

THE DEMOCRAT.

H. H. ADAMS, Publisher.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, - MISSOURI.

A MUTUAL SURPRISE.

"Do you know the man who has just left me?" asked Prof. W. of his wife, who entered his study.

"No, sir."

"It was his excellency, the former minister, Baron P."

"Indeed! But how am I to know all excellencies?" she exclaimed, shrugging her shoulders. "Almost every dwelling in our street is occupied by an ex-minister. But tell me, though, what chair was his excellency seated upon?"

"Seated on? Why, right here, on the one next to which you are now standing. Why do you ask?"

"Well, well, just as I feared, and he has sure enough seen all the threadbare sofa, the worn chairs—why will you persist in receiving your callers in this room. Is there no parlor?"

"The good woman seemed put out. 'Always the same story, whenever I have a caller,' grumbled the professor. 'Fray, what is wrong with the furniture?'"

"Wrong? Everything is wrong I tell you," she retorted, hotly. Look at the sofa, at the chairs—"

The professor put on his glasses and inspected the seats and frames of the pieces indicated.

"I think," he began in an earnest, deliberate way, as though dissatisfied with something, "I really think the furniture does show signs of wear."

"It is old and unfit for use," his wife decided, "and a disgrace to the room, and that is the very reason why you should receive all callers in the parlor."

"Impossible," he responded gruffly. "I would rather buy new furniture."

"Buy furniture?"

The words seemed to make the little woman speechless. Approaching her tall lord, she extended her hand to him, looking up expectantly.

"All right," she said, "hand me the money. I could not buy a set like this for less than \$100. You remember it was part of my dowry. In those days, some 20 years ago, it cost a trifle less, because everything was cheaper. The covering of the sofa is heavy gross grain silk, and the frame walnut. Where, do you suppose, could I get such goods now for \$100?"

"Nowhere, my dear, I am ready to take an oath! And for that reason I think it is perfectly superfluous to keep your hand extended so long," smilingly retorted the professor. And he meant it. Had his wife remained in the same attitude for days and extended her hands forever, he would never have given her anything besides the household money, because he was still more economical than herself, which means a good deal, considering that she had gone to the length of learning how to make men's wearing apparel, to not be obliged to have trifles like trousers and so forth made by tailors.

As a matter of fact a single glance at the professor sufficed to show how successfully she had practiced economy in his garments.

"Did you know," he asked after a little, "what the minister wanted?"

"How should I?"

"He notified me to be prepared for a great distinction."

"What? perhaps an order or a title?"

"Not improbable!"

"And we are apt to receive callers and congratulations!"

"Possibly!"

"Whom would you receive in this room?"

"Certainly!"

"Not in the parlor?"

"No!"

"Indeed! Well, then, now I insist on having a new set of furniture," the excited little woman exclaimed in her most positive tone, which the professor knew but too well, and which brooked no gainsaying.

He began to fear an assault upon his pocketbook, for now his better half discovered additional need every moment. She was liable to insist upon new wall paper, new curtains and new paintings. Almost every piece in the room had been part of her dowry and done service for 20 years, and had consequently been long ago fit for the attic.

But he was for once mistaken. Nothing like that happened. His wife uttered not a word. Only her eyes suddenly shot a lightning flash at the sofa, whereupon she suddenly left the room.

An hour later, after the professor had left the house, she once more stood before the sofa. Deftly she ripped open a piece of the covering, and as soon as she was able to take a look at the wrong side, she assumed a challenging position, saying to herself:

"Triumph! I knew it! My husband shall soon see what a practical and economical wife he possesses."

"Jacqueline, Euphrosine," calling her grown daughters, "listen to me, both of you! You are aware that your father's birthday is at hand. You have already procured presents, and I am getting the newspaper case he coveted, but I should dearly love to show him another attention. He hinted to-day that his study needs a new set of furniture. But a good serviceable set costs at least \$100, and money is scarce. While pondering how to manage, I had an idea. Come closer. There! Look at the wrong side of this gross grain covering. Does not the stuff look almost as good as new? Does not its green color glitter like gold and its brown like bronze? Now, then, listen to my plan. I am going to have the covering of the sofa and the chairs turned, the horse hair cleaned and picked, and the frame repolished and varnished. Say nothing to father. I am now going to the upholsterer to find out what he will charge."

