

turning; and at no place was this more the case than at Pointzfield. On one occasion a swarm of Mr. Forsyth's bees took flight in the same direction. They flew due west along the shore, followed by a servant, and turned to the south at the Pointzfield woods, where the pursuer lost sight of them. In about half an hour after, however, a swarm of bees were discovered in the proprietor's garden, and the servant came to claim them in the name of his master.

"On what pretence?" demanded the proprietor.

"Simply," said the man, "because my master lost a swarm to-day, which I continued to follow to the beginning of the avenue yonder; and these cannot be other than his."

"Nonsense," replied the proprietor. "Had they belonged to your master they would have been marked by the W. F., every one of them."

Eventually, however, Mr. Forsyth got his bees; but there were few golf-meetings at which the story was not cited against him by way of proof that there were occasions when even he, with all his characteristic forethought, could be as careless as other men.

It was chiefly in his capacity of magistrate, however, that Mr. Forsyth was brought acquainted with the wilder humors of the place. Some of the best jokes of the townsmen were exceedingly akin to felonies; and as the injured persons were in every case all the angrier for being laughed at, they generally applied for redress to their magistrate. There is a transition stage in society, — a stage between barbarism and civilization, — in which, through one of the unerring instincts of our nature, men employ their sense of the ludicrous in laughing one another into propriety; and such was the stage at which society had arrived in the