

mind him, Mrs. Snail. I want you to tell me which of us you think the most useful."

"If you come to me in a month, I shall have digested the question. I can't do things in a hurry."

"So it seems," said the Newfoundland, walking off.

"I wonder you don't show respect to grey horns," said the Terrier, following, reproachfully. "You have hurt her feelings, I'm sure, by that last speech."

"Then why can't she give a plain answer to a plain question?" answered the Newfoundland. As he spoke they turned the corner of a walk, and came full upon the Peacock, pluming his gorgeous feathers in the sun. Let's ask King Peacock. It's such fun to hear him talk."

"Would your gracious majesty be condescending enough to tell us which you think is the most useful—I, or the Terrier? You've so many eyes in your tail, surely you must see into everything."

"How can two ugly creatures such as you be of any use at all?" screamed the Peacock, for a scream was his royal mode of speaking. "Look at my dazzling beauty—see my purple and gold. There is no other creature of the slightest use in the world but I, for they are not worth looking at. I pity you; I do indeed."

"You needn't," said the Newfoundland; "for, really if your majesty will pardon me for saying so, we don't envy you. My friend and I are quite contented with our personal appearance, I can assure you. It wouldn't do to have a world full of peacocks, for all their fine feathers. Your eyes see nothing but yourself, I find; and we prefer to see beyond our own noses."

The next friend they met was the Butterfly. She answered their question with a laugh.

"What's the use of being any use? Why not enjoy oneself and be merry? Life is too short to be useful in;" and away she danced from flower to flower.

"Gentlemen," said the Bee, coming from the bell of a white lily, "what the Butterfly has just said is shocking morality. Pray don't mind her, the frivolous creature! I really didn't mean to listen, but being inside the lily I couldn't help hearing your question."

"Then, perhaps, as you have heard it, Mrs. Bee, you will be so kind as to answer it for us," replied the Newfoundland.

"I am not Mrs. Bee," replied she, with great dignity; "I am the little Busy Bee that improves each shining hour. I gather honey all the day——"

"From every opening flower," interrupted the Terrier, for although unacquainted with Dr. Watts, he considered himself very poetical, and liked to show his talents.

"No, I was not going to say that, Mr. Terrier; but it's quite correct, notwithstanding. I gather honey for the benefit of the human race; that's my proud position. I set an example to them also, and am known as the symbol of industry. Now, if you can tell me what each of you does, I can answer your question in the twinkling of my wing."

"I do a great deal," began the Terrier, pompously, "I guard the house at night; I bark at all beggars; I am accomplished in a number of tricks; really, if it were not for me my master would have nothing to entertain his company with. I catch rats—in fact, I am invaluable."

"And what do you do, Mr. Newfoundland?" asked the Bee.