YOUNG FOLKS.

The Bee Republic.

Did you ever spend a day at a bee-hive? I have spiary which I visited not long ago I discovered Italian, Syrian and Holy Land bees living in harmony with Canadian brothers and sisters. The Italians are a docile race, but not as busy as the Holy Land bees, though the latter have bad name for decility, being easily provoked. The Syrians wear Burnside whiskers down their sides. They are indefatigable workers.

The bee-hive is a small two-story house. The lower floor is the brood chambers, and the bees fill first with stores for the winter. It is also the royal residence of the queen. The upper story is for the surplus honey, and the bees fill this for the market. Honey is the nectar of the flowers. The bees do not make it. They simply carry it and place it in the store-house.

The bee-hive is a republic in one sense, but rather a constitutional monarchy like England. Although there is an imperial queen to whom great respect is shewn, she does not appear to possess much governing ability, and resigns the throne as soon as hostilities cease. Uncovering a hive I found the bees at their labor. The honeycomb of cells was covered with the bees. One would stop at a cell a moment and then go along, then another would do like or two, and all seemed rather out of regular work; but still there is a regular plan of labor and a directorate. Sentinels are constantly on duty at the door, but no particular bee appears to have been assigned the task. The honey workers or comb-builders seem to change differently with the honey-gatherers and the nursing bees that guard the cells in the young ones are hatching. The queen alone appears to have a regular task. She moves about the comb depositing eggs in the cells. She thus places about two or three thousand eggs a day. A colony of insects in good form is composed of about thirty thousand bees, and their average being only from forty to sixty days there must be a constant addition to keep up the population. A queen reigns from two to three years. The eggs seem all alike and are made to produce workers, or drones, or queens, as the colony nominates. The workers are imperfect females, the drones are the males, while the queens are perfected females and each has a cell of her own. When a queen is wanted the workers select a cell on both sides of it, and build a balloon-shaped cell about an inch long. This is carefully guarded and the bees are fed the richest food, usually the juice of flowers mixed with honey and wax. Some of the cells are used as magazines in which to store the queen's food. The bed of the young queen is called royal jelly. The queen cells are never disturbed by the old queen during the swarming season, that is, during the time when the bees have concluded that the swarm is getting large, and it is time to divide the family. When the new queen is about to be born, the old queen generally organizes a new colony, scouts having been sent out by her to find a good location, she departs with her followers and guides to the new country. In the high councils of beedom, if it is concluded that the colony can again be divided, the first new queen takes off another colony. If not then her first act is to sting the cells of the other queens and put them to death. If two queens are hatched at the same time a ring is formed and they fight till the death of one of them and the other dies. The marriage ceremony of a new queen is performed in mid-air, and after the wedding the drone husband goes off and dies, and the queen lives a happy widow the rest of her life.

The new queen is full of business. She puts everything in perfect order about the hive. She will not keep the drones over winter, but commands the workers to carry them out to die. The young bees that are hatched imperfect are immediately dragged out and put to death. If a foreign substance is too bulky to be removed it is immediately cemented over.

Frequently a scout comes around the colony from a neighboring hive. He endeavors to discover the strength of the colony. Watching his chance he will pass the sentinels undiscovered, and when he comes back he will have an army at his back. The fiercest resistance is made at the sentry gates, and very often fierce battles occur, many of the fighters being killed and injured. If the attacking party wins the battle the conquered colony helps to carry its own honey home for the victors. They believe that to the victors belong the spoils.

One of the most important facts about the bee is that it cannot sting but once, and soon after.

Religious Intolerance in Russia.

The deplorable intolerance in religious matters which distinguishes Russian rule has just obtained fresh victims—one named Tikhanoff, an inferior functionary of the telegraphs; the other, Vekadine, a country-man. These were a few days ago summoned before the court of Novgorod for an offence against orthodoxy, an offence detailed in the 189th paragraph of the Penal law.

The two men charged with the offence were sentenced to hard labor. A great crowd attended the trial, consisting for the most part of sympathizers with the defendants. Only one of all the Russian papers and reviews has had the courage to make any remarks about this sentence. That one, a review, called the *Viestrik Tevropt* (The European Messenger), asks what the adherents of Tikhanoff and Vekadine, who attended the trial, can think of the case? It can scarcely be supposed, the writer says, that this sentence will, in their eyes, be regarded a sufficient proof that Tikhanoff and Vekadine are wrong and the Orthodox Church right. It is much more probable that the condemned men will be considered martyrs to truth, and that the number of their secret adherents will increase. All that the Orthodox Church can gain by its severity is to increase the number of religious hypocrites.

A late invention is a match which may be used over and over again. This will fill an long want. If there is one match that has been struck, lying in a box with 10,000 good ones, a man is always sure to get that identical second-hand match when he has occasion to light the gas at midnight.

Legendary Weapons.

