The First Strike.

September 5 may not have been the day set aside by the laborers of Pharaoh's time, and there may not have been organized trade unions in those days, 1450 B. C., but Pharaoh found the work in his Temple of Thebes effectually delayed by a strike and as serious a situation to face as ever a New England manufacturer had to confront.

The temple that was to astound the world and stand as a monument to Egypt's greatest king was under way. Its graceful outlines were well defined, even its gorgeous interior decorations were begun, the alabaster walls, inlaid with jewels representing the fairest flowers on the banks of the Nile, were nearing perfection. The masons whose magic hands were erecting this architectural wonder received little cash, but large supplies of food the first of every month. These supplies were to last them a whole month. But even thirty-three centuries ago things went wrong in the commissary department and contractors grew rich. Time after time the food gave out before the month had passed and the builders suffered. But once when the supply lasted only two weeks the proverbial worm doubled in its tracks and the oppressed in its wrath. The contractor, like all his kind, was obdurate. He declared the men had wantonly wasted their rations and should have no more.

The body of workmen marched to the contractor's house and squatted at his palace gate and vowed they would stay there till they had justice. They spoiled the view, their nose disturbed the contractor, and he weakened. When he offered to compromise by laying the matter before Pharaoh the mob knew that victory was theirs. They grasped the fact as fully in those days as now, that when a contractor yields an inch the King of Labor can sweep him a mile.

Pharaoh wanted his temple. The bagatelle of a few million sacks of corn was nothing to him. Pharaoh ordered the request of the workmen granted, and all went well for a time. But the same thing occurred next month. The men encouraged by their previous successes, struck again. They would have been the delight of New Bedford mill hands, and would have aroused the envy of New York cloakmakers. But again they were victorious, and the big granaries had to be drawn upon before they would resume the work that was to be Egypt's pride.

So from the beginning success has perched upon the banner of the strikers.

He Got Gay.

The distinguished Boston author was returning from New York, on the faith of Harper's Drawer, and was offered novel after novel by the train boy. Over each and all the author murmured that he had "read it." Then the boy picked out a new book, just taken into stock, and offered the distinguished one his latest work. "Wrote it," said the author, seeing his chance. The train boy, like the worm, turned. Fixing his eye firmly upon the distinguished author, and with his lip curling with contemptuous indignation, he cried, "Aw, don't get gay."

Driving Bees to Pasture.

When Aaron Snyder, of Kingston, took his honey bees out for a drive in the country the other day, and left them to spend a few weeks amid rural sights and sounds on Dr. C. O. Sahler's farm, near Kyserike, Ulster county, he created quite a breeze of excitement among the persons along the road, and had to stop many times to explain what he was doing. The idea of sending bees to the country for the benefit of their health is full of novelty to the average man, who has come to regard a bee as the most cranky and pestiferous thing alive.

Yet, as Mr. Snyder explains, there is an excellent reason for taking the bees to the country, and it is really no more remarkable than taking cows to pasture. The principle is in the main the same, although by moving the bees, even more is accomplished, for the color and quality of the honey they make is thus controlled. It is a fact well known to bee fanciers that bees will only go about three miles from the flowers. Another fact equally well known is that there is in buckwheat blossoms a larger amount of honey than in any other flower that grows in any quantity. This honey, although dark in color, has a very agreeable flavor and is preferred to any other.

Buckwheat is not very plentiful within three miles of Mr. Snyder's apiary and therefore he is moving 100 hives of bees to a location in the country where they can find plenty of it. Half of these bees are taken to Kyserike, and the other half to a place about two miles north of Stone Ridge. When the buckwheat has died off, the bees will be brought back to their home in Kingston.

Mr. Snyder has kept bees for twenty-five years and has made a study of their habits which fits him to care for them with the required profit. When asked if his bees would not get lost taking them into a strange country, he said: "No, there is no danger of that, if the hives are always moved while the bees are in them. But if, while the bees are out in the fields gathering sweets, the hive is moved, they will return straight to the place where the hive was and cluster there. A bee returns on a route 'straight as a bee line' to the place it starts from, and as the queen bee remains in the hive, the bees go right on making honey in this hive, according to their nature."

It is said that the idea of moving bees to pasture is carried on to a large extent along the Mississippi, where the hives are taken from place to place down or up stream on flat boats, that anchor during the day and are moved on at night while the bees are all in the hives, thus keeping them in fresh pasture all of the time.

