The Weekly Messenger

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ALBERT BIENVENU.

A general suspension of payments for one year has been found necessary in the Argentine Republic to allow the commercial and financial men to get over the results of the wild speculation in which they have been indulging of late.

Among the criminals "wanted" in New York city, on charges ranging from the confidence game to bank robbery, are fourteen men who have received college educations. At least six of them graduated with the highest honors, and all seem to have turned to crime from a liking for the bad side of life.

Two English army officers were recently killed while following the hounds, both being thrown by their horses refusing to jump a high fence, and both having their necks broken, causing instant death. A prominent London paper, in speaking of the accidents, naively says that they "cast quite a gloom over the meet."

Chinese officers draw pay according to the number of men serving under them. From time immemorial every officer has been permitted to lie to the number of ten men, but a month ago the young Emperor issued a decree that this must be stopped and that the liars must tell the truth. The downfall of the Empire is predicted throughout the army.

Small storekeepers often complain of being ruined by the monster establishments which sell everything and monopolize the trade formerly shared by their minor neighbors. The same complaint has been raised in Paris, and the French Government will lay additional license duties on big stores, so as to restrict their operations and allow small traders a fair chance.

Americans, who grumble because in some of our Western cities letters are collected only once on Sunday, ought to be banished to Vendsburg in the Transvaal (South Africa) Republic where mails from the coast arrive only once a month, in charge of carriers who have to swim half a dozen different rivers and take their risk of being shot by Caffir bushwhackers or treed by enterprising lions.

The following is an accurate list of the portaits on the national currency: On United States notes—$1, Washington; $2, Jefferson; $5, Jackson; $10, Webster; $20, Hamilton; $50, Franklin; $100, Lincoln; $500, General Mansfield; $1000, De Witt Clinton; $5000, Madison; $10,000, Jackson. On silver certificates—$10, Robert Morris; $20, Commodore Decatur; $50, Edward Everett; $100, James Monroe; $500, Charles Sumner; $1000, W. L. Marcy. On gold notes—$20, Garfield; $50, Silas Wright; $100, Thomas H. Benton; $500, A. Lincoln; $1000, Alexander Hamilton; $5000, James Madison; $10,000, Andrew Jackson.

What is believed to be one of the largest water wheels ever built in New England has been produced in Greenwich, Mass., for use under conditions in which a turbine wheel made of iron would not give satisfactory results. The material used in this immense construction is largely white oak; the height of the wheel is twenty-eight feet; the shaft something more than twelve feet in length, with a surface of forty-eight inches; the buckets are white oak and of great depth, so that when filled with water a prodigious weight is given to them. It has a force equal to some one hundred and twenty-five horse power, power being communicated to gearing by means of enormous iron segments.

America as a Naval Power.

The advent of the Americans on the high seas as the first naval power in the world is as certain as the rising of the sun, but hitherto the development of the navy of the United States has been slow. The Secretary of the Navy at Washington is, however, moving in the matter, and his latest report recommends the building of two fleets of battleships, eight for the Pacific and twelve for the Atlantic; twenty coast defense ships and five first-class torpedo boats. This is, of couse, only a fancy programme. But it has substance enough in it to give stimulus to the hope that before long an Anglo-American flag may be unfurled which will represent the combined naval forces of the English speaking world. — *Pall Mall Gazette*

'Tis Better to Laugh.

The sunniest skies are the fairest,
The happiest hours are the best,
Of all of life's blessings the rarest
Are pictures of pleasure and rest.
Though Fate is our wishes denying,
Let each bear his part like a man.
Nor darken the world with our sighing—
'Tis better to laugh when we can.

Each heart has its burden of sorrow,
Each soul has its shadows profound.
'Tis sunshine we're yearning to borrow
From those who may gather around.
Then let us wear faces of pleasure
The world will be happy to scan.
A scowl is to no one a treasure—
'Tis better to laugh when we can.

—*Chicago Herald.*

HIS NEIGHBOR'S BEES.

BY AMY RANDOLPH

It was a still, frosty evening in October, with the moon just old enough to cast a ruddy light on the leaf-carpeted path, and the ancient stone wall, all broidered over with lichens and moss. The air was instinct with sweet aromatic scents, and one red light burned like a beacon star in the cottage window on the hill.

