

tion she was not strong enough to attend, but as she grew stronger every day, she began to take up her studies again at home. She took her book and tried to study, but it was not easy to fix her attention on the lesson.

Suddenly she noticed a great cloud of dust far off up the street, and some moving objects in the road. Then she remembered it was 'cattle day.' It was the custom, at that time, to drive large herds of cattle through the town to some other town beyond, and this street was often used.

On came the great drove of horns and hoofs. The drivers were behind, chasing some cattle that had turned into a narrow lane. Kathie could hear the men shouting as they drove them back to the main street.

The drove was uneasy. A huge ox led the way. When they were within a few feet of the boundary of her yard, a sudden thought came into Kathie's mind. Supposing that leader should turn in here; all the rest would follow surely. She watched a moment; the great animal turned slowly into the yard, which had no fence along the front.

Then she remembered her mother's oft repeated caution not to let the children go near the beehives. She started up hastily. 'The bees, the bees,' she said to herself, 'if all those cattle crowd into this yard they will get near the bees or tip over the hives. The bees will fly out and sting them, then, oh, dear!' She could imagine the infuriated creatures tearing through the town and no one would be safe. She glanced at the clock as she rose. It was ten minutes before twelve, and the children would soon be out of school and on the street.

All these thoughts passed through her mind in a flash as she dropped her book on the floor and rushed out of the side door. She had no plan formed in her mind. Her only thought was to keep the animals from coming near the bees. As she ran out into the yard, she could hear the tramp of the great hoofs and the heavy breathing of the great animals behind her. The hens hurried away cackling and the doves flew to the roof of the barn.

Kathie climbed up on to the woodpile, and, untying her apron, waved it as hard as she could in the face of the great horned creature who stopped to look up at her. The

other animals crowded behind so fast that a terrible thought came into her mind. The feet of the foremost oxen were on the loose sticks of wood at the foot of the pile. 'Is it safe? It might fall down and the cattle rush over me,' she thought.

But these thought only came into her mind and went right out again, for she was too intent on turning the leading ox to the left and away from the hives to think of her own danger. There she stood, confronted by this great sea of horns, with a good purpose in her mind, but with no one to help her. Her apron seemed no longer to have any effect on the animal.

The town clock struck twelve; school was out. The great head turned to the right, in the direction of the beehives, and all hope seemed lost. 'The bees will sting you; you shall not go that way,' she said aloud, at the same time lifting a large stick of wood from the top of the pile. It was clumsy and heavy and Kathie was not very strong, but with all her strength she gave the ox a blow on the right side of his head, which turned him slowly but surely to the left, and the rest followed their leader in the direction away from the hives.

At that moment the drivers arrived and, running around the herd, with cracking whips, drove them out to the highway again.

'What yer ben doin' up there, sissy?' asked one of the men of Kathie. 'Ben preachin' to a congregation?'

'No, I was only keeping the cows from getting stung by the bees,' she replied.

'Whew, you're a plucky one,' said the man, who had not before noticed the beehives. 'I guess if them bees had stung the critters there wouldn't nobody in these diggins hev ben safe. We should all hev hed to fly to shelter. You've saved the town, sis, and good luck to yer,' he said, as he strode away to catch up with the other men.

Kathie got down from the woodpile and made her way slowly to the house. Her strength was all gone, and she threw herself down on to the lounge. She grew dizzy and faint. Everywhere she seemed to see great eyes staring at her and great horns pointing at her. Soon the children came in from school, and this roused her. Doro-

thy brought her a glass of milk and the faintness soon passed away.

Mr. and Mrs. Slocum stopped at the store on their way home in the afternoon, and were told of Kathie's brave actions, for the drover had told several people the story of the 'plucky' girl, who made such a brave fight to save the people and town from disaster.

For many months Kathie was spoken of as a little heroine, and a bright golden medal in a satin-lined case ever afterward reminded her of the gratitude of her friends and neighbors.

### Franky's Lessons.

One day Franky's lessons seemed hard, and he did not wish to do them. The sun was shining very brightly out of doors, and the grass was full of daisies. Franky did not even try to learn to read and write and count—he was only six years old—but he looked out of the window instead.

So his governess had to tell mother that she had a naughty little boy to teach.

'Franky, dear, did you try to do your reading?' asked mother.

Franky began to look sorry, then said, 'No, mother.'

'Was that right, Franky?' Mother knew her little boy wished to do what was right.

'No, mother.'

Next day, when lessons were over, Franky threw his arms round his mother's neck, saying, 'I did want to be a good boy, and when I was going to begin my lessons, I asked God to make me good and help me, and then, mother dear, they seemed quite easy.'

You and I will find out, too, that when we ask God He will help us to be good, and to try hard, instead of looking out of the window.—'Our Little Dots.'

### A Miracle.

(E. L. Sabin, in 'Outlook'.)

One eye the west was golden red,  
And just before I went to bed  
I planned to rise with early light  
And travel all the day till night;  
And where the sun had set I'd find  
What pretty wonders lay behind!

But when I woke, and looked to see  
How far by day the west might be,  
I found I'd reached it, for, alack!  
The sun was now behind my back—  
Yet sky and trees and grass, some  
way,

Were quite the same as every day!