Hissing means different things, to be at the time. In West Africa the natives hiss when they are astonished; in the New Hebrides when they see anything beautiful. The Basutos applaud a popular orator in the assemblies by hissing at him. The Japanese, again, show their reverence by a hiss, which has probably somewhat the force of the "hush" with which we command silence.

Hicks—Barton is quite struck with Miss Birdikin. He had just lighted a cigar last evening when she hove in sight. He threw it away and went up the street with her.

Wicks—And do you know what she said to him? She told him that she appreciated his self-denial in throwing the cigar away, but she never could think of marrying a man who was so devoid of economy.—Tit-Bits.

The Official Time.

The necessity that there shall be only one man who "has the say" in a military command is thoroughly recognized in the United States army. A story is told of General Shafter, commander of the American expeditionary force for the invasion of Cuba, which illustrates the punctilio of the regulars in this regard.

At a certain frontier post, at which Shafter, who then held an inferior rank, was commander many years ago, a discussion arose among several officers as to the exact time of day. A captain, with his watch in his hand, said:

"It is now exactly 3 o'clock."

"Oh, no," said a lieutenant, "by my time it's 8 minutes past 3."

A third officer drew his watch out of his pocket. "I know my time is exactly right," he said, "and my watch says 2 minutes past 3."

At this juncture Major Shafter looked at his silver watch.

"I don't know what your watches say," he remarked, "but I wish you to understand that in this command it is 5 minutes past 3."

Then the young officer remembered that the authority of the commanding officer extended even to the time of day.

Out of a Job.

Here is a good story of an old colored man who asked a white man if he could give him work. The white man asked the negro if he had a boat.

When the negro replied, "Yes, boss," the white man responded, "Well, you see all that driftwood floating down the river?"

"Yes, sah," was the reply.

"Well, then," continued the white man, "you row out in the river and catch that drift wood, and I'll give you half you get."

The colored man worked hard for a while, when all of a sudden he stopped, and pulled for the shore. On being asked the reason for his return he replied: "Dat wood is jest as much mine as's is his. I ain't gwine to give him any, and so I'm out of work again."—Tit Bits.

Verdi's "House of Repose."

The "House of Repose for Musicians," founded by Signor Verdi, is now almost finished. It is nearly three years since the first stone was laid. It is situated in the Plazza Michelangelo, Buonarroti, outside Porta Magenta, Milan.

No exterior sign shows that the house is Verdi's work, and he ordered the architect, Bolto, to avoid all external pomp, while preserving an elegant simplicity. Inside it is far grander than outside. It is designated to house one hundred musicians—sixty men and forty women—during the last years of their lives. There is a central hall for meetings and concerts, two open terraces, an oratory and an infirmary. Verdi wished that the house should not bear his name, but the Milan people already call it "Casa Verdi."—London Daily News.

The czar should not fail to note the fact that we are doing the best we can in the direction of disarmament, having destroyed nearly the entire Spanish navy.

In the war of words now in progress there is a display of very bad gunnery. No one seems to be able to get the range.

People never know what rest and relaxation are until they return from their vacations and settle down to work after a several weeks' struggle with trunks and summer hotel beef.

The expulsion of Zola from the legion of honor indicates that that body is rather a legion of corrupt men; and it can less afford to be without Zola than he can afford to have anything to do with it.

"A word to the wise is sufficient" and a word from the wise should be sufficient, but you ask, who are the wise? Those who know. The oft repeated experience of trustworthy persons may be taken for knowledge. Mr. W. M. Terry says Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives better satisfaction than any other in the market. He has been in the drug business at Elkton, Ky., for twelve years; has sold hundreds of bottles of this remedy and nearly all other cough medicines manufactured, which shows conclusively that Chamberlain's is the most satisfactorily to the people, and is the best. For sale by all druggists.

But few people who are born fools ever succeed in living it down.

Whenever a man fails in an undertaking he attributes it to fatalism.

Rich bachelors never realize how well off they were until after marrying.

Lots of people are too conscientious to lie and yet manage to suppress the truth.

Some women attract attention simply because they make no effort to attract it.

If you should wish to be miserable, you must think about yourself—about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose.—Charles Kingsley.

Now if Spain would only leave that Cuban debt out over night in the vicinity of Santiago it could be readily disposed of. The Cubans would carry it off before morning, hoof, hide and tallow.