"Look!" said Fleda Fenwick. "Mamma has lighted the lamp! It's high time we were home."

"And you haven't said yes!" mournfully uttered Jack Trevelyn.

"And I don't mean to say yes!"

Jack seated himself on the stone wall, just where the bars had been taken down. He was a handsome, sunburned fellow, with sparkling black eyes and a rich, dark complexion, as if, in his far back ancestry, there had been some olive-browed Spaniard. Fleda leaned against the bars, the moon turning her fair hair to gold and lingering like blue sparks in the deeps of her laughing eyes. If ever opposites existed in nature, they existed there, and then.

"I've a great mind to go away to sea," said Jack, slowly and vengefully.

"Do," saucily retorted Fleda.

"And never come back again!"

"Oh, Jack!"

"The idea," he cried, raising both hands as if to invoke the fair moon herself by way of audience, "of a girl refusing to be married simply because she hasn't got some particular sort of a wedding gown to stand up in."

"If I can't be married like other girls, I won't be married at all," declared Fleda, compressing her rosy lips.

"The idea of keeping a man waiting for that!" groaned Jack.

"It won't be long," coaxed Fleda.

"But, look here, Fleda, why can't we go quietly to church and be married, any day, and get the gown afterwards?" pleaded Jack.

"But, Jack, it wouldn't be the same thing at all. A girl gets married but once in her life, and she wants to look decent then."

"My own darling you would look an angel in anything!"

"Now, quit that, Jack!" laughed Fleda. "It's what my school children call 'taffy.'"

"I hate your school children," said Jack, venomously. "I hate your school. I despise the trustees, and I should like to see the building burn down. Then you would have to come to me."

"No, I shouldn't," averred Fleda. "I should take in millinery and dressmaking until I had earned enough for the white silk dress. I never would — Oh, Jack! Who's that?"

"A tramp? I'll soon settle him with my blackthorn!" cried Trevelyn, springing up.

"No, don't," whispered Fleda, shrinking close to him; "it's Mr. Mingden. He's on his own premises; these woods belong to him. It's we that are trespassers. Wait! Stand still until he has gone by. He's very near-sighted, and he will never see us."

"And who," breathed Jack, as a stout, elderly person trotted slowly across the patch of moonlight, and vanished behind the stiff laurel hedge, "is Mr. Mingden?"

"Don't you know? Our neighbor. The new gentleman who has bought Smoke Hall."

"The old cove who is always quarreling with you?"

"Yes—the very man who hates bees so intolerably, and wants mamma to take away all those lovely hives, down by the south fence. He says he can't take his constitution in peace, because he's always afraid of being stung."

"Why don't he take it somewhere else, then?"

"That's the very question," said Fleda.

"Mingden, eh? I believe he must be Harry Mingden's uncle—it's not such a very common name," said Jack, reflectively. "And Harry's my college chum—and I'm going to ask him to be my best man at the wedding."

"Oh, Jack! I hope he isn't as disagreeable as his uncle!" cried Elfleda.

"He's a trump!"

"Besides, I don't believe his uncle will let him come!" added the girl.

"Not let him come? Why shouldn't he?"

"Because he hates us so on account of the bees."

"But, I say, Fleda!" cried the young man, "this complicates matters! I promised to go and see Harry Mingden when I was down here."

"Go and see him, then; but don't mention the name of Fenwick, for your life."

"Indeed I shall. Isn't it the name of all others in which I take the most pride?"

"Oh, Jack, you will only make more trouble! It'll be worse than the bees. Promise me, Jack, or I'll never, never speak to you again."

And Jack had to promise, after some unwilling fashion.

Mrs. Fenwick, a pretty, faded little widow was full charged with indignation when Fleda returned from her stroll in the woods.

"Mamma, what is the matter?" said Fleda.

"One of the hives was upset over tonight," sobbed Mrs. Fenwick; "and I'm sure he did it."

"It was the wind, mamma."

"No wind ever did that, Fleda. But I set it up again. I will never, never sacrifice my apiary to his absurd prejudices."

"Dear mamma, if you would only have the hives moved to the other side of the garden!" pleaded Fleda, caressingly.

"And sacrifice a question of principle! Never!" replied the widow.

