

*Go as  
straight as  
the Bee*

Then he broke a piece of bark off the top rail, making a place for the honey.

"Let man go as straight as the bee," he said, as if to himself, "and then prate about his God. We followed in our clumsy way, and unless we have luck, pure luck, we're betched."

He explained that the bee would tell about the honey and that soon other bees would come out to get more. If he had been lucky enough to keep to the line, they soon would find the honey and again would make the bee-line back to the hive.

"And they talk about releeegion," he chuckled. "How can a man settle on a belief and stick to formulas like musk to a trap when he can't even understand the devices of yon wee bit bee?"

And again, as he spoke, that long droning whine fell upon their ears, and immediately several small brown objects alighted on the honey.

"Wheesht!"

One by one they took their fill and flew into the bush, dark spots against the darker background during the moment in which they shrank in size and then receded beyond human sight. Charlie watched them through narrowing eyelids and with twitching lips.

"We're not skunked yet," he said, picking up the honey, mounting the fence with one leap, and plunging after them.

From no angle could Charlie present a noble figure. Seen from behind by the small boy who followed, he appeared to be mostly legs, long scrawny legs that were mostly boots. For he wore top boots turned over at heel, with one pant leg inside and the other outside, showing one broken lug and the other stretched into a loop. The trousers were of faded gray cottonade held up by a single suspender fastened by a nail, and they were assisted as a covering by a shirt of striped cotton. Above all there was a felt hat that had been black and that now had nothing to show of band or braid or former design.

Charlie, therefore, did not present a noble figure.

And yet to the boy he was more than merely picturesque, for he inspired a romantic interest in himself as well as in his adventure. This was especially the case as he sprang from log to log or crossed with one bound spots that looked like mire or fen. And after he had followed the line as best he could a distance into the bush, he stopped, looked carefully all round, and then once more deposited the honey on a stump. Satisfied as to the location, he found a seat on the end of a log near by, and the boy sat down beside him.

*Charlie and  
the Boy*