And this the practical little woman at once did.

The professor returned home in ill humor. His wife's desire to have a new set, and especially her positive tone, gave him no rest. His mind's eye beheld the new set as a birthday present, followed by a big bill, which he would have to pay with good grace. He glanced angrily at the sofa, the root of the present evil, and suddenly beheld the loosened corner of the covering which his wife had omitted to tack on again. The professor looked hard at both sides of the stuff.

"The lower side," he soliloquized, "is almost like new. My wife has repeatedly told me that all goods can be turned, even my official swallow-tail. Why not this covering also? The wrong side of the silk looks good, the color is fresh—ha!" he exclaimed, suddenly rising from his chair, "a genial idea! My dear little wife shall learn that I also understand how to be practical. Yes, that's it. I am going to have the covering turned and the horse hair picked and cleaned, and then the set will look like new. What is more, I will have it done at once and lose no time. All will be ready for my birthday. It will be a surprise for my wife as a return for the beautiful newspaper case which she is making for me, as I have long ago noticed. The dear, good soul! She would anyway give me no rest until a new set were purchased, and now she will have no cause to exclaim to the parlor when I receive company. But now for a word with my wife."

Pleased as he had been for a long time the professor appeared in the boudoir of his wife.

"Gertrude, dear, I merely came to tell you that we should forbear of buying new furniture. I am short of money and could not even spare five dollars. If you really think that the set in my study is so very much worn I will henceforth receive my callers in the parlor."

"All right, husband," she replied, looking greatly relieved. "I should have undertaken nothing without your permission in this matter."

The professor failed to notice the smile playing around his wife's lips. He had expected opposition, and, behold, all was plain sailing.

On the following Wednesday was the professor's birthday. Two days previous, as soon as he had left his house for the college, the upholsterer and his assistants made their appearance. The professor's wife and her daughters awaited them ready to help. The smart little woman had shrewdly made her arrangements for her husband to take his meals on this and the following day at the house of relatives. Therefore, they could do the work undisturbed, and they did.

When the evening came all was finished, and the woman looked with pride and satisfaction upon the result of her genial idea. The furniture looked like new and the cost was really not worth while talking about, only ten dollars, which the gratified woman promptly paid.

It was late in the evening when the professor returned.

"To-morrow," his wife said to him, "we will give your study a thorough cleaning. Do you object to my removing some of the things into your bedroom?"

That was exactly what the sly professor had speculated upon and ardently desired.

"Yes," he said, "Certainly. Remove whatever you like. Why not begin with the sofa and chairs, which, as I now perceive, you have already tied together to facilitate their removal."

"Had we not better wait until to-morrow after you leave the house, dear? But if you desire it, we will do it now," said the unsuspecting woman. She called the servant, and a few minutes found the whole set in the professor's bedroom. Mrs. W. knew better than to suspect her husband of curiosity to examine the banded upholstery.

At six o'clock the following morning an upholsterer and his assistants appeared in the professor's bedroom.

"Very well," said the latter, who had been expecting them. "I am glad that you are punctual. Has any one seen you come in?"

"No, sir."

"All right. There is the furniture. You know what I want you to do. But remember, everything has to be finished to-day, and the pieces returned here this evening. On this condition only I agree to pay you the \$15 you ask. Now carry them away and be careful to make no noise. My wife must know nothing about it. It is true, her bedroom is in the opposite wing, but her ears are as sharp as a dog's."

An hour later the upholsterer again appeared before the professor.

"Sir," said he, "what am I to do with that furniture? The set is in the best possible condition and looks as good as new. Why turn the covering, which I think is altogether unnecessary?"

"What are you saying? The covering fresh and new, and dirty only underneath? You plainly don't know what you are talking about. I think I ought to know better. You just do as I told you."

"But, professor—"

"Do as I ordered! Turn the covering, clean the horsehair, and so forth."

"Well, I don't care if you insist."

"And do not forget, to-night before ten o'clock!" the professor called after him.

Sure enough, at the appointed hour the upholsterer came with the furniture, which he had turned according to his employer's wishes. Now it looked exactly as it had two days previous; the worn and dirty side of the covering was uppermost.

"Well, Master Know-all, have you obeyed my instructions?"