Mrs. Fenwick, ordinarily the most amiable of women, was roused on this subject to an obstinacy which could only be characterized as vindictive. And Mr. Ezra Mingden was ten times as bad as his neighbor.

"That woman is a dragoness, Ha!" he said to his nephew. "She keeps those bees simply to annoy me. I hate bees. Bees hate me. Every time I walk there I get stung."

"But, uncle, you shouldn't brandish your cane about so," reasoned Harry. "It's sure to enrage 'em."

"I don't brandish it on the woman's side of the fence. If her abominable buzzing insects persist in trespassing in my garden, am I not bound to protect myself?" sputtered Mr. Mingden.

"Can't you walk somewhere else?"

"Can't she put her bees somewhere else?"

"But, uncle, all this seems such a trivial affair."

"Trivial, indeed! If you'd been stung on your nose and your ear and your eyelids and everywhere else, would you call it trivial? I never eat honey, and I've always considered bees to be an absurdly overrated section of entomology. What business have her bees to be devouring all my flowers? How would she like it herself?"

Harry Mingden smiled to see the degree of fury to which the old gentleman was gradually working himself up. He was already in Jack Trevelyn's confidence, and thus, to a certain extent, enjoyed the unusual opportunity of seeing both sides of the question.

"Look here, sir," said he, "why don't you set up a colony of bee-hives, yourself? If her bees rifle your flowers, let yours go foraging into her garden. Let her see, as you suggest, how she would like it herself. Put a row of hives as close to your side of the fence, as you can get it. If they fight, let 'em fight. Bees are an uncommonly war-like race, I'm told; if they agree what is to prevent 'em bringing half the honey into your hives?"

"By Jove," said Mr. Mingden, starting to his feet, "I never thought of that. I'll do it! I wonder where the deuce they sell bees! There isn't a moment to be lost."

"I think I know of a place where I could buy half a dozen hives," said Harry.

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"The gentleman wants to buy some bees," said Fleda. "Dear mamma, do sell yours; we can easily get all the honey we want—"

"But I've kept bees all my life," said Mrs. Fenwick, piteously.

"Yes, but they're such a care, mamma, now that you are no longer young, and you are hardly able to look after them in swarming time, and—" (she dared not allude to the trouble they were making in neighborly relations, but glided swiftly on to the next vantage point)—"it will be just exactly the money I want to finish the sum for my wedding dress."

Mrs. Fenwick's face softened; she kissed Fleda's carmine cheek, with a deep sigh.

"For your sake, then, darling," said she. "But I wouldn't for the world have Mr. Mingden think that I would concede a single inch to—"

"I don't know that it is any of Mr. Mingden's business," said Fleda, quietly.

The next day Mr. Mingden trotted to look at his new possessions.

"Too bad that Harry had to go back to town before he had a chance to see how the bee-hives looked in their place," soliloquized he. "A capital idea, that of his. I wonder what the old lady will say when she sees the opposition apiary! Won't she be furious! Ha, ha, ha!"

He adjusted his spectacles as he hastened down towards the sunny south walk which had heretofore been the battle-ground. There was the row of square, white hives on his side of the fence—but lo! and behold! the bench that had extended on the other side was vacant and deserted!

"Why!" he exclaimed, coming to an abrupt standstill. "What has she done with her bees?"

"Sold 'em all to you, sir," said Jacob, the gardener. "And a fine lot they be! And not an unreasonable price neither! Mr. Harry looked arter that hisself."

"I hope you'll be very kind to them, sir!" uttered a soft, pleading little voice, and Elfleda Fenwick's golden head appeared just above the pickets of the fence. "And I never knew until just now that it was you who bought them."

"Humph!" said Mr. Mingden.

"But, I hope, after this," kindly added Fleda, "that we shall never have any more trouble—as neighbors, I mean. It has made me very unhappy, and —"

The blue eyes, the faltering voice, melted the old gentleman at last.

"Then don't let it make you unhappy any longer, my dear!" said he, reaching over the pickets to shake hands with the pretty special pleader. "Hang the bees! After all, what difference does it make which side of the fence they're on? So you're the little school teacher, are you? I'm blessed if I don't wish I was young enough to go to school to you myself!"

Fleda ran back to the house in some glee.

"I do believe," she thought, "the Montague and Capulet feud is healed at last! And I do believe" (knitting her blond brows), "that Jack told young Mingden all about the bees, and that that is the solution of this mystery!"

