

ing." So early the next morning taking our shot guns, as we intended to hunt small game, we started, each taking separate paths. We were to meet about noon at a certain tree that we could see at the further end of the pond. Having found game plenty and concluding it must be about noon, I started for the tree, at which I soon arrived, finding Charlies already there, and well satisfied with his morning's work. While sitting under the tree enjoying the cool breeze, and chatting about our morning's sport, I noticed a sort of roaring sound which seemed faint and then grew louder at times. "Charlie!" I said "do you hear anything?" He listened a few minutes then said. "I don't know as I do, and still it does seem as though I heard a sort of faint roaring once in a while." "Well, I am sure I can. Come over here and sit by me and see if you can't hear it plainer." He accordingly took a seat by me leaning against the tree.

"Why yes," he said "I can hear it ever so much plainer now, I tell you what, Will, it must be in the tree." We listened a few moments longer, when Charlie suddenly exclaimed, "You don't suppose it can be bees, do you?" Animated by the thought we sprang to our feet and began examining to the tree. Having examined it for as much as five minutes and not finding anything we were about to give up when happening to look up. I espied a small knot on one of the large limbs around which, were flying some small insects. After watching them a few moments we could see that they were continually going in and coming out, and therefore knew that we had found a bee tree. "I say Charlie! do you suppose we could cut it? I have read about cutting them, and perhaps there is quite a lot of honey in it." "Why yes, we may as well cut it, as we'll be likely to have some fun if nothing else. At any rate I am willing to try it if you are." "Oh! Yes, I was just in for it." So shouldering our guns we started for camp. After dinner having made some torches out of an old sack, with which to smoke the bees, and taking the axe, (we only had one) and a large and a small pail we started for the tree, at which we arrived in due time. After tying some old handkerchiefs over our hats, the best we could, we set to work to fall the tree. As the tree was oak, and our axe being some what dull, by the time we had it ready to fall we were quite sweaty (bees sting a great deal worse when any one is sweaty as we soon learned to our cost.) Yelling Charlie to get the smoke rags (or torches) ready I waited, intending to fall the tree in such a position that the limb, which the bees were in, would be on the upper side. I now cried to Charlie "Are you ready?" As he answered "Yes." I gave two or three more chops which sent the tree down with a tremendous crash. Rushing up Charlie handed me a smoke rag and we ran up to see the result. To our dismay we saw that in falling it the limb had split open in the center, letting quite a lot of comb fall out on the ground. While Chas. ran for the pails I proceeded to smoke them, but as we were rather green about such business we will soon see how we succeeded. Venturing up I stuck the smoking torch under the log and where there seemed to be the most bees, being busily engaged smoking the bees in the limb I had not noticed that the ground was

also covered with them crawling in all directions.

Suddenly one lit on the back of my neck and while trying to get him off, another was up behind my ear buzzing like fury, another was on my hand and Holy Moses!

I felt an awful sting on my leg and clapping my hand down I let go of the torch. Looking around to see what had become of Charlie I saw him standing some four or five yards from the stump nearly doubled up with laughter. Heavens! there was another up my leg and Great Scott! it seemed that there were as many as a dozen up my sleeves, so letting go of my other torch and slapping my hands first one place then another I started off on the run. Pass-within a few feet of Charlie, I cried, "Why in time don't you help instead of standing there laughing like an idiot?" After running a short way, and having succeeded in killing or knocking off all the bees, which were on me, I started, rather reluctant, I confess, to return. While thinking how well he was succeeding, and why the bees showed him so much partiality, I saw him suddenly clap his hand up to the side of his head, then slap his leg, and next he made a dive at his face (I suppose one had got under the handkerchief,) and in so doing he loosened the handkerchief which came entirely off, at this catastrophe he dropped the torch and was soon dancing as good jig as any Frenchman. Venturing up I again began smoking them and taking out the comb as fast as I could. In a few moments Charlie returned, so handing him the torches I went to work in good earnest, and after having to chop some and getting a good many stings, we succeeded in taking our well earned honey we started for camp feeling that we were a great deal worse off in many respects than when we started. Arriving at camp we sorted the comb, and found to our chagrin that we had only the small six quart pail of honey. Nevertheless we ate a hearty supper and "turned in" for a good nights rest, that is, for as good a nights rest as could be expected, with our heads swelled all out of shape, and the rest of our bodies didn't feel any too comfortable you may be sure. In the morning it being Sunday we concluded it best not to start for home, until the morrow.

So having rested all day Sunday, we were up early the next morning and on our way home before the sun had yet risen. We arrived home late in the afternoon, and as soon as I could, I had those clothes off and I assure you I never thought of wearing them again. In fact my mother washed them up and sold them for rags.

And as to Charlies I guess his were served about the same way. My sister afterward told me, she at first thought we were beggars.

Thus ended our first hunting excursion.  
AMY M. MARSDEN.

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## LOOKING BACKWARD.

"Times aint now as they used to be some sixty years ago."

When mother was to father wed,

Some sixty years ago.

Girls' weren't so proud as they are now,  
Nor dressed to make a show.

Each dress was then short waisted cut,  
Plain, narrow, short the skirts;  
Women dressed modestly and plain,  
But men wore ruffled shirts.

My darling mother's wedding dress,  
Of calico was made;  
It cost some fifty cents a yard;  
'Twould wash and wouldn't fade.

And she had worn it many times,  
And washed it too, I guess,  
Ere she "stood up," to father wed,  
In that stamped cotton dress.

Then women's hair was parted prim:  
Combed smooth around each ear:  
Men wore such long thick beauty-locks,  
That they could hardly hear.

These Townships were a wilderness;  
Wolves prowled beneath its shade;  
And when the night had fallen dark,  
Terrific howls they made.

And wild-cats, deer, moose, caribou  
And bears stalked to and fro,  
In this vast howling wilderness,  
Some sixty years ago.

And houses then were made of logs;  
Mother's had but one room,  
Scant space for beds, chairs, table, stools,  
And place to set her loom.

And mother hadn't any stove,  
Of any kind, at all;  
So father built a big fire-place,  
Close up against the wall.

This old fire-place of stones was built,  
Some large, and others small,  
And then he built with cedar sticks,  
A chimney wide and tall.

Lime mortar was beyond his reach,  
(He'd hard work to get bread.)  
So he made mortar out of clay,  
And that he used instead.

He in the first-place put a crane,  
And on the crane a hook.  
And on the hook a pot was hung;  
Thus mother used to cook.

And this old fire-place broad and large  
We gathered round at night,  
We needed neither lamp nor gas,  
The fire glow gave us light.


And here we children danced and played,  
In this one cluttered room,  
And when we littered up the house,  
'Twas swept with cedar broom.

And in the ashes on the hearth,  
In winter we popped corn,  
And sometimes we played "fox and geese,"  
Till mother would us warn,

That it was time we should retire;  
Then soon our sleepy heads  
Were lying quietly and still,  
In our low trundle beds.

And we were happy and content,  
In this one room so small  
As those who dwell in castle grand,  
In palace, or in hall.

ELEANOR A. EARLY.

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