

bees to be feared. The rest are cowardly, and when alarmed they always fly to their storehouses and gorge themselves with honey. When full, a bee cannot bend its body to sting. I have seen your uncle puff smoke into a hive that was full of bees and thus stupify the sentries. He could then take the other bees in his hand as if they were so many beans, and the bees would never harm him. He could then take away the combs that were full of honey; but he had to work rapidly, for if the stupified sentries had suddenly come to, they would have been apt to have made it pretty lively for him.

'I never knew that bees were so wise,' said Mary Dolly, for the moment forgetting the pain of her stings in her interest in what her aunt was telling her.

'Far too wise to be pestered with sticks,' her aunt assured her. At which reminder Mary Dolly blushed guiltily.

'I never shall do it again, Aunt Jane,' she declared; and then she hastened to say, lest her aunt might misunderstand her, 'because — because — well, I guess it's because you have taught me better than to do it,' concluded the little girl.

It was not many weeks before Mary Dolly had grown as expert at handling bees as was her Uncle James. Aunt Jane made her a bee mask so that if by chance one of the sentries should happen to recover before the laden honeycombs had been removed, it could not sting her face; and her hands were also protected by thick leather gloves.

'It's lots more fun than pestering them with sticks,' she confided to her uncle, one day, as she held in her hand several bees so gorged with honey that all they could manage to do was to roll around and tumble over each other.

'Yes, we always get more pleasure out of kindness than from pestering creatures weaker than ourselves,' her uncle answered, as he picked up a little bee from the ground where it had fallen in its stupified helplessness. 'My bees all seem to know me, and I never remember to have been stung by one.'

'I mean to teach them to know me, too,' asserted Mary Dolly. 'It is so nice to have even bees friendly. But if Aunt Jane hadn't caught me poking a stick into the beehive, that day, I don't suppose I ever should have found it out, though,' she confessed.

Our New Friend.

(Edna Holman, in the 'Youth's Companion'.)

We have a new playmate at our house who comes every evening. He began by quietly taking a seat in the corner by the begonia pots. He had nothing to say, and as I am always a little shy about talking to anybody who makes no remarks himself, we sat in an interested silence through a whole evening. The next night, when we came out from

supper, he was in the same corner, awaiting us. This time the children were at home. They tried to get him to talking, but he would answer none of their questions.

The next evening we found him in his accustomed seat.

'Look here, old chap,' said Jack, rather boldly, considering the visitor's dignified manners, 'aren't you hungry? I've never seen you eat a bite yet. Can I bring you something from the supper-table?'

At this our silent friend moved never a muscle. But to our surprise, a minute after, out of his mouth darted his tongue, and that very instant a fly that had been roosting on the nearest begonia pot suddenly disappeared.

'He meant that for an answer! He answered me! He's beginning to get acquainted!' cried Jack, jubilantly.

'Pooh! Probably he just happened to do that then!' said Ruth. 'And anyway, I don't suppose it's the same toad that was here the other night!'

'You don't? Well, I mean to find out whether this one comes again, anyhow!' said Jack. He ran into the house, but was soon out, with something in his hand. 'Could I have one of your doll's hair ribbons, please, Ruth?'

Our friend's skill at catching flies was certainly remarkable.

As soon as she could get her fascinated eyes off the toad's little swift tongue, Ruth hunted up a bit of blue ribbon out of her doll carriage.

'See now!' said Jack. 'This rubber band is so soft that it can't hurt him. And it isn't tight. Before it got to bothering him at all, it would break, you see. I'll tie an end of this ribbon to it and put it round his neck for a collar. He won't mind.'

And he did not. He turned up, cravat and all, the next evening, and has visited us every night since. The children 'help him.' They move him up and down, from place to place, wherever his sticky tongue can find good hunting. It will shoot to the left, or the right, or straight up, so quickly that we can scarcely see it.

Ada's Lesson.

(Hilda Richmond, in 'Sunday School Times'.)

'We have drawing and music, writing and spelling and 'rithmetic and ever so many other things in our school,' said Ada, who was checking them off on her fingers as she spoke.

'What do you and Fred study at your school, Ella?' she went on.

'We've never been to school,' said Fred and Ella together. 'Mamma teaches us at home.'

'Never been to school, and you're eight years old!' said Ada, in surprise. 'Isn't that awful?'

'Our school house burned down just before school commenced,' said Ella.

'We'll go next term.'

'I suppose you don't know very much

then,' said Ada. 'Of course, your mamma hasn't much time to hear your lessons. We have a drawing teacher and a regular teacher and a music teacher, besides a superintendent. It keeps us just awful busy.'

Fred and Ella looked very sober after that. They loved their mamma and thought she knew everything without looking in any book, but she was very busy and some days they had very short lessons. They had no drawing nor music, and they did not even know what Ada meant when she talked about 'nature study.' They were sorry their mamma had said their lessons should go right on during their cousin's visit, for she would find out how little they knew.

'Mr. Masters wants six and one-half dozen of eggs at sixteen cents a dozen,' said Mr. Forbes, coming in just then. 'Which of you children can tell me how much that would be?'

'Where is a pencil?' said Ada, looking around for a piece of paper. 'I know I can tell quicker than anybody.'

'One dollar and four cents!' cried Fred, and a minute later Ella said it, too.

'How do you know?' asked Ada, in surprise, dropping her paper. 'You have had that problem before!'

'No, we haven't,' said Fred; 'but every time we gather the eggs mamma asks us how much they will bring in market. She makes problems out of everything and won't let us take a pencil to work them.'

'I never get my highest grades in 'rithmetic,' said Ada, 'but in Nature Study I often get one hundred.'

Fred and Ella asked what Nature Study meant.

'Why, it's about trees and flowers,' said Ada. 'It shows how to tell trees and plants.'

'Oh, is that it?' cried both children. 'Can you tell what every tree is by looking at it?'

'Our book shows every tree,' said Ada, positively. 'I know them all.'

'What is that one out there?' asked Mr. Forbes.

'I—I guess I'd have to look at my book to tell,' said Ada. 'Anyway, it's got the leaves all on, and our book shows the leaves. I think it must be an oak tree.'

'That's the tree we got our hickory nuts off of,' said Ella.

That day Mrs. Forbes cut her hand, and Fred and Ella got dinner. They had baked potatoes, fried eggs, baked apples and fried sausage all on the table when their papa came in, cold and hungry.

When her mamma came for her, Ada had learned many things. 'Mamma,' she said, 'Fred and Ella have never gone to school, and they know lots more than I do. And the worst of it all is that I told them how much I knew. I've told them how sorry and ashamed I am, and they have forgiven me, but I wish I hadn't talked that way.'