But that evening there came a present of white grapes from the Mingden greenhouses to Mrs. Fenwick, with the old gentleman's card.

"He must have been very much pleased to get the bees," thought the old lady. "If I had only known he liked bees, I should have thought very differently of him. All this shows how slow we should be to believe servants' gossip and neighborhood tattle! If I had known he was the purchaser, I should have declined to negotiate; but perhaps everything has happened for the best!"

Jack Trevelyn thought so, when he stood up in the village church, a fortnight from that time beside a fair vision in glittering white silk, and a vail that was like crystalized frost-work. And the strangest part of all was that old Mr. Mingden was there to give the bride away!

"I take all the credit to myself," mischievously whispered Harry Mingden, the "best man." "But I'm afraid it is easier to set machinery in motion than to stop it afterwards! And it's just possible that I may have an aunt-in-law yet."

"Stranger things have happened," said the bridegroom. — *The Ledger.*

He Was Convinced.

Judge—Prisoner, do you confess your guilt?

"No Your Honor. The speech of my lawyer has convinced even me of my entire innocence."

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A great geological map of France, commenced in 1852, has just been completed, making 48 sheets.

A method of expanding hoops and wheel tires by heating them with the electric current has been devised.

An analytical balance of variable sensitiveness—adapting it to ordinary weighings or delicatte determinations—has been brought out in Germany.

Since 1880 encouraging progress has has been made, under an efficient superintendent, toward restoring the forests of Cape Colony, South Africa.

A new meteorological and volcanic observatory is to be opened in Pompeii, when there will be a congress of scientific men to celebrate the occasion.

Silence for ten days, speaking only in whispers for ten days more, then gradual return to the ordinary voice, is a recommendation for stammerers.

Wisdom teeth, the most variable of all in size, shape, and general character, are said to show hereditary characteristics more strongly than any of the other teeth.

A new industry has been started in Sweden in the manufacture of paper from moss. Paper and pasteboard of different thicknesses up to nearly an inch have already been made of it.

Claims are laid to the discovery of the method of raising sugar cane from seed instead of from cuttings. The seeds were discovered by means of a microscope, in the flower head of the cane.

The appliance of hydraulic power to the manufacture of steel seamless boats is one of the latest things in England. These boats are thought to be in every particular superior to those made of wood, and can be made at about the same cost.

A further step toward the artificial production of the diamond has been made by passing an electric current through carbon electrodes in a cell containing a fine white sand and electrodes, the whole being under considerable pressure.

The depth of a sea about six miles deep is reduced by 620 feet by compression. If the ocean were incompressible the level of the surface would be 161 feet higher than it is at present, and about two million square miles of land would be submerged.

A prisoner in Bohemia recently constructed a watch eight centimetres (3¼ inches) in diameter, with no tools or materials except two needles, a spool of thread, a newspaper and some rye straw. The wheels, posts and cogs are of rye straw; the watch runs six hours without winding and keeps good time.

Recent inventions with illuminating reflectors have made it possible to make the Suez Canal almost as light as day. By means of the Mangin projector and the strongest electric light, the danger of a night passage has been reduced to a minimum. The night traffic on the canal is in consequence rapidly increasing.

An alchemist when experimenting in earths for the making of crucibles found that he had invented porcelain; and a watchmaker's apprentice while holding a spectacle glass between his thumb and forefinger noticed through it that the neighboring buildings appeared larger, and thus discovered the adaptability of the lens to the telescope.

Flowers and the Children.

There are but few children who are not attracted by the beauty and sweetness of flowers. We have often watched with great interest the seemingly natural tendency of young children to admire flowers. Frequently we have seen them gazing with rapture upon the picture of a flower, and smelling it with apparent disappointment that it yielded no perfume. The child appears to instinctively know that a flower is delicate, innocent and pretty; and it may be laid down as a general rule that a boy that is brought up among flowers will develop into a better man than one who is a stranger to flowers.

If we could have our way, we would adorn with flowers the homes from which come our criminal classes. They would not banish crime from the community, but they would greatly lessen it. Flowers make people gentler, softer and better, and the father and mother who do not neglect to provide this holy influence for their children are doing them a service that perhaps the eternities alone will tell the value of.—