Curious and interesting particulars of the actual construction of legendary weapons are found in some of the Vedas and the commentaries on the ancient writings. The bows varied in length from the length of a man's arm to 4 cubits or 6 feet, of which the latter dimension was considered the best. They were made of metal, horn, or wood; but the best bows were constructed from the bamboo cut at the end of Autumn. The arrows also varied in length from 3 feet to 5 or 6. They were tipped with steel points variously shaped, needle or lance pointed, semicircular, dentiform, double-edged or jagged like a saw, and these forms of points are to day to be found on the arrows of many of the aboriginal tribes of India. The shafts were greased or anointed to facilitate their flight; but they never appear to have been poisoned. Some were altogether made of iron, and it is perhaps these to which Curtains alludes when he says that some of the Indian archers shot with arrows which were too heavy to be very manageable. One characteristic of the archery of the ancient Hindus seems to have been peculiar to them alone, which consisted in shooting a number of arrows at once, from four to nine at a time. The swords were, as in later days, of various shapes and sizes, and many localities were credited with producing the best blades. Those of Bengal and Behar were praised as tough and capable of taking a fine edge. The sword considered in the Veda of the best size must have been a two-handed weapon, as it was 50 fingers long, with a hilt guarded by an iron netting, probably resembling the modern pata, or the long kanda of the Rajput. There does not appear to have been any special distribution of weapons to combatants of different ranks, though bows and arrows, maces, javelins, swords, and shields seem to have been the principal arms of the chiefs, who went to battle mounted on chariots, while their followers carried in addition spears and axes of various forms, and other missiles of different kinds.

Killing His Brother.

In the Wilson case, Montrose, Col., the defence put their client on the stand. He told his story in a plain, straightforward way, without emotion, giving a minute description of how the tragedy occurred. He said:

"Prentiss was my brother. When in a passion he was a maniac. On Sunday he struck me in the face, nearly breaking my nose. Toward evening he ordered me to get supper. I told him I did not feel well, and asked him to get it. I then went in and laid down on the bed. Soon after Prentiss entered with a lighted candle in one hand and a butcher knife in the other. He asked me if I intended to tell the people what he said about his being a highwayman, and striking at me with the knife. I jumped and grasped a hammer and hit him over the head, striking him again as he fell on to the bed. Then I grasped the Winchester and fired without aim.

"Then all was quiet, and I realized that I had killed my brother. I saw his pocket-book half out of his breeches pocket, and I took it. It contained $142. I walked the trail back and forth all night, not knowing what to do. I did not want our mother to know of it, and, to hide the act from all, I dragged the body to the well and buried it. I had been in Paradox nine months, but owing to Prentiss's wish I did not associate with any one; in fact, I hardly knew anybody there.

"On Tuesday morning I went to Mr. Galloway's, intending to tell him all about it, but he was not there, and I returned to the cabin, took the horses which father had bought for us and started to leave the country. I drank liquor in Montrose to drown my grief."

Lock-Jaw Cured.

That form of lock-jaw which is produced by a wound is known to physicians as traumatic tetanus. A New York paper recently reported a case of this disease which had been treated by Dr. Robert Tayler. The patient recovered, and according to the reporter, the Doctor declares that it is "the only case of cure of traumatic tetanus in the history of the world."

Is not this statement erroneous? In the London *Lancet* of June 12, 1886, Mr. William Thomas Jackman of the Royal College of Surgeons describes a case of traumatic tetanus which came under his care in the March previous. The patient was a lad fifteen years old, whose fingers had been crushed by cogged wheels, and the lock-jaw was complete. Chloral hydrate was administered in twenty-grain doses every three hours for ten days. The results were not satisfactory, and Mr. Jackman determined to try the new hypnotic drug urethan. The chloral was discontinued during the night, and four grains of urethan were given him every two hours from 6 o'clock in the evening to 6 in the morning. "The first night of this trial showed a marked decrease in the severity of the symptoms, and the patient made gradual and uninterrupted progress until April 20, when his recovery was established."

In the case treated by Dr. Tayler, morphine appears to have been the only drug employed. Any physician who is fortunate enough to treat this disease successfully is entitled to credit and congratulation, but the Bronxville case does not seem the only one which has resulted in recovery.

SHORT SUMMER SERMONS.

BY BROTHER GARDNER.

When I h'ar an indiwidual rise up an' declar' disgust wid de world I set him down as a pussen who has contributed his f'ar share to'rds bringin' de world to its present condishun.

Dar' am sartin people who war' bo'n into dis life fur no partickler reason. Dey am as outer place as a blind hoss befo' a lookin'-glass. Dey haven't de smartness to steal nuer de speerit to work. Dey am too cowardly to suicide, an' not brave 'nuff to face de problems of life. Dey am mean 'nuff to covet, but not reckless 'nuff to steal. Dey begin on Sunday mawnin' to predict short crops, an' wind up Saturday night by a prophecy of airthquakes or chelera. On de front desk of every dark man should be nailed a sign readin': "It am better to pass on to de next co'ner an' take de small-pox instead."

I sit down wid my pipe of an evenin' an' boil sartin matters down an' frow away de skimmins. I'm bin gainin' two or three pounds of flesh a y'ar fur de las' ten y'ars. What rich man has done better? I'm got a tight roof ober head an' a good cellar below. Jay Gould's roof may be higher an' his cellar bigger, but why should I envy him when I have room 'nuff?