"Yes, sir, exactly as you ordered. If I would not fear making a noise I would undo the lot and let you take a look at them."

"Never mind, it is all right. Here are your \$15. I am fully satisfied."

"How surprised my wife will be to-morrow when she unties and replaces the furniture," the professor soliloquized, pleased like a child over the expected result of his practical idea.

Never before had he looked so benign, knowing and self-satisfied, as on the morning of the day that was to bring the denouement, when he appeared at the breakfast table. With beaming countenance he received the presents and congratulations, and when asked by his wife why he had yesterday locked the door of his bedroom and taken the key with him, he looked astonished, and replied like the thorough pharisee that he was:

"Did I really do that? Well, I do declare! I have never been so absent-minded before. Then I suppose those old pieces of furniture are still in my bedroom. I never noticed them this morning!"

"That is nothing," responded his wife. "I will at once order them moved back to your study."

"Do so, my dear," exclaimed the professor, an odd, sarcastic kind of a smile flitting across his face, "and should you perchance meet with a surprise, take it cool, like the brave little woman you are."

It is no wonder that a remark like this filled the heart of the good lady with joyful anticipation. She almost flew on the wings of expectation to the study, but soon she returned. At the threshold she remained immovable. Her face was pale as death, her eyes dilated, her expression betokened surprise, and indecision—almost fear.

"I feel so queer," she finally admitted, as if talking to herself, "have I lost my senses? or do my eyes deceive me? Jacoude, Euphrosine, come with me!"

The professor laughed heartily. He could scarcely await their return. When they at last appeared, his daughters, with an almost idiotic expression on their faces, his wife's thoughtful and restless looks fixed upon him, he thought he would burst from laughing. Suddenly his wife, forgetful of good manners and their children's presence, ran up to him, exclaiming:

"Are you crazy? Why do you carry on like a fool? What has happened in this house? Only day before yesterday I ordered the coverings of the set in your study turned, and the furniture polished and varnished, for which I spent ten dollars, and now—what imp has been playing tricks on me? I see the same dirty, old and worn silk on top as before! How is such a thing possible? It is enough to lose one's senses, and you persist in robbing at my perdition!"

But the professor had now stopped laughing. And as for the expression of his face, it differed not an iota from those of his two daughters.

"What?" he said, mildly. "I do not comprehend at all. What are you talking about, having the covering of that set turned? Know then, that not you, but I had this done yesterday. I intended it as a surprise for you."

"What? You did, yesterday?"

"Yes, my dear, yesterday! And all was finished by evening. Now you will understand why I took the key of my bedroom door with me. But come, confess! Was I not practical?" And again the professor began to indulge in laughing.

But his wife did not feel like joining in his hilarity.

"Husband," she sobbed, with trembling voice, "supposing I were to tell you that day before yesterday, I and the two girls, together with a couple of upholsterers, have had that furniture repaired right here on this spot?"

"And supposing I were to tell you," he interrupted her angrily, "that I have had the furniture repaired yesterday, do you hear? yesterday?"

"Yesterday? Really, do you mean yesterday? Heavens! what have you done?"

The poor woman dropped faintly into a chair.

"Unfortunate man, what have you done?"

"Done? Why, I had the covering turned, the—"

"Yes, you had the good side of the covering turned inside, after I had it turned the other way the day before, you fool!"

"W—h—a—t!"

The professor seemed to understand at last, for he shot out of the room and made for his study. When he reappeared after a considerable delay, he declared that it was all true enough and the furniture looked as bad as ever.

"Just think of it, dearest," he remarked, half jokingly, half in anger, "and the upholsterer had even warned me that the goods looked like new, and needed no repairing!"

But the joke fell flat. His wife was not so easily quieted.

"And pray, how much did you pay to that conf—, I mean to that upholsterer of yours?"

"How much? Why, \$15!"

"Fifteen dollars!" the now thoroughly roused woman repeated. "Fifteen dollars!" She tore her handkerchief in shreds.

"I tell you what it is," she added in her most positive tone and manner. "Now, I absolutely insist on a new set of furniture, and what is still more, one for \$150, because for less than that I cannot duplicate a set similar to ours."

The poor, vanquished professor felt cheap. He said nothing. But when some days later he found a new set in his study, and also a bill for \$150, he swore to have no more surprises; but he paid the bill.—From the German, in N. Y. Sun.

