

regions are any worse than this—"

At length they went to bed, but not to sleep. As soon as the smoke disappeared the mosquitoes recovered from their temporary stupor, and were at it again with an energy as if they were determined to make up for lost time. They blew their little war trumpets fearlessly, and advanced to the attack with the courage of Spartans. Mr. and Mrs. Milligan fought a pitched battle half the night, but when the tale of dead and wounded mounted up into the hundreds they slept from sheer exhaustion.

"The milk waggon comes at five o'clock sharp," had been Jonah's last word. "Everybody in the neighbourhood sends milk to the cheese factory.

"That means that I've got to rise at four," Mr. Milligan had replied, with a groan. It is not at all probable that he would have awaked at that hour had it not been for the bugle call of the enemy. As it was, he was half dressed when the clock struck four.

The cows were a little less obstreperous in the morning, but still Mr. Milligan was not quite in time for the waggon.

"There's one thing I have made up my mind to," he announced at breakfast, "and that is to drive to town to-day and get some screens. We can't stand this sort of thing very long. No wonder the Smiths are a skinny, bony tribe."

Mr. Milligan drove to Bumpkinville after dinner. Mrs. Milligan had been busy all the morning getting straightened up, and she felt very hot and tired.

"That wood looks delightfully cool and inviting," she thought, "I'm going there to rest." So she took a book of poems and went to explore the green solitudes.

A few steps brought her to a little brook, edged with slender, graceful ferns. With a sigh of satisfaction she sat down on a mossy stone, but quickly jumped up and beat a hasty re-

treat; for the mosquitoes—exceptionally fine specimens, with keen country appetites—pounced upon her with drawn swords and lustful eyes.

"Is there no balm in Gilead?" she groaned as she emerged breathlessly from the wood.

As she neared the house, a very peculiar sound smote upon her ears.

"What is that queer noise?" she asked of Jonah, who was perched upon the fence.

"It's the bees swarming," Jonah answered.

Then Mrs. Milligan noticed that the air was full of bees, which seemed to be flying back and forth in aimless confusion.

Soon the cloud began to move in an easterly direction.

"Look out or they'll get away from you," warned Jonah.

"Why, how can I stop them?"

"Drum them down. Get a tin pan and beat on it with a stick. That'll stop them."

"Won't you do it, Jonah?"

Jonah was generous with advice, but when it came to actual exertion he would rather be excused; so Mrs. Milligan followed the retreating swarm over field and fence and ditch, drumming lustily the while on the smudge pan.

At last the flight ceased, and the dark, buzzing cloud condensed on a low branch.

"What am I to do next?" she asked of Jonah, who had followed.

"Brush them into a hive," he answered. "There's a new one in the milk-house, and you'll need the veil and gauntlets."

Jonah magnanimously offered to fetch these things, and helped to prepare Mrs. Milligan for the unaccustomed task, from which she shrank with a nervous dread.

Then Jonah sat at a safe distance and gave plenteous advice, while Mrs. Milligan approached the mass of wings and stings.

Much to her own surprise, she succeeded in transferring the swarm