

English, and it may be mentioned that this romance in its complete French form consists of 22,734 verses. The "Clerk's Tale," the exquisite story of Griselda, has 1156 verses, and the others of the nineteen "Canterbury Tales" are equally long, showing that quantity was looked on as requisite in the early days of rhyming, when there were evidently others beside Griselda possessed of an exemplary patience. Chaucer covers identically the ground of the Italian tale, and there is no need of going over it, yet there is an interest at the very climax of Griselda's trial when she is sent to her humble home. Chaucer makes her say:

"That ye so long, of your benignity,
Have holden me in honor and nobility,
Whereas I was not worthy for to be,
That thank I God and you, to whom I pray,
Repay it you; there is no more to say.
Unto my fader gladly wel I wend,
And with him dwell unto my lives end."

And talking of the new wife who is to be installed, she wishes him joy of his bargain, but the poor wrung heart cannot resist, in one of the finest outbursts of natural feeling recorded in any language or written by any poet, from crying out:

"O goode God! How gentle and how kind
Ye seemed by your speech and your visage
The day that maked was our marriage."

Halm, the German dramatist, also wrote a drama on the subject of Griselda. In which he made her a collier's daughter, who had married Percival, one of Arthur's knights. Guinevere, the queen, taunts him with having married beneath himself, which so angers him that the knight tells her that if merit counted, Griselda would be queen and Guinevere would kneel to her. The queen takes the challenge and agrees to bend the knee if it can be proved to her that Griselda is the better woman. The test is to be the loss of Griselda's child, her own divorce and degradation. The whole thing is to be done in twenty-four hours. Griselda objects at first, but out of love for her husband agrees, having been told that her husband's life was the penalty of her disobedience. Percival wins his wager and the queen kneels, but Griselda, when she finds out that she has been made simply a tool of to gratify her husband's pride, rises in her womanly dignity, and after giving him a modern tongue-lashing, leaves his house and refuses to ever have anything more to do with him. The original Griselda, however, lacked the spirit or the motive to do this; what her husband told her to do seemed to her to have to be done unquestioningly.

In one case it is the self-devotion of a wife, in the other passive acquiescence, so that the two are hardly similar in character or purpose, and the older Griselda will ever be held up as a pattern of a complete wifely fidelity and constancy. That this famous story, so curious to our modern eyes, so antagonistic to the modern idea of equality of the sexes, so at variance with the demand for the why and the wherefore which modern woman insists on as a right, will fail to convince many of Griselda's great sacrifices and claim to canonization, is to be expected. Were a wife asked by her lord to do such things today there would be many willing hands extending trusty broomsticks.

E. F. KUBEL.

Corn Beef Hash Party

President Roosevelt was out for a morning's walk on Saturday. He met Senator Hanna.

"Come over and have breakfast with me," said the president.

"Sorry," replied the senator, "but I'm just up from the table."

"Pshaw!" the president persisted; "come over and have a cup of coffee anyway."

"I went over," said Senator Hanna, later in the day, "and now I shall ask the president to one of my corned-beef hash breakfasts."

These meals are celebrated locally. Every Sunday morning Senator Hanna has a corned-beef hash and buckwheat cake breakfast. He issues no invitations, but there are seats and hash and cakes for all who come. Usually a dozen men drop in, and plenty of politics is talked while the hash and cakes are being served.

Uncle Joe Cannon is a regular. He says that the Hanna corned-beef hash is the best thing to eat to be obtained in Washington.

Reflections of a Bachelor

The longer the honeymoon the bigger the reaction. Being right is a good deal more fun than doing right.

Old age is more beautiful to contemplate than to live.

Usually the man who drinks champagne smokes cheap cigars and economizes on his laundry to make up for it.

After a man has been married a year it begins to dawn on him that there are a few things he doesn't know about women.—New York Press.

Punishment Comes

It is a general trait to attribute to rich men sinister purposes and criminal methods, but they are no more exempt from the general law than the poorest of the poor. If they cheat in order to gain, the punishment comes to them. If they disobey the moral law they suffer. It may be in ways of which the general public has no knowledge, but the result is as sure as the progress of the seasons.—New York Times.

Indifference is the heart sleeping.

