

is definitely settled in their mind. If they think far enough ahead they may find a factor they have omitted from the problem. When the time comes to retire from service—it may never come and it may be forced upon one before he desires it—when this time comes, the city man will be so fixed in his habits and mode of living, his family in their social circle, that he must continue his same life and same expense of living. Even if he had thought of going back to his former country life, he will now find it impracticable: the rule is, that men do not. Now let our two men be compared after the same number of years of service, say 15 years. In that time the one saving \$500 per annum has \$7,500 ahead, and the other, saving \$400 per annum, has \$6,000 ahead. But what is this worth to each of them? The first, spending \$1,500 per year, can live on his \$7,500 just 5 years; and the second, spending \$600 per year, can live on his \$6,000 just 10 years. So you see, when looked at from this point of view, the \$1,000 salary is worth just double as much as the \$2,000. In other words, the \$2,000 man lays by each year enough to support him four months, while the \$1,000 lays by enough each year to keep him eight months. Some of you young men that are itching to get into places to make money faster, think this over. It will make you a little more content where you are.

C. C. MILLER.

Marengo, Ill.

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M'FINNEY AND THE BEES.

AN EX-POLICEMAN'S JOYS, DELIGHTS AND MISERIES OF
RAISING BEES.

THE ubiquitous Star reporter was strolling along a country road last Wednesday. It was just at that hour when nature in her loveliest evening dress, conscious that the friendly shadows conceal every blemish on her fair face, strives to beguile with most potent witchery the hearts of men. The pale sky was blushing with the last kisses of her departed lord, a tender light touched the purple hills, the roadside fences were hung with vines whose every leaf was jeweled with dew, thick-fleeced ewes with their frisky offspring disported themselves under the apple trees in the old orchard, the low of kine, returning from the pasture, "set with slender galingale," came faintly to the reporter's ears. He sat down on a mossy stone, first spreading his handkerchief carefully over it, drank in the ethereal beauty of the scene, inhaled the breeze laden with incense stolen from closing blossoms, and listen-

ed to nature's harmonies, rising all around—the gurgle of the brooklet, the plaintive note of the whippoorwill. He tried to remember some of the Horace of his school days. "What was that about the ursurer—Attalicus, was it? 'Jam, jam—' about to become a rustic; but what was the Latin? Facturus rusticus, was that it? 'Jam, jam—'" A frog, with a grunt of disgust, plunged into the brook, and the reporter smote himself. "Hang the mosquitoes," he said, and, rising, had walked onward a few paces when he was startled by an uncouth figure sitting on the fence of a farm house, which was dimly visible through the trees in the gathering dusk.

The figure was sitting with its elbows on its knees and its face in its hands, which were incased in large fur gloves. Stocking legs covered the arm from wrist to elbow, while a black veil hung over the dilapidated hat, after the coy fashions of Castilian dames. As the reporter drew near it sat erect and shyly raised its veil. Then in a voice which extreme dejection seemed to have robbed of surprise, and which seemed familiar somehow, it said: "Good evening, Mr. Blank."

Looking closer the reporter recognized, with astonishment, the lineaments of one whom in former days he had known as a policeman in New York—it was solely in the way of business, that is, newspaper business, that the reporter had made the acquaintance of the guardian of the peace.

"Why, McFinney, how do you do! Great Scott! What's the matter? Smallpox?" exclaimed the reporter, as he saw the red swellings covering Mr. McFinney's face and the hand that had been ungloved to clasp his own.

"Bees," said Mr. McFinney, laconically.

"Ah! So you are keeping bees? Very intelligent, interesting little creatures I have heard."

"Young man," said the veiled ex-policeman, earnestly, "my advice to those about to monkey with bees is—don't. I've been at 'em for two days now, and I find 'em something too intelligent; they can find a hole in a veil so quick it makes you dizzy. And interesting! They're like a detective story; when they hump up and get a focus on you, you want to finish 'em."

Mr. McFinney smiled feebly at his humorous conceit, and, laying his hand on the reporter's arm, continued confidentially:

"You know all the books say bee-keeping is such a nice, clean, pleasant business. So my wife thought she'd like to try it. She said she wanted some profit off the farm, and bees wouldn't make any trouble, but would just go