THE CURE'S BEES.

The most delightful garden which I have ever known was that of the village cure, with whom as a little boy at school I used to spend my vacations. Fruit, vegetables, bees, honey, cucumbers, grass letters, and all so carefully tended, tended and cared. They were wonderful morning and evening before breakfast and before we set from us the sunshine fashion, gloves with scissors and wear clear, from which escaped by a thousand little holes threads of crystal and the sweet perfumes. Not the smell of flowers, but the sweet fragrance of the country. It is a cure time I forget, since, as cure was early a month in the village. Some years after he marked that he time of gravedigger was more a joke than anything else.

At the top of the garden back of the old chemistry, there was a little cottage, with a lovely sort of place, where M. le Curé used to pass every summer sick people with the dishes of the cure's own cooking. A chemist in Paris, who came to camping with the gravedigger, always cooking among his sick people and making for your sense of the poorer. They failed to approach.

M. le Curé does not want you," he said to me. "There actually was no time."

Yet, I, then, was a little over fifteen the garden with burning bees, darting now and then for honeying day, intoxicated completely with gardens. He heard of the cottagers. "This why was I for cities, to look at the bees." At other summer work were the bees engaged in the company of a priest and a gravedigger." The chemist, M. le Curé and Barnum were called upon a distance away to look on old women. They left alone. I could not stand myself. Finally I was caught in the brambles behind back of the hedges. Then I found a pal of my age, and we, pleased with nearly, hurried and every variety of bees, all having a access to and get free forth a different one as the cruelled midwives. A thick tree, the cure, having his gold in the sunshine, hoisted the cover when the bees were located, for Barnum had not had to no—there then we looked, but what saw?

They bees are the slightest resistance as the closest little pained bees under of this to which the bees are located, but not to the bellot mind of a cure, with a bit of broken the cure the cutmore to serve as a roof, the ordinary habitation of wild aversion. Perhaps the bees, in a odd array of boxes, prepared to rise against another and only hold to their places by a admirable equilibrium. Long boxes, placed bees, hung nothing like hollow trees, short with cross and brake. They were all placed with holes, through which the bees could pass and go outside. Naturally not the bees, because, ordinary bees, and their bees were ordinary bees, and the bees did not quarter, are, are accorded to the wonderful supervision of it all I fed back, to the peaceful vegetable garden.

That evening, my curiosity was I was taken back to school. As time went on I almost forgot this incident. Sometimes I happened to think of it I asked myself if I was not the fulfilmentation of a children basis.

Ten years later a chance walk took me again to the village. I found the cure broken in health and much older in appearance. The gardener was dead. The little garden was always in a state of hedge, but in the Gardener's hand, as in former days, the hum of bees. The resident of my adventure, and I resolved to make their honey of it.

On questioning the old cure he began to laugh and instead upon showing me his bees. Then they were in the same place, a little strip of land behind the Sacristy, all having the same old shape which had charmed my children eyes years before.

"Hide no bee of mine," said the cure. "I have worked over it for 40 years. It has not quite a sum of money and a good deal of time, but I still hope for success."

Can you guess what the old man was working for and what had caused his hair prematurely white?

I will let it to that you some give it up!

He was determined to make his bees write in letters of honey, "Vive l'empereur!" It was for Gérard they had spent the days of nothing, stirring honey and thither in the sweet valley, pegging themselves with pollen and gathering liquid sweet. Ah, if the bees had known! But the bees did not know.

In his office of cure the old priest had always had a certain amount of ambition and in the evolution of what he called his bees had matched the most extraordinary shape. The 13 hives were completed, he included to and then, pillars of the stairs and embroidered in the temporal series, on a board, the front of which stood the capital, in honeycombs the "Am de Pyrénées." This achievement should be exhibited in Paris, and the emperor would not see him then accord, him a medal and make him an honorary cure.

But what million trouble he had to arrive at this result! Three march bees were as capricious! Certain bees disappeared them—no one knew why. The inhabitants of an L or an E would find their winding, twined dwelling amazed and bewildered and would desert it, and there were other consequences. The Y of vive was already spoiled and turning to moss, while the E of empereur had hardly begun to fill.

But at last the day came when all of the 13 letters were finished in good shape. The worthy inventor, having seen that everything was in order, decided to call an excellent public. One month later the cures fell at Solas, and the legendary was purchased.

"What shall I do?" said the cure. "Ship other letters in my bees. Also, 'Vive la republique' is rather long, and then monarchy would not permit it."—From the French.

Travels in His Imagination.

Mme. de Nerval, in a "Souvenir d'Angleterre," which appear now in the history in the Nouvelle Revue, tells, apropos of Kingsley, a pretty anecdote to show how contributions to history would have it written.

Will, at work on his "History of the Crusade." Kingsley passed from a little back room to a front room to a front and a wife, who lived, turned to the death of the cure, in the trenches, begged the great historian to keep his memory alive by mentioning him in his work on the Crusade. By return of mail he wrote his promise to do what they wished as soon as he was in a position to write the Independent details. The reply, also pretty and sad, contained the expression of their gratitude and in addition the following astonishing sentence:

"What details do you require? He died on the spot, like many others. We know nothing more, but nothing you can invent or his account will be easily verified by us. We are entirely on your fertile imagination."—London Chronicle.

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NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ON A [illegible] of the Board of Directors, the office of the F. W. Brown Co., [illegible] Salt Lake City, Utah, a meeting of the stockholders of said Co. will be held on the [illegible] of August, at the hour of [illegible] o'clock, at the office of the company, for the purpose of amending the Articles of Incorporation of said F. W. Brown Company in the following particulars, viz:

First: To increase the capital stock of said company from $[illegible] to $[illegible] per share, divided as the [illegible] of the company and [illegible] [illegible] of the company.

Second: To change the name of said company to [illegible].

Third: To change the place of business of said company to [illegible].

Fourth: To change the objects for which said company was formed, so as to read as follows: [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]