On my table am co'n beef, 'taters, cabbage, bread, an' odder fings which please my taste, satisfy my hunger an' put fat on my ribs. Does any millionaire do mo' dan eat to please hisself?

De panes in my windows am small but clear. I kin look out to de east, no'th, south or west. De Vanderbilts can't do any better. Deir glass may be larger an' cost mo' money, but it dean' keep out any mo' weather.

I'm got a bit of a garden in which I'm growin' 'taters, lettuce, onions, beets an' de like. De Queen of England kin have a bigger garden, but her wegetables must grow in de same way, an' would taste no better.

I'm got plenty of fuel fur cold weather, an' fly screens to keep out de dust an' flies in summer. De king's palace am warmed by de same coal an' his screens made from de same wire. I want neither his heat nor his 'skeeters.

I'm got good health an' a perty fa'r job. Dar am plenty of millionaires who haven't got no health 'tall, and whose werry am mo' tiresome dan my labor.

I'm got a lot all paid fur in de graveyard. Some men may have two, but I doan' envy 'em. By an' by me'n de old woman will be laid away up dar. By an' by de rich man an' his wife will also be laid away. Dey may have a monument towerin' above our tombstuns, but dey'll sleep no sweeter nor awaken any sooner. Deir coffins may be richer, but de same airth will bring all to decay.

De great trouble wid siverage humanity, as I see it, am de fack dat people grasp fur too much. What was riches to de las' ginerashun am jist nuff to make dis one discontented. What was comfort den am poverty now. De wages of our gran'fathers would hardly buy ap'ens fur de wives of workin' men to-day. We am full of froth an' show. Hypocricy an' deceit am part of our stock in trade. Envy an' jealousy am driven' out charity an' contentment. Fifty y'ars hence, if dey should dig down to my coffin an' find dat I had turned ober, de papers needn't make any sensashun. It am quite sart'n, onless a great change takes place, dat de nex. generashun will make us ole dead folks tired.

"I Would That I Were Dead!"

cries many a wretched housewife to-day as, weary and disheartened, she forces herself to perform her daily task. "It don't seem as if I could get through the day. This dreadful back-ache, these frightful dragging-down sensations will kill me! Is there no relief?" Yes, madam, there is. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is an unfailing remedy for the complaints to which your sex is liable. It will restore you to health again. Try it. All druggists.

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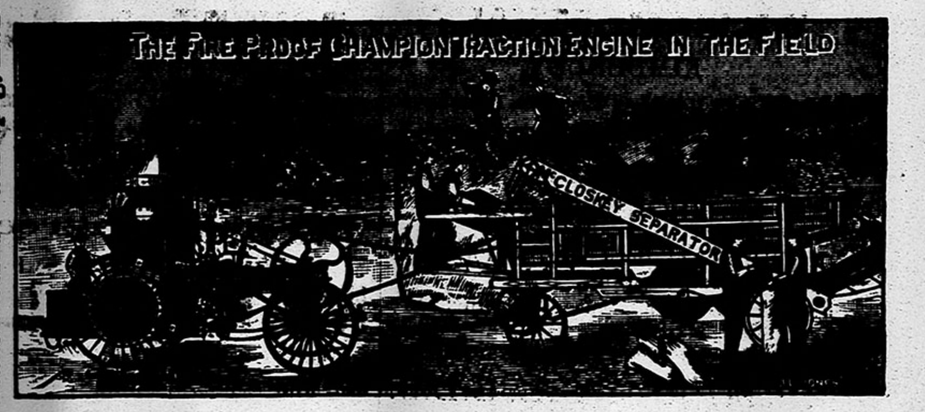

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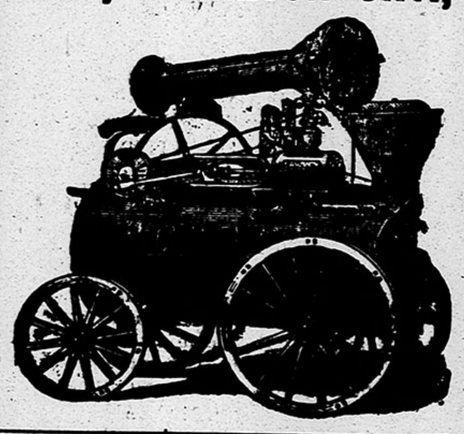

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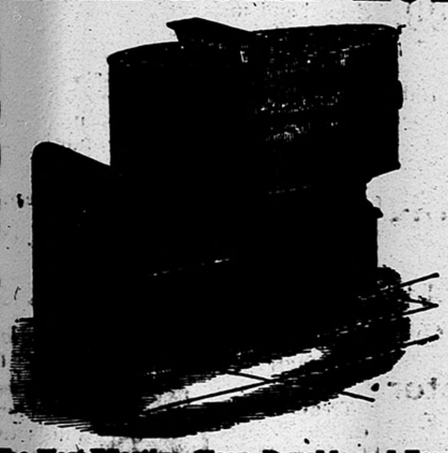

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