

which she and their father provided for them. This they promised to do, and they were very sorry for the loss of Whitefoot, who was the most nimble of them all, and at the head of all their pranks, for he was usually the ring-leader and the most daring of the party.

“For a few days they were more orderly, but their bad habits returned again, and they forgot all their promises, and were as naughty as ever as ever they had been—even Silket was shocked at them, and was forced to chastise the two most unruly, by biting their ears. Wilful run away, and came to a most untimely death.—He invaded, one night, a bee-hive, and made great havoc in the stores of honey, eating the honey-combs, and destroying the work of the poor bees—but at last he was punished severely, for the bees, enraged at his lawless conduct, came in a body, and stung their enemy in a thousand different places, so that, unable to escape, he died in great agony.”

“And did bees ever sting a mouse to death in that manner, mamma?” asked Alfred. “Yes, Alfred, and if you are a good boy, I will read you a long account of bees, and how they build their cells, and make their wax and honey.” “But, mamma, there is nothing about their killing a mouse in it, is there?” “Yes, my dear child, I will tell you all about it one day, but let me finish my story first.”