

The Inglenook.

Polly's Pink Dress.

"But I want to go to the party, Ma! All the girls in my class are goin', and there's to be real ice cream in stripes, an' a swing under the trees."

Polly Flynn chewed the string of a much-washed sunbonnet as she spoke and kicked her foot disconsolately against the leg of the table where her mother was ironing.

"Sure an' I'd like to have yez go, Polly," responded Mrs. Flynn, anxiously, all the time passing her iron with swift, skilful strokes over the dainty shirtwaist under her hands. "But what yez could wear, I'm not the one to tell yez. There's niver a scrap in the house which isn't patches, an' patches don't go to no parties of Miss Tarish, bless her swate face!"

With the words Mrs. Flynn set her iron more gently on the white ruffles, as if the wearer herself were under the strokes.

"But I don't mind 'em!" Polly put in eagerly. "Couldn't they be put where they wouldn't show? There's that pink stuff Mrs. Tarish got for curtains, an' a spot came on it, so she gave it away. 'I would make a lovely dress, an' I do want to go so bad. There's goin' to be real ice cream in stripes an'—"

"Yez told me that before. Jist wait an' I'll see. P'raps Mrs. O'Rourke'll let me use her machine a bit. Thin if I works avenin's—to-day's Wednesday—Thursday, Friday, Saturday—mebbe, run along now. I can't work with yez akickin' the table under me irons."

Comforted by a scrap of hope, Polly rushed out to the back gate. She had no bosom friend of her own age, so all her joys and woes were chanted to herself as she swung jerkily to and fro on the rickety old gate.

"A party; pink dress an' ice cream; pink ice cream an' a swing; a swing on the gate, a swing an' ice cream," she crooned over and over ecstatically, her tight little red curls wagging up and down in time to the chant.

Meanwhile Mrs. Flynn finished the white ruffles carefully, dropped her iron with a clang on the stove, exchanged her work apron for a white one, and, throwing the end over her head, slipped out to Mrs. O'Rourke's. Her errand was successful, and Polly went to sleep that night with visions of a small, red-haired child, glorified by a pink dress, walking proudly up to the great white house on the hill.

Polly Flynn was not the only child in the city who rejoiced when Saturday dawned cloudless. On the hill workmen were busy hanging ropes for the swing from the great oak on the front lawn. In the rear of the house white-capped maids were making ready the long tables, soon to be spread with everything eatable that children love and long for.

By three o'clock Louise Tarish, a dainty figure in her white gown, with sun glancing across her bright hair, stood under the tree welcoming her small guests. She turned for a second to speak to a maid, and caught a giggle from a golden-haired, blue-clad little lass who stood near.

"O, isn't she a freak! She couldn't be redder if she tried."

Louise turned quickly, to see Polly walk-

ing stiffly across the lawn toward her. Between tiers of glistening, tightly wound curls her little face glowed with heat, happiness, and the reflection from the pink dress. That dress! Mrs. Flynn had snapped the last thread at eleven o'clock the night before, and then had viewed the result of her labor with satisfaction. To be sure, the cloth had proved to be a scant pattern when the spot was cut out, and the dress had to be made apron fashion, with a seam up the front. She had saved enough to make ruffles, however, so Polly's head rose proudly from a calyx of pinkness, starched and ironed in Mrs. Flynn's best style.

Louise took the moist little hand and smiled kindly into the radiant blue eyes lifted to hers.

"I am glad you came, Polly dear," she said, and the smile and speech filled Polly's already full heart to bursting. She only turned a shade redder and gulped in response, but Louise understood.

"You would like to swing, I know," she added. "Manice, will you take Polly over to the swing?"

The sweet-faced little girl addressed smiled shyly at the new comer. Polly smiled in return, walked confidently over to her side, and the two ran off together.

"Elsie, please don't spoil Polly's afternoon—and mine," Louise whispered to the little girl in blue.

A red flush mounted up to the yellow curls, and Elsie said eagerly, "'Deed I won't Miss Tarish. I didn't know you heard. I'm awfully sorry, but she did look so funny! I'll go and help her swing."

