

But Mr. James had disappeared. The dreary forenoon glided away, the dinner-hour arrived, and Ned, miserable and depressed, held aloof from his companions, who were too thoroughly engrossed in their own affairs to seek him out.

He heard the school bell ring at last, the signal for the departure of the boys for the train.

He heard his name called by the boys, bidding him good-by, and he waved a mournful adieu from the window. His heart was full, and he shrank from meeting or speaking to them.

He saw them, nineteen gaily-skipping forms, each bearing his satchel, led in the direction of the village by the tall figure of Professor Ballentine, and all unmindful of his sorrow.

The lonesome lad walked down the stairs and out upon the deserted campus.

From a grassy knoll he had a view of the dépôt, and even at that distance he could recognize this and that familiar figure on the platform of the station.

The sight of the coterie, each with his grip tightly clasped awaiting the train, was too much for him.

It was all he could do to control himself from following them, and explaining all to the Professor.

There was a distant whistle. Then a rushing monster of iron—the locomotive—thundered down the rails.

Through blinding tears of disappointment, Ned saw the boys hurry into the cars. The train started and gracefully curved from view, a dozen handkerchiefs being waved from the car windows.

A deep sense of injustice mingled with the terrible loneliness of the moment, and overcome by his feelings at last, he flung himself to the ground in a paroxysm of grief long restrained.

"It's too bad," he sobbed. "Accused, misjudged, and not my fault, and worst of all, I dared not tell the truth to poor old Professor Ballentine!"

His face buried in his hands, the boy did not notice a figure come slowly across the campus.

He started up quickly, however, as a hand touched his shoulder.

Looking up, his tear-filled eyes met those of Mr. James.

The latter stared in bewildered amazement at Ned.

"Not gone with the boys?" he ejaculated. "Why, Ned, what does this mean?"

"It means," replied Ned Darrow in a choking tone of voice, "that I am left behind!"

(To be continued.)

JUST AS HARD.

Two well-known ministers of Lanarkshire, who were college chums in their youth, are intimate friends; but, notwithstanding their intimacy, they seldom miss an opportunity of poking fun at one another. Last autumn the pair spent their holidays in England at the house of a brother cleric, and on the first Sunday after their arrival they were both asked to occupy their host's pulpit, one in the morning and the other in the evening. On Sunday morning, as they were seated at breakfast, the minister who was to preach in the morning remarked, as he helped himself to another chop from the dish—"I think I will have another chop, as I have to preach this morning." "I daresay I will be the better of another one myself," rejoined his brother of the cloth, as he harpooned another chop with his fork, "as I have got to listen, you know."

NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

ADAPTED FROM JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

PLANTS AND THEIR PARTNERS.

Plants take partners and go into business. Their business is seed-growing. The result of the business is to feed and clothe the world. We get all our food, clothes, light, and fuel, first or last, from plants.

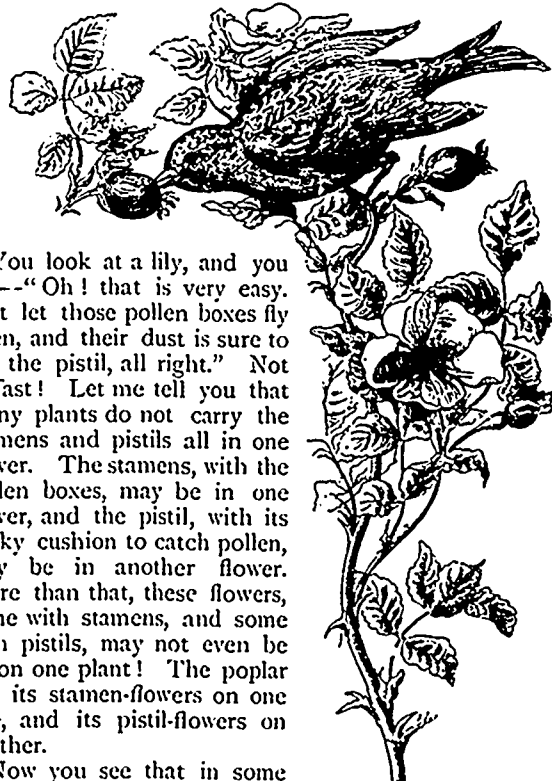
"Stop! stop!" you say. "Some of us burn coal. Coal is a mineral."

Yes, coal is a mineral now, but it began by being a vegetable. All the coal-beds were once forests of trees and ferns. Ask your teacher to tell you about that. If all these things which we need come from plants, we may be very glad that the plants have gone into business to make more plants.

Who are these partners? They are the birds and the insects. They might have a sign up, you see—"Plant, Insect & Co., General Providers for Men."

You see the stamens and pistils which stand in the middle of the flower? You know the stamens carry little boxes full of pollen. The bottom of the pistil is a little case, or box, full of seed germs. The pollen must creep down through the pistils, and touch the seed germs before they can grow to be seeds. Unless there are new seeds each year, the world of plants would soon come to an end.

Now you see from all this that the stamens and pistils are the chief parts of the flower. It is plain that the aim of the flower must be to get that pollen-dust safely landed on the top of the pistil.



You look at a lily, and you say—"Oh! that is very easy. Just let those pollen boxes fly open, and their dust is sure to hit the pistil, all right." Not so fast! Let me tell you that many plants do not carry the stamens and pistils all in one flower. The stamens, with the pollen boxes, may be in one flower, and the pistil, with its sticky cushion to catch pollen, may be in another flower. More than that, these flowers, some with stamens, and some with pistils, may not even be all on one plant! The poplar has its stamen-flowers on one tree, and its pistil-flowers on another.

Now you see that in some way the pollen should be carried about. The flowers being rooted in one place cannot carry their pollen where it should go. Who shall do it for them? Here is where the insect comes in. Let us look at him. Insects vary much in size. Think of the tiny ant and gnat. Then think of the great bumble bee, or butterfly.