

LITERARY.

AWFUL.

Awful is a word
Every awful minute!
For 'tis an awful world
With awful people in it;
And some are awful tall,
Some are awful large,
And some are awful small;
Some are awful fat,
And some are awful lean,
Some are awful good,
And some are awful mean.

Some girls are awful sour,
And some are awful sweet,
Some wear awful obnoxious,
And some have awful feet;
Some are awful silent,
And some are awful loud,
Some are awful modest,
And some are awful proud.

Some chaps are awful silly,
And some are awful wise,
Some wear an awful mustache,
And some have awful signs,
Because their awful hearts
So awful soft are found,
That Cupid's awful darts
Their awful core have found.

And so 'tis awful, awful,
Awful is the word;
From every awful mouth
Some awful things are heard.
Some folks are awful nice,
Some girls are awful pretty,
Some men are awful wise,
Some women are awful witty.

In the awful morning,
From awful sleep we wake
With the awful warning
That 'tis awful late;
And through the awful day,
We hear the awful clatter,
Of awful, awful, awful—
That's what's the awful matter!

A Texas Adventure.

Four of us, my ranch partner, Alfred Dinmore, and myself, and a German house-carpenter named West Anspach, and a colored boy named Grant, had set out that day for a load of honey.

A load of honey will sound oddly, perhaps, to readers East, but that is the way we get it here. Wild honey, rich stores of it, is laid up by the native bees. The settlers often have resort to a "bee-tree," when their stock of sugar and molasses runs low. The honey is drained from the comb and put away in jars, and the wax makes excellent candles.

Twelve or thirteen miles up north of our location, in the canyon of Lipan creek, (headquarters of Wichita River), there is a "bees' nest" which has supplied us and the families of three other stockmen for the last four years.

This enormous bee hive is in the cliff on the north side of the canon, fronting south.

The entrance to it is up some forty feet above the creek bed, where there is a horizontal crack eight or ten inches wide, running along the face of the precipice for 400 or 500 feet.

This creek opens back into recesses in the shattered crags behind, and here the bees, colony on colony, have their nests, and have laid up honey for many years.

By going round and operating from the top of the cliff, we have at odd times dislodged considerable portions of the rock, with blasts of gunpowder and crowbars—sufficient to secure many hogsheads of comb.

Still deeper down, in great pits and holes, there seems to be a vast deposit of old, thick, candied honey, which had been drained from the tiers of comb above, year after year.

Lower down the cliff, the honey, especially on hot days, weeps and oozes out at little cracks and seams of the fissured sandstone—so much so that the creek bank is there completely honey-soaked, and the water for a mile or two below will at times be perceptibly sweetened.

Much of this oozing honey, the bees themselves carry up the face of the cliff.

On a pleasant June day, the canyon, and high above it, the air will be darkened by the incoming and outgoing

clouds of bees, millions on millions of them, along the whole length of the crevice. The ordinary drowsy hum of a hive is here intensified to a deep, solemn roar, distinctly audible a mile below.

To go honey gathering there on a summer day might be a perilous business. We have always made our raids on the nest during the cold weather, generally on some chilly day toward Christmas when the bees are lying torpid, and a winter silence has fallen upon the whole vast apiary.

It was one of the last days of November, and when we started that morning the weather was quite warm, almost "muggy," with a thin, bluish fog rising from the prairie, which had lately been burned over and lay coal-black under foot. But we had not gone more than eight or ten miles when a "norther" came down on us in full blast. The first we saw of it was a sudden whirling of the fog over the tops of a belt of mesquits to our left. Then came a puff of cold air as damp and chilling as when in summer one steps into a cellar.

A minute later, this monitory whiff was followed by a second puff, a perfect gust, which set our hats whirling and upset the hogsheads off the spring board.

The norther was upon us!

That is the way these freezing gales always come here; sometimes they don't even give one time to get on one's great coat and mittens. How cold they are, and how they cut through one's body! In half an hour the mercury will fall forty and even fifty degrees.

Often rain, sleet, and sometimes snow come with it.

No one tries to do anything during a norther here. You can not even get a blacksmith to shoe your horse while a norther is blowing, and it often blows three days at a bout.

The folks "den up," and keep a great fire going. You will not see a person stirring out anywhere, no old settler at least, even in the vil lage.

When the norther struck us, we set out to go home, but as the canyon was now no great distance ahead, we drove on and got into that at a place about two miles below the great "bees' nest."

The cliffs here broke the force of the gale, and selecting a spot where a big rick of drift stuff had been lodged against the crags by floods, we built a roaring fire, and made a shed, partly of the half hogsheads and spring-boards, and partly of the driftwood and brush. Here we made ourselves comfortable, gave the mules their corn, and had no thought of going on the prairie for honey, or anything else while the gale held.

The crag on the side against which we had our fire was sixty or seventy feet high, but as I have mentioned above, was here all along much fissured and cracked, showing crevices and crannies where the broken strata had worked apart, about three or four feet in width. The drift-rock which served us for a woodpile burned well, the blaze mounting half way up the cliff, and casting a warm glow back into our shed.

Here throughout the rest of the day we lay at our ease and told stories, going sound asleep, wrapped up in our buffalo skins.

Some hours must have passed for our big fire had burned low, when I was roused by a scratching, raking noise on the rocks in front of our shed. Before I was yet half awake, something, it was so dark I could not tell what, but some heavy animal, I felt sure—came down the rocks and fell partly into the open front of our shed, and right on Anspach's extended feet and ankles.