In the games which followed, Polly's shining head and Polly's bubbling laugh were everywhere. "O, it's the joy o' the world!" she sighed once, as she stopped to tie her shoe. Then with a dash she was back in the circle again.

"Look out, Polly. There's a long thread hanging from your skirt. You'll trip. Let me break it."

Elsie caught the thread and pulled as she spoke. Alas, for Polly's joy! Mrs. O'Rourke's machine was a chain stitch, and Mrs. Flynn in her haste had not tied all the threads. At the strain, a yawning hole opened near the bottom ruffle. Elsie unconsciously pulled harder, trying to break the thread, and Polly stood fascinated and horror-stricken at the rapidly lengthening gap. Was it a bad dream or was her beautiful pink dress falling to pieces? The thread snapped at the throat and both children stood aghast. The opening stretched from collar to hem, pitilessly revealing Polly's red flannel petticoat.

"O, O," she gasped, piteously; then turning upon Elsie: "You did it!" she said accusingly. Then as she heard a suffocated gurgle her voice rang with outraged pride. "You did it a purpose! I want to go home!"

In an agony of shame, blinded by smarting tears, she turned to rush toward the gate but found her face hidden in a cloud of cool sweet-smelling whiteness.

"Come into the house with me, dear," Louise whispered.

Polly stumbled by her side up the steps, across the wide veranda and into the great cool hall. In Louise's own room the pink dress and red petticoat were laid aside and replaced by soft white ruffled things which to Polly's blurred vision looked dainty

enough for angels.

"They were my little sister's who died," Louise said softly, as she swiftly buttoned and tied and patted the garments into place.

"They do belong to an angel, then," Polly said suddenly, smiling through her tears.

"They are yours now. Your hair is just the color of hers."

A little later, when all traces of tears were washed away, Polly, in a maze of wonder at herself, sat beside Louise at the long table and ate the ice cream with stripes in it. Once a shuddering sob caught her at the thought of the pink dress, but then she looked down and patted the soft skirts tenderly.

When she came into the great hall to say good-by, Louise tucked a bundle into her hand.

"That is your dress, and one or two other things belonging to my little sister with your hair. Come to see me soon dear."

As Polly turned away hugging her bundle, a little blue arm slipped through hers.

"I was truly awful sorry, Polly, though I couldn't help laughing at first. An' 'deed I didn't do it on purpose."

Polly whirled about quickly. "I'm awful sorry I said you did. I was so—surprised. But I like you now."

The two looked shyly at each other for a moment. Then the red head and the golden one met, and Polly turned happily to the door.—The Congregationalist and Christian World.

How Bees Make Honey.

Recent investigations seem to indicate that the production of honey is not natural to flowers, but is the result of a pathologic process based on the action of an animal ferment introduced into the base of the petal from the saliva or other secretion of a bee. The sap of the petal contains a very small amount of sugar, but larger quantities of soluble and insoluble starch. A slight scratch, such as the bee gives when collecting honey, or any perforation will cause an exudation of this sap, which is not particularly sweet and not at all like honey. But if to this sap be added a ferment, such as ptyalin or yeast, the starchy matter is converted into saccharine fluid.

Disestablished.

Here is a curious story of how an old church was disestablished in Ireland:—"It was the old Church of Innisbrogue, situated in the grounds of a gentleman of property in the North. This venerable relic of antiquity though small, was an excellent specimen of the early English, a most rare thing to find in Ireland. The landlord, Sir William—wished to preserve it, and he gave directions that the ruins should be enclosed by a wall, which was to be erected whilst he took his seat in the Imperial Parliament. On his return to his estate in Ireland with several English friends, amongst the principal lions of the place, he led his guests to inspect the old church at Innisbrogue, assuming some credit for the means which he had taken to preserve it. And certainly the well built wall, with its handsome iron gates, did him great credit. But when they went within, 'where was the Church of Innisbrogue?' Actually pulled down to build its outer defences? 'For sure, Master Sir William,' said the faithful steward, 'where were we to get the stuff to put into the wall, ava, without taking them big stones out of the old chapel; and there's no two ways of it but they did us rightly?'"