—Philosophy is a bully that talks very loud when the danger is at a distance, but the moment she is hard pressed by the enemy she is not to be found at her post, but leaves the brunt of the battle to be borne by her humbler but sturdier comrade, religion, whom on most occasions she affects to despise.—Colton.

—A dream of the moon signifies a sudden and entirely unexpected pleasure.—

A CALIFORNIA BEE VILLAGE.

Where the Honey Is Found That Rivals the Nectar of the Gods.

The month of May is the carnival of bee life in California, and at no other time of the year is the half work, half play of "bee-ranching" so wholly fascinating and delightful.

After spring showers are over, a delicious warmth and fragrance steam up from the circling foothills, where every notch and byway is choked with flowering wild-wood. The long blooming slopes stretch sunnily to fruitful valleys, and the whole riotous floral zone is voiced by honey-hunting bees. Their lilliputian armies are seen just without the open arms of canyons, the white hives arranged with the precision of dwellings along the streets. Sometimes these mimic thoroughfares are shaded by scattering oaks and sumac, or the green umbrellas of elderberry bushes, now fringed with freighted, creamy clusters. Where there are no indigenous trees it is not unusual for the thrifty apiarist to plant grape-vines and orchard rows between the hives, which serve the double purpose of shade and forage. A neighboring bee ranch is often four to five miles distant, and again this Palestine of the new world shows leagues on leagues of ideal pasture, left solely to the harvesting of wild bees and various species of wasp and humming-bird, or to that interesting lover of sweets, the Mexican honey-eat.

A typical western apiary belongs to the foot-hill region of southern California. Here the atmosphere has that degree of heat and dryness essential to an abundant saccharine flow, and the high gravelly soil grows a luxuriant crop of nectar-bearing plants, the chief of which are the numerous varieties of sage. During the blossoming of these aromatic spikes the amount of honey stored by strong colonies is almost incredible. A summer's product will often average 75 to 200 pounds a hive, and instances are not uncommon where a single Italian swarm has produced 1,500 pounds of extracted honey in one year. This sage honey has rare virtues, and is said to be more detectable than the famed nectar of Hymettus or Chamouni, and whiter and finer flavored than the celebrated honey-combs of Atacama. To set one's teeth through an exquisitely frail comb brimming with the delicate nectar of the white sage—Audubertia—is a gustatory relish not to be otherwise equaled. More especially is this true if one has all the concomitants—a warm clean stone under a singing-sycamore, mountain air spiced with countless odors, the monotone of bees at their voluptuous toil, a landscape billowing up to gigantic summits, and a stream hard by to keep the shout up in the heart.—Ninetta Eames, in Harper's Magazine.

—The professor failed to notice the smile playing around his wife's lips. He had expected opposition, and, behold, all was plain sailing.

On the following Wednesday was the professor's birthday. Two days previous, as soon as he had left his house for the college, the upholsterer and his assistants made their appearance. The professor's wife and her daughters awaited them ready to help. The smart little woman had shrewdly made her arrangements for her husband to take his meals on this and the following day at the house of relatives. Therefore, they could do the work undisturbed, and they did.

When the evening came all was finished, and the woman looked with pride and satisfaction upon the result of her genial idea. The furniture looked like new and the cost was really not worth while talking about, only ten dollars, which the gratified woman promptly paid.

It was late in the evening when the professor returned.

"To-morrow," his wife said to him, "we will give your study a thorough cleaning. Do you object to my removing some of the things into your bedroom?"

That was exactly what the sly professor had speculated upon and ardently desired.

"Yes," he said, "Certainly. Remove whatever you like. Why not begin with the sofa and chairs, which, as I now perceive, you have already tied together to facilitate their removal."

"Had we not better wait until to-morrow after you leave the house, dear? But if you desire it, we will do it now," said the unsuspecting woman. She called the servant, and a few minutes found the whole set in the professor's bedroom. Mrs. W. knew better than to suspect her husband of curiosity to examine the banded upholstery.

At six o'clock the following morning an upholsterer and his assistants appeared in the professor's bedroom.

"Very well," said the latter, who had been expecting them. "I am glad that you are punctual. Has any one seen you come in?"

"No, sir."

