

small body of Bheel robbers and was fast overtaking them. Suddenly the robbers ran behind a rock, or some such obstacle, which hid them for a moment, and when the soldiers came up the men had mysteriously disappeared. After an unavailing search, the officer ordered his men to dismount beside a clump of scorched and withered trees, and, the day being very hot, he took off his helmet and hung it on a branch by which he was standing.

The branch in question turned out to be the leg of a Bheel, who burst into a scream of laughter, and flung the astonished officer to the ground. The clump of scorched trees suddenly became transformed into men; and the whole party dispersed in different directions before the Englishmen could recover from their surprise, carrying with them the officer's helmet by way of a trophy.—The Outlook.

California.

(From *Youths' Companion*.)

"California is the biggest world in the country," wrote a small boy, passing the winter at Coronado, to his nurse in New York. All Californians echo the sentiment, for they, as some one says, "irrigate, cultivate and exaggerate." But then they have stupendous facts upon which to build stories that seem almost too big for belief. Miss Sanborn in her book, "A Truthful Woman in Southern California," tells of a man who got lost in a mustard field, though he was on horseback.

At San Diego she saw a tomato-vine only eight months old which was nineteen feet high and twenty-five feet wide, and loaded full of fruit in January. A man picking the tomatoes on a step ladder added to the effect.

A Gold-of Ophir rose bush at Tasadena had two hundred thousand blossoms—vouched for by the owner.

There are pumpkins that weigh two hundred and forty-six pounds and are seven feet in circumference; cucumbers seven feet long; seven beets weighed five hundred pounds; three bites can be taken at a strawberry; and the eucalyptus shoots often grow twenty feet the first year, carrying with them in their rapid ascension the stakes to which they were tied.

At Santa Barbara is the largest Lima bean ranch in the world. Sixteen hundred acres are planted to beans, and last year thirty-six tons of beans were used in planting. The beans do not need to be "piled" for they show no desire to climb, but lie lazily along the ground. Eleven gang-plows, four plows to a gang, each drawn

by six horses, are started as soon as the spring rains are over. Each gang plows seven acres a day. Harrowing, planting, harvesting and threshing are all done by machinery in the same big way. One hundred and twenty carloads of beans are annually shipped from this ranch, after what is needed has been reserved for seed. The profits are said to be sixty thousand dollars yearly."

By the Oct. 15th, 1891, *Gleanings in Bee-Culture* we see that Prof. A. J. Cook still clings to the idea that honey can be secured from a sugar barrel if only the bees will carry it home. From Claremont, Cal. Sep. 26th, 1891, in an article he writes, "Why not speak the truth, and say the bees digest it, or convert it into honey—a glucose sugar." That smacks like his promise of dropping the question, let us be careful. Hutchinson has for some time stuck to his promise to keep such views in the shade and there is some reason to believe that he will stick to that resolve. The writer of the California article might under the circumstances well add this:—

At Pomona College, Claremont, Cal., there lives a man who writes upon bee-keeping. He can secure an unlimited amount of honey per colony, in fact the amount secured per colony is only gauged by the inclination of the operator. Eight hundred and fifty pounds per colony is quite an ordinary yield. What makes this all the more astonishing is that the honey is gathered from only one source and the season has no effect upon it, making enormous profits absolutely certain. Cold, sunshine, cloud rain, and drought influence not the sugar barrel variety. The only difficulty thus far has been that the bees become paralyzed with overwork, but the gentleman at Pomona expects in time to breed up the bee to the required standard either by enlarging the bee or by toning up the condition in this modern Paradise.

I am glad to see your journal improving all along. Accept my congratulations.

C. THEILMANN,
Thielmann, Mo.

"That was a very reasonable request the Rev. Mr. Whitette made last Sunday." "What was it?" "He requested that no buttons be contributed for the heaven without garments attached to them." Herald.

What a perfectly lovely thing it would be. How the world would fill with light. If the "Heavenly Twins" would sail away On "Ships that Pass in the Night"!