

"Ask them," hummed the bee, with her head buried in the flower.

"Yes, yes—come to us!" cried the crocuses. "We've been hiding our honey for you; and the sun bade us give it up to-day, in exchange for the golden pollen-dust you bring us from our neighbors, to make our seeds grow strong and healthy. What should we be next year without you?"

Nip smiled, as he listened to the eager little voices.

"Anything else?" he asked, opening one eye slyly at the bee.

"I could tell you a great deal more—if I'd time to stay," she answered; "but I must get back to the hive. We are feeding our babies to-day."

"I'll be bound you won't give up that honey I saw you eating just now!" laughed Nip.

"Yes, I shall; only we shall mix it with some of this bread,"—packing the pollen-roll tighter into her basket as she spoke. "Too much sweetstuff isn't good for babies."

Nip moved away thoughtfully. Somehow, even a favourite bone, close at hand, lay unnoticed.

"I can't understand it at all!" he sighed, turning to the old favourite with relief, and gnawing it gently. "What a wonderful world this is!"

Don't you think he was right?

The Blind Mare and Her Equine Friend.

I will tell you a little incident that came under my observation when I was taking my vacation last summer. I stopped at a farmhouse, and the farmer was the owner of a pair of chestnut horses, named Doll and Jack. He had raised them from colts, had always stabled and driven them together, and they were consequently much attached to each other. Last summer he turned them out to pasture, and while wandering around the fields I noticed the incident. Doll has been blind several years, but she never betrayed it by her gait when travelling. In the pasture she would sometimes become separated from her mate, and as soon as she discovered it she would commence to search for him. Sometimes she would whinny and he would respond to her, when she would go directly towards him, and when she found him, they would rub their noses together. At other times Jack would not answer, but would stop eating, raise his head, and watch the course his blind mate would take—back and forth across the pasture, each time turning towards the left and nearing the fence at each turn. Frequently she would stop and listen. If she was nearing the mischievous Jack, he would stand perfectly still, but if she was some distance away, he would stamp his feet two or three times when Doll was listening. She was always sure of finding him, though sometimes it would take an hour to do it, and then they would go away, side by side, cropping the fresh grass. When they went to the spring in one corner of the lot to drink, Jack always led the way, and he would stand beside the trough and call to his mate until she stood beside him, and both would drink together. One day a terrible racket was heard in the pasture, and it was kept up so long that one of the men was sent to see what it was all about. Doll had gotten one of her feet caught in the spokes of an old wagon-wheel that lay in the pasture. She stood very still and quiet in the trap into which she had walked, while Jack was thrashing around the pasture and

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"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, alias "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from falling out.

"A number of years ago, by recommendation of a friend, I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop the hair from falling out and prevent its turning gray. The first effects were most satisfactory. Occasional applications since have kept my hair thick and of a natural color."—H. E. Basham, McKinney, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Restores hair after fevers.

"Over a year ago I had a severe fever, and when I recovered my hair began to fall out, and what little remained turned gray. I tried various remedies, but without success, till at last I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor; and now my hair is growing rapidly and is restored to its original color."—Mrs. A. Collins, Dighton, Mass.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from turning gray.

"My hair was rapidly turning gray and falling out; one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor has remedied the trouble, and my hair is now its original color and fullness."—B. Onkrupa, Cleveland, O.

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neighing as though he had been hired to rouse the neighborhood. Doll was released while Jack stood by and watched the operation with apparent delight that was manifested with a wild gallop around the lot when she was once more free.

What a Boy May Do.

I will tell you a story which will show how an example may be blessed. There is a large hospital in the East of London, and in one of the wards where a good many men are always lying in their beds there was quite a little boy brought in one day. There were several other boys there. He was not so ill that he could not get up and down from the bed himself; so at night, before he went to sleep, he knelt down. A rough man called one of the nurses and said, "What is that lad doing?" "Saying his prayers." "What does he belong to?" asked the man. She went to the boy, and asked him where he came from and what he belonged to. He said, "I am Church of

England." She went back to the man, and said that the boy belonged to the Church of England. "Then," said the man, "I should like to see the parson of the parish he comes from."

So they sent for the parson, and he came; but before he did so, that little boy had been a missionary in the ward. He had been telling the men and the other boys that they ought to say their prayers; and he so prepared the way for the clergyman that he was astonished to find what one little boy had done by his example. Let boys and girls try to do the same.—Bishop of Wakefield.

Three Gates.

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale someone to you has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold:

These narrow gates—First, "Is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"

And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

The Exact Time.

Pompey is a bright negro boy, employed to do light work and run errands in a boarding house. He has learned a good many things in the course of his eight years of life, but the art of reading a clock face is not as yet completely under his control.

The expedients to which he resorts to conceal his ignorance on this and other points are many and amusing.

"What time is it, Pomp?" asked a young man, into whose room the boy had brought a hodful of coal, and who had not yet got out of bed.

Pompey studied the clock face anxiously for some seconds, and then said, in an ingratiating tone:

"It's one o'dem times dat I can jes percisely mak' out what time it am, Mist' Wilkins, sah. But one ob de hands is pintin todes you, sah, and de udder is pintin right todes me, sah, and I reckon you know 'zackly what time dat am."—Youth's Companion.

The Apple in Fable and Legend.

There are few myths which play so conspicuous a role in fable and story as the apple. It shone golden in the garden of the Hesperides. Aphrodite, like Eve, held it in her hand, and the serpent and the dragon mounted guard over it. Solomon sung its praises, and in Arab story it is the fruit of healing. Odysseus yearned for it in the garden of Alkinoos, and Tantalus strove vainly

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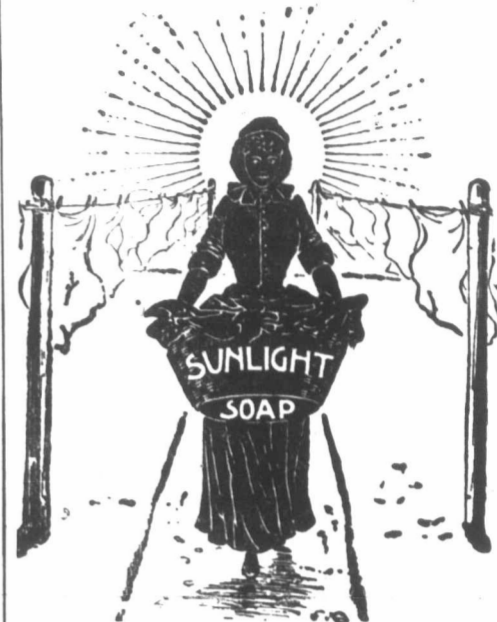
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to reach it in Hades; and the Edda tells us that Idursa, the goddess of Virtue, treasured apples, the gifts of the gods, of such wondrous virtue that, as age approached, she had only to taste them to renew her youth. Thus she secured perpetual youth, until Raynoroks proclaimed universal annihilation. In many a northern story, the golden bird seeks the golden apple in the King's garden, and when the tree is reached and found bare of fruit, does not Frau Bertha tell her love that it was because of a mouse that gnawed at the roots. In the mythology of the North, the apple is oft-times the tempter, and occasionally makes the nose grow so prodigiously that nothing but a pear will suffice to bring it once more into presentable shape.

FOR CALE
Bishop's C
apply to the
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Wheat, red w
Wheat, goose
Barley, green
Oats, white
Peas, green
Hay, timoth
Hay, clover
Straw, loose
Rye, white

Dressed hog
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Beef, hind
Mutton, fat
Lamb, fat
Veal, fat
Beef, sirloin
Beef, round
Mutton, legs

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