Oak Park Canyon

A Beautiful Home in a Land Flowing With Milk and Honey

LOS ANGELES firm dealing in honey sent to eastern buyers one hundred cases of pure California honey with the compliments of the firm, all charges being prepaid. The packages were attractive in design; the contents, in purity and flavor, unequaled.

By such enterprise the attention of those who are not so fortunate as to dwell in a land flowing with milk and honey are attracted to Southern California and its bounteous products.

The native Californian did not have honey, although he had the land on which every shrub, bush and weed that grew blossomed in their season, floral tributes to the sun-kissed soil, in which nature stored the delicious nectar.

It was the "gringo" who saw the possibilities of garnering the sweet harvest. That sturdy old pioneer, Ira Hopper, about a half century ago brought the first tame bees into the state. Two hives, or colonies, was Mr. Hopper's importation. The bees thrived in this paradise of the little workers, and soon Mr. Hopper had an apiary of one hundred colonies—the increase of the original two stands—which he readily sold for one hundred dollars each. From this small beginning the business has increased in magnitude until the fame of it is almost world wide.

I recently met George Lechler, a pioneer, who has for the past twenty-three years devoted his time and energies to bee culture, giving to the business his best efforts; entering into it with the same spirit of earnestness that characterized his life in the pioneer days of Los Angeles; and he has been successful.

He is a native of Pennsylvania, and crossed the plains in 1858 with an ox team. He came to Los Angeles and there found employment as an express messenger with the Butterfield Overland Stage company, then running on the southern route. Mr. Lechler's run was from Los Angeles to Fort Yuma. He held that position until the stages were removed to the northern route.

Like all who come, and see, and are conquered, he loved the southland too well to leave it. Mr. Lechler had part in the pioneer history of Los Angeles that is of much interest, but has never been in print. I mention one incident, which occurred in 1861:

Many of our pioneers were in sympathy with the confederacy. The Los Angeles Grays—the citizens' military company—commanded by Captain Alexander, were about equally divided in sentiment; and so intense was the feeling that it was thought best to disband the company and store their arms—eighty stand—in the armory, which was on the second floor of the Stearns block, corner of Arcadia and Los Angeles streets.

It was at this crisis of affairs political that Sydney Johnson—he who afterward became the idol of the confederacy—resigned his commission and came to Los Angeles on his way to offer his services and life to his beloved state.

About this time Robert Carlyle of the Chino, and John Raynes of the Cucamonga ranches were active in the interest of the confederacy, donating horses and money for a proposed cavalry company to be organized here and marched into Texas.

The federal authorities, as a precautionary measure, sent Major—afterward major-general—Hancock with a company of regulars from Fort Tejon to Los Angeles. Their camp was on the then open field east of Main between Third and Fourth streets.

Local southern sympathizers, encouraged by the activity of those wealthy ranchers in behalf of the confederacy, and the presence in their midst of Sydney Johnson and other prominent officers who had resigned their commissions in the United States army with the intention of offering their services to the confederacy, planned to seize the arms and munitions stored in the armory. Mr. Lechler, learning of their intention, informed Major Hancock, thinking that he would take possession without delay, and thereby keep the arms from falling into the hands of the enemy. Major Hancock, however, being a soldier, must be governed by orders. The arms were not government property and the major decided to report the matter to headquarters.

Mr. Lechler, knowing that immediate action was necessary, told Major Hancock that if he would permit them the use of one of his mountain howitzers, he, Lechler, and four of his friends would guard the arms until the necessary orders to take possession should arrive.

To this request the major gave consent, and George Lechler, John Murat, N. A. Potter, John Goller and August Stormer had the howitzer placed at the head of the stairway leading to the armory. They then mounted guard, holding the fort until Major Hancock under orders removed the guns and munitions.

On the way from the armory to the camp some of the soldiers jestingly remarked that they bet the howitzer was not loaded. When they came opposite Third street they ran the gun up that street, fronting the hill through which the tunnel now is, and, to convince the jesters that it was loaded, Dave Anderson fired it off. The result was convincing. The howitzer was loaded.

There are two roads to Oak Park, the home of Mr. Lechler, one from Newhall station through Eastly canyon and over the foothills, the other from Piru city through Piru canyon. And either road you

take, you will be glad you came, if you are a lover of the beautiful in nature—of nature exemplified in her contradictory moods, of stern grandeur exhibited in towering mountains, precipitous escarpments, innumerable hills, defiles, gorges and narrow, sinuous canyons, and the milder mood of lower hills mantled in green, scarlet, gold and royal purple, bordering the fertile valleys through which flow the mountain streams of crystal water, giving life to groves of oak, sycamore and willow, and fertility to the soil of cultivated field and orchard. In such a valley is Oak Park.