"All right. There is the furniture. You know what I want you to do. But remember, everything has to be finished to-day, and the pieces returned here this evening. On this condition only I agree to pay you the \$15 you ask. Now carry them away and be careful to make no noise. My wife must know nothing about it. It is true, her bedroom is in the opposite wing, but her ears are as sharp as a dog's."

An hour later the upholsterer again appeared before the professor.

"Sir," said he, "what am I to do with that furniture? The set is in the best possible condition and looks as good as new. Why turn the covering, which I think is altogether unnecessary?"

"What are you saying? The covering fresh and new, and dirty only underneath? You plainly don't know what you are talking about. I think I ought to know better. You just do as I told you."

"But, professor—"

"Do as I ordered! Turn the covering, clean the horsehair, and so forth."

"Well, I don't care if you insist."

"And do not forget, to-night before ten o'clock!" the professor called after him.

Sure enough, at the appointed hour the upholsterer came with the furniture, which he had turned according to his employer's wishes. Now it looked exactly as it had two days previous; the worn and dirty side of the covering was uppermost.

"Well, Master Know-all, have you obeyed my instructions?"

"Yes, sir, exactly as you ordered. If I would not fear making a noise I would undo the lot and let you take a look at them."

"Never mind, it is all right. Here are your \$15. I am fully satisfied."

—Philosophy is a bully that talks very loud when the danger is at a distance, but the moment she is hard pressed by the enemy she is not to be found at her post, but leaves the brunt of the battle to be borne by her humbler but sturdier comrade, religion, whom on most occasions she affects to despise.—Colton.

—A dream of the moon signifies a sudden and entirely unexpected pleasure.—

—The professor failed to notice the smile playing around his wife's lips. He had expected opposition, and, behold, all was plain sailing.

On the following Wednesday was the professor's birthday. Two days previous, as soon as he had left his house for the college, the upholsterer and his assistants made their appearance. The professor's wife and her daughters awaited them ready to help. The smart little woman had shrewdly made her arrangements for her husband to take his meals on this and the following day at the house of relatives. Therefore, they could do the work undisturbed, and they did.

When the evening came all was finished, and the woman looked with pride and satisfaction upon the result of her genial idea. The furniture looked like new and the cost was really not worth while talking about, only ten dollars, which the gratified woman promptly paid.

It was late in the evening when the professor returned.

"To-morrow," his wife said to him, "we will give your study a thorough cleaning. Do you object to my removing some of the things into your bedroom?"

That was exactly what the sly professor had speculated upon and ardently desired.

"Yes," he said, "Certainly. Remove whatever you like. Why not begin with the sofa and chairs, which, as I now perceive, you have already tied together to facilitate their removal."

"Had we not better wait until to-morrow after you leave the house, dear? But if you desire it, we will do it now," said the unsuspecting woman. She called the servant, and a few minutes found the whole set in the professor's bedroom. Mrs. W. knew better than to suspect her husband of curiosity to examine the banded upholstery.

At six o'clock the following morning an upholsterer and his assistants appeared in the professor's bedroom.

"Very well," said the latter, who had been expecting them. "I am glad that you are punctual. Has any one seen you come in?"

"No, sir."

"All right. There is the furniture. You know what I want you to do. But remember, everything has to be finished to-day, and the pieces returned here this evening. On this condition only I agree to pay you the \$15 you ask. Now carry them away and be careful to make no noise. My wife must know nothing about it. It is true, her bedroom is in the opposite wing, but her ears are as sharp as a dog's."

An hour later the upholsterer again appeared before the professor.

"Sir," said he, "what am I to do with that furniture? The set is in the best possible condition and looks as good as new. Why turn the covering, which I think is altogether unnecessary?"

"What are you saying? The covering fresh and new, and dirty only underneath? You plainly don't know what you are talking about. I think I ought to know better. You just do as I told you."

HE WAS THERE.

Alkali Ike Tells of What Happened at the Wedding He Attended.

"Did you attend the wedding out at old man Juckett's place last night, Ike?" asked Judge Stringer, the well-known Oklahoma jurist.

"Yep!" answered Alkali Ike.

"Had a lively time, I presume?"

