stockholm, when he met a stranger similarly occupied. The two botanists fraternized and M. Bonnier suggested that they should lunch together at an inn.

"No; come home and lunch with me instead," said the stranger; and he led the way to the palace and opened the gate.

M. Bonnier was naturally astonished, but his new acquaintance was most apologetic.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I happen to be the king of this country, and this is the only place I've got to entertain anybody in." So they went in and lunched, and talked botany together all the afternoon.—Chicago Times-Herald.

To a Higher Court.
"No," said the judge, firmly, "I will not consent to your marriage with my daughter."

"Sir," returned the young lawyer, haughtily, "I shall not take this decision as final."

"You won't?"

"No, sir, I will not. I shall appeal to the court of last resort."

"Oh, very well," replied the judge. "Submit your case to her mother, if you want to."—Chicago Post.

It has been demonstrated repeatedly in every state of the Union and in many foreign countries that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a certain preventive and cure for croup. It has become the universal remedy for that disease. M. V. Fisher of Liberty W. Va., only reports what has been said around the globe when he writes: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for several years and always with perfect success. We believe that it is not only the best cough remedy, but that it is a sure cure for croup. It has saved the lives of our children a number of times." This remedy is for sale by Lee Beall, druggist.

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Notice of Final Account.
In the Matter of the Estate of Lee P. Rohart, deceased. Notice is hereby given that I have filed my final account of administration of said estate with the County Clerk of Lake County, Oregon, and that the Judge of the County Court of said county has set the hearing thereon for the 15th day of March, 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the County Judge's office of said county, at which time and place, objections, if any there be, can be offered to the allowance of said final account. Lakeview, Jan. 17, 1901. JAMES McKEITHEN, Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF HARRIET WATERS, DECEASED.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned has been, by an order of the County Court of Lake County, Oregon, made and entered on the 4th day of September, 1900, duly appointed as Administrator of the estate of Harriet Waters, deceased. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to settle such indebtedness with the administrator at once, and those having claims against said estate will present the same, duly verified, to the undersigned at his residence in Paisley, Lake County Oregon within six months from the first publication of this notice.
PAUL J. BRATTAIN, Administrator of the Estate of Harriet Waters, deceased.
Dated January 30, 1901. 32-2

TIMBER LAND NOTICE.
United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, December 28, 1900. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 8, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Harriet Bonnier of Lakeview, county of Lake, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement, No. 281, for the purchase of the SW 1/4 of Sec. 24, of Township No. 18 N. and Range No. 22 E., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land, before the Register and Receiver of this office at Lakeview, Oregon, on Saturday, the 6th day of April, 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 6th day of April, 1901.
J. M. BRATTAIN, Register.

TIMBER LAND NOTICE.
United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, Jan. 31, 1901. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 8, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Isaac F. Taylor of Lakeview, county of Lake, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 282, for the purchase of the NW 1/4 of SW 1/4, and SW 1/4 of SW 22 and SW 1/4 of SW 1/4 of Sec. 24 in Township No. 18 N. Range No. 22 E., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land, before the Register and Receiver of this office at Lakeview, Oregon, on Saturday, the 6th day of April, 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 6th day of April, 1901.
J. M. BRATTAIN, Register.

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