If your aims are utilitarian and your quest is for information, that may be of use to you in choice of occupation, or in selecting a home; then you will be glad you came, for here you will see how the hand of man has turned to best account the offerings of nature.

Mr. Lechler commenced business with one hundred and thirty stands of bees. The second year he lost all but thirty stands. He had not provided against a dry year, as that year proved to be. Not discouraged, he continued with more care, until his apiary numbered five hundred stands, producing in one season forty tons of extracted honey.

The highest price obtained for honey has been nine cents; the lowest four and one-half cents.

Mr. Lechler keeps a daily record of the work accomplished by his bees. To enable him to do this, a colony of average strength is hived on scales, and during the honey season the weight is taken every day. When the weather is favorable and the bloom is good a colony will garner six to nine pounds daily, and at times thirteen and fourteen pounds. This may continue for days and even for weeks without intermission, when suddenly the workers succeed in laying by but a pound or less; and the bee-keeper would not know this fact but for his scales and would not be able to gauge the work of extraction so as to be sure that the end of the season would not find his bees robbed of honey necessary to carry them over.

Two dry seasons in succession sometimes occur, then care must be exercised to avoid loss. Mr. Lechler has made it a rule to hold over one ton or two of honey until he is sure of the season's production. Once he found it necessary to feed to his bees two tons of honey and a ton of sugar to carry them over a second dry year.

Notwithstanding occasional losses Mr. Lechler has found bee culture very profitable and an agreeable occupation.

When improvements now under way are completed Oak Park will be an ideal mountain home. The buildings are located on a plateau many acres in extent, on which there is a magnificent grove of mountain oak, sycamore and willow. A stream, fed by springs that rise in the hills a thousand feet to the rear and three hundred feet above the buildings runs through it. These springs flow from underneath a ledge of rocks that encircles the canyon and beneath the perennial shade of the ever-green oaks and sycamores. Surrounding them, a growth of ferns five to six feet high add their plumage-like foliage to the semi-tropic scene.

Mr. Lechler is now engaged in building a reservoir and laying a two-inch pipe to the buildings and orchard. This will afford facilities for irrigating all his valley lands.

Oak Park was known to the Indians as Allso canyon. It was a favorite abiding place for the natives. The grove and water were attractions. The close proximity to the old San Feliciano gold mines was advantageous.

It was customary for the padres of the Santa Barbara mission, at times when visiting the settlement at Camulos to extend their ministrations to counsel the red children in the Allso canyon.

Near the spot now occupied by Mr. Lechler's dwelling grew a great oak—the largest in the grove. The cross had been carved on the stalwart trunk of the tree; and under its wide-spreading branches the faithful fathers told the blessed story of salvation for all who should believe in the efficacy of the blood shed by the Savior on the cross at Calvary.

What an inspiration it must have been to those kindly priests to meet there, in so fair a temple of God's own architecture, those simple hearted natives, seated upon the greensward, sheltered from the rays of the southern sun in its western course by the foliage of the forest; secure, for a time at least, from human strife that rent the outside world. God's hand had reared the majestic mountains that encircled them around about in this amphitheater where they had gathered his people, as shepherds are wont to gather together their sheep into the fold.

ELEANOR QUIGLEY.

How Flowers Get Their Names

Country customs have had their influence on plant names. Thus the *S. scoparius* lends itself readily to sweeping up the cottage; and so becomes the broom, while another plant helps on the family washing, and thence is named the soapwort. The tubers of the wild arum supplied a stiffening to the noble collars of earlier days, and so an alternative name for the plant is the starchwort; while the heads of the *Dipsacus* tease and dress the homespun into the desired texture and surface, and thus the plant becomes the tease.—The Sun Children's Budget.

Penny-in-the-slot gas meters at Leeds, England, caused a curious dilemma last Christmas, tradesmen in the city being handicapped by the dearth of copper in circulation. Leeds has 14,652 penny-in-the-slot gas meters, from which between £17,000 and £18,000 a year is collected, and at times nearly £3000 in copper is locked up in them.