With that Wert jumped to get up and we all arose, fumbling for our guns. But, before Anse or I, or any of us, had gained our legs, down came

the shed, the half hogsheads we had brought for our honey, our tilted-up spring-board wagon, brush and all.

Who had the most to do with it I am sure I don't know. It was a free scramble. One of the half-hogsheads tipped over in such a way as to completely shut Grant, the colored boy under it all but his shanks, and as the fore wheels of the spring-board lay partly across the bottom of the hogshead, he was caught fast.

The noise he made was as nothing compared to the racket the German was making, for the other half-hogshead had fallen over him and he was kicking at an unknown wild beast, whose growls mixed with his shouts.

"Anse, vare bees you?" we heard call in reproachful tones.

The moment we had extricated ourselves from the brush and stakes, Divs more and I sprang to our feet and tried to take in the situation. It was too dark to see much. The brush was snapping and the half-hogshead bobbing up and down; and just then a savage, growling head of some animal was thrust repeatedly out between the spokes of the hind wheels of the cap-sized spring-board.

Anse, who had seized upon the camp ax, let it drive for the growler's head. His first stroke knocked two spokes out of the wheel. At the next plunge the animal came head and shoulders through the gap. But I had secured one of the guns, and at this juncture, by great good luck, shot it.

Almost with the report, West, who had been making frantic efforts to get out through the brush on the back side, scrambled to his feet, shouting: "Charles, be careful vare you shoot! Whole dozen dem buck-shots go puz by my ear!"

"It's a bear," said Alf, peeping between the spokes of the wheel; but before we had time to haul out the carcass, or even get Grant from under the hogshead tub, another bear came sliding down the rocks with a scratch and a growl, and fell sprawling into the ashes and still glowing embers of the fire. A perfect smother of coals flew up.

He whirled around with a low yelp, and leaped over some logs at the end of our shed. I had just time to cock my left barrel and fire as his hind legs disappeared over the logs. We heard him give a growl as the shot struck him.

"Queck, Charles, mit your goon! In de holler up de rock! Don d you hears him yow? Anoder von comin' down."

Surely enough there was another bear looking from a great fissure in the rock, and making as if to descend.

"Thoust you hear dem bark, boys! Only hear dem sing!"

If there had been a whole menagerie shut up back among the rocks, it could hardly have made more music—growling, whining and roaring.

There must be an awful big den back in those rocks, and it's just bilin' over full of em.

Every minute or two a head would pop out in sight from the crevice. The firing and noise had stirred them up. It looked as if the animals had climbed up to the den over the heap of driftwood which our fire had burned up. The smoke and fire flaming up to the mouth of the hole had kept them in during the first part of the night, or else they had all been comfortably asleep in there passing the norther. But now they all wanted to come out—hungry perhaps.

During the forenoon we got logs and stuff from the drift-ricks lower down, which we set up in such a way that we could climb to the entrance of the den.

Al and I climbed up, and together we pecked about for some time. When we looked into the dark hole there would be a low growling.

Three or four hours were spent.

We found it was no use trying to shoot them in the dark.

There was a cave back in there as large as a large hall—a great irregular cavity, emitting a very strong bearish stench.

In the afternoon we assailed them on a new tack. Wert and Grant split up a lot of wood, which with their assistance, we carried up our log ladder, half a cord of it at least, and then pitched it into the cavern. A brand was then fetched up, and we soon had a bonfire going, which lighted up the whole inside of the den. From where we stood up in the fissure, the bears could be seen crouching behind the black boulders, and in the far corners of the cave, snarling uneasily at the fire. I counted five, and Alf soon made out two others.

To shoot game thus cornered up may be deemed an unsportsmanlike method of hunting, but my friend and myself were troubled by no such scruples.

An hour later, we hauled seven bears—dead ones—out of that cave, which, added to those already secured made ten carcasses!

They were remarkably fat bears too with one exception. Their flesh had a noticeably sweet taste, which we attribute to their getting so much honey thereabouts.

TRUTHS FOR WIVES.

In domesticque, the wife's influence is much greater than her husband's; for the one, the first cause—mutual love and confidence—being granted, the whole comfort of the household depends upon trifles more immediately under her jurisdiction. By her management of small sums her husband's respectability and credit are created or destroyed. No fortune can stand the constant leakages of extra balances and mismanagement; and more is spent in trifles, than women would easily believe. The one great expense, whatever it may be is turned over and carefully reflected on ere incurred; the income is prepared to meet it, but, it is pennies imperceptibly sliding away which do the mischief, and this the wife alone can stop—for it does not come within man's province. There are often unsuspected trifles to be saved in every household. It is not in economy alone that the wife's attention is so necessary, but in those niceties which make a well regulated house, an unfortunate cruet stand, a missing key, a buttonless shirt, a soiled collar, a soiled tablecloth, a mustard pot with its old contents sticking hard and brown about it, are severally nothing; but each can raise an angry word or cause discomfort—depend on it, there's a great deal of domestic happiness in a well-dressed mutton chop or a tidy breakfast table. Men grow asted of beauty, tired of music, are often too wearied for conversation—however until lectual—but they can always appreciate a well swept hearth and smiling comfort. A woman may love her husband devotedly—may sacrifice fortune, friends, family, country for him—she may have the genius of a Sappho, the enchanted beauties of an Armida; but, melancholy fact, if with these she fail to make his home comfortable, his heart will inevitably escape her, and women love so entirely in the affections, that without love their existence is a void. Better submit, them to household tasks, however repugnant they may be to your tastes, than doom yourself to a loveless home. Woman of a higher order of mind will not run this risk; they know that their feminine and domestic duties are their first duties.

FAITH,