"Eh—yah! Some ways it was madder than snails. Thar was no shootin' an' the licker was mizzable. But, take it all around, up one side and down the other, it was what you might call a pleasant affair from start to finish. The preacher didn't show up at the appointed hour, but we didn't miss him for quite a spell, owing to the fact that the bride's mother, who 'peared to be an advanced woman, sorter objected to Kickapoo Pete, who was supposed to be the groom, and got after him with a soap paddle or suttin' of the kind an' chased him all over the lot."

"She needn't have put herself to the trouble, for the bride got to thinkin' the matter over, an' concluded that she'd just as soon marry Three-Fingered Babcock, who had sorter been spinning around her some little time before, an' she didn't know but she'd a little sooner."

Nacheral enough, this kinder riled Kickapoo, an' him an' Three-Fingered got to jowlin' over it, an' I reckon they would have fought it out if Jim Whipsaw, from the Rattlesnake place ranch, hadn't pacified 'em an' got 'em to playin' cards to settle the question."

"This promised to satisfy all parties concerned, but the bride found out that Three-Fingered had put up \$2.50 on his side against her hand in marriage, which Kickapoo had staked, which made her so blamed mad that she swore if they didn't value her pure affection at more'n \$2.50 she'd be hanged if she'd marry either of 'em! This sorter complicated matters again, but Jim Whipsaw soothed an' comforted her an' when the preacher showed up, by gosh, Miss Daisy, an' Jim stepped forward, hand in hand, to be married."

"Meanwhile Kickapoo had put up \$2.50 against Three-Fingered's stakes, an' they were playin' along as contented as a couple of kittens. They slipped their hands into a book and gave it to Appetite Bill to hold while the preacher was gettin' off the solemn words that made the two hearts one. An' then, after they had congratulated the bride, thar came the call to supper, an' so they concluded to make it a show-down. Accordin', Appetite Bill opened the book an' bureussed if both hands didn't consist of four aces and a king. Thereupon they divided the stakes and shook hands. An' then everybody adjourned to the supper table, feelin' that it was indeed good to be thar."—N. Y. Herald.

—The professor failed to notice the smile playing around his wife's lips. He had expected opposition, and, behold, all was plain sailing.

On the following Wednesday was the professor's birthday. Two days previous, as soon as he had left his house for the college, the upholsterer and his assistants made their appearance. The professor's wife and her daughters awaited them ready to help. The smart little woman had shrewdly made her arrangements for her husband to take his meals on this and the following day at the house of relatives. Therefore, they could do the work undisturbed, and they did.

When the evening came all was finished, and the woman looked with pride and satisfaction upon the result of her genial idea. The furniture looked like new and the cost was really not worth while talking about, only ten dollars, which the gratified woman promptly paid.

It was late in the evening when the professor returned.

"To-morrow," his wife said to him, "we will give your study a thorough cleaning. Do you object to my removing some of the things into your bedroom?"

That was exactly what the sly professor had speculated upon and ardently desired.

"Yes," he said, "Certainly. Remove whatever you like. Why not begin with the sofa and chairs, which, as I now perceive, you have already tied together to facilitate their removal."

"Had we not better wait until to-morrow after you leave the house, dear? But if you desire it, we will do it now," said the unsuspecting woman. She called the servant, and a few minutes found the whole set in the professor's bedroom. Mrs. W. knew better than to suspect her husband of curiosity to examine the banded upholstery.

At six o'clock the following morning an upholsterer and his assistants appeared in the professor's bedroom.

"Very well," said the latter, who had been expecting them. "I am glad that you are punctual. Has any one seen you come in?"

"No, sir."

"All right. There is the furniture. You know what I want you to do. But remember, everything has to be finished to-day, and the pieces returned here this evening. On this condition only I agree to pay you the \$15 you ask. Now carry them away and be careful to make no noise. My wife must know nothing about it. It is true, her bedroom is in the opposite wing, but her ears are as sharp as a dog's."

An hour later the upholsterer again appeared before the professor.

"Sir," said he, "what am I to do with that furniture? The set is in the best possible condition and looks as good as new. Why turn the covering, which I think is altogether unnecessary?"

"What are you saying? The covering fresh and new, and dirty only underneath? You plainly don't know what you are talking about. I think I ought to know better. You just do as I told you."

"But, professor—"

"Do as I ordered! Turn the covering, clean the horsehair, and so forth."